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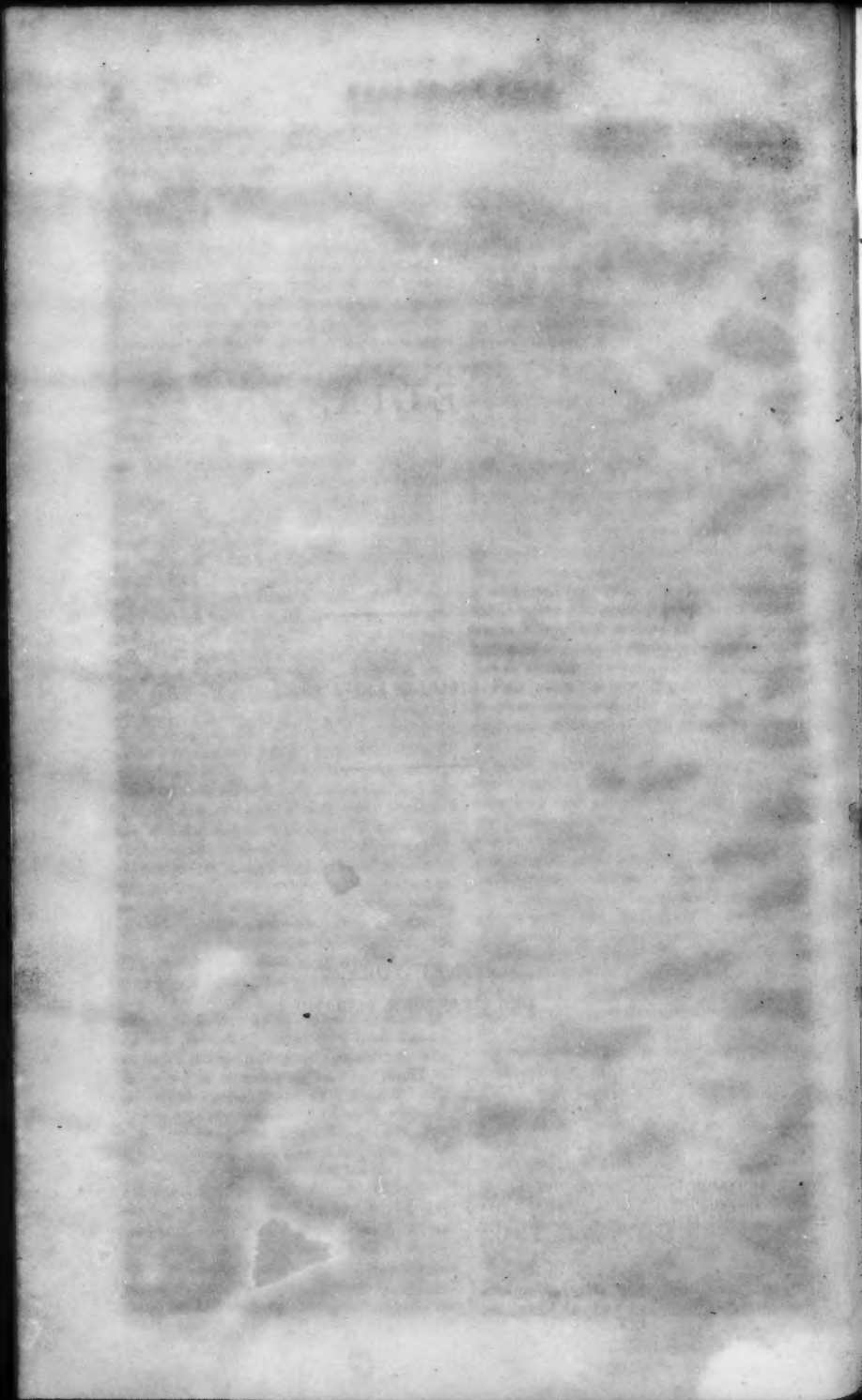
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ELIA.

BY CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

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ESSAYS OF ELIA.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE.

READER, in thy passage from the Bank—where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself)—to the Flower-Pot, to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell, or some other thy suburban retreat northerly,—didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome, brick and stone edifice, to the left—where Threadneedle-street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters, and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers out—a desolation something like Balclutha's.*

This was once a house of trade,—a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticos; imposing staircases; offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, door-keepers—directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend,) at long worm-eaten tables, that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting massy silver ink-stands long since dry;—the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors, of queen Anne, and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty;—huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated;—dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams,—and soundings of the Bay of Panama!—The long passages hung with buckets, appended, in idle row, to walls, whose substance might defy any, short of the last conflagration:—with vast ranges of cellarage under all, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay an “unsunned heap,” for Mammon to have solaced his solitary heart withal,—long since

* I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate.—OSBURN.

dissipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous BUBBLE.

Such is the SOUTH-SEA HOUSE. At least, such it was forty years ago, when I knew it,—a magnificent relic! What alterations may have been made in it since, I have had no opportunities of verifying. Time, I take for granted, has not freshened it. No wind has resuscitated the face of the sleeping waters. A thicker crust by this time stagnates upon it. The moths, that were then battenning upon its obsolete ledgers and day-books, have rested from their depredations, but other light generations have succeeded, making fine fret-work among their single and double entries. Layers of dust have accumulated (a superfetation of dirt!) upon the old layers, that seldom used to be disturbed, save by some curious finger, now and then, inquisitive to explore the mode of book-keeping in queen Anne's reign; or, with less hallowed curiosity, seeking to unveil some of the mysteries of that tremendous HOAX, whose extent the petty speculators of our day look back upon with the same expression of incredulous admiration, and hopeless ambition of rivalry, as would become the puny face of modern conspiracy contemplating the Titan size of Vaux's superhuman plot.

Peace to the manes of the BUBBLE! Silence and destitution are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial.

Situated as thou art, in the very heart of stirring and living commerce,—amid the fret and fever of speculation; with the Bank and the 'Change, and the India-house about thee, in the heyday of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their poor neighbour out of business—to the idle and merely contemplative,—to such as me, old house! there is a charm in thy quiet:—a cessation—a coolness from business—an indolence almost cloistral—which is delightful! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at eventide! They spoke of the past:—the shade of some dead accountant, with visionary pen in ear, would flit by me, stiff as in life. Living accounts and accountants puzzle me. I have no skill in figuring. But thy great

dead tomes, which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves—with their fantastic flourishes, and decorative rubric interlacings—their sums in triple columniations, set down with formal superfluity of cyphers—with pious sentences at the beginning, without which our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business, or bill of lading—the costly vellum covers of some of them almost persuading us that we are got into some *better library*,—are very agreeable and edifying spectacles. I can look upon these defunct dragons with complacency. Thy heavy odd-shaped ivory-handled penknives (our ancestors had every thing on a larger scale than we have hearts for) are as good as any thing from Herculaneum. The pounce-boxes of our days have gone retrograde.

The very clerks which I remember in the South-Sea House—I speak of forty years back—had an air very different from those in the public offices that I have had to do with since. They partook of the genius of the place!

They were mostly (for the establishment did not admit of superfluous salaries) bachelors. Generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind. Old-fashioned, for a reason mentioned before. Humorists, for they were of all descriptions; and, not having been brought together in early life, (which has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other) but, for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they necessarily carried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock. Hence they formed a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A lay monastery. Domestic retainers in a great house, kept for more show than use. Yet pleasant fellows, full of chat—and not a few among them had arrived at considerable proficiency on the German flute.

The cashier at that time was one Evans, a Cambro-Briton. He had something of the choleric complexion of his countrymen stamped on his visage, but was a worthy sensible man at bottom. He wore his hair, to the last, powdered and frizzed out, in the fashion which I remember to have seen in caricatures of what were termed, in my young days, *Maccaronies*. He was the last of that race of beaux. Melancholy as a gib-cat over his counter all the forenoon, I think I see him making up his cash (as they call it) with tremulous fingers, as if he feared every one about him was a defaulter; in his hypochondry ready to imagine himself one; haunted, at least, with the idea of the possibility of his becoming one: his trifling visage clearing up a little over his roast neck of veal at Anderton's at two, (where his picture still hangs, taken a little before his death by desire of the master of the coffee-house, which he had frequented for the last five-and-twenty years,) but not attaining the meridian of its animation till evening brought on the hour of tea and visiting.

The simultaneous sound of his well-known rap at the door with the stroke of the clock announcing six, was a token of never-failing mirth in the families which this dear old bachelor gladdened with his presence. Then was his *forte*, his glorified hour! How would he chirp, and expand, over a muffin! How would he dilate into secret history! His countrymen, Pennant, himself, in particular, could not be more eloquent than he in relation to old and new London—the sight of old theatres, churches, streets gone to decay—where Rosomond's pond stood—the mulberry gardens—and the Conduit in Cheap—with many a pleasant anecdote, derived from paternal tradition, of those grotesque figures which Hogarth has immortalized in his picture of *Noon*,—the worthy descendants of those heroic confessors, who, flying to this country, from the wrath of Louis the Fourteenth and his dragoons, kept alive the flame of pure religion in the sheltering obscurities of Hog-lane, and the vicinity of the Seven Dials!

Deputy, under Evans, was Thomas Tame. He had the air and stoop of a nobleman. You would have taken him for one, had you met him in one of the passages leading to Westminster-hall. By stoop, I mean that gentle bending of the body forwards, which, in great men, must be supposed to be the effect of an habitual condescending attention to the applications of their inferiors. While he held you in converse, you felt strained to the height in the colloquy. The conference over, you were at leisure to smile at the comparative insignificance of the pretensions which had just awed you. His intellect was of the shallowest order. It did not reach to a saw or a proverb. His mind was in its original state of white paper. A suckling babe might have posed him. What was it then? Was he rich? Alas, no! Thomas Tame was very poor. Both he and his wife looked outwardly gentlefolks, when I fear all was not well at all times within. She had a neat meagre person, which it was evident she had not sinned in over-pampering; but in its veins was noble blood. She traced her descent by some labyrinth of relationship, which I never thoroughly understood,—much less can explain with any heraldic certainty at this time of day,—to the illustrious, but unfortunate house of Derwentwater. This was the secret of Thomas's stoop. This was the thought—the sentiment—the bright solitary star of your lives,—ye mild and happy pair,—which cheered you in the night of intellect, and in the obscurity of your station! This was to you instead of riches, instead of rank, instead of glittering attainments: and it was worth them all together. You insulted none with it; but, while you wore it as a piece of defensive armour only, no insult likewise could reach you through it. *Decus et solamen.*

Of quite another stamp was the then accountant, John Tipp. He neither pretended to high blood, nor in good truth cared one fig about the matter. He “thought an accountant the greatest character

in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it." Yet John was not without his hobby. The fiddle relieved his vacant hours. He sang, certainly, with other notes than to the Orphean lyre. He did, indeed, scream and scrape most abominably. His fine suit of official rooms in Threadneedle-street, which, without any thing very substantial appended to them, were enough to enlarge a man's notions of himself that lived in them, (I know not who is the occupier of them now,) resounded fortnightly to the notes of a concert of "sweet breasts," as our ancestors would have called them, culled from club-rooms and orchestras—chorus singers—first and second violincellos—double basses—and clarionets—who ate his cold mutton, and drank his punch, and praised his ear. He sat like Lord Midas among them. But at the desk Tipp was quite another sort of creature. Thence all ideas that were purely ornamental, were banished. You could not speak of any thing romantic without rebuke. Politics were excluded. A newspaper was thought too refined and abstracted. The whole duty of man consisted in writing off dividend warrants. The striking of the annual balance in the company's books, (which, perhaps, differed from the balance of last year in the sum of 25*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*) occupied his days and nights for a month previous. Not that Tipp was blind to the deadness of *things* (as they call them in the city) in his beloved house, or did not sigh for a return of the old stirring days when South-Sea hopes were young—he was indeed equal to the wielding of any the most intricate accounts of the most flourishing company in these or those days)—but to a genuine accountant the difference of proceeds is as nothing. The fractional farthing is as dear to his heart as the thousands which stand before it. He is the true actor, who, whether his part be a prince or a peasant, must act it with like intensity. With Tipp form was every thing. His life was formal. His actions seemed ruled with a ruler. His pen was not less erring than his heart. He made the best executor in the world: he was plagued with incessant executorships accordingly, which excited his spleen and soothed his vanity in equal ratios. He would swear (for Tipp swore) at the little orphans, whose rights he would guard with a tenacity like the grasp of the dying hand, that commanded their interests to his protection. With all this there was about him a sort of timidity—(his few enemies use to give it a worse name)—a something which, in reverence to the dead, we will place, if you please, a little on this side of the heroic. Nature certainly had been pleased to endow John Tipp with a sufficient measure of the principle of self-preservation. There is a cowardice which we do not despise, because it has nothing base or treacherous in its elements; it betrays itself, not you: it is mere temperament; the absence of the romantic and the enterprising; it sees a lion in the way, and will not, with Fortinbras, "greatly find quarrel in a straw," when some sup-

posed honour is at stake. Tipp never mounted the box of a stage-coach in his life; or leaned against the rails of a balcony; or walked upon the ridge of a parapet; or looked down a precipice; or let off a gun; or went upon a water party; or would willingly let you go if he could have helped it: neither was it recorded of him, that for lucre, or for intimidation, he ever forsook friend or principle.

Whom next shall we summon from the dusty dead, in whom common qualities become uncommon? Can I forget thee, Henry Man, the wit, the polished man of letters, the *author*, of the South-Sea House? who never enteredst thy office in a morning, or quittedst it in mid-day—(what didst *thou* in an office?)—without some quirk that left a sting! Thy gibes and thy jokes are now extinct, or survive but in two forgotten volumes, which I had the good fortune to rescue from a stall in Barbican, not three days ago, and found thee terse, fresh, epigrammatic, as alive. Thy wit is a little gone by in these fastidious days—thy topics are staled by the "new-born gauds" of the time:—but great thou used to be in Public Ledgers, and in chronicles, upon Chatham and Shelburne, and Rockingham, and Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, and the war which ended in the tearing from Great Britain her rebellious colonies,—and Keppel, and Wilkes, and Sawbridge, and Bull, and Dunning, and Pratt, and Richmond,—and such small politics.

A little less facetious, and a great deal more obstreperous, was fine, rattling, rattleheaded Plumer. He was descended,—not in a right line, reader, (for his lineal pretensions, like his personal, favoured a little of the sinister bend,) from the Plumers of Hertfordshire. So tradition gave him out; and certain family features not a little sanctioned the opinion. Certainly old Walter Plumer (his reputed author) had been a rake in his days, and visited much in Italy, and had seen the world. He was uncle, bachelor-uncle, to the fine old whig still living, who has represented the county in so many successive parliaments, and has a fine old mansion near Ware. Walter flourished in George the Second's days, and was the same who was summoned before the House of Commons about a business of franks, with the old Duchess of Marlborough. You may read of it in Johnson's life of Cave. Cave came off cleverly in that business. It is certain our Plumer did nothing to discountenance the rumour. He rather seemed pleased whenever it was, with all gentleness, insinuated. But, besides his family pretensions, Plumer was an engaging fellow, and sang gloriously.

Not so sweetly sang Plumer as thou sangeest, mild, child-like, pastoral M—; a flute's breathing less divinely whispering than thy Arcadian melodies, when, in tones worthy of Arden, thou didst chant that song sung by Amiens to the banished Duke, which proclaims the winter wind more lenient than for a man to be ungrateful. Thy sire

was old surly M——, the unapproachable churchwarden of Bishopsgate. He knew not what he did, when he begat thee, like spring, gentle offspring of blustering winter:—only unfortunate in thy ending, which should have been mild, conciliatory, swan-like.

Much remains to sing. Many fantastic shapes rise up, but they must be mine in private:—already I have fooled the reader to the top of his bent;—else could I omit that strange creature Woollet, who existed in trying the question, and *bought litigations*?—and still stranger, inimitable, solemn Hepworth, from whose gravity Newton might have deduced the law of gravitation. How profoundly would he nib a pen—with what deliberation would he wet a wafer!

But it is time to close—night's wheels are rattling fast over me—it is proper to have done with this solemn mockery.

Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while—peradventure the very names, which I have summoned up before thee, are fantastic—unsubstantial—like Henry Pimpernel, and old John Naps of Greece:—

Be satisfied that something answering to them has had a being. Their importance is from the past.

OXFORD IN THE VACATION.

CASTING a preparatory glance at the bottom of this article—as the wary connoisseur in prints, with cursory eye, (which, while it reads, seems as though it read not,) never fails to consult the *quis sculpsit* in the corner, before he pronounces some rare piece to be a Vivares, or a Woollet—methinks I hear you exclaim, reader, *Who is Elia?*

Because in my last I tried to divert thee with some half-forgotten humours of some old clerks defunct, in an old house of business, long since gone to decay, doubtless you have already set me down in your mind as one of the selfsame college—a votary of the desk—a notched and cropt scrivener—one that sucks his sustenance, as certain sick people are said to do, through a quill.

Well, I do agnize something of the sort. I confess that it is my humour,—my fancy in the forefront of the day, when the mind of your man of letters requires some relaxation—(and none better than such as at first sight seems most abhorrent from his beloved studies)—to while away some good hours of my time in the contemplation of indigos, cottons, raw silks, piece goods, flowered or otherwise. In the first place * * * and then it sends you home with such increased appetite to your books * * * not to say that your outside sheets, and waste wrappers of foolscap, do receive into them, most kindly and naturally, the impression of sonnets, epigrams, essays—so that the very parings of a counting-

house are, in some sort, the settings up of an author. The enfranchised quill, that has plodded all the morning among the cart-rucks of figures and cyphers, frisks and curvets so at its ease over the flowery carpet-ground of a midnight dissertation. It feels its promotion. * * *

So that you see, upon the whole, the literary dignity of *Elia* is very little, if at all, compromised in the condescension.

Not that, in my anxious detail of the many commodities incidental to the life of a public office, I would be thought blind to certain flaws, which a cunning carper might be able to pick in this Joseph's vest. And here I must have leave, in the fulness of my soul, to regret the abolition, and doing-away-with-altogether, of those consolatory interstices, and sprinklings of freedom, through the four seasons—the *red-letter days*, now become to all intents and purposes, *dead-letter days*. There was Paul and Stephen, and Barnabas—

“Andrew and John, men famous in old times”—

we were used to keep all their days holy, as long back as I was at school at Christ's. I remember their effigies, by the same token, in the old *Basket Prayer-Book*. There hung Peter in his uneasy posture; holy Bartlemy in the troublesome act of flaying, after the famous Marsyas by Spagnoletti. I honoured them all, and could almost have wept the defalcation of Iscariot, so much did we love to keep holy memories sacred; only methought I a little grudged at the coalition of the *better Jude* with Simon, clubbing (as it were) their sanctities together, to make up one poor gaudy-day between them, as an economy unworthy of the dispensation.

These were bright visitations in a scholar's and a clerk's life, “far off their coming shone.” I was as good as an almanac in those days. I could have told you such a saint's day falls out next week, or the week after. Peradventure the Epiphany, by some periodical infelicity, would, once in six years, merge in a Sabbath. Now am I little better than one of the profane. Let me not be thought to arraign the wisdom of my civil superiors, who have judged the further observation of these holy tides to be papistical, superstitious. Only in a custom of such long standing, methinks, if their holinesses the Bishops had, in decency, been first sounded—but I am wading out of my depths. I am not the man to decide the limits of civil and ecclesiastical authority—I am plain Elia—no Selden, nor Archbishop Usher, though at present in the thick of their books, here in the heart of learning, under the shadow of the mighty Bodley.

I can here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such an one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here

I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for me. In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtsy as I pass, widely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.

The walks at these times are so much one's own,—the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen! The halls deserted, and with open doors inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a de-vote to some founder, or noble or royal benefactress (that should have been ours) whose portrait seems to smile upon their overlooked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality: the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fire-places, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago; and spits which have cooked for Chaucer! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the cook goes forth a mangle.

Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that, being nothing, art every thing! When thou wert, thou wert not antiquity—then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter antiquity, as thou callest it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, modern! What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half Januses* are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert! The mighty future is as nothing, being every thing! the past is every thing, being nothing!

What were thy *dark ages*? Surely the sun rose as brightly then as now, and man got him to his work in the morning. Why is it that we can never hear mention of them without an accompanying feeling, as though a palpable obscure had dimmed the face of things, and that our ancestors wandered to and fro groping!

Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford, what do most arride and elope me, are thy repositories of mouldering learning, thy shelves—

What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers, that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning,

walking amid their foliage; and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings, is fragrant as the first bloom of those scintial apples which grew amid the happy orchard.

Still less have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS. Those *varia lectiones*, so tempting to the more erudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith. I am no Herculean raker. The credit of the three witnesses might have slept unimpeached for me. I leave these curiosities to Porson, and to G. D.—whom, by the way, I found busy as a moth over some rotten archive, rummaged out of some seldom-explored press, in a nook at Oriel. With long poring, he is grown almost into a book. He stood as passive as one by the side of the old shelves. I longed to new-coat him in Russia, and assign him his place. He might have mustered for a tall Scapula.

D. is assiduous in his visits to these seats of learning. No inconsiderate portion of his moderate fortune, I apprehend, is consumed in journeys between them and Clifford's-Inn, where, like a dove on the asp's nest, he has long taken up his unconscious abode, amid an incongruous assembly of attorneys, attorneys' clerks, apparitors, promoters, vermin of the law, among whom he sits, "in calm and sinless peace." The fangs of the law pierce him not—the winds of litigation blow over his humble chambers—the hard sheriff's officer moves his hat as he passes—legal nor illegal discourtesy touches him—none thinks of offering violence or injustice to him—you would as soon "strike an abstract idea."

D. has been engaged, he tells me, through a course of laborious years, in an investigation into all curious matter connected with the two Universities; and has lately lit upon a manuscript collection of charters, relative to C—, by which he hopes to settle some disputed points—particularly that long controversy between them as to priority of foundation. The ardour with which he engages in these liberal pursuits, I am afraid, has not met with all the encouragement it deserved, either here, or at C—. Your caputs, and heads of colleges, care less than any body else about these questions. Contented to suck the milky fountains of their Alma Maters, without inquiring into the venerable gentlewomen's years, they rather hold such curiosities to be impertinent—unre-verend. They have their good glebe lands in *manu*, and care not much to rake into the title-deeds. I gather at least so much from other sources, for D. is not a man to complain.

D. started like an unbroke heifer, when I interrupted him. *A priori*, it was not very probable that we should have met in Oriel. But D. would have done the same had I accosted him on the sudden in his own walks in Clifford's-Inn, or in the Temple. In addition to a provoking short-sightedness, (the effect of late studies and watchings at the midnight oil,) D. is the most absent of men. He made a call the other morning at our

* Januses of one face.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

friend *M.*'s in Bedford-square; and, finding nobody at home, was ushered into the hall, where, asking for pen and ink, with great exactitude of purpose he enters me his name in the book—which ordinarily lies about in such places, to record the failures of the untimely or unfortunate visitor—and takes his leave with many ceremonies, and professions of regret. Some two or three hours after, his walking destinies returned him into the same neighbourhood again, and again the quiet image of the fireside circle at *M.*'s—Mrs. *M.* presiding at it like a Queen Lar, with pretty *A. S.* at her side—striking irresistibly on his fancy, he makes another call, (forgetting that they were “certainly not to return from the country before that day week,”) and disappointed a second time, inquires for pen and paper as before: again the book is brought, and in the line just above that in which he is about to print his second name, (his *rescript*,) his first name (scarce dry) looks out upon him like another *Sosia*, or as if a man should suddenly encounter his own duplicate! The effect may be conceived. *D.* made many a good resolution against such lapses in future. I hope he will not keep them too rigorously.

For with *G. D.* to be absent from the body, is sometimes (not to speak it profanely) to be present with the Lord. At the very time when, personally encountering thee, he passes on with no recognition; or, being stopped, starts like a thing surprised: at that moment, reader, he is on Mount Tabor, or Parnassus; or co-shepherd with Plato: or, with Harrington, forming “immortal commonwealths;” devising some plan of amelioration to thy country, or thy species; peradventure meditating some individual kindness or courtesy, to be done to *thee thyself*, the returning consciousness of which made him to start so guiltily at thy obtruded personal presence.

D. is delightful any where, but he is at the best in such places as these. He cares not much for Bath. He is out of his element at Buxton, at Scarborough, or Harrogate. The Cam and the Isis are to him “better than all the waters of Damascus.” On the Muses’ hill he is happy, and good, as one of the shepherds on the Delectable Mountains; and when he goes about with you to show you the halls and colleges, you think you have with you the Interpreter at the House Beautiful.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL,

FIVE-AND-THIRTY YEARS AGO.

In Mr. Lamb's “Works,” published a year or two since, I find a magnificent eulogy on my old school,* such as it was, or now appears to him to have been, between the years 1782 and 1789. It

* Recollections of Christ's Hospital.

happens, very oddly, that my own standing at Christ's was nearly corresponding with his; and, with all gratitude to him for his enthusiasm for the cloisters, I think he has contrived to bring together whatever can be said in praise of them, dropping all the other side of the argument most ingenuously.

I remember *L.* at school; and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages, which I and others of his schoolfellows had not. His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction, which was denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battenning upon our quarter of a penny loaf,—our *crug*,—moistened with attenuated small-beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern-jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk-porridge, blue and tasteless, and the peas-soup of Saturday coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of “extraordinary bread and butter,” from the hot-loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant—(we had three banyan to four meat days in the week)—was endeared to his palate with a lump of double refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly) or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our *half-pickled* Sundays, or *quite fresh* boiled beef on Thursdays, (strong as *caro equina*,) with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth—our scanty mutton-crags on Fridays—and rather more savoury, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites, and disappointed our stomachs, in almost equal proportion)—he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin (exotics unknown to our palates) cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing,) and brought him daily by his maid or aunt! I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride) squatting down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands, (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite,) and the contending passions of *L.* at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions!) predominant, breaking down the stony fences of shame, and awkwardness, and a troubling over-consciousness.

I was a poor friendless boy. My parents, and those who should care for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, which they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough; and, one after another, they all failed

me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates.

Oh the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years! How in my dreams would my native town (far in the west) come back, with its church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire!

To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those *whole-day-leaves* when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out, for the live-long day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing excursions to the New-River, which L. recalls with such relish, better, I think, than he can—for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such water-pastimes:—How merrily we would saily forth into the fields; and strip under the first warmth of the sun; and wanton like young dace in the streams; getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning-crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying—while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes, were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings—the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them!—How faint, and languid, finally, we would return, towards nightfall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant, that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired!

It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless—shivering at cold windows of print-shops, to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times repeated visit (where our individual faces should be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the Lions in the Tower—to whose levee, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission.

L.'s governor (so we called the patron who presented us to the foundation) lived in a manner under his paternal roof. Any complaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. This was understood at Christ's, and was an effectual screen to him against the severity of masters, or worse tyranny of the monitors. The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-sickening to call to recollection. I have been called out of my bed, and *waked for the purpose*, in the coldest winter nights—and this not once, but night after night—in my shirt, to receive the discipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callow overseer, when there has been any talking heard after we were gone to bed, to make the six last beds in the dormitory, where the youngest

children of us slept, answerable for an offence they neither dared to commit, nor had the power to hinder. The same execrable tyranny drove the younger part of us from the fires, when our feet were perishing with snow; and, under the cruellest penalties, forbade the indulgence of a drink of water, when we lay in sleepless summer nights, fevered with the season, and the day's sports.

There was one H—, who, I learned, in after days, was seen expiating some maturer offence in the hulks. (Do I flatter myself in fancying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered—at Nevis, I think, or St. Kitts—some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero actually branded a boy who had offended him, with a red hot iron; and nearly starved forty of us, with exacting contributions, to the one half of our bread, to pamper a young ass, which, incredible as it may seem, with the connivance of the nurse's daughter (a young flame of his) he had contrived to smuggle in, and keep upon the leads of the *ward*, as they called our dormitories. This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must cry roast meat—happier than Caligula's minion, could he have kept his own counsel—but foolisher, alas! than any of his species in the fables—waxing fat, and kicking, in the fulness of bread, one unlucky minute would needs proclaim his good fortune to the world below; and, laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram's-horn blast, as (toppling down the walls of his own Jericho) set concealment any longer at defiance. The client was dismissed, with certain attentions, to Smithfield; but I never understood that the patron underwent any censure on the occasion. This was in the stewardship of L.'s admired Perry.

Under the same *facile* administration, can L. have forgotten the cool impunity with which the nurses used to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one out of two of every hot joint, which the careful matron had been seeing scrupulously weighed out for our dinners? These were daily practised in that magnificent apartment, which L. (grown connoisseur since, we presume) praises so highly for the grand paintings, "by Verrio, and others," with which it is "hung round and adorned." But the sight of sleek well-fed blue-coat boys in pictures was, at that time, I believe, little consolatory to him, or us, the living ones, who saw the better part of our provisions carried away before our faces by harpies; and ourselves reduced (with the Trojan in the hall of Dido)

To feed our minds with idle portraiture.

L. has recorded the repugnance of the school to gags, or the fat of fresh beef boiled; and sets it down to some superstition. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates, (children are universally fat-haters,) and in strong, coarse, boiled meats, unsalted, are detestable. A

gag-eater in our time was equivalent to a *goad*, and held in equal detestation. — suffered under the imputation.

—— 'Twas said,
He ate strange flesh.

He was observed, after dinner, carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table, (not many, nor very choice fragments, you may credit me)—and, in an especial manner, these disreputable morsels, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bedside. None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported, that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief, full of something. This then must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment, which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his school-fellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day, for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out building, such as there exist specimens of in Chancery-lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism, with open door and a common staircase. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr. Hathaway, the then steward, (for this happened a little after my time,) with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter, before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of —, an honest couple come to decay, whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds! The governors on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family of —, and presented him with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read upon BASH JUDGMENT, ON the occasion of publicly delivering the medal to —, I believe, would not be lost upon his auditory. I had left school then, but I well remember —. He was a tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile

prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself, as he had done by the old folks.

I was a hypochondriac lad; and the sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender years, barely turned of seven; and had only read of such things in books, or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had *run away*. This was the punishment for the first offence. As a novice I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little, square, Bedlam cells, where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket—a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted—with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison-orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water—who *might not speak to him*;—or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was almost welcome, because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude:—and here he was shut up by himself *of nights*, out of the reach of any sound, to suffer whatever horrors the weak nerves, and superstition incident to his time of life, might subject him to.* This was the penalty for the second offence. Wouldst thou like, reader, to see what became of him in the next degree?

The culprit, who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was brought forth, as at some solemn *auto da fe*, arrayed in uncouth and most appalling attire—all trace of his late "watchet weeds" carefully effaced, he was exposed in a jacket, resembling those which London lamplighters formerly delighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture was such as the ingenious devisers of it could have anticipated. With his pale and frightened features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante had seized upon him. In this disguise he was brought into the hall, (*L.'s favourite state-room*), where awaited him the whole number of his school-fellows, whose joint lessons and sports he was thenceforth to share no more; the awful presence of the steward, to be seen for the last time; of the executioner beadle, clad in his state-robe for the occasion; and of two faces more, of direr import, because never but in these extremities visible. These were governors; two of whom, by choice, or charter, were always accustomed to officiate at these *Ultima Supplicia*; not to mitigate, (so at least we understood it,) but

* One or two instances of lunacy, or attempted suicide, accordingly, at length convinced the governors of the impolicy of this part of the sentence, and the midnight torture to the spirits was dispensed with. This fancy of dungeons for children was a sprout of Howard's brain: for which, (saving the reverence due to Holy Paul,) methinks, I could willingly spit upon his statue.

to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gascoigne, and Peter Aubert, I remember, were colleagues on one occasion, when the beadle turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The scourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lictor accompanied the criminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous disgusting circumstances, to make accurate report with our eyes of the degree of corporal suffering inflicted. Report, of course, gave out the back knotty and livid. After scourging, he was made over, in his *San Benito*, to his friends, if he had any, (but commonly such poor runagates were friendless,) or to his parish officer, who, to enhance the effect of the scene, had his station allotted to him on the outside of the hall-gate.

These solemn pageantries were not played off so often as to spoil the general mirth of the community. We had plenty of exercise and recreation after school hours; and, for myself, I must confess, that I was never happier, than in them. The Upper and the Lower Grammar Schools were held in the same room, and an imaginary line only divided their bounds. Their character was as different as that of the inhabitants on the two sides of the Pyrennees. The Rev. James Boyer was the Upper Master; but the Rev. Matthew Field presided over that portion of the apartment of which I had the good fortune to be a member. We lived a life as careless as birds. We talked and did just what we pleased, and nobody molested us. We carried an accidence, or a grammar, for form; but, for any trouble it gave us, we might take two years in getting through the verbs deponent, and another two in forgetting all that we had learned about them. There was now and then the formality of saying a lesson, but if you had not learned it, a brush across the shoulders (just enough to disturb a fly) was the sole remonstrance. Field never used the rod; and in truth he wielded the cane with no great good will—holding it “like a dancer.” It looked in his hands rather like an emblem than an instrument of authority; and an emblem, too, he was ashamed of. He was a good easy man, that did not care to ruffle his own peace, nor perhaps set any great consideration upon the value of juvenile time. He came among us, now and then, but often staid away whole days from us; and when he came, it made no difference to us—he had his private room to retire to, the short time he staid, to be out of the sound of our noise. Our mirth and uproar went on. We had classics of our own, without being beholden to “insolent Greece or haughty Rome,” that passed current among us—Peter Wilkins—the Adventures of the Hon. Capt. Robert Boyle—the Fortunate Blue-Coat Boy—and the like. Or we cultivated a turn for mechanic or scientific operations; making little sun-dials of paper; or weaving those ingenious parentheses, called cat-

crades; or making dry peas to dance upon the end of a tin pipe; or studying the art military over that laudable game “French and English,” and a hundred other such devices to pass away the time—mixing the useful with the agreeable—as would have made the souls of Rousseau and John Locke chuckle to have seen us.

Matthew Field belonged to that class of modest divines who affect to mix in equal proportion the gentleman, the scholar, and the Christian; but, I know not how, the first ingredient is generally found to be the predominating dose in the composition. He was engaged in gay parties, or with his courtly bow at some episcopal levée, when he should have been attending upon us. He had for many years the classical charge of a hundred children, during the four or five first years of their education; and his very highest form seldom proceeded further than two or three of the introductory fables of Phædrus. How things were suffered to go on thus, I cannot guess. Boyer, who was the proper person to have remedied these abuses, always affected, perhaps felt, a delicacy in interfering in a province not strictly his own. I have not been without my suspicions, that he was not altogether displeased at the contrast we presented to his end of the school. We were a sort of Helots to his young Spartans. He would sometimes, with ironic deference, send to borrow a rod of the Under Master, and then, with sardonic grin, observe to one of his upper boys, “how neat and fresh the twigs looked.” While his pale students were battering their brains over Xenophon and Plato, with a silence as deep as that enjoined by the Samite, we were enjoying ourselves at our ease in our little Goshen. We saw a little into the secrets of his discipline, and the prospect did but the more reconcile us to our lot. His thunders rolled innocuous for us; his storms came near, but never touched us; contrary to Gideon’s miracle, while all around were drenched, our fleece was dry.* His boys turned out the better scholars; we, I suspect, have the advantage in temper. His pupils cannot speak of him without something of terror allaying their gratitude; the remembrance of Field comes back with all the soothing images of indolence, and summer slumbers, and work like play, and innocent idleness, and Elysian exemptions, and life itself “a playing holiday.”

Though sufficiently removed from the jurisdiction of Boyer, we were near enough (as I have said) to understand a little of his system. We occasionally heard sounds of the *Uliantes*, and caught glances of Tartarus. B. was a rabid pedant. His English style was cramped to barbarism. His Easter anthems (for his duty obliged him to those periodical flights) were grating as scrannel pipes.† He would laugh, ay, and heartily, but then it must be at Flaccus’s quibble about *Rez*—or at the

* Cowley.

† In this and every thing B. was the antipodes of his coadjutor. While the former was digging his brains

tristis severitas in vultu, or *inspicere in patinas*, of Terence—thin jests, which at their first broaching could hardly have had *vis* enough to move a Roman muscle. He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of different omen. The one serene, smiling, fresh powdered, betokening a mild day. The other, an old discoloured, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Wo to the school, when he made his morning appearance in his *passy*, or *passionate wig*. No comet expounded surer. J. B. had a heavy hand. I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child, (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips,) with a "Sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?" Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the school-room, from his inner recess, or library, and, with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, "Od's my life, Sirrah," (his favourite adjuration,) "I have a great mind to whip you,"—then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling back into his lair—and, after a cooling lapse of some minutes, (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context,) drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some Devil's Litany, with the expletory yell—"and I will, too." In his gentler moods, when the *rabidus furor* was assuaged, he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, for what I have heard, to himself, of whipping the boy, and reading the Debates, at the same time; a paragraph, and a lash between; which in those times, when parliamentary oratory was most at a height and flourishing in these realms, was not calculated to impress the patient with a veneration for the diffuser graces of rhetoric.

Once, and but once, the uplifted rod was known to fall ineffectual from his hand—when droll squinting W—, having been caught putting the inside of the master's desk to a use for which the architect had clearly not designed it, to justify himself, with great simplicity averred, that *he did not know that the thing had been forewarned*. This exquisite irreognition of any law antecedent to the *oral* or *declaratory*, struck so irresistibly upon the fancy of all who heard it (the pedagogue himself not excepted) that remission was unavoidable.

L. has given credit to B.'s great merits as an instructor. Coleridge, in his literary life, has pronounced a more intelligible and ample encomium on them. The author of the Country Spectator doubts not to compare him with the ablest teachers of antiquity. Perhaps we cannot dismiss him better than with the pious ejaculation of C—, when he heard that his old master was on his death-bed—

for crude anthems, worth a pig-nut, F. would be recreating his gentlemanly fancy in the more flowery walks of the Muses. A little dramatic effusion of his, under the name of Vertumnus and Pomona, is not yet forgotten by the chroniclers of that sort of literature. It was accepted by Garrick, but the town did not give it their sanction. B. used to say of it, in a way of half-compliment, half-irony, that it was *too classical for representation*.

"Poor J. B.! may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no bottoms to reproach his sublunary infirmities."

Under him were many good and sound scholars bred. First Grecian of my time was Lancelot Pepys Stevens, kindest of boys and men, since Co-grammar-master (and inseparable companion) with Dr. T——o. What an edifying spectacle did this brace of friends present to those who remembered the anti-socialities of their predecessors! You never met the one by chance in the street without a wonder, which was quickly dissipated by the almost immediate sub-appearance of the other. Generally arm in arm, these kindly coadjutors lightened for each other the toilsome duties of their profession, and when, in advanced age, one found it convenient to retire, the other was not long in discovering that it suited him to lay down the fasces also. Oh, it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which at thirteen helped it to turn over the *Cicero de Amicitia*, or some tale of Antique Friendship, which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate! Co-Grecian with S. was Th——, who has since executed with ability various diplomatic functions at the Northern courts. Th—— was a tall, dark, saturnine youth, sparing of speech, with raven locks. Thomas Fanshaw Middleton followed him, (now Bishop of Calcutta,) a scholar and a gentleman in his teens. He has the reputation of an excellent critic; and is author (besides the Country Spectator) of a Treatise on the Greek Article, against Sharpe. M. is said to bear his mitre high in India, where the *regni nobilitas* (I dare say) sufficiently justifies the bearing. A humility quite as primitive as that of Jewel or Hooker might not be exactly fitted to impress the minds of those Anglo-Asiatic diocesans with a reverence for home institutions, and the church which those fathers watered. The manners of M. at school, though firm, were mild, and unassuming. Next to M. (if not senior to him) was Richards, author of the Aboriginal Britons, the most spirited of the Oxford Prize Poems; a pale, studious Grecian. Then followed poor S——, ill-fated M——! of these the Muse is silent.

Finding some of Edward's race
Unhappy, pass their annals by.

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration, (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *gamb* of the young *Mirandula*), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus, (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts,) or reciting

Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy*! Many were the “wit-combats,” (to dally awhile with the words of Old Fuller,) between him and C. V. Le G——, “which two I behold like a Spanish great gallion, and an English man-of-war; Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.”

Nor shalt thou, their compeer, be quickly forgotten, Allen, with a cordial smile, and still more cordial laugh, with which thou wert wont to make the old cloisters shake, in thy cognition of some poignant jest of theirs; or the anticipation of some more material, and, peradventure, practical one, of thine own. Extinct are those smiles, with that beautiful countenance, with which, (for thou wert the *Nereus formosus* of the school,) in the days of thy maturer waggery, thou didst disarm the wrath of infuriated town-damsel, who, incensed by provoking pinch, turning tigress-like round, suddenly converted by thy angel-look, exchanged the half-formed terrible “*bl—*,” for a gentler greeting—“*bless thy handsome face!*”

Next follow two, who ought to be now alive, and the friends of Elia—the junior Le G—— and F——; who impelled, the former by a roving temper, the latter by too quick a sense of neglect—ill capable of enduring the slights poor Sizars are sometimes subject to in our seats of learning—exchanged their Alma Mater for the camp; perishing, one by climate, and one on the plains of Salamanca:—Le G——, sanguine, volatile, sweet-natured; F—— dogged, faithful, anticipative of insult, warm-hearted, with something of the old Roman height about him.

Fine, frank-hearted Fr——, the present master of Hertford, with Marmaduke T——, mildest of Missionaries—and both my good friends still—close the catalogue of Grecians in my time.

THE TWO RACES OF MEN.

THE human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, the *men who borrow*, and the *men who lend*. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of the Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, “Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites,” flock hither and do naturally fall in with one or the other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born de-

graded. “He shall serve his brethren.” There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and auspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manner of the other.

Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages—Alcibiades, Falstaff, Sir Richard Steele, our late incomparable Brinsley—what a family-likeness in all four!

What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest,—taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money,—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! or rather what a noble simplification of language, (beyond Tooke,) resolving these supposed opposites into one clear, intelligible pronoun adjective! What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*!—to the extent of one half of the principle at least!

He is the true taxer who “calletth all the world up to be taxed;” and the distance is as vast between him and *one of us*, as subsisted betwixt the Augustan Majesty and the poorest obolar Jew that paid tribute-pittance at Jerusalem! His exactions, too, have such a cheerful, voluntary air! so far removed from your sour parochial or state gatherers,—those ink-horn varlets, who carry their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse,—which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves as naturally as the cloak of the traveller, for which sun and wind contended! He is the true Propontic which never ebbs!—The sea which taketh handsomely at each man’s hand. In vain the victim, whom he delighteth to honour, struggles with destiny; he is in the net. Lend therefore cheerfully, Oh man ordained to lend—that thou lose not in the end, with thy wordly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and of Dives!—but, when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were halfway. Come, a handsome sacrifice! See how light *he* makes of it! Strain not courtesies with a noble enemy.

Reflections like the foregoing were forced upon my mind by the death of my old friend, Ralph Bigod, Esq., who departed this life on Wednesday evening; dying, as he had lived, without much trouble. He boasted himself a descendant from mighty ancestors of that name, who heretofore held ducal dignities in this realm. In his actions and sentiments he belied not the stock to which he pretended. Early in life he found himself invested with ample revenues; which, with that noble disinterestedness which I have noticed as inherent in men of the *great race*, he took almost

immediate measures entirely to dissipate and bring to nothing; for there is something revolting in the idea of a king holding a private purse; and the thoughts of Bigod were all regal. Thus furnished, by the very act of disfurnishment; getting rid of the cumbersome luggage of riches, more apt (as one sings)

"To slacken virtue and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise,"

he set forth, like some Alexander, upon his great enterprise, "borrowing and to borrow!"

In his peregrination, or triumphant progress throughout this island, it has been calculated that he laid a tithe part of the inhabitants under contribution. I reject this estimate as greatly exaggerated:—but having had the honour of accompanying my friend, divers times, in his perambulations about this vast city, I own I was greatly struck at first with the prodigious number of faces we met, who claimed a sort of respectful acquaintance with us. He was one day so obliging as to explain the phenomenon. It seems, these were his tributaries; feeders of his exchequer; gentlemen, his good friends, (as he was pleased to express himself,) to whom he had occasionally been beholden for a loan. Their multitudes did no way disconcert him. He rather took a pride in numbering them; and with Comus, seemed pleased to be "stocked with so fair a herd."

With such sources, it was a wonder how he contrived to keep his treasury always empty. He did it by force of an aphorism, which he had often in his mouth, that "money kept longer than three days, stinks." So he made use of it while it was fresh. A good part he drunk away, (for he was an excellent toss-pot,) some he gave away, the rest he threw away, literally tossing and hurling it violently from him—as boys do burrs, or as if it had been infectious,—into ponds, or ditches, or deep holes,—inscrutable cavities of the earth; or he would bury it (where he would never seek it again) by a river's side under some bank, which (he would facetiously observe) paid no interest—but out away from him it must go peremptorily, as Hagar's offspring into the wilderness, while it was sweet. He never missed it. The streams were perennial which fed his fisc. When new supplies became necessary, the first person that had the felicity to fall in with him, friend or stranger, was sure to contribute to the deficiency. For Bigod had an *undeniable* way with him. He had a cheerful open exterior, a quiet jovial eye, a bald forehead, just touched with gray (*cana fides*.) He anticipated no excuse, and found none. And, waiving for awhile my theory as to the *great race*, I would put it to the most untheorising reader, who may at times have disposable coin in his pocket, whether it is not more repugnant to the kindness of his nature to refuse such an one as I am describing, than to say *no* to a poor petitionary rogue, (your bastard borrower,) who, by his mumping visnomy, tells you,

that he expects nothing better; and, therefore, whose preconceived notions and expectations you do in reality so much less shock in the refusal.

When I think of this man; his fiery glow of heart; his swell of feeling; how magnificent, how ideal he was; how great at the midnight hour; and when I compare with him the companions with whom I have associated since, I grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of *lenders and little men*.

To one like Elia, whose treasures are rather cased in leather covers than closed in iron coffers, there is a class of alienators more formidable than that which I have touched upon; I mean your *borrowers of books*—those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes. There is Comberbatch, matchless in his depredations!

That foul gap in the bottom shelf facing you, like a great eye-tooth knocked out—(you are now with me in my little back study in Bloomsbury, reader!)—with the huge Switzer-like tomes on each side, (like the Guildhall giants, in their reformed posture, guardant of nothing,) once held the tallest of my folios, *Opera Bonaventuræ*, choice and massy divinity, to which its two supporters (school divinity also, but of a lesser calibre,—Bellarmine, and Holy Thomas,) showed but as dwarfs,—itself an Ascapart!—that Comberbatch abstracted upon the faith of a theory he holds, which is more easy, I confess, for me to suffer by than to refute, namely, that "the title to property in a book, (my Bonaventure, for instance,) is in exact ratio to the claimant's powers of understanding and appreciating the same." Should he go on acting upon this theory, which of our shelves is safe?

The slight vacuum in the left-hand case—two shelves from the ceiling—scarcely distinguishable but by the quick eye of a loser—was whilom the commodious resting-place of Brown on Urn Burial. C. will hardly allege that he knows more about that treatise than I do, who introduced it to him, and was indeed the first (of the moderns) to discover its beauties—but so have I known a foolish lover to praise his mistress in the presence of a rival more qualified to carry her off than himself.—Just below, Dodsley's Dramas want their fourth volume, where Vittoria Corombona is! The remainder nine are as distasteful as Priam's refuse sons, when the Fates borrowed Hector. Here stood the Anatomy of Melancholy, in sober state.—There loitered the Complete Angler; quiet as in life, by some stream side.—In yonder nook, John Bunce, a widower-volume, with "eyes closed," mourns his ravished mate.

One justice I must do my friend, that if he sometimes, like the sea, sweeps away a treasure, at another time, sea-like, he throws up as rich an equivalent to match it. I have a small under-collection of this nature, (my friend's gatherings in his various calls,) picked up, he has forgotten at

what odd places, and deposited with as little memory as mine. I take in these orphans, the twice-deserted. These proselytes of the gate are welcome as the true Hebrews. There they stand in conjunction; natives, and naturalized. The latter seem as little disposed to inquire out their true lineage as I am.—I charge no ware-house-room for these deadlands, nor shall ever put myself to the ungentlemanly trouble of advertising a sale of them to pay expenses.

To lose a volume to C., carries some sense and meaning in it. You are sure that he will make one hearty meal on your viands, if he can give no account of the platter after it. But what moved thee, wayward, spiteful K., to be so importunate to carry off with thee, in spite of tears and adjurations to thee to forbear, the Letters of that princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret Newcastle?—knowing at the time, and knowing that I knew also, thou most assuredly wouldst never turn over one leaf of the illustrious folio:—what but the mere spirit of contradiction, and childish love of getting the better of thy friend?—Then, worst cut of all! to transport it with thee to the Gallican land—

“Unworthy land to harbor such a sweetness, A virtue in which all ennobling thoughts dwell, Pure thoughts, kind thoughts, high thoughts, her sex’s wonder!”

—hadst thou not thy play-books, and books of jests and fancies, about thee, to keep thee merry, even as thou keepest all companies with thy quips and mirthful tales?—Child of the Green-room, it was unkindly done of thee. Thy wife, too, that part French, better part Englishwoman!—that she could fix upon no other treatise to bear away, in kindly token of remembering us, than the works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brook—of which no Frenchman, nor woman of France, Italy, or England, was ever by nature constituted to comprehend a tittle! *Was there not Zimmerman on Solitude?*

Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be shy of showing it; or if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such an one as S. T. C.—he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations, tripling their value. I have had experience. Many are these precious MSS. of his—(in matter oftentimes, and almost in quantity not unfrequently, vying with the originals)—in no very clerly hand—legible in my Daniel; in old Burton; in Sir Thomas Browne; and those abstruser cogitations of the Greville, now, alas! wandering in Pagan lands. I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library, against S. T. C.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

EVERY man hath two birth-days: two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving

the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth his. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birth-day hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand any thing in it beyond cake and orange. But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

Of all sound of all bells—(bells, the music nearest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never hear it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected—in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed,

“I saw the skirts of the departing year.”

It is no more than what in sober sadness every one of us seems to be conscious of, in that awful leave-taking. I am sure I felt it, and all felt it with me, last night; though some of my companions affected rather to manifest an exhilaration at the birth of the coming year, than any very tender regrets for the decease of its predecessor. But I am none of those who

“Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.”

I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties; new books, new faces, new years,—from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope; and am sanguine only in the prospects of other (former) years. I plunge into foregone visions and conclusions. I encounter pell-mell with past disappointments. I am armour-proof against old discouragements. I forgive, or overcome in fancy, old adversaries. I play over again for love, as the gamblers phrase it, games, for which I once paid so dear. I would scarce now have any of those untoward accidents and events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-contrived novel. Methinks, it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair, and fairer eyes, of Alice W—n, than that so passionate a love adventure should be lost. It was better that our family should have missed that legacy, which old Dorrell cheated us of, than that I should have at this moment two thousand pounds in banco, and be without the idea of that specious old rogue.

In a degree beneath manhood, it is my infirmity to look back upon those early days. Do I advance a paradox when I say, that, skipping over

the intervention of forty years, a man may have leave to love *himself*, without the imputation of self-love?

If I know aught of myself, no one whose mind is introspective, and mine is painfully so, can have a less respect for his present identity, than I have for the man Elia. I know him to be light, and vain, and humorous; a notorious —; addicted to —; averse from counsel, neither taking it nor offering it; — besides; a stammering buffoon; what you will; lay it on, and spare not; I subscribe to it all, and much more than thou canst be willing to lay at his door — but for the child Elia—that “other me,” there, in the back-ground—I must take leave to cherish the remembrance of that young master, with as little reference, I protest, to this stupid changeling of five-and-forty, as if it had been a child of some other house, and not of my parents. I can cry over its patient small-pox at five, and rougher medicaments. I can lay its poor fevered head upon the sick pillow at Christ’s, and wake with it in surprise at the gentle posture of maternal tenderness hanging over it, that unknown had watched its sleep. I know how it shrank from any the least colour of falsehood. God help thee, Elia, how art thou changed! Thou art sophisticated. I know how honest, how courageous (for a weakling) it was; how religious, how imaginative, how hopeful! From what have I not fallen, if the child I remember was indeed myself, and not some dissembling guardian, presenting a false identity, to give the rule to my unpractised steps, and regulate the tone of my moral being!

That I am fond of indulging, beyond a hope of sympathy, in such retrospection, may be the symptom of some sickly idiosyncrasy. Or is it owing to another cause; simply, that being without wife or family, I have not learned to project myself enough out of myself; and having no offspring of my own to dally with, I turn back upon memory, and adopt my own early idea, as my heir and favourite? If these speculations seem fantastical to thee, reader, (a busy man perchance,) if I tread out of the way of thy sympathy, and am singularly conceited only, I retire, impenetrable to ridicule, under the phantom cloud of Elia.

The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution, and the ringing out of the old year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony. In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we

can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now, shall I confess a truth? I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like misers’ farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away “like a weaver’s shuttle.” Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluctant at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave. Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household-gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me.

Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer-holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life?

Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?

And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios! must I part with the intense delight of having you (huge armfuls) in my embraces? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?

Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here, the recognizable face; “the sweet assurance of a look?”

In winter, this intolerable disinclination to dying, to give it its mildest name, does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality. Then we expand and burgeon. Then are we as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me, puts me in thoughts of death. All things allied to the insubstantial, wait upon that master feeling; cold, numbness, dreams, perplexity; moonlight itself, with its shadowy and spectral appearances, that cold ghost of the sun, or Phœbus’ sickly sister, like that innutritious one denounced in the Can-

ticles: I am none of her minions; I hold with the Persian.

Whatsoever thwarts, or puts me out of my way, brings death into my mind. All partial evils, like humours, run into that capital plague-sore. I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have wooed death—but out upon thee, I say, thou foul, ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, excrete, and (with Friar John) give thee to six score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as an universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy *Privation*, or more frightful and confounding *Positive*!

Those antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are altogether frigid and insulting, like thyself. For what satisfaction hath a man, that he shall "lie down with kings and emperors in death," who in his lifetime never greatly coveted the society of such bed-fellows? or, forsooth, that "so shall the fairest face appear?"—why, to comfort me, must Alice W—n be a goblin? More than all, I conceive disgust at those impertinent and misbecoming familiarities, inscribed upon your ordinary tomb-stones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that "such as he now is, I must shortly be." Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the meantime I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy New Year's Days are past. I survive, a jolly candidate for 1821. Another cup of wine; and while that turn-coat bell, that just now mournfully chanted the obsequies of 1820 departed, with changed notes lustily rings in a successor, let us attune to its peal the song made on a like occasion, by hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton.—

THE NEW YEAR.

Hark, the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us the day himself's not far;
And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look, as seems to say,
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy;
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall,
Than direct mischiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! methinks my sight,
Better inform'd by clearer light,
Discerns serenity in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now.
His revers'd face may show distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past;

But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the New-born Year.
He looks too from a place so high,
The Year lies open to his eye;
And all the moments open are
To the exact discoverer.
Yet more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution.
Why should we then suspect or fear
The influences of a year,
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good so soon as born?
Plague on't! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof;
Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through
The last, why so we may this too;
And then the next in reason should
Be super-excellently good:
For the worst ills (we daily see)
Have no more perpetuity,
Than the best fortunes that do fall;
Which also bring us wherewithal
Longer their being to support
Than those do of the other sort:
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at destiny,
Appears ungrateful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.
Then let us welcome the New Guest
With lusty brimmers of the best;
Mirth always should good fortune meet,
And renders e'en disaster sweet:
And though the princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out,
Till the next year she face about.

How say you, reader,—do not these verses smack of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein? Do they not fortify like a cordial; enlarging the heart, and productive of sweet blood, and generous spirits, in the concoction? Where be those puling fears of death, just now expressed or affected? Passed like a cloud—absorbed in the purging sun-light of clear poetry—clean washed away by a wave of genuine Helicon, your only Spa for these hypochondries. And now another cup of the generous! and a merry New Year, and many of them, to you all, my masters!

MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST.

"A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game." This was the celebrated wish of old Sarah Battle, (now with God,) who, next to her devotions, loved a good game at whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamblers, your half and half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game, and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary, who has slept a

wrong card, to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said, that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul; and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favours. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She sat bolt upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that Hearts was her favourite suit.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant, till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his excess of candor, declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do,—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book.

Pope was her favourite author: his Rape of the Lock her favourite work. She once did me the favour to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of Ombre in that poem; and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, *tradrille*. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr. Bowles: but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners—a thing which the constancy of whist abhors;—the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of *Spadille*—absurd as she justly observed, in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his crown and garter give him no proper power above his brother nobility of the *Aces*;—the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexpe-

rienced, of playing alone;—above all, the overpowering attractions of a *Sans Prendre Vole*,—to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel or approaching, in the contingencies of whist:—all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *solider* game: that was her word. It was a long meal; not, like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might co-exist in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the chance-started, capricious, and ever-fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian states, depicted by Machiavel; perpetually changing postures and connexions; bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow; kissing and scratching in a breath;—but the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favourite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage—nothing superfluous. No *flushes*—that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up;—that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and color, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colours of things. Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them: but what should we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit from dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshalled—never to take the field?—She even wished that whist were more simple than it is; and, in my mind, would have stripped it of some appendages, which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps?—Why two colors, when the mark of the suits would have sufficiently distinguished them without it?—

"But the eye, my dear Madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason—he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your quaker spirit of unsensualizing would have kept out. You, yourself, have a pretty collection of paintings—but confess to me, whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes, or among the Paul Potters in the ante-room, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight, at all comparable to that you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged

assortment of the court cards?—the pretty antic habits, like heralds in a procession—the gay triumph-assuring scarlets—the contrasting deadly-killing sables—the ‘hoary majesty of spades’—Pam in all his glory!—

“All these might be dispensed with; and, with their naked names upon the drab paste-board, the game might go on very well, pictureless. But the beauty of cards would be extinguished for ever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling. Imagine a dull deal-board, or drum-head, to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet, (next to nature’s,) fittest arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and turneys in!—Exchange those delicately-turned ivory markers—(work of Chinese artist, unconscious of their symbol,—or as profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman that turned out those little shrines for the goddesses)—exchange them for little bits of leather (our ancestors’ money) or chalk and a slate!”

The old lady, with a smile, confessed the soundness of my logic; and to her approbation of my arguments on her favourite topic that evening, I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a curious cribbage-board, made of the finest Sienna marble, which her maternal uncle (old Walter Plumer, whom I have elsewhere celebrated) brought with him from Florence;—this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds, came to me at her death.

The former bequest (which I do not least value) I have kept with religious care; though she herself, to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say,—disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce “go”—or “*that’s a go*.” She called it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber, (a five dollar stake,) because she would not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring “*two for his heels*.” There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet she held the best game at cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms—such as pique—repique—the capot—they savoured (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrate, or square. She would argue thus:—Cards are warfare; the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war, in disguise of a sport: when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is too close a fight; with spectators, it is not much bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money; he cares not for your luck *sympathetically*,

or for your play. Three are still worse; a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in *tradrille*. But in square games (*she meant whist*) all that is possible to be attained in card-playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honour, common to every species—though the *latter* can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theatre to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold—or even an interested—by-stander witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathises in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled, than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a civil game. By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favourite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*. Chance, she would argue—and here again, admire the subtlety of her conclusion!—chance is nothing, but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious, that cannot be *glory*. What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size-ace a hundred times together by himself; or before spectators, where no stake was depending?—Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number—and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively, without a prize?—therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in backgammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots, who were taken with a lucky hit under such circumstances. Games of pure skill were as little to her fancy. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of overreaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man’s wit,—his memory, or combination-faculty rather—against another’s; like a mock-engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless. She could not conceive a game wanting the spritely infusion of chance,—the handsome excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst whist was stirring in the centre, would inspire her with insufferable horror and ennui. Those well-cut similitudes of Castles, and Knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue, (and I think in

this case justly,) were entirely misplaced and senseless. Those hard-headed contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and colour. A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other: that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards: that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet during the illusion, we *are* as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado; great battling, and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious games of life, which men play, without esteeming them to be such.

With great deference to the old lady's judgment on these matters, I think I have experienced some moments in my life, when playing at cards *for nothing* has even been agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits, I sometimes call for the cards, and play a game at piquet *for love* with my cousin Bridget—Bridget Elia.

I grant there is something sneaking in it; but with a toothache, or a sprained ancle,—when you are subdued and humble,—you are glad to put up with an inferior spring of action.

There is such a thing in nature, I am convinced, as *sick whist*.

I grant it is not the highest style of man—I deprecate the manes of Sarah Battle—she lives not, alas! to whom I should apologise.

At such times, those *terms* which my old friend objected to, come in as something admissible. I love to get a tierce or a quatorze, though they mean nothing. I am subdued to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me.

That last game I had with my sweet cousin (I capoted her)—(dare I tell thee, how foolish I am?)—I wished it might have lasted for ever, though we gained nothing, and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play; I would be content to go on in that idle folly for ever. The pipkin should be ever boiling that was to prepare the gentle lenitive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed to apply after the game was over: and, as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble. Bridget and I should be ever playing.

A CHAPTER ON EARS.

I have no ear.—

Mistake me not, reader,—nor imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin ap-

pendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking) handsome volutes to the human capital. Better my mother had never borne me. I am, I think, rather delicately than copiously provided with those conduits; and I feel no disposition to envy the mule for his plenty, or the mole for her exactness, in those ingenious labyrinthine inlets—those indispensable side-intelligencers.

Neither have I incurred, or done any thing to incur, with Defoe, that hideous disfigurement, which constrained him to draw upon assurance to feel “quite unabashed,” and at ease upon that article. I was never, I thank my stars, in the pillory; nor, if I read them aright, is it within the compass of my destiny, that I ever should be.

When therefore I say that I have no ear, you will understand me to mean—for *music*. To say that this heart never melted at the concourse of sweet sounds, would be a foul self-libel. “*Water parted from the sea*” never fails to move it strangely. So does “*In infancy*.” But they were used to be sung at her harpsichord (the old-fashioned instrument in vogue in those days) by a gentlewoman—the gentlest, sure, that ever merited the appellation—the sweetest—why should I hesitate to name Mrs. S—, once the blooming Fanny Wetherall of the Temple—who had power to thrill the soul of Elia, small imp as he was, even in his long coats; and to make him glow, tremble, and blush with a passion, that not faintly indicated the day-spring of that absorbing sentiment, which was afterwards destined to overwhelm and subdue his nature quite, for Alice W—n.

I even think that *sentimentally* I am disposed to harmony. But *organically* I am incapable of a tune. I have been practising “*God save the King*” all my life; whistling and humming it over to myself in solitary corners; and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached.

I am not without suspicion, that I have an undeveloped faculty of music within me. For, thrumming, in my wild way, on my friend A.'s piano, the other morning, while he was engaged in an adjoining parlor,—on his return he was pleased to say, “*he thought it could not be the maid!*” On his first surprise at hearing the keys touched in somewhat an airy and masterful way, not dreaming of me, his suspicions had lighted on *Jenny*. But a grace, snatched from a superior refinement, soon convinced him that some being,—technically perhaps deficient, but higher informed from a principle common to all the fine arts,—had swayed the keys to a mood which *Jenny*, with all her (less cultivated) enthusiasm, could never have elicited from them. I mention this as a proof of my friend's penetration, and not with any view of disparaging *Jenny*.

Scientifically I could never be made to understand (yet have I taken some pains) what a note in music is; or how one note should differ from another. Much less in voices can I distinguish a

soprano from a tenor. Only sometimes the thorough bass I contrive to guess at, from its being supereminently harsh and disagreeable. I tremble, however, for my misapplication of the simplest terms of *that* which I disclaim. While I profess my ignorance, I scarce know what to *say* I am ignorant of. I hate, perhaps, by misnomers. *Sostenuto* and *adagio* stand in the like relation of obscurity to me; and *Sol, Fa, Mi, Re*, is as conjuring as *Barablipton*.

It is hard to stand alone—in an age like this,—(constituted to the quick and critical perception of all harmonious combinations, I verily believe, beyond all preceding ages, since Jubal stumbled upon the gamut!)—to remain, as it were, singly unimpressible to the magic influences of an art, which is said to have such an especial stroke at soothing, elevating, and refining the passions. Yet rather than break the candid current of my confessions, I must avow to you, that I have received a great deal more pain than pleasure from this so cried-up faculty.

I am constitutionally susceptible of noises. A carpenter's hammer, in a warm summer noon, will fret me into more than midsummer madness. But those unconnected, unset sounds, are nothing to the measured malice of music. The ear is passive to those single strokes; willingly enduring stripes, while it hath no task to con. To music it cannot be passive. It will strive—mine at least will—'spite of its inaptitude, to thrird the maze; like an unskilled eye painfully poring upon hieroglyphics. I have sat through an Italian Opera, till, for sheer pain, and inexplicable anguish, I have rushed out into the noisiest places of the crowded streets, to solace myself with sounds which I was not obliged to follow, and get rid of the distracting torment of endless, fruitless, barren attention! I take refuge in the unpretending assemblage of honest common-life sounds;—and the purgatory of the Enraged Musician becomes my paradise.

I have sat at an Oratorio (that profanation of the purposes of the cheerful playhouse) watching the faces of the auditory in the pit, (what a contrast to Hogarth's Laughing Audience,) immoveable, or affecting some faint emotion,—till (as some have said, that our occupations in the next world will be but a shadow of what delighted us in this) I have imagined myself in some cold Theatre in Hades, where some of the *forms* of the earthly one should be kept up, with none of the *enjoyment*; or like that—

“—— Party in a parlor,
All silent, and all DAMNED!”

Above all, those insufferable concertos and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and imbitter my apprehension. Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a dying; to lie stretched upon a rack of roses; to keep up languor by unintermitted effort; to pile honey upon sugar, and sugar upon

honey, to an interminable tedious sweetness; to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself; to read a book, *all steps*, and be obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest executed pieces of this empty *instrumental music*.

I deny not, that in the opening of a concert, I have experienced something vastly lulling and agreeable:—afterwards followeth the languor, and the oppression. Like that disappointing book in Patmos; or, like the comings on of melancholy described by Burton, doth music make her first insinuating approaches:—“Most pleasant it is to such as are melancholy given, to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by some brook side, and to meditate upon some delightful and pleasant subject, which shall affect him most, *amabilis insaniam* and *mentis gratissimus error*. A most incomparable delight to build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose and strongly imagine, they act, or that they see done. So delightsome these toys at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years in such contemplations, and fantastical meditations, which are like so many dreams, and will hardly be drawn from them—winding and unwinding themselves as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humours, until at last the SCENE TURNS UPON A SUDDEN, and they being now habited to such meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can think of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*, discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them on a sudden, and they can think of nothing else: continually suspecting, no sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds: which now, by no means, no labour, no persuasions they can avoid, they cannot be rid of it, they cannot resist.”

Something like this “SCENE-TURNING” I have experienced at the evening parties at the house of my good Catholic friend *Now*—; who, by the aid of a capital organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing-room into a chapel, his week days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens.*

When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems, which peradventure struck upon my heedless ear rambling in the side aisles of the dim abbey, some five-and-thirty years since, waking a new sense, and putting a soul of old religion into my young apprehension—(whether it be

* I have been there, and still would go;
’Tis like a little heaven below. *Dr. Watts.*

that, in which the psalmist, weary of the persecutions of bad men, wisheth to himself doves' wings—or *that other*, which, with a like measure of sobriety and pathos, inquireth by what means the young man shall best cleanse his mind)—a holy calm pervadeth me. I am for the time

“—— rapt above earth,
And possess joys not promised at my birth.”

But when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive,—impatient to overcome her “earthly” with his “heavenly,”—still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that inexhausted *German* ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions, *Haydn* and *Mozart*, with their attendant Tritons, *Bach*, *Beethoven*, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps,—I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wit's end;—clouds, as of frankincense, oppress me—priests, altars, censers, dazzle before me—the genius of *his* religion hath me in her toils—a shadowy triple tiara invests the brow of my friend, late so naked, so ingenuous—he is Pope, —and by him sits, like as in the anomaly of dreams, a she-Pope too,—tri-coroneted like himself! I am converted, and yet a Protestant;—at once *malleus hereticorum*, and myself grand heresiarch: or three heresies centre in my person:—I am Marcion, Ebion, and Cerinthus—Gog and Magog—what not?—till the coming in of the friendly supper-tray dissipates the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer (in which chiefly my friend shows himself no bigot) at once reconciles me to the rationalties of a purer faith: and restores to me the genuine unterrifying aspects of my pleasant-countenanced host and hostess.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

THE compliments of the season to my worthy masters, and a merry first of April to us all!

Many happy returns of this day to you—and you—and you, Sir—nay, never frown man, nor put a long face upon the matter. Do not we know one another? what need of ceremony among friends? we have all a touch of *that same*—you understand me—a speck of the motley. Beshrew the man who on such a day as this, the *general festival*, should affect to stand aloof. I am none of those sneakers. I am free of the corporation, and care not who knows it. He that meets me in the forest to-day, shall meet with no wiseacre, I can tell him. *Stultus sum*. Translate me that, and take the meaning of it to yourself for your pains. What, man, we have four quarters of the globe on our side, at the least computation.

Fill us a cup of that sparkling gooseberry—we will drink no wise, melancholy, politic port on this day—and let us troll the catch of Amiens—*duc ad me—duc ad me*—how goes it?

“Here shall he see
Gross fools as he.”

Now would I give a trifle to know historically and authentically, who was the greatest fool that ever lived. I would certainly give him in a bumper. Marry, of the present breed, I think I could without much difficulty name you the party.

Remove your cap a little further, if you please; it hides my bauble. And now each man bestride his hobby, and dust away his bells to what tune he pleases. I will give you for my part,

“——The crazy old church clock,
And the bewildered chimies.”

Good master Empedocles, you are welcome. It is long since you went a salamander-gathering down *Ætna*. Worse than samphire-picking by some odds. 'Tis a mercy your worship did not singe your mustachios.

Ha! Cleombrotus! and what salads in faith did you light upon at the bottom of the Mediterranean? You were founder, I take it, of the disinterested sect of the Calenturists.

Gebir, my old free-mason, and prince of plasterers at Babel, bring in your trowel, most Ancient Grand! You have claim to a seat here at my right hand, as patron of the stammerers. You left your work, if I remember Herodotus correctly, at eight hundred million toises, or thereabout, above the level of the sea. Bless us, what a long bell you must have pulled, to call your top workmen to their nuncheon on the low grounds of Sennaar. Or did you send up your garlic and onions by a rocket? I am a rogue if I am not ashamed to show you our Monument on Fish-street Hill, after your altitudes. Yet we think it somewhat.

What, the magnanimous Alexander in tears?—cry, baby, put its finger in its eye, it shall have another globe, round as orange, pretty moppet!

Mister Adams—odso, I honour your coat—pray do us the favour to read us that sermon, which you lent to Mistress Slipsop—the twenty and second in your portmanteau there—on Female Incontinence—the same—it will come in most irrelevantly and impertinently seasonable to the time of the day.

Good Master Raymund Lully, you look wise. Pray correct that error.—

Duns, spare your definitions. I must fine you a bumper, or a paradox. We will have nothing said or done syllogistically this day. Remove those logical forms, waiter, that no gentleman break the tender shins of his apprehension stumbling across them.

Master Stephen, you are late. Ha! Cokes, is it you?—A guecheek, my dear knight, let me pay my devoir to you. Master Shallow, your worship's

poor servant to command. Master Silence, I will use few words with you. Slender, it shall go hard if I edge not you in somewhere. You six will engross all the poor wit of the company to-day. I know it, I know it.

Ha! honest R——, my fine old Librarian of Ludgate, time out of mind, art thou here again? Bless thy doublet, it is not over new, threadbare as thy stories: what dost thou flitting about the world at this rate?—Thy customers are extinct, defunct, bed-rid, have ceased to read long ago. Thou goest still among them, seeing if, peradventure, thou canst hawk a volume or two. Good Granville S——, thy last patron, is flown.

"King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapt in lead."

Nevertheless, noble R——, come in, and take your seat here, between Armado and Quisada; for in true courtesy, in gravity, in fantastic smiling to thyself, in courteous smiling upon others, in the goodly orature of well-appareled speech, and the commendation of wise sentences, thou art nothing inferior to those accomplished Dons of Spain. The spirit of chivalry forsake me for ever, when I forget thy singing the song of Macheath, which declares that he might be *happy with either*, situated between those two ancient spinsters—when I forget the inimitable formal love which thou didst make, turning now to the one, and now to the other, with that Malvolian smile—as if Cervantes, not Gay, had written it for his hero; and as if thousands of periods must revolve, before the mirror of courtesy could have given his invidious preference between a pair of so goodly-proprietyed and meritorious-equal damsels.

* * * * *

To descend from these altitudes, and not to protract our Foole's Banquet beyond its appropriate day,—for I fear the second of April is not many hours distant—in sober verity I will confess a truth to thee, reader. I love a *Fool*—as naturally as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with child-like apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those *Parables*—not guessing at their involved wisdom—I had more yearnings towards that simple architect, that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more cautious neighbour; I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and—prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat *unfeminine* wariness of their competitors—I felt a kindness, that almost amounted to a *tendre*, for those five thoughtless virgins. I have never made an acquaintance since that lasted; or a friendship, that answered; with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you, that he will not betray or overreach you. I love

the safety, which a palpable hallucination warrants; the security, which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition. It is observed, "that the foolisher the fowl or fish,—woodcocks,—dotterels,—cods'-heads, &c. the finer the flesh thereof," and what are commonly the world's received fools, but such whereof the world is not worthy? and what have been some of the kindest patterns of our species, but so many darlings of absurdity, minions of the goddess, and her white boys?—Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the *April Fool*.

A QUAKER'S MEETING.

Still-born Silence! thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart!
Offspring of a heavenly kind!
Frost of the mouth, and thaw of the mind!
Secrecy's confidant, and he
Who makes religion mystery!
Admiration's speaking'st tongue!
Leave, thy desert shades among,
Reverend hermit's hallowed cells,
Where retired devotion dwells!
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our tongues, and strike us dumb!*

READER, wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess the depth of thy own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone, and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; an unit in aggregate; a simple in composite:—come with me into a Quaker's Meeting.

Dost thou love silence deep as that "before the winds were made?" go not out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities of the earth, shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the little cells of thy ears, with little-faith'd self-mistrusting Ulysses.—Retire with me into a Quaker's Meeting.

For a man to refrain even from good words, and to hold his peace, it is commendable; but for a multitude, it is great mastery.

What is the stillness of the desert, compared with this place? what the uncommunicating muteness of fishes?—here the goddess reigns and revels. "Boreas, and Cecias, and Argestes loud," do not with their inter-confounding uproars more augment the brawl—nor the waves of the blown Baltic with their clubbed sounds—than their op-

* From "Poems of all sorts," by Richard Fleckno, 1653.

posite (Silence her sacred self) is multiplied and rendered more intense by numbers, and by sympathy. She too hath her deeps, that call unto deeps. Negation itself hath a positive more and less; and closed eyes would seem to obscure the great obscurity of midnight.

There are wounds, which an imperfect solitude cannot heal. By imperfect I mean that which a man enjoyeth by himself. The perfect is that which he can sometimes attain in crowds, but nowhere so absolutely as in a Quaker's Meeting. Those first hermits did certainly understand this principle, when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness. In secular occasions, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by—say, a wife—he, or she, too, (if that be probable,) reading another, without interruption, or oral communication?—can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words?—away with this inhuman, shy, single, shade-and-cavern haunting solitariness. Give me, Master Zimmerman, a sympathetic solitude.

To pace alone in the cloisters, or side-aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken:

“Or under hanging mountains,
Or by the fall of fountains:”

is but a vulgar luxury, compared with that which those enjoy, who come together for the purposes of more complete, abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness “to be felt.” The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit-soothing, as the naked walls and benches of a Quaker's Meeting. Here are no tombs, no inscriptions,

“—sands, ignoble things
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings—”

but here is something, which throws Antiquity herself into the fore-ground—SILENCE—eldest of things—language of old Night—primitive Discourser—to which the insolent decays of mouldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent, and, as we may say, unnatural progression.

“How reverend is the view of these hushed heads,
Looking tranquillity!”

Nothing—plotting, nought—enballing, unmischivous synod! convocation without intrigue! parliament without debate! what a lesson dost thou read to council, and to consistory!—if my pen treat of you lightly—as haply it will wander—yet my spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when sitting among you in deepest peace, which some out-welling tears would rather confirm than disturb, I have reverted to the times of your beginnings, and the sowings of the seed by Fox and Dewsbury. I have witnessed that, which brought before my eyes your heroic tranquillity, inflexible to the rude jests and serious violences

of the insolent soldiery, republican or royalist, sent to molest you—for ye sat betwixt the fires of two persecutions, the outcast and offscouring of church and presbytery.—I have seen the reeling searuffian, who had wandered into your receptacle, with the avowed intention of disturbing your quiet, from the very spirit of the place receive in a moment a new heart, and presently sit among ye as a lamb amidst lambs. And I remembered Penn before his accusers, and Fox in the bail-dock, where he was lifted up in spirit, as he tells us, and “the judge and the jury became as dead men under his feet.”

Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, I would recommend to you, above all church narratives, to read Sewel's History of the Quakers. It is in folio, and is the abstract of the journals of Fox, and the primitive Friends. It is far more edifying and affecting than any thing you will read of Wesley and his colleagues. Here is nothing to stagger you, nothing to make you mistrust, no suspicion of alloy, no drop or dreg of the worldly or ambitious spirit. You will here read the true story of that much injured, ridiculed man (who perhaps hath been a by-word in your mouth)—James Naylor: what dreadful sufferings, with what patience he endured, even to the boring through of his tongue with red-hot irons without a murmur; and with what strength of mind, when the delusion he had fallen into, which they stigmatised for blasphemy, had given way to clearer thoughts, he could renounce his error, in a strain of the beautifullest humility, yet keep his first grounds, and be a Quaker still!—so different from the practice of your common converts from enthusiasm, who, when they apostatize, *apostatize all*, and think they can never get far enough from the society of their former errors, even to the renunciation of some saving truths, with which they had been mingled, not implicated.

Get the writings of John Woolman by heart; and love the early Quakers.

How far the followers of these good men in our days have kept to the primitive spirit, or in what proportion they have substituted formality for it, the Judge of Spirits can alone determine. I have seen faces in their assemblies, upon which the dove sat visibly brooding. Others again I have watched, when my thoughts should have been better engaged, in which I could possibly detect nothing but a blank inanity. But quiet was in all, and the disposition to unanimity, and the absence of the fierce controversial workings. If the spiritual pretensions of the Quakers have abated, at least they make few pretences. Hypocrites they certainly are not, in their preaching. It is seldom indeed that you shall see one get up amongst them to hold forth. Only now and then a trembling, female, generally *ancient*, voice is heard—you cannot guess from what part of the meeting it proceeds—with a low, buzzing, musical sound, laying out a few words which “she

thought might suit the condition of some present," with a quaking diffidence, which leaves no possibility of supposing that any thing of female vanity was mixed up, where the tones were so full of tenderness, and a restraining modesty. The men, for what I have observed, speak seldomer.

Once only, and it was some years ago, I witnessed a sample of the old Foxian orgasm. It was a man of giant stature, who, as Wordsworth phrases it, might have danced "from head to foot equipped in iron mail." His frame was of iron too. But he was malleable. I saw him shake all over with the spirit—I dare not say, of delusion. The strivings of the outer man were unutterable—he seemed not to speak, but to be spoken from. I saw the strong man bowed down, and his knees to fail—his joints all seemed loosening—it was a figure to set off against Paul preaching—the words he uttered were few, and sound—he was evidently resisting his will—keeping down his own world-wisdom with more mighty effort, than the world's orators strain for theirs. "He had been a WIT in his youth," he told us, with expressions of a sober remorse. And it was not till long after the impression had begun to wear away, that I was enabled, with something like a smile, to recall the striking incongruity of the confession—understanding the term in its worldly acceptation—with the frame and physiognomy of the person before me. His brow would have scared away the Levees—the Jocos Riusus-que—faster than the Loves fled the face of Dis at Enna. By *well*, even in his youth, I will be sworn he understood something far within the limits of an allowable liberty.

More frequently the Meeting is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon not made with hands. You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius; or as in some den, where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the Tonovv, that unruly member, has strangely lain tied up and captive. You have bathed with stillness. Oh when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings, and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is, to go and seat yourself, for a quiet half hour, upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers!

Their garb and stillness conjoined, present an uniformity, tranquil and herd-like—as in the pasture—"forty feeding like one."

The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun-conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones.

THE OLD AND THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER.

My reading has been lamentably desultory and immethodical. Odd, out of the way, old English plays and treatises, have supplied me with most of my notions, and ways of feeling. In every thing that relates to *science*, I am a whole Encyclopedia behind the rest of the world. I should have scarcely cut a figure among the Franklins, or country gentlemen in king John's days. I know less geography than a schoolboy of six weeks' standing. To me a map of old Ortelius is as authentic as Arrowsmith. I do not know whereabouts Africa merges into Asia; whether Ethiopia lie in one or other of those great divisions; nor can form the remotest conjecture of the position of New South Wales, or Van Dieman's Land. Yet do I hold a correspondence with a very dear friend in the first-named of these two Terms Incognite. I have no astronomy. I do not know where to look for the Bear, or Charles' Wain; the place of any star; or the name of any of them at sight. I guess at Venus only by her brightness; and if the sun on some portentous morn were to make his first appearance in the West, I verily believe, that while all the world were gasping in apprehension about me, I alone should stand unterrified, from sheer incuriosity and want of observation. Of history and chronology I possess some vague points, such as one cannot help picking up in the course of miscellaneous study; but I never deliberately sat down to a chronicle, even of my own country. I have most dim apprehensions of the four great monarchies; and sometimes the Assyrian, sometimes the Persian, floats as *first* in my fancy. I make the widest conjectures concerning Egypt, and her shepherd kings. My friend M., with great painstaking, got me to think I understood the first proposition in Euclid, but gave me over in despair at the second. I am entirely unacquainted with the modern languages; and, like a better man than myself, have "small Latin and less Greek." I am a stranger to the shapes and texture of the commonest trees, herbs, flowers—not from the circumstance of my being town-born; for I should have brought the same inobservant spirit into the world with me, had I first seen it "on Devon's leafy shores," and am no less at a loss among purely town-objects, tools, engines, mechanical processes. Not that I affect ignorance; but my head has not many mansions, nor spacious; and I have been obliged to fill it with such cabinet curiosities as it can hold without aching. I sometimes wonder how I have passed my probation with so little discredit in the world, as I have done, upon so meagre a stock. But the fact is, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out, in mixed company; every body is so much more ready to produce his own, than to call for a display of your acquisitions. But in a *lêlé-à-lêlé* there is no shuffling. The truth will out. There is nothing which I dread so much as

the being left alone for a quarter of an hour with a sensible well-informed man, who does not know me. I lately got into a dilemma of this sort.

In one of my daily jaunts between Bishopsgate and Shacklewell, the coach stopped to take up a staid-looking gentleman, about the wrong side of thirty, who was giving his parting directions, (while the steps were adjusting,) in a tone of mild authority, to a tall youth, who seemed to be neither his clerk, his son, nor his servant, but something partaking of all three. The youth was dismissed and we drove on. As we were the sole passengers, he naturally enough addressed his conversation to me; and we discussed the merits of the fare, the civility and punctuality of the driver; the circumstance of an opposition coach having been lately set up, with the probabilities of its success—to all which I was enabled to return pretty satisfactory answers, having been drilled into this kind of etiquette by some years' daily practice of riding to and fro in the stage aforesaid, when he suddenly alarmed me by a startling question, whether I had seen the show of prize cattle that morning in Smithfield? Now as I had not seen it, and do not greatly care for such sort of exhibitions, I was obliged to return a cold negative. He seemed a little mortified, as well as astonished, at my declaration, as (it appeared) he was just come fresh from the sight, and doubtless had hoped to compare notes on the subject. However, he assured me that I had lost a fine treat, as it far exceeded the show of last year. We were now approaching Norton Falgate, when the sight of some shop-goods ticketed freshened him up into a dissertation upon the cheapness of cottons this spring. I was now a little in heart, as the nature of my morning avocations had brought me into some sort of familiarity with the raw material; and I was surprised to find how eloquent I was becoming on the state of the India market, when, presently, he dashed my incipient vanity to the earth at once, by inquiring whether I had ever made any calculation as to the value of the rental of all the retail shops in London. Had he asked of me, what song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, I might, with Sir Thomas Browne, have hazarded a "wide solution."* My companion saw my embarrassment, and the almshouse beyond Shoreditch just coming in view, with great good-nature and dexterity shifted his conversation to the subject of public charities; which led to the comparative merits of provision for the poor in past and present times, with observations on the old monastic institutions, and charitable orders;—but finding me rather dimly impressed with some glimmering notions from old poetic associations, than strongly fortified with any speculations reducible to calculation on the subject, he gave the matter up; and, the country beginning to open

more and more upon us, as we approached the turnpike of Kingsland, (the destined termination of his journey,) he put a home-thrust upon me, in the most unfortunate position he could have chosen, by advancing some queries relative to the North Pole Expedition. While I was muttering out something about the panorama of those strange regions, (which I had actually seen,) by way of parrying the question, the coach stopping relieved me from any further apprehensions. My companion getting out, left me in the comfortable possession of my ignorance; and I heard him, as he went off, putting questions to an outside passenger, who had alighted with him, regarding an epidemic disorder, that had been rife about Dalton; and which, my friend assured him, had gone through five or six schools in that neighbourhood. The truth now flashed upon me, that my companion was a schoolmaster; and that the youth, whom he had parted from at our first acquaintance, must have been one of the bigger boys, or the usher. He was evidently a kind-hearted man, who did not seem so much desirous of provoking discussion by the questions which he put, as of obtaining information at any rate. It did not appear that he took any interest, either, in such kind of inquiries, for their own sake; but that he was in some way bound to seek for knowledge. A greenish-coloured coat which he had on, forbade me to surmise that he was a clergyman. The adventure gave birth to some reflections on the difference between persons of his profession in past and present times.

Rest to the souls of those fine old pedagogues; the breed, long since extinct, of the Lilies, and the Linacres; who believing that all learning was contained in the languages which they taught, and quipping every other acquirement as superficial and useless, came to their task as to a sport! Passing from infancy to age, they dreamed away all their days in a grammar-school. Revolving in a perpetual cycle of declensions, conjugations, syntaxes, and prosodies; renewing constantly the occupations which had charmed their studious childhood; rehearsing continually the part of the past; life must have slipped from them at last like one day. They were always in their first garden, reaping harvest of their golden time, among their *Flori* and their *Spicilegia*; in Arcadia still, but kings; the ferule of their sway not much harsher, but of like dignity with that mild sceptre attributed to king Basileus; the Greek and Latin, their stately Pamela and their Philoclea; with the occasional duncery of some untoward tyro, serving for the refreshing interlude of a Mopsa, or a clown Dametas!

With what a savour doth the Preface to Colet's, or (as it is sometimes called) Paul's Accidence, set forth! "To exhort every man to the learning of grammar, that intendeth to attain the understanding of the tongues, wherein is contained a great treasury of wisdom and knowledge, it would seem but vain and lost labour; for so much as it is

* Urn Burial.

known, that nothing can surely be ended, whose beginning is either feeble or faulty; and no building be perfect, whereas the foundation and groundwork is ready to fall, and unable to uphold the burden of the frame." How well doth this stately preamble (comparable to those which Milton commendeth as "having been the usage to prefix to some solemn law, then first promulgated by Solon, or Lycurgus") correspond with and illustrate that pious zeal for conformity, expressed in a succeeding clause, which would fence about grammar-rules with the severity of faith-articles!—"as for the diversity of grammars, it is well profitably taken away by the king majesty's wisdom, who foreseeing the inconvenience, and favourably providing the remedy, caused one kind of grammar by sundry learned men to be diligently drawn, and so to be set out, only every where to be taught for the use of learners, and for the hurt in changing of school-masters." What a *gusto* in that which follows: "wherein it is profitable that he (the pupil) can orderly decline his noun and his verb." *His noun!*

The fine dream is fading away fast; and the least concern of a teacher in the present day is to inculcate grammar-rules.

The modern schoolmaster is expected to know a little of every thing, because his pupil is required not to be entirely ignorant of any thing. He must be superficially, if I may so say, omniscient. He is to know something of pneumatics; of chemistry: of whatever is curious, or proper to excite the attention of the youthful mind; an insight into mechanics is desirable, with a touch of statistics; the quality of soils, &c. botany, the constitution of his country, *cum multis aliis*. You may get a notion of some part of his expected duties by consulting the famous Tractate on Education, addressed to Mr. Hartlib.

All these things—these, or the desire of them—he is expected to instil, not by set lessons from professors, which he may charge in the bill, but at school-intervals, as he walks the streets, or saunters through green fields, (those natural instructors,) with his pupils. The least part of what is expected from him, is to be done in school-hours. He must insinuate knowledge at the *mollia tempora fundi*. He must seize every occasion—the season of the year; the time of the day; a passing cloud; a rainbow; a wagon of hay; a regiment of soldiers going by—to inculcate something useful. He can receive no pleasure from a casual glimpse of nature, but must catch at it as an object of instruction. He must interpret beauty into the picturesque. He cannot relish a beggar-man or a gipsy, for thinking of the suitable improvement. Nothing comes to him not spoiled by the sophisticated medium of moral uses. The universe—that great book, as it has been called—is to him indeed, to all intents and purposes, a book, out of which he is doomed to read tedious homilies to distasting schoolboys. Vacations themselves are none to him, he is only rather worse off than

before; for commonly he has some intrusive upper-boy fastened upon him at such times; some cadet of a great family; some neglected lump of nobility or gentry, that he must drag after him to the play, to the Panorama, to Mr. Bartley's Orrery, to the Panopticon, or into the country, to a friend's house, or his favourite watering-place. Wherever he goes, this uneasy shadow attends him. A boy is at his board, and in his path, and in all his movements. He is boy-rid, sick of perpetual boy.

Boys are capital fellows in their own way, among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown people. The restraint is felt no less on the one side, than on the other. Even a child, that "plaything for an hour," tires *always*. The noises of children, playing their own fancies—as I now hearken to them by fits, sporting on the green before my window, while I am engaged in these grave speculations at my neat suburban retreat at Shacklewell—by distance made more sweet—inexpressibly take from the labour of my task. It is like writing to music. They seem to modulate my periods. They ought at least to do so—for in the voice of that tender age there is a kind of poetry, far unlike the harsh prose accents of man's conversation. I should but spoil their sport, and diminish my own sympathy for them, by mingling in their pastime.

I would not be domesticated all my days, with a person of very superior capacity to my own—not, if I know myself at all, from any considerations of jealousy or self-comparison, for the occasional communion with such minds has constituted the fortune and felicity of my life—but the habit of too constant intercourse with spirits above you, instead of raising you, keeps you down. Too frequent doses of original thinking from others, restrain what lesser portion of that faculty you may possess of your own. You get entangled in another man's mind, even as you lose yourself in another man's grounds. You are walking with a tall varlet, whose strides outpace yours to lassitude. The constant operation of such potent agency would reduce me, I am convinced, to imbecility. You may derive thoughts from others; your way of thinking, the mould in which your thoughts are cast, must be your own. Intellect may be imparted, but not each man's intellectual frame.

As little as I should wish to be always thus dragged upwards, as little (or rather still less) is it desirable to be stunted downwards, by your associates. The trumpet does not more stun you by its loudness, than a whisper teases you by its provoking inaudibility.

Why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster?—because we are conscious that he is not quite at his ease in ours. He is awkward and out of place in the society of his equals. He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and he cannot fit the stature of his understanding to yours. He cannot meet you on

the square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist-player. He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching *you*. One of these professors, upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were any thing but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method by which young gentlemen in *his* seminary were taught to compose English themes.—The jests of a schoolmaster are coarse, or thin. They do not *tell* out of school. He is under the restraint of a formal and didactic hypocrisy in company, as a clergyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in society, than the other can his inclinations. He is forlorn among his coevals; his juniors cannot be his friends.

"I take blame to myself," said a sensible man of this profession, writing to a friend respecting a youth who had quitted his school abruptly, "that your nephew was not more attached to me. But persons in my situation are more to be pitied than can well be imagined. We are surrounded by young, and consequently, ardently affectionate hearts, but *we* can never hope to share an atom of their affections. The relation of master and scholar forbids this. *How pleasing this must be to you, how I envy your feelings*, my friends will sometimes say to me, when they see young men, whom I have educated, return after some years absence from school, their eyes shining with pleasure, while they shake hands with their old master, bringing a present of game to me, or a toy to my wife, and thanking me in the warmest terms for my care of their education. A holyday is begged for the boys, the house is a scene of happiness. I, only, am sad at heart.—This fine-spirited and warm-hearted youth, who fancies he repays his master with gratitude for the care of his boyish years—this young man, in the eight long years I watched over him with a parent's anxiety, never could repay me with one look of genuine feeling. He was proud when I praised; he was submissive when I reproved him; but he did never *love* me—and what he now mistakes for gratitude and kindness for me, is but the pleasant sensation which all persons feel at revisiting the scene of their boyish hopes and fears; and the seeing on equal terms the man they were accustomed to look up to with reverence. My wife, too," this interesting correspondent goes on to say, "my once darling Anna, is the wife of a schoolmaster. When I married her—knowing that the wife of a schoolmaster ought to be a busy notable creature, and fearing that my gentle Anna would ill supply the loss of my dear bustling mother, just then dead, who never sat still, was in every part of the house in a moment, and whom I was obliged sometimes to threaten to fasten down in a chair, to save her from fatiguing herself to death—I expressed my fears, that I was bringing her into a way of life unsuitable to her; and she, who loved me ten-

derly, promised, for my sake, to exert herself to perform the duties of her new situation. She promised, and she has kept her word. What wonders will not a woman's love perform? My house is managed with a decorum unknown in other schools, my boys are well fed, look healthy, and have every proper accommodation; and all this performed with a careful economy, that never descends to meanness. But I have lost my gentle, *helpless* Anna! When we sit down to enjoy an hour of repose after the fatigue of the day, I am compelled to listen to what have been her useful (and they are really useful) employments through the day, and what she proposes for her to-morrow's task. Her heart and her features are changed by the duties of her situation. To the boys, she never appears other than the *master's wife*, and she looks up to me as the *boy's master*; to whom all show of love and affection would be highly improper, and unbecoming the dignity of her situation and mine. Yet *this* my gratitude forbids me to hint to her. For my sake she submitted to be this altered creature, and can I reproach her for it?"—For the communication of this letter, I am indebted to my cousin Bridget.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

HAIL to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a *name*, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar; not Jerome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril; nor the consigner of undipped infants to eternal torments, Austin, whom all mothers hate; nor he who hated all mothers, Origen; nor Bishop Bull, nor Archbishop Parker, nor Whitgift. Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is

"Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings."

Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crozier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.

In other words, this is the day on which those charming little missives, ycleped Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all forspent twopenny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments, not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations, no emblem is

so common as the *heart*,—that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears,—the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera hat. What authority we have in history, or mythology, for placing the head-quarters and metropolis of god Cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other. Else we might easily imagine, upon some other system which might have prevailed for any thing which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in perfect simplicity of feeling, "Madam, my *liver* and fortune are entirely at your disposal;" or putting a delicate question, "Amanda, have you a *midriff* to bestow?" But custom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbours wait at animal and anatomical distance.

Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a *knock at the door*. It "gives a very echo to the throne where hope is seated." But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations, the welcomest in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that bringeth good tidings. It is less mechanical than on other days; you will say, "That is not the post, I am sure." Visions of Love, of Cupids, of Hymens!—delightful eternal commonplaces, which "having been will always be;" which no schoolboy nor schoolman can write away; having your irreversible throne in the fancy and affections—what are your transports, when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger, careful not to break the emblematic seal, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type, some youthful fancy, not without verses—

"Lovers all,
A madrigal,"

or some such device, not over abundant in sense—young Love disclaims it,—and not quite silly—something between wind and water, a chorus where the sheep might almost join the shepherd, as they did, or as I apprehend they did, in Arcadia.

All Valentines are not foolish; and I shall not easily forget thine, my kind friend (if I may have leave to call you so) E. B.—E. B. lived opposite a young maiden, whom he had often seen, unseen, from his parlour-window in C—e street. She was all joyousness and innocence, and just of an age to enjoy receiving a Valentine, and just of a temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with good humour. E. B. is an artist of no common powers; in the fancy parts of designing,

perhaps inferior to none; his name is known at the bottom of many a well-executed vignette in the way of his profession, but no further; for E. B. is modest, and the world meets nobody halfway. E. B. meditated how he could repay this young maiden for many a favour which she had done him unknown; for when a kindly face greets us, though but passing by, and never knows us again, nor we it, we should feel it as an obligation; and E. B. did. This good artist set himself at work to please the damsel. It was just before Valentine's day, three years since. He wrought, unseen and unsuspected, a wondrous work. We need not say it was on the finest gilt paper with borders—full, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but all the prettiest stories of love from Ovid, and older poets than Ovid, (for E. B. is a scholar.) There was Pyramus and Thisbe, and besure Dido was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander, and swans more than sang in Cayster, with mottos and fanciful devices, such as besemed,—a work, in short, of magic. Iris dipt the woof. This on Valentine's eve he commended to the all-swallowing indiscriminating orifice—(Oh ignoble trust!)—of the common post; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand, the next morning, he saw the cheerful messenger knock, and by and by the precious charge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the Valentine, dance about, clap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about, not with light love, or foolish expectations, for she had no lover; or, if she had, none she knew that could have created those bright images which delighted her. It was more like some fairy present; a God-send, as our familiarly pious ancestors termed a benefit received, where the benefactor was unknown. It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever after. It is good to love the unknown. I only give this as a specimen of E. B. and his modest way of doing a concealed kindness.

Good-morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocessans of old Bishop Valentine, and his true church.

IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES.

I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathizeth with all things. I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy, in any thing. Those national repugnancies do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch.—*Religio Medici*.

THAT the author of the *Religio Medici*, mounted upon the airy stilts of abstraction, conversant about notional and conjectural essences; in whose categories of Being the possible took the upper hand

of the actual; should have overlooked the impertinent individualities of such poor concretions as mankind, is not much to be admired. It is rather to be wondered at, that in the genus of animals he should have condescended to distinguish that species at all. For myself, earth-bound and fettered to the scene of my activities,—

"Standing on earth, not rapt above the sky,"

I confess that I do feel the differences of mankind, national or individual, to an unhealthy excess. I can look with no indifferent eye upon things or persons. Whatever is, is to me a matter of taste or distaste; or when once it becomes indifferent, it begins to be disrelishing. I am, in plainer words, a bundle of prejudices—made up of likings and dislikings—the veriest thrall to sympathies, antipathies, and antipathies. In a certain sense, I hope it may be said of me that I am a lover of my species. I can feel for all indifferently, but I cannot feel towards all equally. The more purely English word that expresses sympathy will better explain my meaning. I can be a friend to a worthy man, who upon another account cannot be my mate or fellow. I cannot like all people alike.*

I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me—and in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenious in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfect intellects, (under which mine must be content to rank,) which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to, have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with frag-

* I would be understood as confining myself to the subject of *imperfect sympathies*. To nations or classes of men there can be no direct *antipathy*. There may be individuals born and constellated so opposite to another individual nature, that the same sphere cannot hold them. I have met with my moral antipodes, and can believe the story of two persons meeting (who never saw one another before in their lives) and instantly fighting.

—We by proof find there should be
"Twixt man and man such an antipathy,
That though he can show no just reason why
For any former wrong or injury,
Can neither find a blemish in his fame,
Nor aught in face or feature justly blame,
Can challenge or accuse him of no evil,
Yet notwithstanding hates him as a devil.

These lines are from old Heywood's "Hierarchy of Angels," and he subjoins a curious story in confirmation, of a Spaniard who attempted to assassinate a King Ferdinand of Spain, and being put to the rack, could give no other reason for the deed but an inveterate antipathy which he had taken to the first sight of the king.

—The cause which to that act compell'd him,
Was, he ne'er loved him since he first beheld him.

ments and scattered pieces of truth. She presents no full front to them—a feature or side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game peradventure—and leave it to knotier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting: waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They cannot speak always as if they were upon their oath—but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries as they arise, without waiting for their full development. They are no systematizers, and would but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely. The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests any thing, but unloads his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence, to share it with you, before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. You cannot cry *halves* to any thing that he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian—you never see the first dawn, the early streaks. He has no falterings of self suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousnesses, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions, have no place in his brain, or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You cannot make excursions with him—for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. He cannot compromise, or understand middle actions. There can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the square with him. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. "A healthy book!"—said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to John Bunce,—“did I catch rightly what you said?

I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book." Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blest with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath. I have a print of a graceful female, after Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr. ****. After he had examined it minutely, I ventured to ask him how he liked MY BEAUTY—(a foolish name it goes by among my friends)—when he very gravely assured me, that "he had considerable respect for my character and talents;" (so he was pleased to say,) "but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions." The misconception staggered me, but did not seem much to disconcert him. Persons of this nation are particularly fond of affirming a truth—which nobody doubts. They do not so properly affirm, as announce it. They do indeed appear to have such a love of truth (as if, like virtue, it were valuable for itself) that all truth becomes equally valuable, whether the proposition that contains it be new or old, disputed, or such as is impossible to become a subject of disputation. I was present not long since at a party of North Britons, where a son of Burns was expected, and happened to drop a silly expression, (in my South British way,) that I wished it were the father instead of the son—when four of them started up at once to inform me, that "that was impossible, because he was dead." An impracticable wish, it seems, was more than they could conceive. Swift has hit off this part of their character, namely, their love of truth, in his biting way, but with an illiberality that necessarily confines the passage to the margin.* The tediousness of these people is certainly provoking. I wonder if they ever tire one another! In my early life I had a passionate fondness for the poetry of Burns. I have sometimes foolishly hoped to ingratiate myself with his countrymen by expressing it. But I have always found that a true Scot resents your admiration of his compatriot, even more than he would your contempt of him. The latter he imputes to your "imperfect acquaintance with many of the words which he uses;" and the same objection makes it a presumption in you to suppose you can admire him. Thomson they seem to have forgotten. Smollet they have neither forgotten nor forgiven, for his delineation of Rory and his companion

* There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company, with relating facts of no consequence, not at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable.—*Hints towards an Essay on Conversation.*

upon their first introduction to our metropolis.—Speak of Smollet as a great genius, and they will retort upon you Hume's History compared with his Continuation of it. What if the historian had continued Humphrey Clinker?

I have, in the abstract, no disrespect for Jews. They are a piece of stubborn antiquity, compared with which Stonehenge is in its nonage. They date beyond the pyramids. But I should not care to be in habits of familiar intercourse with any of that nation. I confess that I have not the nerves to enter their synagogues. Old prejudices cling about me. I cannot shake off the story of Hugh of Lincoln. Centuries of injury, contempt, and hate, on the one side,—of cloaked revenge, dissimulation, and hate, on the other, between our and their fathers, must, and ought to affect the blood of the children. I cannot believe it can run clear and kindly yet; or that a few fine words, such as candour, liberality, the light of a nineteenth century, can close up the breaches of so deadly a disunion. A Hebrew is nowhere congenial to me. He is least distasteful on 'Change—for the mercantile spirit levels all distinctions, as all are beauties in the dark. I boldly confess that I do not relish the approximation of Jew and Christian, which has become so fashionable. The reciprocal endearments have, to me, something hypocritical and unnatural in them. I do not like to see the Church and Synagogue kissing and congeeing in awkward postures of affected civility. If they are converted, why do they not come over to us altogether? Why keep up a form of separation, when the life of it is fled? If they can sit with us at table, why do they kick at our cookery? I do not understand these half convertites. Jews christianizing—Christians judaizing—puzzle me. I like fish or flesh. A moderate Jew is a more confounding piece of anomaly than a wet Quaker. The spirit of the synagogue is essentially *separative*. B— would have been more in keeping if he had abided by the faith of his forefathers. There is a fine scorn in his face, which nature meant to be of—Christians. The Hebrew spirit is strong in him, in spite of his proselytism. He cannot conquer the Shibboleth. How it breaks out when he sings, "The Children of Israel passed through the Red Sea!" The auditors, for the moment, are as Egyptians to him, and he rides over our necks in triumph. There is no mistaking him. B— has a strong expression of sense in his countenance, and it is confirmed by his singing. The foundation of his vocal excellence is sense. He sings with understanding, as Kemble delivered dialogue. He would sing the Commandments, and give an appropriate character to each prohibition. His nation, in general, have not over-sensible countenances. How should they?—but you seldom see a silly expression among them. Gain, and the pursuit of gain, sharpen a man's visage. I never heard of an idiot being born among them. Some admire the Jewish female-physiognomy. I admire

it—but with trembling. Jael had those full dark inscrutable eyes.

In the Negro countenance you will often meet with strong traits of benignity. I have felt yearnings of tenderness towards some of these faces—or rather masks—that have looked out kindly upon one in casual encounters in the streets and highways. I love what Fuller beautifully calls—these “images of God cut in ebony.” But I should not like to associate with them, to share my meals and my good nights with them—because they are black.

I love Quaker ways, and Quaker worship. I venerate the Quaker principles. It does me good for the rest of the day when I meet any of their people in my path. When I am ruffled or disturbed by any occurrence, the sight, or quiet voice of a Quaker acts upon me as a ventilator, lightening the air, and taking off a load from the bosom. But I cannot like the Quakers (as Desdemona would say) “to live with them.” I am all over sophisticated—with humours, fancies, craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, ambiguities, and a thousand whim-whams, which their simpler taste can do without. I should starve at their primitive banquet. My appetites are too high for the salads which (according to Evelyn) Eve dressed for the angel, my gusto too excited

“To sit a guest with Daniel at his pulse.”

The indirect answers which Quakers are often found to return to a question put to them may be explained, I think, without the vulgar assumption, that they are more given to evasion and equivocating than other people. They naturally look to their words more carefully, and are more cautious of committing themselves. They have a peculiar character to keep up on this head. They stand in a manner upon their veracity. A Quaker is by law exempted from taking an oath. The custom of resorting to an oath in extreme cases, sanctified as it is by all religious antiquity, is apt (it must be confessed) to introduce into the laxer sort of minds the notion of two kinds of truth—the one applicable to the solemn affairs of justice, and the other to the common proceedings of daily intercourse. As truth bound upon the conscience by an oath can be but truth, so in the common affirmations of the shop and the market-place a latitude is expected, and conceded upon questions wanting this solemn covenant. Something less than truth satisfies. It is common to hear a person say, “You do not expect me to speak as if I were upon my oath.” Hence a great deal of incorrectness and inadvertency, short of falsehood, creeps into ordinary conversation; and a kind of secondary or laic-truth is tolerated, where clergy-truth—oath-truth, by the nature of the circumstances—is not required. A Quaker knows none of this distinction. His simple affirmation being received, upon the most sacred occasions, without any further test, stamps a value

upon the words which he is to use upon the most indifferent topics of life. He looks to them, naturally, with more severity. You can have of him no more than his word. He knows, if he is caught tripping in a casual expression, he forfeits, for himself at least, his claim to the invidious exemption. He knows that his syllables are weighed—and how far a consciousness of this particular watchfulness, exerted against a person, has a tendency to produce indirect answers, and a diverting of the question by honest means, might be illustrated, and the practice justified, by a more sacred example than is proper to be adduced upon this occasion. The admirable presence of mind, which is notorious in Quakers upon all contingencies, might be traced to this imposed self-watchfulness—if it did not seem rather an humble and secular scion of that old stock of religious constancy, which never bent or faltered in the Primitive Friends, or gave way to the winds of persecution, to the violence of judge or accuser, under trials and racking examinations. “You will never be the wiser, if I sit here answering your questions till midnight,” said one of those upright Justices to Penn, who had been putting law-cases with a puzzling subtlety. “Thereafter as the answers may be,” retorted the Quaker. The astonishing composure of this people is sometimes ludicrously displayed in lighter instances. I was travelling in a stage-coach with three male Quakers, buttoned up in the strictest nonconformity of their sect. We stopped to bait at Andover, where a meal, partly tea apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends confined themselves to the tea-table. I in my way took supper. When the landlady brought in the bill, the eldest of my companions discovered that she had charged for both meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very clamorous and positive. Some mild arguments were used on the part of the Quakers, for which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient. The guard came in with his usual peremptory notice. The Quakers pulled out their money, and formally tendered it—so much for tea—I, in humble imitation, tendering mine—for the supper which I had taken. She would not relax in her demand. So they all three quietly put up their silver, as did myself, and marched out of the room, the eldest and gravest going first, with myself closing up the rear, who thought I could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warrantable personages. We got in. The steps went up. The coach drove off. The murmurs of mine hostess, not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced, became, after a time, inaudible—and now my conscience, which the whimsical scene had for awhile suspended, beginning to give some twitches, I waited in the hope that some justification would be offered by these serious persons for the seeming injustice of their conduct. To my great surprise, not a syllable was dropped on the subject. They sat as mute as at a meeting. At length the eldest of

them broke silence, by inquiring of his next neighbour, "Hast thee heard how indigos go at the India House?" and the question operated as a soporific on my moral feeling as far as Exeter.

WITCHES AND OTHER NIGHT-FEARS.

WE are too hasty when we set down our ancestors in the gross for fools, for the monstrous inconsistencies (as they seem to us) involved in their creed of witchcraft. In the relations of this visible world we find them to have been as rational, and shrewd to detect an historic anomaly, as ourselves. But when once the invisible world was supposed to be opened, and the lawless agency of bad spirits assumed, what measures of probability, of decency, of fitness, or proportion—of that which distinguishes the likely from the palpable absurd—could they have to guide them in the rejection or admission of any particular testimony?—That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire—that corn was lodged, and cattle lamed—that whirlwinds upstir in diabolic revelry the oaks of the forest—or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful-innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen when no wind was stirring—were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood. That the prince of the powers of darkness, passing by the flower and pomp of the earth, should lay preposterous siege to the weak fantasy of indigent eld—has neither likelihood nor unlikelihood *a priori* to us, who have no measure to guess at his policy, or standard to estimate what rate those anile souls may fetch in the devils's market. Nor, when the wicked are expressly symbolized by a goat, was it to be wondered at so much, that *he* should come sometimes in that body and assert his metaphor. That the intercourse was opened at all between both worlds was perhaps the mistake—but that once assumed, I see no reason for disbelieving one attested story of this nature more than another on the score of absurdity. There is no law to judge of the lawless, or canon by which a dream may be criticised.

I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed in the days of received witchcraft; that I could not have slept in a village where one of those reputed hags dwelt. Our ancestors were bolder or more obtuse. Amidst the universal belief that these wretches were in league with the author of all evil, holding hell tributary to their muttering, no simple Justice of the Peace seems to have scrupled issuing, or silly Headborough serving, a warrant upon them—as if they should subpoena Satan!—Prospero in his boat, with his books and wand about him, suffers himself to be conveyed away at the mercy of his enemies to an unknown island. He might have raised a storm or two, we think, on the passage. His acquiescence is in exact

analogy to the non-resistance of witches to the constituted powers. What stops the Fiend in Spenser from tearing Guyon to pieces—or who had made it a condition of his prey, that Guyon must take assay of the glorious bait—we have no guess. We do not know the laws of that country.

From my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's book-closet, the History of the Bible, by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds—one of the ark, in particular, and another of Solomon's temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish attention. There was a picture, too, of the Witch raising up Samuel, which I wish that I had never seen. We shall come to that hereafter. Stackhouse is in two huge tomes—and there was a pleasure in removing folios of that magnitude, which, with infinite straining, was as much as I could manage, from the situation which they occupied upon an upper shelf. I have not met with the work from that time to this, but I remember it consisted of Old Testament stories, orderly set down with the objection appended to each story, and the solution of the objection regularly tacked to that. The objection was a summary of whatever difficulties had been opposed to the credibility of the history, by the shrewdness of ancient or modern infidelity, drawn up with an almost complimentary excess of candour. The solution was brief, modest, and satisfactory. The bane and antidote were both before you. To doubts so put, and so quashed, there seemed to be an end for ever. The dragon lay dead, for the foot of the veriest babe to trample on. But—like as was rather feared than realized from that slain monster in Spenser—from the womb of those crushed errors young dragonets would creep, exceeding the powers of so tender a Saint George as myself to vanquish. The habit of expecting objections to every passage, set me upon starting more objections, for the glory of finding a solution of my own for them. I became staggered and perplexed, a skeptic in long coats. The pretty Bible stories which I had read, or heard read in church, lost their purity and sincerity of impression, and were turned into so many historic or chronologic theses to be defended against whatever impugnors. I was not to disbelieve them, but—the next thing to that—I was to be quite sure that some one or other would or had disbelieved them. Next to making a child an infidel, is the letting him know that there are infidels at all. Credulity is the man's weakness, but the child's strength. Oh, how ugly sound scriptural doubts from the mouth of a babe and a suckling!—I should have lost myself in these mazes, and have pined away, I think, with such unfit sustenance as these husks

afforded, but for a fortunate piece of ill-fortune, which about this time befel me. Turning over the picture of the ark with too much haste, I unhappily made a breach in its ingenious fabric—driving my inconsiderate fingers right through the two larger quadrupeds—the elephant and the camel—that stare (as well as they might) out of the two last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. Stackhouse was henceforth locked up, and became an interdicted treasure. With the book, the *objections* and *solutions* gradually cleared out of my head, and have seldom returned since in any force to trouble me. But there was one impression which I had imbibed from Stackhouse, which no lock or bar could shut out, and which was destined to try my childish nerves rather more seriously. That detestable picture!

I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night-time solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh or eighth year of my life—so far as memory serves in things so long ago—without an assurance, which realized its own prophecy, of seeing some frightful spectre. Be old Stackhouse then acquitted in part, if I say, that to his picture of the Witch raising up Samuel—(Oh that old man covered with a mantle!) I owe—not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infancy—but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sat upon my pillow—a sure bed-fellow, when my aunt or maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation, and at night (if I may use so bold an expression) awoke into sleep, and found the vision true. I durst not, even in the day-light, once enter the chamber where I slept, without my face turned to the window, aversely from the bed where my witch-ridden pillow was. Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice—when they wake screaming—and find none to soothe them—what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves! The keeping them up till midnight, through candle-light and the unwholesome hours, as they are called, would, I am satisfied, in a medical point of view, prove the better caution. That detestable picture, as I have said, gave the fashion to my dreams—if dreams they were—for the scene of them was invariably the room in which I lay. Had I never met with the picture, the fears would have come self-pictured in some shape or other—

“Headless bear, black man, or ape—”

but, as it was, my imaginations took that form. It is not book or picture, or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear

little T. H. who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded, *ab extra*, in his own “thick coming fancies;” and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras—dire stories of Celæno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types—the archetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that, which we know in a waking sense to be false, come to affect us at all?—or

“—Names, whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not.”

Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects, considered in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury? Oh, least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or, without the body, they would have been the same. All the cruel, tormenting, defined devils in Dante—tearing, mangling, choking, stifling, scorching demons—are they one half so fearful to the spirit of a man, as the simple idea of a spirit unembodied following him—

“Like one that in a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.”*

That the kind of fear here treated of is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless upon earth—that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy—are difficulties, the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadow-land of pre-existence.

My night-fancies have long ceased to be afflictive. I confess an occasional night-mare; but I do not, as in early youth, keep a stud of them. Fiendish faces, with the extinguished taper, will come and look at me; but I know them for mockeries, even while I cannot elude their presence, and I fight and grapple with them. For the credit of my imagination, I am almost ashamed to say how tame and prosaic my dreams are grown. They are never romantic, seldom even rural. They are of architecture and of buildings—cities abroad, which I have never seen, and hardly have hope to see. I have traversed, for the seeming length of a natural day, Rome, Amsterdam, Paris, Lisbon—look their churches, palaces, squares, market-places, shops, suburbs, ruins, with an inexpressible

* Mr. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

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sense of delight—a map-like distinctness of trace—and a day-light vividness of vision, that was all but being awake. I have formerly travelled among the Westmoreland fells—my highest Alps,—but they are objects too mighty for the grasp of my dreaming recognition; and I have again and again awoke with ineffectual struggles of the inner eye, to make out a shape in any way whatever, of Helvellyn. Methought I was in that country, but the mountains were gone. The poverty of my dreams mortifies me. There is Coleridge, at his will can conjure up icy domes, and pleasure-houses for Kubla Khan, and Abyssinian maids, and songs of Abara, and caverns,

“Where Alph, the sacred river, runs,”

to solace his night solitudes—when I cannot muster a fiddle. Barry Cornwall has his tritons and his nereids gamboling before him in nocturnal visions, and proclaiming sons born to Neptune—when my stretch of imaginative activity can hardly, in the night season, raise up the ghost of a fish-wife. To set my failures in somewhat a mortifying light, it was after reading the noble *Dream* of this poet, that my fancy ran strong upon these marine spectra; and the poor plastic power, such as it is within me, set to work to humour my folly in a sort of dream that very night. Methought I was upon the ocean billows at some sea nuptials, riding and mounted high, with the customary train sounding their conchs before me, (I, myself, you may be sure, the *leading god*;) and jollily we went careering over the main, till just where *Ino Leucothea* should have greeted me (I think it was *Ino*) with a white embrace, the billows gradually subsiding, fell from a sea-roughness to a sea-calm, and thence to a river-motion, and that river (as happens in the familiarization of dreams) was no other than the gentle Thames, which landed me, in the wafture of a placid wave or two, alone, safe, and inglorious, somewhere at the foot of Lambeth palace.

The degree of the soul's creativeness in sleep, might furnish no whimsical criterion of the quantum of poetical faculty resident in the same soul waking. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, and a humourist, used to carry this notion so far, that when he saw any stripling of his acquaintance ambitious of becoming a poet, his first question would be,—“Young man, what sort of dreams have you?” I have so much faith in my old friend's theory, that when I feel that idle vein returning upon me, I presently subside into my proper element of prose, remembering those cluding nereids, and that inauspicious inland landing.

MY RELATIONS.

I AM arrived at that point of life, at which a man may account it a blessing, as it is a singularity, if he have either of his parents surviving. I have

not that felicity; and sometimes think feelingly of a passage in Brown's *Christian Morals*, where he speaks of a man that hath lived sixty or seventy years in the world. “In such a compass of time,” he says, “a man may have a close apprehension what it is to be forgotten, when he hath lived to find none who could remember his father, or scarcely the friends of his youth, and may sensibly see with what a face, in no long time, *Oblivion* will look upon himself.”

I had an aunt, a dear and good one. She was one whom single blessedness had soured to the world. She often used to say, that I was the only thing in it which she loved; and, when she thought I was quitting it, she grieved over me with mother's tears. A partiality quite so exclusive my reason cannot altogether approve. She was from morning till night poring over good books, and devotional exercises. Her favourite volumes were *Thomas à Kempis*, in Stanhope's Translation; and a *Roman Catholic Prayer Book*, with the *matins* and *complines* regularly set down,—terms which I was at that time too young to understand. She persisted in reading them, although admonished daily concerning their Papistical tendency; and went to church every Sabbath, as a good Protestant should do. These were the only books she studied; though, I think, at one period of her life, she told me, she had read with great satisfaction the *Adventures of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman*. Finding the door of the chapel in *Essex-street* open one day—it was in the infancy of that heresy—she went in, liked the sermon, and the manner of worship, and frequented it at intervals for some time after. She came not for doctrinal points, and never missed them. With some little asperities in her constitution, which I have above hinted at, she was a steadfast, friendly being, and a fine old *Christian*. She was a woman of strong sense, and a shrewd mind—extraordinary at a *repassee*; one of the few occasions of her breaking silence—else she did not much value wit. The only secular employment I remember to have seen her engaged in, was the spitting of French beans, and dropping them into a China basin of fair water. The odour of those tender vegetables to this day comes back upon my sense, redolent of soothing recollections. Certainly it is the most delicate of culinary operations.

Male aunts, as somebody calls them, I had none—to remember. By the uncle's side, I may be said to have been born an orphan. Brother, or sister, I never had any—to know them. A sister, I think, that should have been Elizabeth, died in both our infancies. What a comfort, or what a care, may I not have missed in her!—But I have cousins sprinkled about in Hertfordshire—besides two, with whom I have been all my life in habits of the closest intimacy, and whom I may term cousins *par excellence*. These are James and Bridget Elia. They are older than myself by twelve, and ten years; and neither of them seems

disposed, in matters of advice and guidance, to waive any of the prerogatives which primogeniture confers. May they continue still in the same mind; and when they shall be seventy-five, and seventy-three years old, (I cannot spare them sooner,) persist in treating me in my grand climacteric precisely as a stripling, or younger brother!

James is an inexplicable cousin. Nature hath her unities, which not every critic can penetrate; or, if we feel, we cannot explain them. The pen of Yorick, and of none since his, could have drawn J. E. entire—those fine Shandian lights and shades which make up his story. I must limp after in my poor antithetical manner, as the fates have given me grace and talent. J. E. then—to the eye of a common observer at least—seemeth made up of contradictory principles. The genuine child of impulse, the frigid philosopher of prudence—the phlegm of my cousin's doctrine is invariably at war with his temperament, which is high sanguine. With always some fire-new project in his brain, J. E. is the systematic opponent of innovation, and crier down of every thing that has not stood the test of age and experiment. With a hundred fine notions chasing one another hourly in his fancy, he is startled at the least approach to the romantic in others; and, determined by his own sense in every thing, commends *you* to the guidance of common sense on all occasions. With a touch of the eccentric in all which he does or says, he is only anxious that *you* should not commit yourself by doing any thing absurd or singular. On my once letting slip at table, that I was not fond of a certain popular dish, he begged me at any rate not to *say so*—for the world would think me mad. He disguises a passionate fondness for works of high art, (whereof he hath amassed a choice collection,) under the pretext of buying only to sell again—that his enthusiasm may give no encouragement to yours. Yet, if it were so, why does that piece of tender, pastoral Dominichino hang still by his wall?—is the ball of his sight much more dear to him?—or what picture-dealer can talk like him?

Whereas mankind in general are observed to warp their speculative conclusions to the bent of their individual humours, *his* theories are sure to be in diametrical opposition to his constitution. He is courageous as Charles of Sweden, upon instinct; chary of his person, upon principle, as a travelling Quaker. He has been preaching up to me, all my life, the doctrine of bowing to the great—the necessity of forms, and manner, to a man's getting on in the world. He himself never aims at either, that I can discover,—and has a spirit that would stand upright in the presence of the Cham of Tartary. It is pleasant to hear him discourse of patience—extolling it as the truest wisdom—and to see him during the last seven minutes that his dinner is getting ready. Nature never ran up in her haste a more restless piece of

workmanship than when she moulded this impetuous cousin—and Art never turned out a more elaborate orator than he can display himself to be, upon his favourite topic of the advantages of quiet, and contentedness in the state, whatever it be, that we are placed in. He is triumphant on this theme, when he has you safe in one of those short stages that ply for the western road, in a very obstructing manner, at the foot of John Murray's street—where you get in when it is empty, and are expected to wait till the vehicle hath completed her just freight—a trying three-quarters of an hour to some people. He wonders at your fidgetness,—“where could we be better than we are, *thus sitting, thus consulting?*”—“prefers, for his part, a state of rest to locomotion.”—with an eye all the while upon the coachman—till at length, waxing out of all patience, at *your want of it*, he breaks out into a pathetic remonstrance at the fellow for detaining us so long over the time which he had professed, and declares peremptorily, that “the gentleman in the coach is determined to get out, if he does not drive on that instant.”

Very quick at inventing an argument, or detecting a sophistry, he is incapable of attending *you* in any chain of arguing. Indeed he makes wild work with logic; and seems to jump at most admirable conclusions by some process, not at all akin to it. Consonantly enough to this, he hath been heard to deny, upon certain occasions, that there exists such a faculty at all in man as *reason*; and wondereth how man came first to have a conceit of it—enforcing his negation with all the might of *reasoning* he is master of. He has some speculative notions against laughter, and will maintain that laughing is not natural to *him*—when peradventure the next moment his lungs shall crow like Chanticleer. He says some of the best things in the world—and declareth that wit is his aversion. It was he who said, upon seeing the Eaton boys at play in their grounds—*What a pity to think, that these fine ingenious lads in a few years will all be changed into frivolous Members of Parliament!*

His youth was fiery, glowing, tempestuous—and in age he discovereth no symptom of cooling. This is that which I admire in him. I hate people who meet Time half-way. I am for no compromise with that inevitable spoiler. While he lives, J. E. will take his swing. It does me good, as I walk towards the street of my daily avocation, on some fine May morning, to meet him marching in a quite opposite direction, with a jolly handsome presence, and shining sanguine face, that indicates some purchase in his eye—a Claude—or a Hobbins—for much of his enviable leisure is consumed at Christie's, and Phillips'—or where not, to pick up pictures, and such gauds. On these occasions he mostly stoppeth me, to read a short lecture on the advantage a person like me possesses above himself, in having his time occupied with business which he *must* do—assureth me that he often feels it hang heavy on his hands—wishes he had fewer

holidays—and goes off—Westward Ho!—chanting a tune, to Pall Mall—perfectly convinced that he has convinced me—while I proceed in my opposite direction tuneless.

It is pleasant again to see this professor of indifference doing the honours of his new purchase, when he has fairly housed it. You must view it in every light, till he has found the best—placing it at this distance, and at that, but always suiting the focus of your sight to his own. You must spy at it through your fingers, to catch the aerial perspective—though you assure him that to you the landscape shows much more agreeable without that artifice. Wo be to the luckless wight, who does not only not respond to his rapture, but who should drop an unseasonable intimation of preferring one of his anterior bargains to the present! The last is always his best hit—his “Cynthia of the minute.” Alas! how many a mild Madonna have I known to come in—a Raphael!—keep its ascendancy for a few brief moons—then after certain intermedial degradations, from the front drawing-room to the back-gallery, thence to the dark-parlour,—adopted in turn by each of the Carracci, under successive lowering ascriptions of filiation, mildly breaking its fall—consigned to the oblivious lumber-room, go out at last a Lucca Giordano, or plain Carlo Maratti!—which things when I beheld, musing upon the chances and mutabilities of fate below, hath made me to reflect upon the altered condition of great personages, or that woful Queen of Richard the Second—

“—set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hollowmass or shortest day.”

With great love for you, J. E. hath but a limited sympathy with what you feel or do. He lives in a world of his own, and makes slender guesses at what passes in your mind. He never pierces the marrow of your habits. He will tell an old established play-goer, that Mr. Such-a-one of So-and-so, (naming one of the theatres,) is a very lively comedian—as a piece of news! He advertised me but the other day of some pleasant green lanes which he had found out for me, *knowing me to be a great walker*, in my own immediate vicinity—who have haunted the identical spot any time these twenty years!—He has not much respect for that class of feelings which goes by the name of sentimental. He applies the definition of real evil to bodily sufferings exclusively—and rejecteth all others as imaginary. He is affected by the sight, or the bare supposition of a creature in pain, to a degree which I have never witnessed out of womankind. A constitutional acuteness to this class of sufferings may in part account for this. The animal tribe in particular he taketh under his especial protection. A broken-winded or spur-galled horse is sure to find an advocate in him. An over-loaded ass is his client for ever. He is the apostle to the brute kind—the never-failing friend of those who have none to care for them. The contemplation

of a lobster boiled, or eels skinned *à la*, will wring him so, that “all for pity he could die.” It will take the savour from his palate, and the rest from his pillow, for days and nights. With the intense feeling of Thomas Clarkson, he wanted only the steadiness of pursuit, and unity of purpose, of that “true yoke-fellow with Time,” to have effected as much for the *Animal* as he hath done for the *Negro Creation*. But my uncontrollable cousin is but imperfectly formed for purposes which demand co-operation. He cannot wait. His amelioration-plans must be ripened in a day. For this reason he has cut but an equivocal figure in benevolent societies, and combinations for the alleviation of human sufferings. His zeal constantly makes him to outrun, and put out his coadjutors. He thinks of relieving,—while they think of debating. He was black-balled out of a society for the relief of * * * * *, because the fervour of his humanity toiled beyond the formal apprehension, and creeping processes, of his associates. I shall always consider this distinction as a patent of nobility in the Elia family!

Do I mention these seeming inconsistencies to smile at, or upbraid, my unique cousin? Marry, heaven, and all good manners and the understanding that should be between kinsfolk, forbid!—with all the strangenesses of this *strangest of the Elia*—I would not have him in one jot or tittle other than he is; neither would I barter or exchange my wild kinsman for the most exact, regular, and every-way consistent kinsman breathing.

In my next, reader, I may perhaps give you some account of my cousin Bridget—if you are not already surfeited with cousins—and take you by the hand, if you are willing to go with us, on an excursion which we made a summer or two since, in search of *more cousins*,

“Through the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire.”

MACKERY END,

IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

BRIDGET ELIA has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as “with a difference.” We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings, as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are

both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale, or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story—well, dill, or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humours and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of any thing that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She “holds nature more clever.” I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the *Religio Medici*; but she must apologise to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favorite of mine, of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous,—but again somewhat fantastical, and original-brained, generous Margaret New-castle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers—leaders and disciples of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out, that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points; upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition or steadiness of conviction I set out with, I am sure always, in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company: at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question, without fully understanding its purport—which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly; but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture, which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it, but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress, she is the truest comforter; but in the teasing accidents, and minor perplexities, which do not call out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at play with, or upon a visit; but best when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since, into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End, or Mackerel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire; a farmhouse,—delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget; who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible. The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the county, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of; and, for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from St. Alban's, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farmhouse, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollection, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though I had forgotten it, we had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place, which, when present,

Oh how unlike it was to *that*, which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still the air breathed balmily about it; the season was in the "heart of June," and I could say with the poet,

"But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation!"

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grugged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy; but the scene soon reconfirmed itself in her affections—and she traversed every outpost of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood, (house and birds were alike flown,) with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the county. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all—more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred, and of cousinship, was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together; were familiar even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one another. To have seen Bridget, and her—it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our friend that was with us. I had almost forgotten him—but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far distant shores where the Kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of our coming; and, after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this

hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing. With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her own—and to the astoundment of B. F., who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there,—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out, upon exposure to a friendly warmth,—when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me; and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

MODERN GALLANTRY.

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry, a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females, as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct, when I can forget, that in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact, that in England, women are still occasionally—hanged.

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no longer subject to be hiesed off a stage by gentlemen.

I shall believe in it, when Dorimant hands a fish-wife across the kennel; or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed—when I shall see the traveller for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor woman, who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain—when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theatre, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her, seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares "she should be welcome to his seat, if she were a little

younger and handsomer." Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one-half the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be any thing more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear; to a woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer;—when the phrases "antiquated virginity," and such an one has "overstood her market," pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread-street-hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South-Sea Company—the same to whom Edwards, the Shakspeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet—was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not one system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and another in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bare-headed—smile if you please, to a poor servant girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer, of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women: but he revered and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the

wall, (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman,) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the *Preux Chevalier of Age*; the Sir Calidore or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley, old Winstanley's daughter, of Clapton, who dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallantries, to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance—but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humoured, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sort of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women: but that, a little before he had commenced his compliments, she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, "As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady, a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune, I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me; but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one, (naming the milliner,) and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour, though perhaps I had set up half the night to forward them, what sort of compliments should I have received then? And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do me honour, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage: and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was after all my strongest claim and title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generosity and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behaviour of my friend towards all of womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain

the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister—the idolater of his female mistress—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed, her handmaid or dependant, she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first, respect for her as she is a woman; and next to that, to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments and ornaments, as many and as fanciful as you please, to that main structure. Let her first lesson be, with sweet Susan Winstanley, to reverence her sex.

THE OLD BENCHERS OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

I was born, and passed the first seven years of my life, in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said—for in those young years, what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places?—these are of my oldest recollections. I repeat, to this day, no verses to myself more frequently, or with kindlier emotion, than those of Spenser, where he speaks of this spot.

"There when they came, whereas those brick towers,
The which on Themmes brode aged back doth ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templar knights to bide,
Till they decayed through pride."

Indeed, it is the most elegant spot in the metropolis. What a transition for a countryman visiting London for the first time—the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet-street, by unexpected avenues, into its magnificent ample squares, its classic green recesses! What a cheerful, liberal look, hath that portion of it, which, from three sides, overlooks the greater garden: that goodly pile

"Of building strong, albeit of Paper hight,"
confronting, with massy contrast, the lighter, older, more fantastically shrouded one, named of Harcourt, with the cheerful Crown-office Row, (place of my kindly engendure,) right opposite the stately stream, which washes the garden-foot with her yet scarcely trade-polluted waters, and seems but just weaned from her Twickenham Naiades! a man

would give something to have been born in such places. What a collegiate aspect has that fine Elizabethan hall, where the fountain plays, which I have made to rise and fall, how many times! to the astoundment of the young urchins, my contemporaries, who, not being able to guess at its recondite machinery, were almost tempted to hail the wondrous work as magic! What an antique air had the now almost effaced sun-dials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that Time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never caught, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep!

"Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived!"

What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowlements of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dulness of communication, compared with the simple altar-like structure, and silent heart-language of the old-dial! It stood as the garden-god of Christian gardens. Why is it almost everywhere vanished? If its business-use be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spoke of moderate labours, of pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance, and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologue of the first world. Adam could scarce have misaid it in Paradise. It was the measure appropriate for sweet plants and flowers to spring by, for the birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks to pasture and be led to fold by. The shepherd "carved it out quaintly in the sun;" and turning philosopher by the very occupation, provided it with mottos more touching than tombstones. It was a pretty device of the gardener, recorded by Marvell, who, in the days of artificial gardening, made a dial out of herbs and flowers. I must quote his verses a little higher up, for they are full, as all his serious poetry was, of a witty delicacy. They will not come in awkwardly, I hope, in a talk of fountains and sun-dials. He is speaking of sweet garden-scenes:

What wondrous life in this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head.
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their win.
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach.
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.
Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness.
The mind, that ocean, where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.
Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,

Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings;
Then wets and claps its silver wings;
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.
How well the skilful gardener drew,
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers?*

The artificial fountains of the metropolis are, in like manner, fast vanishing. Most of them are dried up, or bricked over. Yet, where one is left, as in that little green nook behind the South-Sea House, what a freshness it gives to the dreary pile! Four little winged marble boys used to play their virgin fancies, spouting out ever fresh streams from their innocent-wanton lips, in the square of Lincoln's-inn, when I was no bigger than they were figured. They are gone, and the spring choked up. The fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish. Why not then gratify children, by letting them stand? Lawyers, I suppose, were children once. They are awakening images to them at least. Why must every thing smack of man, and manish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Or is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and the best some of the child's heart left, to respond to its earliest enchantments? The figures were grotesque. Are the stiff-wigged living figures, that still flitter and chatter about that area, less gothic in appearance? or is the splutter of their hot rhetoric one-half so refreshing and innocent as the little cool playful streams those exploded cherubs uttered?

They have lately gothicised the entrance to the Inner Temple-hall, and the library front, to assimilate them, I suppose, to the body of the hall, which they do not at all resemble. What is become of the winged horse that stood over the former? a stately arms! and who has removed those frescoes of the Virtues, which Italianized the end of the Paper-buildings?—my first hint of allegory! They must account to me for these things which I miss so greatly.

The terrace is, indeed, left, which we used to call the parade; but the traces are passed away of the footsteps which made its pavement awful! It is become common and profane. The old benchers had it almost sacred to themselves, in the forepart of the day at least. They might not be sided or jostled. Their air and dress asserted the parade. You left wide spaces betwixt you, when you passed them. We walk on even terms with their successors. The roguish eye of J—ll, ever ready to be delivered of a jest, almost invites a stranger to vie a repartee with it. But what insolent familiar durst have mated Thomas Coventry?—whose person was a quadrate, his step massy and elephantine, his

face square as the lion's, his gait peremptory and pathkeeping, indivertible from his way as a moving column, the scarecrow of his inferiors, the brow-beater of equals and superiors, who made a solitude of children wherever he came, for they fled his insufferable presence, as they would have shunned an Elisha bear. His growl was as thunder in their ears, whether he spake to them in mirth or in rebuke, his inviatory notes being, indeed, of all, the most repulsive and horrid. Clouds of snuff, aggravating the natural terrors of his speech, broke from each majestic nostril, darkening the air. He took it, not by pinches, but a palmful at once, diving for it under the mighty flaps of his old-fashioned waistcoat pocket; his waistcoat red and angry, his coat dark rappee, tintured by dye original, and by adjuncts, with buttons of obsolete gold. And so he paced the terrace.

By his side a milder form was sometimes to be seen; the pensive gentility of Samuel Salt. They were coevals and had nothing but that and their benchership in common. In politics Salt was a whig, and Coventry a staunch tory. Many a sarcastic growl did the latter cast out—for Coventry had a rough spinous humour—at the political confederates of his associate, which rebounded from the gentle bosom of the latter like cannon-balls from wool. You could not ruffle Samuel Salt.

S. had the reputation of being a very clever man, and of excellent discernment in the chamber practice of the law. I suspect his knowledge did not amount to much. When a case of difficult disposition of money, testamentary or otherwise, came before him, he ordinarily handed it over with a few instructions to his man Lovel, who was a quick little fellow, and would despatch it out of hand by the light of natural understanding, of which he had an uncommon share. It was incredible what repute for talents S. enjoyed by the mere trick of gravity. He was a shy man; a child might pose him in a minute—indolent and procrastinating to the last degree. Yet men would give him credit for vast application in spite of himself. He was not to be trusted with himself with impunity. He never dressed for a dinner-party but he forgot his sword—they wore swords then—or some other necessary part of his equipage. Lovel had his eye upon him on all these occasions, and ordinarily gave him his cue. If there was any thing which he could speak unseasonably, he was sure to do it.—He was to dine at a relative's of the unfortunate Miss Blandy on the day of her execution;—and L. who had a wary foresight of his probable hallucinations, before he set out, schooled him with great anxiety not in any possible manner to allude to her story that day. S. promised faithfully to observe the injunction. He had not been seated in the parlour, where the company was expecting the dinner summons, four minutes, when, a pause in the conversation ensuing, he got up, looked out of the window, and pulling down his ruffles—an ordinary motion with him—observed, "it was a

* From a copy of verses entitled "The Garden."

gloomy day," and added, "Miss Blandy must be hanged by this time, I suppose." Instances of this sort were perpetual. Yet S. was thought by some of the greatest men of his time a fit person to be consulted, not alone in matters pertaining to the law, but in the ordinary niceties and embarrassments of conduct—from force of manner entirely. He never laughed. He had the same good fortune among the female world,—was a known toast with the ladies, and one or two are said to have died for love of him—I suppose, because he never trifled or talked gallantry with them, or paid them, indeed, hardly common attentions. He had a fine face and person, but wanted, methought, the spirit that should have shown them off with advantage to the women. His eye lacked lustre.—Not so, thought Susan P——; who, at the advanced age of sixty, was seen, in the cold evening time, unaccompanied, wetting the pavement of B——d Row, with tears that fell in drops which might be heard, because her friend had died that day—he, whom she had pursued with a hopeless passion for the last forty years—a passion, which years could not extinguish or abate; nor the long-resolved, yet gently-enforced, puttings off of unrelenting bachelorhood dissuade from its cherished purpose. Mild Susan P——, thou hast now thy friend in heaven!

Thomas Coventry was a cadet of the noble family of that name. He passed his youth in contracted circumstances, which gave him early those parsimonious habits which in after-life never forsook him; so that, with one windfall or another, about the time I knew him he was master of four or five hundred thousand pounds; nor did he look, or walk, worth a moidore less. He lived in a gloomy house opposite the pump in Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street. J., the counsel, is doing self-imposed penance in it, for what reason I divine not, at this day. C. had an agreeable seat at North Cray, where he seldom spent above a day or two at a time in the summer; but preferred, during the hot months, standing at his window in this damp, close, well-like mansion, to watch, as he said, "the maids drawing water all day long." I suspect he had his within-door reasons for the preference. *Hic currus et arma fuere*. He might think his treasures more safe. His house had the aspect of a strong box. C. was a close hunk—a hoarder rather than a miser—or, if a miser, none of the mad Elwes breed, who have brought discredit upon a character, which cannot exist without certain admirable points of steadiness and unity of purpose. One may hate a true miser, but cannot, I suspect, so easily despise him. By taking care of the pence he is often enabled to part with the pounds, upon a scale that leaves us careless generous fellows halting at an immeasurable distance behind. C. gave away 30,000*l.* at once in his life-time to a blind charity. His house-keeping was severely looked after, but he kept the table of a gentleman. He would know who came in

and who went out of his house, but his kitchen-chimney was never suffered to freeze.

Salt was his opposite in this, as in all—never knew what he was worth in the world; and having but a competency for his rank, which his indolent habits were but little calculated to improve, might have suffered severely if he had not had honest people about him. Lovel took care of every thing. He was at once his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his "flapper," his guide, stop-watch, auditor, treasurer. He did nothing without consulting Lovel, or failed in any thing without expecting and fearing his admonishing. He put himself almost too much in his hands, had they not been the purest in the world. He resigned his title almost to respect as a master, if L. could ever have forgotten for a moment that he was a servant.

I knew this Lovel. He was a man of an incorrigible and losing honesty. A good fellow withal, and "would strike." In the cause of the oppressed he never considered inequalities, or calculated the number of his opponents. He once wrested a sword out of the hand of a man of quality that had drawn upon him; and pommelled him severely with the hilt of it. The swordsman had offered insult to a female—an occasion upon which no odds against him could have prevented the interference of Lovel. He would stand next day bare-headed to the same person, modestly to excuse his interference—for L. never forgot rank, where something better was not concerned. L. was the liveliest little fellow breathing, had a face as gay as Garrick's, whom he was said greatly to resemble, (I have a portrait of him which confirms it,) possessed a fine turn for humorous poetry—next to Swift and Prior—moulded heads in clay or plaster-of-Paris to admiration, by the dint of natural genius merely: turned cribbage-boards, and such small cabinet toys, to perfection; took a hand at quadrille or bowls with equal facility; made punch better than any man of his degree in England; had the merriest quips and conceits, and was altogether as brimful of rogueries and inventions as you could desire. He was a brother of the angle, moreover, and just such a free, hearty, honest companion as Mr. Isaac Walton would have chosen to go a fishing with. I saw him in his old age and the decay of his faculties, palsy-smitten, in the last sad stage of human weakness—"a remnant most forlorn of what he was,"—yet even then his eye would light up on the mention of his favourite Garrick. He was greatest, he would say, in Bayes—"was upon the stage nearly throughout the whole performance, and as busy as a bee." At intervals, too, he would speak of his former life, and how he came up a little boy from Lincoln to go to service, and how his mother cried at parting with him, and how he returned, after some few years' absence, in his smart new livery to see her, and she blessed herself at the change, and could hardly be brought to believe that it was "her own

bairn." And then, the excitement subsiding, he would weep, till I have wished that sad second-childhood might have a mother still to lay its head upon her lap. But the common mother of us all in no long time after received him gently into hers.

With Coventry and with Salt, in their walks upon the terrace, most commonly Peter Pierson would join, to make up a third. They did not walk linked arm in arm in those days—"as now our stout triumvirs sweep the streets,"—but generally with both arms folded behind them for state, or with one at least behind, the other carrying a cane. P. was a benevolent, but not a prepossessing man. He had that in his face which you could not term unhappiness; it rather implied an incapacity of being happy. His cheeks were colourless, even to whiteness. His look was uninviting, resembling (but without his sourness) that of our great philanthropist. I know that he *did* good acts, but I could never make out what he was. Contemporary with these, but subordinate, was Daines Barrington—another oddity—he walked burley and square—in imitation, I think, of Coventry—howbeit he attained not to the dignity of his prototype. Nevertheless, he did pretty well, upon the strength of being a tolerable antiquarian, and having a brother a bishop. When the account of his year's treasurership came to be audited, the following singular charge was unanimously disallowed by the bench: "Item, disbursed Mr. Allen, the gardener, twenty shillings, for stuff to poison the sparrows, by my orders." Next to him was old Barton—a jolly negation, who took upon him the ordering of the bills of fare for the parliament chamber, where the benchers dine—answering to the combination-room at college—much to the easement of his less epicurean brethren. I know nothing more of him. Then Read, and Twopenny—Read, good-humored and personable—Twopenny, good-humored, but thin, and felicitous in jests upon his own figure. If T. was thin, Wharry was attenuated and fleeting. Many must remember him (for he was rather of later date) and his singular gait, which was performed by three steps and a jump regularly succeeding. The steps were little efforts, like that of a child beginning to walk; the jump comparatively vigorous, as a foot to an inch. Where he learned this figure, or what occasioned it, I could never discover. It was neither graceful in itself, nor seemed to answer the purpose any better than common walking. The extreme tenuity of his frame, I suspect, set him upon it. It was a trial of poisoning. Twopenny would often rally him upon his leanness, and hail him as Brother Lusty; but W. had no relish of a joke. His features were spiteful. I have heard that he would pinch his cat's ears extremely, when any thing had offended him. Jackson—the omniscient Jackson he was called—was of this period. He had the reputation of possessing more multifarious knowledge than any man of his time. He was the

Friar Bacon of the less literate portion of the Temple. I remember a pleasant passage, of the cook applying to him, with much formality of apology, for instructions how to write down *edge* bone of beef in his bill of commons. He was supposed to know, if any man in the world did. He decided the orthography to be—as I have given it—fortifying his authority with such anatomical reasons as dismissed the macle (for the time) learned and happy. Some do spell it yet perversely, *sitch* bone, from a fanciful resemblance between its shape, and that of the aspirate so denominated. I had almost forgotten Mingay with the iron hand—but he was somewhat later. He had lost his right hand by some accident, and supplied it with a grapping hook, which he wielded with a tolerable adroitness. I detected the substitute, before I was old enough to reason whether it were artificial or not. I remember the astonishment it raised in me. He was a blustering, loud-talking person; and I reconciled the phenomenon to my ideas as an emblem of power somewhat like the horns in the forehead of Michael Angelo's Moses. Baron Maseren, who walks (or did till very lately) in the costume of the reign of George the Second, closes my imperfect recollections of the old benchers of the Inner Temple.

Fantastic forms, whither are ye fled? Or, if the like of you exist, why exist they no more for me? Ye inexplicable, half-understood appearances, why come in reason to tear away the preternatural mist, bright or gloomy, that enshrouded you? Why make ye so sorry a figure in my relation, who made up to me—to my childish eyes—the mythology of the Temple? In those days I saw gods, as "old men covered with a mantle," walking upon the earth. Let the dreams of classic idolatry perish,—extinct be the faeries and fairy trumpery of legendary fabling,—in the heart of childhood there will for ever spring up a well of innocent or wholesome superstition—the seeds of exaggeration will be busy there, and vital—from every-day forms educating the unknown and the uncommon. In that little Goshen there will be light, when the grown world flounders about in the darkness of sense and materiality. While childhood, and while dreams, reducing childhood, shall be left, imagination shall not have spread her holy wings totally to fly the earth.

P. S. I have done injustice to the soft shade of Samuel Salt. See what it is to trust to imperfect memory, and the erring notices of childhood! Yet I protest I always thought that he had been a bachelor! This gentleman, R. N. informs me married young, and losing his lady in child-bed, within the first year of their union, fell into a deep melancholy, from the effects of which, probably, he never thoroughly recovered. In what a new light does this place his rejection (Oh call it by a gentler name!) of mild Susan P——, unravelling into beauty certain peculiarities of this very shy

and retiring character!—Henceforth let no one receive the narratives of Elia for true records! They are, in truth, but shadows of fact—verisimilitudes, not verities—or sitting but upon the remote edges and outskirts of history. He is no such honest chronicler as R. N., and would have done better perhaps to have consulted that gentleman, before he sent these incondite reminiscences to press. But the worthy sub-treasurer—who respects his old and his new masters—would but have been puzzled at the indecorous liberties of Elia. The good man wots not, peradventure, of the license which *Magazines* have arrived at in this plain-speaking age, or hardly dreams of their existence beyond the *Gentleman's*—his farthest monthly excursions in this nature having been long confined to the holy ground of honest *Urban's* obituary. May it be long before his own name shall help to swell those columns of unenvied flattery!—Meantime, Oh ye New Benchers of the Inner Temple, cherish him kindly, for he is himself the kindest of human creatures. Should infirmities overtake him—he is yet in green and vigorous senility—make allowances for them, remembering that “ye yourselves are old.” So may the Winged Horse, your ancient badge and cognisance, still flourish! so may future Hookers and Seldens illustrate your church and chambers! so may the sparrows, in default of more melodious choristers, unpoisoned hop about your walks! so may the fresh-coloured and cleanly nursery maid, who, by leave, airs her playful charge in your stately gardens, drop her prettiest blushing curtsy as ye pass, reductive of juvenescent emotion! so may the youngers of this generation eye you, pacing your stately terrace, with the same superstitious veneration with which the child Elia gazed on the Old Worthies that solemnized the parade before ye!

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

THE custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter-state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing; when a bellyful was a windfall, and looked like a special providence. In the shouts and triumphal songs with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of deer's or goat's flesh would naturally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern grace. It is not otherwise easy to be understood, why the blessing of food—the act of eating—should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon

twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakspeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the *Fairy Queen*?—but the received ritual having prescribed these forms to the solitary ceremony of manducation, I shall confine my observations to the experience which I have had of the grace, properly so called; commending my new scheme for extension to a niche in the grand philosophical, poetical, and perchance in part heretical, liturgy, now compiling by my friend Homo Humanus, for the use of a certain snug congregation of Utopian Rabelaisian Christians, no matter where assembled.

The form then of the benediction before eating has its beauty at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repasts of children. It is here that the grace becomes exceedingly graceful. The indigent man, who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the next day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing, which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose minds the conception of wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. The proper end of food, the animal sustenance, is barely contemplated by them. The poor man's bread is his daily bread, literally his bread for the day. Their courses are perennial.

Again, the plainest diet seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. That which is least stimulative to appetite, leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations. A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of plain mutton with turnips, and have leisure to reflect upon the ordinance and institution of eating; when he shall confess a perturbation of mind, inconsistent with the purposes of the grace, at the presence of venison or turtle. When I have sat (*a rarus hospes*) at rich men's tables, with the savoury soup and messes steaming up the nostrils, and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and a distracted choice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony to be unseasonable. With the ravenous orgasm upon you, it seems impertinent to interpose a religious sentiment. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters. The heats of epicurism put out the gentle flame of devotion. The incense which rises round is pagan, and the belly-god intercepts it for his own. The very excess of the provision beyond the needs, takes away all sense of proportion between the end and means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustice of returning thanks—for what?—for having too much, while so many starve. It is to praise the gods amiss.

I have observed this awkwardness felt, scarce consciously perhaps, by the good man who says the grace. I have seen it in clergymen and others—

a sort of shame—a sense of the copresence of circumstances which unhallow the blessing. After a devotional tone put on for a few seconds, how rapidly the speaker will fall into his common voice, helping himself or his neighbour, as if to get rid of some uneasy sensation of hypocrisy. Not that the good man was a hypocrite, or was not most conscientious in the discharge of the duty; but he felt in his inmost mind the incompatibility of the scene and the viands before him with the exercise of a calm and rational gratitude.

I hear somebody exclaim,—Would you have Christians sit down at table, like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the giver?—no—I would have them sit down as Christians, remembering the giver, and less like hogs. Or if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper themselves with delicacies for which east and west are ransacked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season, when appetite is laid; when the still small voice can be heard, and the reason of the grace returns—with temperate diet and restricted dishes. Gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeshurun waxed fat, we read that he kicked. Virgil knew the harpy-nature better, when he put into the mouth of Celeno any thing but a blessing. We may be gratefully sensible of the deliciousness of some kinds of food beyond others, though that is a meaner and inferior gratitude: but the proper object of the grace is sustenance, not relishes; daily bread, not delicacies; the means of life, and not the means of pampering the carcass. With what frame of composure, I wonder, can a city chaplain pronounce his benediction at some great hall-feast, when he knows that his last concluding pious word—and that, in all probability, the sacred name which he preaches—is but the signal for so many impatient harpices to commence their foul orgies, with as little sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Virginian fowl! It is well if the good man himself does not feel his devotions a little clouded, those foggy sensuous steams mingling with and polluting the pure altar sacrifice.

The severest satire upon full tables and surfeits is the banquet which Satan, in the *Paradise Regained*, provides for a temptation in the wilderness:

"A table richly spread in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savor; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Gris-amber-steamed; all fish from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, for which was drained
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast."

The tempter, I warrant you, thought these cakes would go down without the recommendatory preface of a benediction. They are like to be short graces where the devil plays the host. I am afraid the poet wants his usual decorum in this place. Was he thinking of the old Roman luxury, or of a gaudy day at Cambridge? This

was a temptation fitter for a Heliogabalus. The whole banquet is too civic and culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted, holy scene. The mighty artillery of sauces, which the cook-fiend conjures up, is out of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the guest. He that disturbed him in his dreams might have been taught better. To the temperate fantasies of the famished Son of God, what sort of feasts presented themselves? He dreamed indeed,

"——As appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet."

But what meats?—

"Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn;
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they
brought:

He saw the prophet also how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper; then how awaked
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
And ate the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
Sometimes, that with Elijah he partook;
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse."

Nothing in Milton is finer than these temperate dreams of the divine hungerer. To which of these two visionary banquets, think you, would the introduction of what is called the grace have been most fitting and pertinent?

Theoretically I am no enemy to graces; but practically I own that (before meat especially) they seem to involve something awkward and unseasonable. Our appetites, of one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason, which might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends of preserving and continuing the species. They are fit blessings to be contemplated at a distance with a becoming gratitude; but the moment of appetite (the judicious reader will apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit season for that exercise. The Quakers, who go about their business, of every description, with more calmness than we, have more title to the use of these benedictory prefaces. I have always admired their silent grace, and the more because I have observed their applications to the meat and drink following to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are neither gluttons nor wine-bibbers as a people. They eat, as a horse bolts his chopt hay, with indifference, calmness, and cleanly circumstances. They neither grease nor slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his bib and tucker, I cannot imagine it a surplice.

I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to

like minced veal. There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food. C— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innoxious cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner hour, for instance, expecting some savoury mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted—that commonest of kitchen failures—puts me beside my tenour. The author of the Rambler used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favourite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by the grace? or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perturbation? I quarrel with no man's tastes, nor would set my thin face against those excellent things, in their way, jollity and feasting. But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions elsewhere, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish—his Dagon—with a special consecration of no ark but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children; to the roots and severer repasts of the Chartreuse; to the slender, but not sleniderly acknowledged, refectory of the poor and humble man: but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious, they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be, which children hear tales of, at Hog's Norton. We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application to them, or engross too great a portion of those good things (which should be common) to our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion is to add hypocrisy to injustice. A lurking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a service at most tables. In houses where the grace is as indispensable as the napkin, who has not seen that never settled question arise, as to *who shall say it*; while the good man of the house and the visitor clergyman, or some other guest belike of next authority from years or gravity, shall be bandying about the office between them as a matter of compliment, each of them not unwilling to shift the awkward burden of an equivocal duty from his own shoulders.

I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my fortune to introduce to each other for the

first time that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he chose to *say any thing*. It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short prayer before this meal also. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less importance he made answer, that it was not a custom known in his church: in which courteous evasion the other acquiescing for good manners' sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the supplementary or tea-grace was waived altogether. With what spirit might not Lucian have painted two priests, of his religion, playing into each other's hands the compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice,—the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flames, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.

A short form upon these occasions is felt to want reverence; a long one, I am afraid, cannot escape the charge of impertinence. I do not quite approve of the epigrammatic consciousness with which that equivocal wag, (but my pleasant school-fellow,) C. V. L., when importuned for a grace, used to inquire, first slyly leering down the table, "Is there no clergyman here?"—significantly adding, "thank G—." Nor do I think our old form at school quite pertinent, where we were used to preface our bald bread and cheese suppers with a preamble, connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination which religion has to offer. *Non tunc illis erat locus*. I remember we were put to it to reconcile the phrase "good creatures," upon which the blessing rested, with the fare set before us, wilfully understanding that expression in a low and animal sense,—till some one recalled a legend, which told how in the golden days of Christ's, the young hospitaliers were wont to have smoking joints of roast meat upon their nightly boards, till some pious benefactor, commiserating the decencies, rather than the palates, of the children, commuted our flesh for garments, and gave us—*horresco referens*—trowers instead of mutton.

MY FIRST PLAY.

AT the north-end of Cross-court there yet stands a portal, of some architectural pretensions, though reduced to humble use, serving at present for an entrance to a printing-office. This old door-way, if you are young, reader, you may not know was the identical pit entrance to Old Drury—Garrick's Drury—all of it that is left. I never pass it without shaking some forty years from off my shoulders, recurring to the evening when I passed through it to see my *first play*. The afternoon had been wet,

and the condition of our going (the elder folks and myself) was, that the rain should cease. With what a beating heart did I watch from the window the puddles, from the stillness of which I was taught to prognosticate the desired cessation! I seem to remember the last spirt, and the glee with which I ran to announce it.

We went with orders, which my godfather F. had sent us. He kept the oil shop (now Davies') at the corner of Featherstone-building, in Holborn. F. was a tall grave person, lofty in speech, and had pretensions above his rank. He associated in those days with John Palmer, the comedian, whose gait and bearing he seemed to copy; if John (which is quite as likely) did not rather borrow somewhat of his manner from my godfather. He was also known to, and visited by, Sheridan. It was to his house in Holborn that young Brinsley brought his first wife on her elopement with him from a boarding-school at Bath—the beautiful Maria Linley. My parents were present (over a quadrille table) when he arrived in the evening with his harmonious charge. From either of these connexions it may be inferred that my godfather could command an order for the then Drury-lane theatre at pleasure—and, indeed, a pretty liberal issue of those cheap billets, in Brinsley's easy autograph, I have heard him say was the sole remuneration which he had received for many years' nightly illumination of the orchestra and various avenues of that theatre—and he was content it should be so. The honour of Sheridan's familiarity—or supposed familiarity—was better to my godfather than money.

F. was the most gentlemanly of oilmen; grandiloquent yet courteous. His delivery of the commonest matters of fact was Ciceronian. He had two Latin words almost constantly in his mouth (how odd sounds Latin from an oilman's lips!) which my better knowledge since has enabled me to correct. In strict pronunciation they should have been sounded *vice versa*—but in those young years they impressed me with more awe than they would now do, read aright from Seneca or Varro—in his own peculiar pronunciation, monosyllabically elaborated, or Anglicized, into something like *verse verse*. By an imposing manner, and the help of these distorted syllables, he climbed (but that was little) to the highest parochial honours which St. Andrew's has to bestow.

He is dead—and thus much I thought due to his memory, both for my first orders (little wondrous talismans!—slight keys, and insignificant to outward sight, but opening to me more than Arabian paradises!) and moreover, that by his testamentary beneficence I came into possession of the only landed property which I could ever call my own—situate near the road-way village of pleasant Puckeridge, in Hertfordshire. When I journeyed down to take possession, and planted foot on my own ground, the stately habits of the donor descended upon me, and I strode (shall I

confess the vanity?) with larger paces over my allotment of three-quarters of an acre, with its commodious mansion in the midst, with the feeling of an English freeholder that all betwixt sky and centre was my own. The estate has passed into more prudent hands, and nothing but an agrarian can restore it.

In those days were pit orders. Beshrew the uncomfortable manager who abolished them!—with one of these we went. I remember the waiting at the door—not that which is left—but between that and an inner door in shelter—Oh, when shall I be such an expectant again!—with the cry of nonpareils, an indispensable play-house accompaniment in those days. As near as I can recollect, the fashionable pronunciation of the theatrical fruiteresses then was, "Chase some oranges, chase some numparels, chase a bill of the play;"—chase *pro* chase. But when we got in, and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed—the breathless anticipations I endured! I had seen something like it in the plate prefixed to Troilus and Cressida, in Rowe's Shakspeare—the tent scene with Diomed—and a sight of that plate can always bring back in a measure the feelings of that evening. The boxes at that time, full of well-dressed women of quality, projected over the pit; and the pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistening substance (I know not what) under glass, (as it seemed,) resembling—a homely fancy—but I judged it to be sugar-candy—yet, to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy! The orchestra lights at length arose, those "fair Auroras!" Once the bell sounded. It was to ring out yet once again—and, incapable of the anticipation, I reposed my shut eyes in a sort of resignation upon the maternal lap. It rang the second time. The curtain drew up—I was not past six years old—and the play was Ar-taxerxes!

I had dabbled a little in the Universal History—the ancient part of it—and here was the court of Persia. It was being admitted to a sight of the past. I took no proper interest in the action going on, for I understood not its import—but I heard the word Darius, and I was in the midst of Daniel. All feeling was absorbed in vision. Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaces, princesses, passed before me. I knew not players. I was in Persepolis for the time; and the burning idol of their devotion almost converted me into a worshipper. I was awe-struck, and believed those significations to be something more than elemental fires. It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams.—Harlequin's Invasion followed; where, I remember, the transformation of the magistrates into reverend beldams seemed to me a piece of grave historic justice, and the tailor carrying his own head to be as sober a verity as the legend of St. Denys.

The next play to which I was taken was the *Lady of the Manor*, of which, with the exception of some scenery, very faint traces are left in my memory: It was followed by a pantomime, called *Lun's Ghost*—a satiric touch, I apprehend, upon Rich, not long since dead—but to my apprehension, (too sincere for satire,) Lun was as remote a piece of antiquity as *Lud*—the father of a line of harlequins—transmitting his dagger of lath (the wooden sceptre) through countless ages. I saw the primeval *Motley* come from his silent tomb in a ghastly vest of white patchwork, like the apparition of a dead rainbow. So harlequins (thought I) look when they are dead.

My third play followed in quick succession. It was the *Way of the World*. I think I must have sat at it as grave as a judge; for, I remember, the hysteric affectations of good *Lady Wishfort* affected me like some solemn tragic passion. *Robinson Crusoe* followed; in which *Crusoe*, man Friday, and the parrot, were as good and authentic as in the story. The clownery and pantaloonery of these pantomimes have clean passed out of my head. I believe I no more laughed at them than at the same age I should have been disposed to laugh at the grotesque Gothic heads (seeming to me then replete with devout meaning) that gape and grin, in stone, around the inside of the Old Round Church (my church) of the Templars.

I saw these plays in the season 1781-2, when I was from six to seven years old. After the intervention of six or seven other years, (for at school all play-going was inhibited) I again entered the doors of a theatre. That old *Artaxerxes* evening had never—done ringing in my fancy. I expected the same feelings to come again with the same occasion. But we differ from ourselves less at sixty and sixteen, than the latter does from six. In that interval what had I not lost! At the first period I knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all—

"Was nourished I could not tell how—"

I had left the temple a devotee, and was returned a rationalist. The same things were there materially; but the emblem, the reference, was gone!—The green curtain was no longer a veil, drawn between two worlds, the unfolding of which was to bring back past ages, to present "a royal ghost,"—but a certain quantity of green baize, which was to separate the audience for a given time from certain of their fellow-men who were to come forward and pretend those parts. The lights—the orchestra lights—came up a clumsy machinery. The first ring, and the second ring, was now but a trick of the prompter's bell—which had been, like the note of the cuckoo, a phantom of a voice, no hand seen or guessed at which ministered to its warning. The actors were men and women painted. I thought the fault was in

them; but it was in myself, and the alteration which those many centuries—of six short twelve-months—had wrought in me. Perhaps it was fortunate for me that the play of the evening was but an indifferent comedy, as it gave me time to crop some unreasonable expectations, which might have interfered with the genuine emotions with which I was soon after enabled to enter upon the first appearance to me of *Mrs. Siddons* in *Isabella*. Comparison and retrospection soon yielded to the present attraction of the scene; and the theatre became to me, upon a new stock, the most delightful of recreations.

DREAM-CHILDREN;

A REVERIE.

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditional great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining country; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in *Lady C.*'s tawdry guilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was at

tended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the country, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said, “those innocents would do her no harm;” and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great-house in the holydays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken pannels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulkie pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such

like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L—, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the country in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great-house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate, as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of every body, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him, (for we quarrelled sometimes,) rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view,

receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech; "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing; and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name"—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

DISTANT CORRESPONDENTS.

IN A LETTER TO E. F. ESQ., AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

My dear F.—When I think how welcome the sight of a letter from the world where you were born must be to you in that strange one to which you have been transplanted, I feel some compunctious visitings at my long silence. But, indeed, it is no easy effort to set about a correspondence at our distance. The weary world of waters between us oppresses the imagination. It is difficult to conceive how a scrawl of mine should ever stretch across it. It is a sort of presumption to expect that one's thoughts should live so far. It is like writing for posterity; and reminds me of one of Mrs. Rowe's superscriptions, "Alcander to Strephon, in the shades." Cowley's Post-Angel is no more than would be expedient in such an intercourse. One drops a packet at Lombard street, and in twenty-four hours a friend in Cumberland gets it as fresh as if it came in ice. It is only like whispering through a long trumpet. But suppose a tube let down from the moon, with yourself at one end, and *the man* at the other; it would be some balk to the spirit of conversation, if you knew that the dialogue exchanged with that interesting theosophist would take two or three revolutions of a higher luminary in its passage. Yet for aught I know, you may be some parasangs nigher that primitive idea—Plato's man—than we in England here have the honour to reckon ourselves.

Epistolary matter usually compriseth three topics; news, sentiment, and puns. In the latter, I include all non-serious subjects; or subjects serious in themselves, but treated after my fashion, non-seriously.—And first, for news. In them the most desirable circumstance, I suppose, is that they shall be true. But what security can I have that what I now send you for truth, shall not before you get it unaccountably turn into a lie? For instance, our mutual friend P. is at this present writing—my *Niece*—in good health, and

enjoys a fair share of worldly reputation. You are glad to hear it. This is natural and friendly. But at this present reading—*your Niece*—he may possibly be in the Bench, or going to be hanged, which in reason ought to abate something of your transport (i. e. at hearing he was well, &c.,) or at least considerably to modify it. I am going to the play this evening, to have a laugh with Munden. You have no theatre, I think you told me, in your land of d—d realities. You naturally lick your lips, and envy me my felicity. Think but a moment, and you will correct the hateful emotion. Why, it is Sunday morning with you, and 1833. This confusion of tenses, this grand solecism of *two presents*, is in a degree common to all postage. But if I sent you word to Bath or the Devises, that I was expecting the aforesaid treat this evening, though at the moment you received the intelligence my full feast of fun would be over, yet there would be for a day or two after, as you would well know, a smack, a relish left upon my mental palate, which would give rational encouragement for you to foster a portion at least of the disagreeable passion, which it was in part my intention to produce. But ten months hence your envy or your sympathy would be as useless as a passion spent upon the dead. Not only does truth, in these long intervals, unessence herself, but (what is harder) one cannot venture a crude fiction for the fear that it may ripen into a truth upon the voyage. What a wild improbable banter I put upon you some three years since—of Will Wetherall having married a servant-maid! I remember gravely consulting you how we were to receive her—for Will's wife was in no case to be rejected—and your no less serious replication in the matter; how tenderly you advised an abstemious introduction of literary topics before the lady, with a caution not to be too forward in bringing upon the carpet matters more within the sphere of her intelligence; your deliberate judgment, or rather wise suspension of sentence, how far jacks, and spits, and mops, could with propriety be introduced as subjects; whether the conscious avoiding of all such matters in discourse would not have a worse look than the taking of them casually in our way; in what manner we should carry ourselves to our maid Becky, Mrs. William Wetherall being by; whether we should show more delicacy, and a truer sense of respect for Will's wife, by treating Becky with our customary chiding before her, or by an unusual deferential civility paid to Becky as to a person of great worth, but thrown by the caprice of fate into an humble station. There were difficulties, I remember, on both sides, which you did me the favour to state with the precision of a lawyer, united to the tenderness of a friend. I laughed in my sleeve at your solemn pleadings, when lo! while I was valuing myself upon this flam put upon you in New South Wales, the devil in England, jealous possibly of any lie-children

not his own, or working after my copy, has actually instigated our friend (not three days since) to the commission of a matrimony, which I had only conjured up for your diversion. William Wetherall has married Mrs. Cotterel's maid. But to take it in its truest sense, you will see, my dear F., that news from me must become history to you; which I neither profess to write, nor indeed care much for reading. No person, under a diviner, can with any prospect of veracity conduct a correspondence at such an arm's length. Two prophets, indeed, might thus interchange intelligence with effect; the epoch of the writer (Habakuk) falling in with the true present time of the receiver (Daniel); but then we are no prophets.

Then as to sentiment. It fares little better with that. This kind of dish, above all, requires to be served up hot; or sent off in water-plates, that your friend may have it almost as warm as yourself. If it have time to cool, it is the most tasteless of all cold meats. I have often smiled at a conceit of the late Lord C. It seems that travelling somewhere about Geneva, he came to some pretty green spot, or nook, where a willow, or something, hung so fantastically and invitingly over a stream—was it?—or a rock?—no matter—but the stillness and the repose, after a weary journey, 'tis likely, in a languid moment of his lordship's hot restless life, so took his fancy, that he could imagine no place so proper, in the event of his death, to lay his bones in. This was all very natural and excusable as a sentiment, and shows his character in a very pleasing light. But when from a passing sentiment it came to be an act; and when, by a positive testamentary disposal, his remains were actually carried all that way from England; who was there, some desperate sentimentalists excepted, that did not ask the question, Why could not his lordship have found a spot as solitary, a nook as romantic, a tree as green and pendant, with a stream as emblematic to his purpose, in Surrey, in Dorset, or in Devon? Conceive the sentiment boarded up, freighted, entered at the Custom-House, (startling the tide-waiters with the novelty,) hoisted into a ship. Conceive it pawed about and handled between the rude jests of tarpaulin ruffians—a thing of its delicate texture—the salt bilge wetting it till it became as vapid as a damaged lustring. Suppose it in material danger (mariners have some superstition about sentiments) of being tossed over in a fresh gale to some propitiatory shark, (spirit of St. Gothard, save us from a quietus so foreign to the deceiver's purpose!) but it has happily evaded a fishy consumption. Trace it then to its lucky landing—at Lyons shall we say?—I have not the map before me—jostled upon four men's shoulders—baiting at this town—stopping to refresh at t'other village—waiting a passport here; a license there; the sanction of the magistracy in this district; the concurrence of the ecclesiastics in that canton; till at length it ar-

rives at its destination, tired out and jaded, from a brisk sentiment, into a feature of silly pride or tawdry senseless affection. How few sentiments, my dear F., I am afraid we can set down, in the sailor's phrase, as quite sea-worthy.

Lastly, as to the agreeable levities, which, though contemptible in bulk, are the twinkling corpuscula which should irradiate a right friendly epistle—your puns and small jests are, I apprehend, extremely circumscribed in their sphere of action. They are so far from a capacity of being packed up and sent beyond sea, they will scarce endure to be transported by hand from this room to the next. Their vigour is as the instant of their birth. Their nutriment for their brief existence is the intellectual atmosphere of the bystanders: or this last, is the fine slime of Nilus—the *melior lutus*,—whose maternal recipiency is as necessary as the *sol pater* to their equivocal generation. A pun hath a hearty kind of present ear-kissing smack with it; you can no more transmit it in its pristine flavour, than you can send a kiss. Have you not tried in some instances to palm off a yesterday's pun upon a gentleman, and has it answered? Not but it was new to his hearing, but it did not seem to come new from you. It did not hitch in. It was like picking up at a village ale-house a two days old newspaper. You have not seen it before, but you resent the stale thing as an affront.

This sort of merchandise above all requires a quick return. A pun, and its recognitory laugh, must be coinstantaneous. The one is the brisk lightning, the other the fierce thunder. A moment's interval, and the link is snapped. A pun is reflected from a friend's face as from a mirror. Who would consult his sweet visnomy, if the polished surface were two or three minutes (not to speak of twelve-months, my dear F.) in giving back its copy?

I cannot image to myself whereabouts you are. When I try to fix it, Peter Wilkins' island comes across me. Sometimes you seem to be in the *Hades of Thieves*. I see Diogenes prying among you with his perpetual fruitless lantern. What must you be willing by this time to give for the sight of an honest man! You must almost have forgotten how we look. And tell me, what your Sydneysites do? are they th⁺ing all day long? Merciful heaven! what property can stand against such a depredation! The kangaroo—your aborigines—do they keep their primitive simplicity un-Europe tainted, with those little short forepuda, looking like a lesson framed by nature to the pickpocket! Marry, for dividing into fobs they are rather lamely provided *à priori*; but if the hue and cry were once up, they would show as fair a pair of hind-shifters as the expertest locomoter in the colony. We hear the most improbable tales at this distance. Pray, is it true that the young Spartans among you are born with six fingers, which spoils their scanning!—It must

look very odd; but use reconciles. For their scansion, it is less to be regretted, for if they take it into their heads to be poets, it is odds but they turn out, the greater part of them, vile plagiarists. Is there much difference to see, too, between the son of a th*ff, and the grandson? or where does the taint stop? Do you bleach in three or in four generations?—I have many questions to put, but ten Delphic voyages can be made in shorter time than it will take to satisfy my scruples. Do you grow your own hemp?—What is your staple trade, exclusive of the national profession, I mean? Your locksmiths, I take it, are some of your great capitalists.

I am insensibly chatting to you as familiarly as when we used to exchange good-morrows out of our old contiguous windows, in pump-famed Harecourt in the temple. Why did you ever leave that quiet corner?—Why did I?—with its complement of four poor elms, from whose smoke-dyed barks, the theme of jesting ruralists, I picked my first lady-birds! My heart is as dry as that spring sometimes proves in a thirsty August, when I revert to the space that is between us; a length of passage enough to render obsolete the phrases of our English letters before they can reach you. But while I talk, I think you hear me,—thoughts dallying with vain surmise—

“Aye me! while thee the seas and sounding shores
Hold far away.”

Come back, before I am grown into a very old man, so as you shall hardly know me. Come, before Bridget walks on crutches. Girls whom you left children have become sage matrons, while you are tarrying there. The blooming Miss W—r (you remember Sally W—r) called upon us yesterday, an aged crone. Folks, whom you knew, die off every year. Formerly, I thought that death was wearing out,—I stood ramparted about with so many healthy friends. The departure of J. W., two springs back, corrected my delusion. Since then the old divorcer has been busy. If you do not make haste to return, there will be little left to greet you, of me, or mine.

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.

I LIKE to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweep—old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sunrise?

I have a kindly yearning towards these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses—

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits, (the tops of chimneys,) in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operations! to see a chit no bigger than one's-self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *faucis æterni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades!—to shudder with the idea that “now, surely, he must be lost for ever!”—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight—and then (Oh fulness of delight) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in Macbeth, where the “Apparition of a child crowned with a tree in his hand rises.”

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him two-pence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

There is a composition, the groundwork of which I have understood to be the sweet wood ‘yclept sassafras. This wood, boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in London) for the vending of this “wholesome and pleasant beverage,” on the south side of Fleet street, as thou approachest Bridge street—the only *Salopian house*—I have never yet adventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients—a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegances, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper—whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, which are sometimes found (in dissections) to ad-

here to the root of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive—but so it is, that no possible taste or odour to the senses of a young chimney-sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals—cats—when they purr over a new-found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can inculcate.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house*; yet be it known to thee, reader—if thou art one who keepest what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the fact—he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savoury mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn, when (as extremes meet) the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to resume the premature labours of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honours of the pavement. It is the time when, in summer, between the expired and the not yet relumined kitchen-fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth their least satisfactory odours. The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'er-night vapours in more grateful coffee, curses the ungenial fume, as he passeth; but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is *Saloop*—the precocious herb-woman's darling—the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent-Garden's famed piazzas—the delight, and, oh I fear, too often the envy, of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldst thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendant over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin, (it will cost thee but three half-pennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added half-penny)—so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'er-charged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin—so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingredieniced soups—nor the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney*, invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularities of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my

accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth—but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the March to Finchley, grinning at the pye-man—there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it—that I could have been content, if the honour of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket, presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to "air" them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when

"A sable cloud
Turns forth her silver lining on the night."

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility:—and doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguise, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticeships of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine, and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced adoptions; many noble Rachels mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy-spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu be but a solitary instance of good fortune, out of many irreparable and hopeless defiliations.

In one of the state-beds at Arundel-Castle, a few years since—under a ducal canopy—(that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late duke was

especially a connoisseur)—encircled with curtains of the delicatest crimson, with starry coronets interwoven—folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius—was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noonday, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitation to repose which he there saw exhibited; so creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle.—But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a Duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions—is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapt by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula*, and resting-place.—By no other theory, than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state, (as I may call it,) can I explain a deed so venturesome, and, indeed, upon any other system, so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable sleeper.

My pleasant friend JEM WHITE was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew. Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wright, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered, in time, to be no chimney-sweeper, (all is not soot which looks so,) was quitted out of the presence

with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlours three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savour. JAMES WHITE, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion BEEON, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table—for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the honours of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honour the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula, (the fattest of the three,) that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing "the gentleman," and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereto the universal host would set up a shout that tore the conclave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. Oh it was a pleasure to see the sable youngers lick in the unctuous meat, with his more unctuous sayings—how he would fit the tit-bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it "must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating"—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony,—how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts—"The King,"—the "Cloth,"—which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering;—and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, "May the Brush supersede the Laurel." All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a "Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so," which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savouriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

"Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

JAMES WHITE is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF BEGGARS IN THE METROPOLIS.

THE all-sweeping besom of societarian reformation—your only modern Alcides' club to rid the time of its abuses—is uplift with many-handed sway to extirpate the last fluttering tatters of the bugbear MENDICITY from the metropolis. Scrips, wallets, bags—staves, dogs, and crutches—the whole mendicant fraternity with all their baggage are fast posting out of the purlicus of this eleventh persecution. From the crowded crossing, from the corners of streets and turning of alleys, the parting Genius of Beggary is "with sighing sent."

I do not approve of this wholesale going to work, this impertinent crusado, or *bellum ad exterminationem*, proclaimed against a species. Much good might be sucked from these Beggars.

They were the oldest and the honourablest form of pauperism. Their appeals were to our common nature; less revolting to an ingenuous mind than to be a suppliant to the particular humours or caprice of any fellow-creature, or set of fellow-creatures, parochial or societarian. Theirs were the only rates univindictive in the levy, ungrudged in the assessment.

There was a dignity springing from the very depth of their desolation; as to be naked is to be so much nearer to the being a man, than to go in livery.

The greatest spirits have felt this in their reverses; and when Dionysius from king turned schoolmaster, do we feel any thing towards him but contempt? Could Vandyke have made a picture of him, swaying a ferula for a sceptre, which would have affected our minds with the same heroic pity, the same compassionate admiration, with which we regard his Belisarius begging for an *obolus*? Would the moral have been more graceful, more pathetic?

The Blind Beggar in the legend—the father of pretty Bessy—whose story doggerel rhymes and ale-house signs cannot so degrade or attenuate, but that some sparks of a lustrous spirit will shine through the disguisements—this noble Earl of Cornwall (as indeed he was) and memorable sport of fortune, fleeing from the unjust sentence of his liege lord, stript of all, and seated on the flowering green of Bethnal, with his more fresh and springing daughter by his side, illumining his

raggs and his beggary—would the child and parent have cut a better figure, doing the honours of a counter, or expiating their fallen condition upon the three-foot eminence of some sempstering shop-board?

In tale or history your Beggar is ever the just antipode to your King. The poets and romancical writers, (as dear Margaret Newcastle would call them,) when they would most sharply and feelingly paint a reverse of fortune, never stop till they have brought down their hero in good earnest to rags and the wallet. The depth of the descent illustrates the height he falls from. There is no medium which can be presented to the imagination without offence. There is no breaking the fall. Lear, thrown from his palace, must divest him of his garments, till he answer "mere nature;" and Cresseid, fallen from a prince's love, must extend her pale arms, pale with other whiteness than of beauty, supplicating lazar alms with bell and clasp-dish.

The Lucian wits knew this very well: and, with a converse policy, when they would express scorn of greatness without the pity, they show us an Alexander in the shades cobbling shoes, or a Semiramis getting up foul linen.

How would it sound in song, that a great monarch had declined his affections upon the daughter of a baker! yet do we feel the imagination at all violated when we read the "true ballad," where King Cophetua woos the beggar maid?

Pauperism, pauper, poor man, are expressions of pity, but pity alloyed with contempt. No one properly contemns a beggar. Poverty is a comparative thing, and each degree of it is mocked by its "neighbour grice." Its poor-rents and comings-in are soon summed up and told. Its pretences to property are almost ludicrous. Its pitiful attempts to save excite a smile. Every scornful companion can weigh his trifle bigger purse against it. Poor man reproaches poor man in the streets with impolitic mention of his condition, his own being a shade better, while the rich pass by and jeer at both. No rascally comparative insults a Beggar, or thinks of weighing purses with him. He is not in the scale of comparison. He is not under the measure of property. He confessedly hath none, any more than a dog or a sheep. No one twitteth him with ostentation above his means. No one accuses him of pride, or upbraideth him with mock humility. None jostle with him for the wall, or pick quarrels for precedency. No wealthy neighbour seeketh to eject him from his tenement. No man sues him. No man goes to law with him. If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captain, or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a Beggar.

Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the Beggar's robes, and graceful insignia of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in

which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning. He weareth all colours, fearing none. His costume hath undergone less change than the Quaker's. He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. He alone continueth in one stay. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity touch him not, or at worst but change his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe.

The Mendicants of this great city were so many of her sights, her lions. I can no more spare them than I could the Cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the Ballad Singer; and in their picturesque attire as ornamental as the Signs of old London. They were the standing morals, emblems, mementos, dial-mottos, the spital sermons, the books for children, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry—

“———Look

Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there.”

Above all, those old blind Tobits that used to line the wall of Lincoln's-Inn Garden, before modern fastidiousness had expelled them, casting up their ruined orbs to catch a ray of pity, and (if possible) of light, with their faithful Dog Guide at their feet,—whither are they fled? or into what corners, blind as themselves, have they been driven, out of the wholesome air and sun-warmth? immersed between four walls, in what withering poor-house do they endure the penalty of double darkness, where the chink of the dropt half-penny no more consoles their forlorn bereavement, far from the sound of the cheerful and hope-stirring tread of the passenger? Where hang their useless staves? and who will farm their dogs?—Have the overseers of St. L—— caused them to be shot? or were they tied up in sacks, and dropt into the Thames, at the suggestion of B——, the mild Rector of——?

Well fare the soul of unfastidious Vincent Bourne, most classical, and at the same time most English, of the Latinists!—who has treated of this human and quadrupedal alliance, this dog and man friendship, in the sweetest of his poems, the *Epitaphium in Canem, or Dog's Epitaph*. Reader, peruse it; and say, if customary sights, which could call up such gentle poetry as this, were of a nature to do more harm or good to the moral sense of the passengers through the daily thoroughfares of a vast and busy metropolis.

Pauperis hic tri requiesco Lyciscus, herilis,
Dum vixi, tutela vigili columenque senectæ,
Dux cæco fidus; nec, me ducente, solebat,

Prætenso hinc atque hinc baculo, per iniqua locorum
Incertam explorare viam; sed fila secutus,
Quæ dubios regerent passus, vestigia tuta
Fixit inoffenso gressu; gelidumque sedile
In nudo nactus saxo, quâ prætererunt
Unda frequens confluit, ibi miserisque tenebras
Lamentis, noctemque oculis ploravit abortam.
Ploravit nec frustra; obolum dedit alter et alter,
Queis corda et mentem indiderat natura benignam.

Ad latus interea jacui sopitus herile,
Vel mediis vigil in somnis; ad herilis iussa
Auresque atque animum arrectus, seu frustula amicæ
Porrexit sociasque dapes, seu longa diei
Tædia perpassus, reditum sub nocte parabat.

Hi mores hæc vita fuit, dum fata sinebant,
Dum neque langueram mortis, nec inerte senectâ;
Quam tandem obrepit, veterique satellite cæcum
Orbavit dominum: prisci sed gratia facti
No tota intereat, longos delecta per annos,
Exiguam hunc Irus tumulum de cespite fecit,
Etsi incopais, non ingratis munuscula dextræ;
Carmino signavitque brevi, dominumque canemque
Quod memoret fidumque canem dominumque benignum.

Poor Irus' faithful wolf-dog here I lie,

That wont to tend my old blind master's steps,
His guide and guard: nor, while my service lasted,
Had he occasion for that staff, with which
He now goes picking out his path in fear
Over the highways and crossings; but would plant,
Safe in the conduct of my friendly string,
A firm foot forward still, till he had reach'd
His poor seat on some stone, nigh where the tide
Of passers by in thickest confluence flow'd:
To whom with loud and passionate laments
From morn to eve his dark estate he wail'd.
Nor wail'd to all in vain: some here and there,
The well-disposed and good, their pennies gave.
I meantime at his feet obsequious slept;
Not all-asleep in sleep, but heart and ear
Prick'd up at his least motion; to receive
At his kind hand my customary crumbs,
And common portion in his feast of scraps;
Or when night warn'd us homeward, tired and spent
With our long day and tedious beggary.

These were my manners, this my way of life,
Till age and slow disease me overtook,
And sever'd from my sightless master's side.
But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,
Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,
This slender tomb of turf hath Irus reared,
Cheap monument of no ungrudging hand,
And with short verse inscribed it, to attest,
In long and lasting union to attest,
The virtues of the Beggar and his Dog.

These dim eyes have in vain explored for some months past a well-known figure, or part of the figure, of a man, who used to glide his comely upper half over the pavements of London, wheeling along with most ingenious celerity upon a machine of wood, a spectacle to natives, to foreigners, and to children. He was of a robust make, with a florid, sailor-like complexion, and his head was bare to the storm and sunshine. He was a natural curiosity, a speculation to the scientific, a prodigy to the simple. The infant would stare at the

mighty man brought down to his own level. The common cripple would despise his own pusillanimity, viewing the hale stoutness, and hearty heart, of this half-limbed giant. Few but must have noticed him; for the accident, which brought him low, took place during the riots of 1780, and he has been a groundling so long. He seemed earth-born, an Antæus, and to suck in fresh vigour from the soil which he neighboured. He was a grand fragment; as good as an Elgin marble. The nature, which should have recruited his reft legs and thighs, was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts, and he was half a Hercules. I heard a tremendous voice thundering and growling, as before an earthquake, and casting down my eyes, it was this mandrake reviling a steed that had started at his portentous appearance. He seemed to want but his just stature to have rent the offending quadruped in shivers. He was as the man-part of a Centaur, from which the horse-half had been cloven in some dire Lapithan controversy. He moved on, as if he could have made shift with yet half of the body-portion which was left him. The *os sublime* was not wanting; and he threw out yet a jolly countenance upon the heavens. Forty-and-two years had he driven this out-of-door trade, and now that his hair is grizzled in the service, but his good spirits no way impaired, because he is not content to exchange his free air and exercise for the restraints of a poor-house, he is expiating his contumacy in one of those houses (ironically christened) of Correction.

Was a daily spectacle like this to be deemed a nuisance, which called for legal interference to remove? or not rather a salutary and a touching object to the passers-by in a great city? Among her shows, her museums, and supplies for ever-gaping curiosity, (and what else but an accumulation of sights—endless sights—is a great city; or for what else is it desirable?) was there not room for one *Lusus* (not *Natura*, indeed, but) *Accidentium*? What if in forty-and-two years' going about, the man had scraped together enough to give a portion to his child (as the rumour ran) of a few hundreds—whom had he injured?—whom had he imposed upon? The contributors had enjoyed their *sight* for their pennies. What if after being exposed all day to the heats, the rains, and the frosts of heaven—shuffling his ungainly trunk along in an elaborate and painful motion—he was enabled to retire at night to enjoy himself at a club of his fellow cripples over a dish of hot meat and vegetables, as the charge was gravely brought against him by a clergyman deposing before a House of Commons' Committee—was *this*, or was his truly paternal consideration, which (if a fact) deserved a statue rather than a whipping-post, and is inconsistent at least with the exaggeration of nocturnal orgies which he has been slandered with—a reason that he should be deprived of his chosen, harmless, nay edifying way of life, and be committed in hoary age for a sturdy vagabond?

There was a Yorick once, whom it would not have shamed to have sat down at the cripples' feast, and to have thrown in his benediction, ay, and his mite too, for a companionable symbol. "Age, thou hast lost thy breed."

Half of these stories about the prodigious fortunes made by begging are (I verily believe) misers' calumnies. One was much talked of in the public papers sometime since, and the usual charitable inferences deduced. A clerk in the bank was surprised with the announcement of a five hundred pound legacy left him by a person whose name he was a stranger to. It seems that in his daily morning-walks from Peckham (or some village thereabouts) where he lived, to his office, it had been his practice for the last twenty years to drop his half-penny duly into the hat of some blind Bartimeus, that sat begging alms by the way-side in the borough. The good old beggar recognised his daily benefactor by the voice only; and, when he died, left all the amassing of his alms (that had been half a century perhaps in the accumulating) to his old bank friend. Was this a story to purse up people's hearts, and pennies, against giving alms to the blind?—or not rather a beautiful moral of well-directed charity on the one part, and noble gratitude on the other?

I sometimes wish I had been that bank clerk.

I seem to remember a poor old grateful kind of creature, blinking, and looking up with his no eyes in the sun—

Is it possible I could have steeled my purse against him?

Perhaps I had no small change.

Reader, do not be frightened at the hard words, imposition, imposture—*give, and ask no questions*. Cast thy bread upon the waters. Some have un-awares (like this bank clerk) entertained angels.

Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the "seven small children," in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth, to save a half-penny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks, and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST FIG.

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages

ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the cook's holyday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling, (which I take to be the elder brother,) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage, (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it,) what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or too, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood,

began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"Oh father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself, that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—Oh Lord,"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged

which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own.—“Presents,” I often say, “endear Absents.” Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens, (those “tame villatic fowl,”) capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, “give every thing.” I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightly, (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what,) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined I may say to my individual palate—it argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing into my pocket, had dismissed me one day with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit.) I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present—and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure, and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old, gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like

refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.—

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, “Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping, (*per flagellationem extremam*), superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?” I forgot the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic: you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, *he* is a weakling—a flower.

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT OF THE BEHAVIOUR OF MARRIED PEOPLE.

As a single man, I have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of married people, to console myself for those superior pleasures, which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those anti-social resolutions, which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different description;—it is that they are too loving.

Not too loving neither: that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world.

But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that you are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offence, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offence in them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bluntly, that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her,

he would deserve to be kicked for his ill manners ; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words ; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches, and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man,—the lady's choice. It is enough that I know I am not : I do not want this perpetual reminding.

The display of superior knowledge or riches may be made sufficiently mortifying; but these admit of a palliative. The knowledge which is brought out to insult me, may accidentally improve me; and in the rich man's houses and pictures, his parks and gardens, I have a temporary usufruct at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these palliatives: it is throughout pure, unrecompensed, unqualified insult.

Marriage by its best title is a monopoly, and not of the least invidious sort. It is the cunning of most possessors of any exclusive privilege to keep their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their less favoured neighbours, seeing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple,—in that of the lady particularly: it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world; that *you can have no hopes of her*. It is true, I have *none*; nor wishes either perhaps; but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company: but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance, who, the best of the jst was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask with a sneer, how such an old bachelor as I could pretend to know any thing about such matters.

But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing

to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are,—that every street and blind alley swarms with them,—that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance,—that there are few marriages that are not blessed with at least one of these bargains—how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, &c.—I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phoenixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common—

I do not advert to the insolent merit which they assume with their husbands on these occasions. Let them look to that. But why *we*, who are not their natural-born subjects, should be expected to bring our spices, myrrh, and incense,—our tribute and homage of admiration,—I do not see.

“Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children :” so says the excellent office in our Prayer-Book appointed for the churching of women. “Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them :” so say I ; but then don’t let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless ;—let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us. I have generally observed that these arrows are double-headed ; they have too forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As for instance, where you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their innocent caresses) you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging,—if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room ; they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr. ——— does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats, if it gives them any pain; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to *love* them, where I see no occasion,—to love a whole family, perhaps eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately,—to love all the pretty dears, because children are so engaging.

I know there is a proverb, "Love me, love my dog;" that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing,—any inanimate substance, as a keepsake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because

I love him, and any thing that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable *per se*; I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly; they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. Oh! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age,—there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us. That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest. I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into their familiarity at least, before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage,—if you did not come in on the wife's side,—if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on,—look about you—your tenure is precarious—before a twelvemonth shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow cool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have scarce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence *after the period of his marriage*. With some limitations they can endure that; but that the good man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him,—before they that are now man and wife ever met,—this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their currency, as a sovereign prince calls in the good old money that was coined in some reign before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck generally befalls such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these *new mintings*.

Innumerable are the ways which they take to insult and worm you out of their husband's confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, *but an oddity*, is one of the ways;—they have a particular kind of stare for the pur-

pose;—till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humorist,—a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be called the staring way; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me. Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony: that is, where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you; by never-qualified exaggerations to cry up all that you say or do, till the good man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candour, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to that kindly level of moderate esteem,—that “decent affection and complacent kindness” towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stress and violence to her sincerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which riveted the chain which she is to break, upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation, she will cry, “I thought, my dear, you described your friend, Mr. ———, as a great wit.” If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, “This, my dear, is your good Mr. ———.” One good lady whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the candour to confess to me that she had often heard Mr. ——— speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for from her husband's representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like looking man, (I use her very words); the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return, how she came to pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own; for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximate to mine; he standing five feet five in

his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavour: I shall therefore just glance at the very common impropriety of which married ladies are guilty,—of treating us as if we were their husbands, and *vice versa*. I mean, when they use us with familiarity, and their husbands with ceremony. *Testacea*, for instance, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time of supping, while she was fretting because Mr. ——— did not come home till the oysters were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners: for ceremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-creature than some other person is. It endeavours to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater. Had *Testacea* kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importunities to go to supper, she would have acted according to the strict rules of propriety. I know no ceremony that ladies are bound to observe to their husbands, beyond the point of a modest behaviour and decorum: therefore I must protest against the vicarious gluttony of *Cerasia*, who at her own table sent away a dish of *Morellas*, which I was applying to with great good will, to her husband at the other end of the table, and recommended a plate of less extraordinary gooseberries to my unwedded palate in their stead. Neither can I excuse the wanton affront of ———.

But I am weary of stringing up all my married acquaintance by Roman denominations. Let them amend and change their manners, or I promise to record the full-length English of their names, to the terror of all such desperate offenders in future.

ON SOME OF THE OLD ACTORS.

THE casual sight of an old Play-Bill, which I plucked up the other day—I know not by what chance it was preserved so long—tempts me to call to mind a few of the players, who make the principal figure in it. It presents the cast of parts in the *Twelfth Night*, at the old Drury-lane Theatre, two-and-thirty years ago. There is something very touching in these old remembrances. They make us think how we once used to read a Play-Bill—not, as now, peradventure, singling out a favourite performer, and casting a negligent eye over the rest; but spelling out every name, down

to the very mutes and servants of the scene;—when it was a matter of no small moment to us whether Whitfield or Packer took the part of Fabian; when Benson, and Burton, and Phillimore—names of small account—had an importance, beyond what we can be content to attribute now to the time's best actors.—“Orsino, by Mr. Barrymore.”—What a full Shakspeian sound it carries! how fresh to memory arise the image, and the manner, of the gentle actor!

Those who have only seen Mrs. Jordan within the last ten or fifteen years, can have no adequate notion of her performance of such parts as *Ophelia*; *Helena*, in *All's Well that Ends Well*; and *Viola* in this play. Her voice had latterly acquired a coarseness, which suited well enough with her *Nells* and *Hoydens*, but in those days it sank, with her steady melting eye, into the heart. Her joyous parts—in which her memory now chiefly lives—in her youth were outdone by her plaintive ones. There is no giving an account how she delivered the disguised story of her love for Orsino. It was no set speech, that she had foreseen, so as to weave it into an harmonious period, line necessarily following line, to make up the music—yet I have heard it so spoken, or rather read, not without its grace and beauty—but, when she had declared her sister's history to be a “blank,” and that she “never told her love,” there was a pause, as if the story had ended—and then the image of the “worm in the bud” came up as a new suggestion—and the heightened image of “*Patience*” still followed after that, as by some growing (and not mechanical) process, thought springing up after thought, I would almost say, as they were watered by her tears. So in those fine lines—

“Write royal cantos of contemned love—
Hallow your name to the reverberate hills!”—

there was no preparation made in the foregoing image for that which was to follow. She used no rhetoric in her passion; or it was nature's own rhetoric, most legitimate then, when it seemed altogether without rule or law.

Mrs. Powel, (now Mrs. Renard,) then in the pride of her beauty, made an admirable *Olivia*. She was particularly excellent in her unbending scenes in conversation with the clown. I have seen some *Olivias*—and those very sensible actresses too—who in these interlucations have seemed to set their wits at the jester, and to vie conceits with him in downright emulation. But she used him for her sport, like what he was, to trifle a leisure sentence or two with, and then to be dismissed, and she to be the Great Lady still. She touched the imperious fantastic humour of the character with nicety. Her fine spaciuous person filled the scene.

The part of *Malvolio* has in my judgment been so often misunderstood, and the general merits of the actor, who then played it, so unduly appreciated, that I shall hope for pardon, if I am a little prolix upon these points.

Of all the actors who flourished in my time—

a melancholy phrase if taken aright, reader—Bensley had most of the swell of soul, was greatest in the delivery of heroic conceptions, the emotions consequent upon the presentation of a great idea to the fancy. He had the true poetical enthusiasm—the rarest faculty among players. None that I remember possessed even a portion of that fine madness which he threw out in Hotspur's famous rant about glory, or the transports of the Venetian incendiary at the vision of the fired city. His voice had the dissonance, and at times the inspiring effect of the trumpet. His gait was uncouth and stiff, but no way embarrassed by affectation; and the thorough-bred gentleman was uppermost in every movement. He seized the moment of passion with the greatest truth; like a faithful clock, never striking before the time; never anticipating or leading you to anticipate. He was totally destitute of trick and artifice. He seemed come upon the stage to do the poet's message simply, and he did it with as genuine fidelity as the nuncios in Homer deliver the errands of the gods. He let the passion or the sentiment do its own work without prop or bolstering. He would have scorned to mount—bank it; and betrayed none of that *cleverness* which is the bane of serious acting. For this reason, his Iago was the only endurable one which I remember to have seen. No spectator from his action could divine more of his artifice than Othello was supposed to do. His confessions in soliloquy alone put you in possession of the mystery. There were no by-intimations to make the audience fancy their own discernment so much greater than that of the Moor—who commonly stands like a great helpless mark set up for mine Ancient, and a quantity of barren spectators, to shoot their bolts at. The Iago of Bensley did not go to work so grossly. There was a triumphant tone about the character, natural to a general consciousness of power; but none of that petty vanity which chuckles and cannot contain itself upon any little successful stroke of its knavery—as is common with your small villains, and green probationers in mischief. It did not clap or crow before its time. It was not a man setting his wits at a child, and winking all the while at other children who are mightily pleased at being let into the secret; but a consummate villain entrapping a noble nature into toils, against which no discernment was available, where the manner was as fathomless as the purpose seemed dark, and without motive. The part of Malvolio, in the Twelfth Night, was performed by Bensley, with a richness and a dignity, of which (to judge from some recent castings of that character) the very tradition must be worn out from the stage. No manager in those days would have dreamed of giving it to Mr. Baddeley, or Mr. Parsons: when Bensley was occasionally absent from the theatre, John Kemble thought it no derogation to succeed to the part. Malvolio is not essentially

ludicrous. He becomes comic but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling; but dignified, consistent, and for what appears, rather of an over-stretched morality. Maria describes him as a sort of Puritan; and he might have worn his gold chain with honour in one of our old round-head families, in the service of a Lambert, or a Fairfax. But his morality and his manners are misplaced in Illyria. He is opposed to the proper levities of the piece, and falls in the unequal contest. Still his pride, or his gravity, (call it which you will,) is inherent, and native to the man, not mock or affected, which latter only are the fit objects to excite laughter. His quality is at the best unlovely, but neither buffoon nor contemptible. His bearing is lofty, a little above his station, but probably not much above his deserts. We see no reason why he should not have been brave, honourable, accomplished. His careless committal of the ring to the ground, (which he was commissioned to restore to Cesario,) bespeaks a generosity of birth and feeling. His dialect on all occasions is that of a gentleman, and a man of education. We must not confound him with the eternal old, low steward of comedy. He is master of the household to a great princess; a dignity probably conferred upon him for other respects than age or length of service. Olivia, at the first indication of his supposed madness, declares that she "would not have him miscarry for half her dowry." Does this look as if the character was meant to appear little or insignificant? Once, indeed, she accuses him to his face—of what?—of being "sick of self-love,"—but with a gentleness and considerateness which could not have been, if she had not thought that this particular infirmity shaded some virtues. His rebuke to the knight, and his sottish revelers, is sensible and spirited; and when we take into consideration the unprotected condition of his mistress, and the strict regard with which her state of real or dissembled mourning would draw the eyes of the world upon her house-affairs, Malvolio might feel the honour of the family in some sort in his keeping; as it appears not that Olivia had any more brothers, or kinsmen, to look to it—for Sir Toby had dropped all such nice respects at the buttery hatch. That Malvolio was meant to be represented as possessing estimable qualities, the expression of the Duke in his anxiety to have him reconciled, almost infers. "Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace." Even in his abused state of chains and darkness, a sort of greatness seems never to desert him. He argues highly and well with the supposed Sir Topas, and philosophises gallantly upon his straw.* There

* *Clown.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion.

must have been some shadow of worth about the man; he must have been something more than a mere vapour—a thing of straw, or Jack in office—before Fabian and Maria could have ventured sending him upon a courting errand to Olivia. There was some consonancy (as he would say) in the undertaking, or the jest would have been too bold even for that house of misrule.

Bensley, accordingly, threw over the part an air of Spanish loftiness. He looked, spake, and moved like an old Castilian. He was starch, spruce, opinionated, but his superstructure of pride seemed bottomed upon a sense of worth. There was something in it beyond the coxcomb. It was big and swelling, but you could not be sure that it was hollow. You might wish to see it taken down, but you felt that it was upon an elevation. He was magnificent from the outset; but when the decent sobrieties of the character began to give way, and the poison of self-love, in his conceit of the Countess' affection, gradually to work, you would have thought that the hero of La Mancha in person stood before you. How he went smiling to himself! with what ineffable carelessness would he twirl his gold chain! what a dream it was! you were infected with the illusion, and did not wish that it should be removed! you had no room for laughter! if an unseasonable reflection of morality obtruded itself, it was a deep sense of the pitiable infirmity of man's nature, that can lay him open to such frenzies—but in truth you rather admired than pitied the lunacy while it lasted—you felt that an hour of such mistake was worth an age with the eyes open. Who would not wish to live but for a day in the conceit of such a lady's love as Olivia? Why, the Duke would have given his principality but for a quarter of a minute, sleeping or waking, to have been so deluded. The man seemed to tread upon air, to taste mamma, to walk with his head in the clouds, to mate Hyperion. Oh! shake not the castles of his pride—endure yet for a season bright moments of confidence—"stand still ye watches of the element," that Malvolio may be still in fancy fair Olivia's lord—but fate and retribution say no—I hear the mischievous titter of Maria—the witty taunts of Sir Toby—the still more insupportable triumph of the foolish knight—the counterfeit Sir Topas is unmasked—and "thus the whirligig of time," as the true clown hath it, "brings in his revenges." I confess that I never saw the catastrophe of this character, while Bensley played it, without a kind of tragic interest. There was good foolery too. Few now remember Dodd. What an Aguecheek the stage lost in him! Lovegrove, who came nearest to the old actors, revived the character some few seasons ago, and made it sufficiently grotesque, but Dodd was it, as it came out of nature's hands. It might be said to remain in *puris naturalibus*. In expressing slowness of apprehension this actor surpassed all

others. You could see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his countenance, climbing up by little and little, with a painful process, till it cleared up at last to the fulness of a twilight conception—its highest meridian. He seemed to keep back his intellect, as some have had the power to retard their pulsation. The balloon takes less time in filling, than it took to cover the expansion of his broad moony face over all its quarters with expression. A glimmer of understanding would appear in a corner of his eye, and for lack of fuel go out again. A part of his forehead would catch a little intelligence, and be a long time in communicating it to the remainder.

I am ill at dates, but I think it is now better than five-and-twenty years ago that walking in the gardens of Gray's Inn—they were then far finer than they are now—the accursed Verulam Buildings had not encroached upon all the east side of them, cutting out delicate green cranks, and shouldering away one or two of the stately alcoves of the terrace—the survivor stands gaping and relationless as if it remembered its brother—they are still the best gardens of any of the Inns of Court, my beloved Temple not for gotten—have the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law-breathing—Bacon has left the impress of his foot upon their gravel walks—taking my afternoon solace on a summer day upon the aforesaid terrace, a comely sad personage came towards me, whom, from his grave air and deportment, I judged to be one of the old Benchers of the Inn. He had a serious thoughtful forehead, and seemed to be in meditations of mortality. As I have an instinctive awe of old Benchers, I was passing him with that sort of subindicative token of respect which one is apt to demonstrate toward a venerable stranger, and which rather denotes an inclination to greet him than any positive motion of the body to that effect—a species of humility and will-worship which I observe, nine times out of ten, rather puzzles than pleases the person it is offered to—when the face turning full upon me strangely identified itself with that of Dodd. Upon close inspection I was not mistaken. But could this sad thoughtful countenance be the same vacant face of folly which I had hailed so often under circumstances of gayety; which I had never seen without a smile, or recognised but as the usher of mirth; that looked out so formally flat in Fopington, so frothily pert in Tattle, so impotently busy in Backbite; so blankly divested of all meaning, or resolutely expressive of none, in Acres, in Fribble, and a thousand agreeable imperinences? Was this the face—full of thought and carefulness—that had so often divested itself at will of every trace of either to give me diversion, to clear my cloudy face for two or three hours at least of its furrows?—Was this the face—manly, sober, intelligent,—which I had so often despised,

made mocks at, made merry with? The remembrance of the freedoms which I had taken with it came upon me with a reproach of insult. I could have asked it pardon. I thought it looked upon me with a sense of injury. There is something strange as well as sad in seeing actors—your pleasant fellows particularly—subjected to and suffering the common lot—their fortunes, their casualties, their deaths, seem to belong to the scene, their actions to be amenable to poetic justice only. We can hardly connect them with more awful responsibilities. The death of this fine actor took place shortly after this meeting. He had quitted the stage some months; and, as I learned afterwards, had been in the habit of resorting daily to these gardens almost to the day of his decease. In these serious walks probably he was divesting himself of many scenic and some real vanities—weaning himself from the frivolities of the lesser and the greater theatre—doing gentle penance for a life of no very reprehensible fooleries,—taking off by degrees the buffoon mask which he might feel he had worn too long—and rehearsing for a more solemn cast of part. Dying, he “put on the weeds of Dominic.”*

If few can remember Dodd, many yet living will not easily forget the pleasant creature, who in those days enacted the part of the Clown to Dodd's Sir Andrew.—Richard, or rather Dicky Suett—for so in his life-time he delighted to be called, and time hath ratified the appellation—lieth buried on the north side of the cemetery of Holy Paul, to whose service his nonage and tender years were dedicated. There are who do yet remember him at that period—his pipe clear and harmonious. He would often speak of his chorister days, when he was “cherub Dicky.”

What clipped his wings, or made it expedient that he should exchange the holy for the profane state; whether he had lost his good voice, (his best recommendation to that office,) like Sir John, “with hallooing and singing of anthems;” or whether he was adjudged to lack something, even in those early years, of the gravity indispensable to an occupation which professeth to “commerce with the skies”—I could never rightly learn; but we find him, after the probation of a twelvemonth or so, reverting to a secular condition, and become one of us.

I think he was not altogether of that timber,

* Dodd was a man of reading, and left at his death a choice collection of old English literature. I should judge him to have been a man of wit. I know one instance of an impromptu which no length of study could have bettered. My merry friend, Jem White, had seen him one evening in Aguecheek, and recognising Dodd the next day in Fleet Street, was irresistibly impelled to take off his hat and salute him as the identical Knight of the preceding evening with a “Save you, Sir Andrew.” Dodd, not at all disconcerted at this unusual address from a stranger, with a courteous half-rebuking wave of the hand, put him off with an “Away, Poet.”

out of which cathedral seats and sounding boards are hewed. But if a glad heart—kind and therefore glad—be any part of sanctity, then might the robe of Motley, with which he invested himself with so much humility after his deprivation, and which he wore so long with so much blameless satisfaction to himself and to the public, be accepted for a surplice—his white stole, and albe.

The first fruits of his secularization was an engagement upon the boards of Old Drury, at which theatre he commenced, as I have been told, with adopting the manner of Parsons in old men's characters. At the period in which most of us knew him, he was no more an imitator than he was in any true sense himself imitable.

He was the Robin Good-Fellow of the stage. He came in to trouble all things with a welcome perplexity, himself no whit troubled for the matter. He was known, like Puck, by his note—*Ha! Ha! Ha!*—sometimes deepening to *Ho! Ho! Ho!* with an irresistible accession, derived perhaps remotely from his ecclesiastical education, foreign to his prototype of—*Oh La! La!* Thousands of hearts yet respond to the chuckling *Oh La!* of Dicky Suett, brought back to their remembrance by the faithful transcript of his friend Matthews' mimicry. The “force of nature could no further go.” He drolled upon the stock of these two syllables richer than the cuckoo.

Care, that troubles all the world, was forgotten in his composition. Had he had but two grains (nay, half a grain) of it, he could never have supported himself upon those two spiders' strings, which served him (in the latter part of his unmixed existence) as legs. A doubt or a scruple must have made him totter, a sigh have puffed him down; the weight of a frown had staggered him, a wrinkle made him lose his balance. But on he went, scrambling upon those airy stilts of his, with Robin Good-Fellow, “thorough brake, thorough brier,” reckless of a scratched face or a torn doublet.

Shakspeare foresaw him, when he framed his fools and jesters. They have all the true Suett stamp, a loose and shambling gait, a slippery tongue, this last the ready midwife to a without-pain-delivered jest; in words, light as air, venting truths deep as the centre; with idlest rhymes tagging conceit when busiest, singing with Lear in the tempest, or Sir Toby at the buttery-hatch.

Jack Bannister and he had the fortune to be more of personal favourites with the town than any actors before or after. The difference, I take it, was this:—Jack was more beloved for his sweet, good-natured, moral pretensions. Dicky was more liked for his sweet, good-natured, no pretensions at all. Your whole conscience stirred with Bannister's performance of *Walter in the Children in the Wood*—but Dicky seemed like a thing, as Shakspeare says of Love, too young to know what conscience is. He put us into Vesta's days. Evil fled before him—not as from

Jack, as from an antagonist,—but because it could not touch him, any more than a cannon-ball a fly. He was delivered from the burden of that death; and, when Death came himself, not in metaphor, to fetch Dicky, it is recorded of him by Robert Palmer, who kindly watched his exit, that he received the last stroke, neither varying his accustomed tranquillity, or tune, with the simple exclamation, worthy to have been recorded in his epitaph—*Oh La! Oh La! Bobby!*

The elder Palmer (of stage-treading celebrity) commonly played Sir Toby in those days; but there is a solidity of wit in the jests of that half-Falstaff which he did not quite fill out. He was as much too showy as Moody (who sometimes took the part) was dry and sottish. In sock or buskin there was an air of swaggering gentility about Jack Palmer. He was a *gentleman* with a slight infusion of the *footman*. His brother Bob (of recenter memory) who was his shadow in every thing while he lived, and dwindled into less than a shadow afterwards—was a *gentleman* with a little stronger infusion of the latter ingredient; that was all. It is amazing how a little of the more or less makes a difference in these things. When you saw Bobby in the Duke's Servant,* you said, what a pity such a pretty fellow was only a servant. When you saw Jack figuring in Captain Absolute, you thought you could trace his promotion to some lady of quality who fancied the handsome fellow in his top-knot, and had bought him a commission. Therefore Jack in Dick Amlet was insuperable.

Jack had two voices,—both plausible, hypocritical, and insinuating; but his secondary or supplemental voice still more decisively histrionic than his common one. It was reserved for the spectator; and the *dramatis personæ* were supposed to know nothing at all about it. The *lies* of Young Wilding, and the *sentiments* in Joseph Surface, were thus marked out in a sort of italics to the audience. This secret correspondence with the company before the curtain (which is the bane and death of tragedy) has an extremely happy effect in some kinds of comedy, in the more highly artificial comedy of Congreve or of Sheridan especially, where the absolute sense of reality (so indispensable to scenes of interest) is not required, or would rather interfere to diminish your pleasure. The fact is, you do not believe in such characters as Surface—the villain of artificial comedy—even while you read or see them. If you did, they would shock and not divert you. When Ben, in *Love for Love*, returns from sea, the following exquisite dialogue occurs at his first meeting with his father—

Sir Sampson. Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

Ben. Ey, ey, been! Been far enough, an' that be all. —Well, father, and how do all at home? how does brother Dick, and brother Val?

* High Life Below Stairs.

Sir Sampson. Dick! body o' me, Dick has been dead these two years. I writ you word when you were at Leghorn.

Ben. Mess, that's true; marry, I had forgot. Dick's dead, as you say—Well, and how?—I have a many questions to ask you—

Here is an instance of insensibility which in real life would be revolting, or rather in real life could not have coexisted with the warm-hearted temperament of the character. But when you read it in the spirit with which such playful selections and specious combinations rather than strict metaphrases of nature should be taken, or when you saw Bannister play it, it neither did nor does wound the moral sense at all. For what is Ben—the pleasant sailor which Bannister gives us—but a piece of satire—a creation of Congreve's fancy—a dreamy combination of all the accidents of a sailor's character—his contempt of money—his credulity to women—with that necessary estrangement from home which it is just within the verge of credibility to suppose might produce such an hallucination as is here described. We never think the worse of Ben for it, or feel it as a stain upon his character. But when an actor comes, and instead of the delightful phantom—the creature dear to half-belief—which Bannister exhibited—displays before our eyes a downright concretion of a Wapping sailor—a jolly warm-hearted Jack Tar—and nothing else—when instead of investing it with a delicious confusedness of the head, and a veering undirected goodness of purpose—he gives to it a downright daylight understanding, and a full consciousness of its actions; thrusting forward the sensibilities of the character with a pretence as if it stood upon nothing else, and was to be judged by them alone—we feel the discord of the thing; the scene is disturbed; a real man has got in among the *dramatis personæ*, and puts them out. We want the sailor turned out. We feel that his true place is not behind the curtain but in the first or second gallery.

ON THE ARTIFICIAL COMEDY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THE artificial comedy, or comedy of manners, is quite extinct on our stage. Congreve and Farquhar show their heads once in seven years only, to be exploded and put down instantly. The times cannot bear them. Is it for a few wild speeches, an occasional license of dialogue? I think not altogether. The business of their dramatic characters will not stand the moral test. We screw every thing up to that. Idle gallantry in a fiction, a dream, the passing pageant of an evening, startles us in the same way as the alarming indications of profligacy in a son or ward in real life should startle a parent or guardian. We have no such middle emotions as dramatic interests

left. We see a stage libertine playing his loose pranks of two hour's duration, and of no after consequence, with the severe eyes which inspect real vices with their bearings upon two worlds. We are spectators to a plot or intrigue (not reducible in life to the point of strict morality) and take it all for truth. We substitute a real for a dramatic person, and judge him accordingly. We try him in our courts, from which there is no appeal to the *dramatis personæ*, his peers. We have been spoiled with—not sentimental comedy—but a tyrant far more pernicious to our pleasures which has succeeded to it, the exclusive and all-devouring drama of common life; where the moral point is every thing; where, instead of the fictitious half-believed personages of the stage (the phantoms of old comedy) we recognise ourselves, our brothers, aunts, kinsfolk, allies, patrons, enemies,—the same as in life,—with an interest in what is going on so hearty and substantial, that we cannot afford our moral judgment, in its deepest and most vital results, to compromise or slumber for a moment. What is *there* transacting, by no modification is made to affect us in any other manner than the same events or characters would do in our relationships of life. We carry our fireside concerns to the theatre with us. We do not go thither, like our ancestors, to escape from the pressure of reality, so much as to confirm off experience of it; to make assurance double, and take a bond of fate. We must live our toilsome lives twice over, as it was the mournful privilege of Ulysses to descend twice to the shades. All that neutral ground of character, which stood between vice and virtue; or which in fact was indifferent to neither, where neither properly was called in question; that happy breathing-place from the burden of a perpetual moral questioning—the sanctuary and quiet Alsatia of hunted casuistry—is broken up and disfranchised, as injurious to the interests of society. The privileges of the place are taken away by law. We dare not dally with images, or names of wrong. We bark like foolish dogs at shadows. We dread infection from the scenic representation of disorder, and fear a painted pustule. In our anxiety that our morality should not take cold, we wrap it up in a great blanket surtout of precaution against the breeze and sunshine.

I confess for myself that (with no great delinquencies to answer for) I am glad for a season to take an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience,—not to live always in the precincts of the law courts,—but now and then, for a dream-while or so, to imagine a world with no meddling restrictions—to get into recesses, whither the hunter cannot follow me—

"——— Secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove!"—

I come back to my cage and my restraint the fresher and more healthy for it. I wear my shackles more contentedly for having respired

the breath of an imaginary freedom. I do not know how it is with others, but I feel the better always for the perusal of one of Congreve's—nay, why should I not add even of Wycherley's comedies. I am the gayer at least for it; and I could never connect those sports of a witty fancy in any shape with any result to be drawn from them to imitation in real life. They are a world of themselves almost as much as fairy land. Take one of their characters, male or female, (with few exceptions they are alike,) and place it in a modern play, and my virtuous indignation shall rise against the profligate wretch as warmly as the Catos of the pit could desire; because in a modern play I am to judge of the right and the wrong. The standard of *police* is the measure of *political justice*. The atmosphere will blight it, it cannot live here. — It has got into a moral world, where it has no business, from which it must needs fall headlong; as dizzy, and incapable of making a stand, as a Swedenborgian bad spirit that has wandered unawares into the sphere of one of his Good Men, or Angels. But in its own world do we feel the creature is so very bad? The Fainalls and the Mirabels, the Dorimants and the Lady Touchwoods, in their own sphere, do not offend my moral sense; in fact they do not appeal to it at all. They seem engaged in their proper element. They break through no laws, or conscientious restraints. They know of none. They have got out of Christendom into the land—what shall I call it?—of cuckoldry—the Utopia of gallantry, where pleasure is duty, and the manners perfect freedom. It is altogether a speculative scene of things, which has no reference whatever to the world that is. No good person can be justly offended as a spectator, because no good person suffers on the stage. Judged morally, every character in these plays—the few exceptions only are *mistakes*—is alike essentially vain and worthless. The great art of Congreve is especially shown in this, that he has entirely excluded from his scenes,—some little generosities in the part of Angelica perhaps excepted,—not only any thing like a faultless character, but any pretensions to goodness or good feelings whatsoever. Whether he did this designedly, or instinctively, the effect is as happy, as the design (if design) was bold. I used to wonder at the strange power which his *Way of the World* in particular possesses of interesting you all along in the pursuit of characters, for whom you absolutely care nothing—for you neither hate nor love his personages—and I think it is owing to this very indifference for any, that you endure the whole. He has spread a privation of moral light, I will call it, rather than by the ugly name of palpable darkness, over his creations; and his shadows flit before you without distinction or preference. Had he introduced a good character, a single gush of moral feeling, a revulsion of the judgment to actual life and actual duties, the impertinent Goethe would have only lighted to this

discovery of deformities, which now are none, because we think them none.

Translated into real life, the characters of his, and his friend Wycherley's dramas, are profligates and strumpets,—the business of their brief existence, the undivided pursuit of lawless gallantry. No other spring of action, or possible motive of conduct is recognised; principles which, universally acted upon, must reduce this frame of things to a chaos. But we do them wrong in so translating them. No such effects are produced in *their* world. When we are among them we are amongst a chaotic people. We are not to judge them by our usages. No reverend institutions are insulted by their proceedings,—for they have none among them. No peace of families is violated,—for no family ties exist among them. No purity of the marriage-bed is stained,—for none is supposed to have a being. No deep affections are disquieted,—no holy wedlock bands are snapped asunder,—for affection's depth and wedded faith are not of the growth of that soil. There is neither right nor wrong,—gratitude or its opposite,—claim or duty,—paternity or sonship. Of what consequence is it to virtue, or how is she at all concerned about it, whether Sir Simon or Dapperwit, steal away Miss Martha; or who is the father of Lord Froth's or Sir Paul Pliant's children.

The whole is a passing pageant, where we should sit as unconcerned at the issues, for life or death, as at a battle of the frogs and mice. But, like Don Quixotte, we take part against the puppets, and quite as impertinently. We dare not contemplate an Atlantis, a scheme out of which our coxcombical moral sense is for a little transitory ease excluded. We have not the courage to imagine a state of things for which there is neither reward nor punishment. We cling to the painful necessities of shame and blame. We would indict our very dreams.

Amidst the mortifying circumstances attendant upon growing old, it is something to have seen the School for Scandal in its glory. This comedy grew out of Congreve and Wycherley, but gathered some allays of the sentimental comedy which followed theirs. It is impossible that it should be now *acted*, though it continues, at long intervals, to be announced in the bills. Its hero, when Palmer played it at least, was Joseph Surface. When I remember the gay boldness, the graceful solemn plausibility, the measured step, the insinuating voice—to express it in a word—the downright *acted* villany of the part, so different from the pressure of conscious actual wickedness,—the hypocritical assumption of hypocrisy,—which made Jack so deservedly a favourite in that character, I must needs conclude the present generation of play-goers more virtuous than myself, or more dense. I freely confess that he divided the palm with me with his better brother; that, in fact, I liked him quite as well. Not but there are pas-

sages,—like that, for instance, where Joseph is made to refuse a pittance to a poor relation,—incongruities which Sheridan was forced upon by the attempt to join the artificial with the sentimental comedy, either of which must destroy the other—but over these obstructions Jack's manner floated him so lightly, that a refusal from him no more shocked you, than the easy compliance of Charles gave you in reality any pleasure; you got over the paltry question as quickly as you could, to get back into the regions of pure comedy, where no cold moral reigns. The highly artificial manner of Palmer in this character, counteracted every disagreeable impression which you might have received from the contrast, supposing them real, between the two brothers. You did not believe in Joseph with the same faith with which you believed in Charles. The latter was a pleasant reality, the former a no less pleasant poetical foil to it. The comedy, I have said, is incongruous, a mixture of Congreve with sentimental incompatibilities: the gaiety upon the whole is buoyant: but it required the consummate art of Palmer to reconcile the discordant elements.

A player with Jack's talents, if we had one now, would not dare to do the part in the same manner. He would instinctively avoid every turn which might tend to unrealise, and so to make the character fascinating. He must take his cue from his spectators, who would expect a bad man and a good man as rigidly opposed to each other as the death-beds of those geniuses are contrasted in the prints, which I am sorry to say have disappeared from the windows of my old friend Carrington Bowles, of St. Paul's Churchyard memory—(an exhibition as venerable as the adjacent cathedral, and almost coeval) of the bad and good man at the hour of death; where the ghastly apprehensions of the former,—and truly the grim phantom with his reality of a toasting fork is not to be despised,—so finely contrast with the meek complacent kissing of the rod,—taking it in like honey and butter,—with which the latter submits to the scythe of the gentle bleeder, Time, who wields his lancet with the apprehensive finger of a popular young ladies' surgeon. What flesh, like loving grass, would not covet to meet halfway the stroke of such a delicate mower? John Palmer was twice an actor in this exquisite part. He was playing to you all the while that he was playing upon Sir Peter and his lady. You had the first intimation of a sentiment before it was on his lips. His altered voice was meant to you, and you were to suppose that his fictitious colfluttersers on the stage perceived nothing at all of it. What was it to you if that half-reality, the husband, was overreached by the puppetry—or the thin thing (Lady Teazle's reputation) was persuaded it was dying of a plethora? The fortunes of Othello and Deedemonia were not concerned in it. Poor Jack has passed from the stage in good time, that he did not

live to this our age of seriousness. The pleasant old Teazle King, too, is gone in good time. His manner would scarce have passed current in our day. We must love or hate—acquit or condemn—censure or pity—exert our detestable coxcombry of moral judgment upon every thing. Joseph Surface, to go down now, must be a downright revolting villain—no compromise—his first appearance must shock and give horror—his specious plausibilities, which the pleasurable faculties of our fathers welcomed with such hearty greetings, knowing that no harm (dramatic harm even) could come, or was meant to come of them, must inspire a cold and killing aversion. Charles (the real canting person of the scene—for the hypocrisy of Joseph has its ulterior legitimate ends, but his brother's professions of a good heart centre in downright self-satisfaction) must be *loved*, and Joseph *hated*. To balance one disagreeable reality with another, Sir Peter Teazle must be no longer the comic idea of a fretful old bachelor bridegroom, whose teasings (while King acted it) were evidently as much played off at you, as they were meant to concern any body on the stage,—he must be a real person capable in law of sustaining an injury—a person towards whom duties are to be acknowledged—the genuine criminal, antagonist of the villainous seducer Joseph. To realise him more, his sufferings under his unfortunate match must have the downright pungency of life—must (or should) make you not mirthful but uncomfortable, just as the same predicament would move you in a neighbour or old friend. The delicious scenes which give the play its name and zest, must affect you in the same serious manner as if you heard the reputation of a dear female friend attacked in your real presence. Crabtree; and Sir Benjamin—those poor snakes that live but in the sunshine of your mirth—must be ripened by this hot-bed process of realization into asps or amphisbænas; and Mrs. Candour—Oh! frightful! become a hooded serpent. Oh, who that remembers Parsons and Dodd—the wasp and butterfly of the School for Scandal—in those two characters; and charming natural Miss Pope, the perfect gentlewoman as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy, in this latter part—would forego the true scenic delight—the escape from life—the oblivion of consequences—the holiday barring out of the pedant reflection—those saturnalia of two or three brief hours, well won from the world—to sit instead at one of our modern plays—to have his coward conscience (that forsooth must not be left for a moment) stimulated with perpetual appeals—dulled rather, and blunted, as a faculty without repose must be—and his moral vanity pampered with images of notional justice, notional beneficence, lives saved without the spectator's risk, and fortunes given away that cost the author nothing?

No piece was, perhaps, ever so completely cast in all its parts as this *manager's comedy*. Miss

Farren had succeeded to Mrs. Abington in Lady Teazle; and Smith, the original Charles, had retired, when I first saw it. The rest of the characters, with very slight exceptions, remained. I remember it was then the fashion to cry down John Kemble, who took the part of Charles after Smith; but, I thought, very unjustly. Smith, I fancy, was more airy, and took the eye with a certain gayety of person. He brought with him no sombre recollections of tragedy. He had not to expiate the fault of having pleased beforehand in lofty declamation. He had no sins of Hamlet or of Richard to atone for. His failure in these parts was a passport to success in one of so opposite a tendency. But, as far as I could judge, the weighty sense of Kemble made up for mere personal incapacity than he had to answer for. His harshest tones in this part came steeped and dulcified in good humour. He made his defects a grace. His exact declamatory manner, as he managed it, only served to convey the points of his dialogue with more precision. It seemed to head the shafts to carry them deeper. Not one of his sparkling sentences was lost. I remember minutely how he delivered each in succession, and cannot by any effort imagine how any of them could be altered for the better. No man could deliver brilliant dialogue—the dialogue of Congreve or of Wycherley—because none understood it—half so well as John Kemble. His Valentine, in *Love for Love*, was to my recollection, faultless. He flagged sometimes in the intervals of tragic passion. He would slumber over the level parts of an heroic character. His *Macbeth* has been known to nod. But he always seemed to me to be particularly alive to pointed and witty dialogue. The relaxing levities of tragedy have not been touched by any since him—the playful court-bred spirit in which he condescended to the players in *Hamlet*—the sportive relief which he threw into the darker shades of Richard—disappeared with him. He had his sluggish moods, his torpors—but they were the halting-stones and resting-places of his tragedy—politic savings, and fetches of the breath—husbandry of the lungs, where nature pointed him to be an economist—rather, I think, than errors of the judgment. They were, at worst, less painful than the eternal tormenting unappeasable vigilance, the “lides dragon eyes,” of present fashionable tragedy.

ON THE ACTING OF MUNDEN.

Nor many nights ago I had come home from seeing this extraordinary performer in *Cockle-top*; and when I retired to my pillow, his whimsical image still stuck by me, in a manner as to threaten sleep. In vain I tried to divest myself of it, by conjuring up the most opposite associations. I resolved to be serious. I raised up the

gravest topics of life; private misery, public calamity. All would not do—

“———There the antic sat
Mocking our state”——

his queer vianomy—his bewildering costume—all the strange things which he had raked together—his serpentine rod swagging about in his pocket—Cleopatra’s tear and the rest of his relics—O’Keefe’s wild farce and his wilder commentary—till the passion of laughter, like grief in excess, relieved itself by its own weight, inviting the sleep which in the first instance it had driven away.

But I was not to escape so easily. No sooner did I fall into slumbers, than the same image, only more perplexing, assailed me in the shape of dreams. Not one Munden, but five hundred, were dancing before me, like the faces which, whether you will or no, come when you have been taking opium—all the strange combinations, which this strangest of all strange mortals ever shot his proper countenance into, from the day he came commissioned to dry up the tears of the town for the loss of the now almost forgotten Edwin. Oh for the power of the pencil to have fixed them when I awoke! A season or two since there was exhibited a Hogarth gallery. I do not see why there should not be a Munden gallery. In richness and variety the latter would not fall far short of the former.

There is one face of Farley, one face of Knight, one (but what a one it is!) of Liston; but Munden has none that you can properly pin down, and call *his*. When you think he has exhausted his battery of looks, in unaccountable warfare with your gravity, suddenly he sprouts out an entirely new set of features, like Hydra. He is not one, but legion. Not so much a comedian, as a company. If his name could be multiplied like his countenance, it might fill a play-bill. He, and he alone, literally *makes faces*; applied to any other person, the phrase is a mere figure, denoting certain modifications of the human countenance. Out of some invisible wardrobe he dips for faces, as his friend Suett used for wigs, and fetches them out as easily. I should not be surprised to see him some day put out the head of a river horse; or come forth a pewit, or lapwing, some feathered metamorphosis.

I have seen this gifted actor in Sir Christopher Curry—in Old Dornton—diffuse a glow of sentiment which has made the pulse of a crowded theatre beat like that of one man; when he has come in aid of the pulpit, doing good to the moral heart of a people. I have seen some faint approaches to this sort of excellence in other players. But in the grand grotesque of farce, Munden stands out as single and unaccompanied as Hogarth. Hogarth, strange to tell, had no followers. The school of Munden began, and must end with himself.

Can any man wonder, like him? can any man

see *ghosts* like him? or *fight with his own shadow*—“*BESSA*”—as he does in that strangely-neglected thing, the Cobbler of Preston—where his alternations from the Cobbler to the Magnifico, and from the Magnifico to the Cobbler, keep the brain of the spectator in as wild a ferment, as if some Arabian Night were being acted before him. Who like him can throw, or ever attempted to throw, a preternatural interest over the commonest daily-life objects? A table, or a joint-stool, in his conception, rises into a dignity equivalent to Cassiopeia’s chair. It is invested with constellatory importance. You could not speak of it with more deference, if it were mounted into the firmament. A beggar in the hands of Michael Angelo, says Fuseli, rose the Patriarch of Poverty. So the gusto of Munden antiquates and ennobs what it touches. His pots and his ladles are as grand and primal as the seething-pots and hooks seen in an old prophetic vision. A tub of butter, contemplated by him, amounts to a Platonic idea. He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. He stands wondering, amid the commonplace materials of life, like primeval man with the sun and stars about him.

REJOICINGS UPON THE NEW YEAR’S COMING OF AGE.

THE *Old Year* being dead, and the *New Year* coming of age, which he does, by Calendar Law, as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman’s body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the *Days* in the year were invited. The *Festivals*, whom he deputed as his Stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below; and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty. It was stiffly debated among them, whether the *Fasts* should be admitted. Some said, the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by *Christmas Day*, who had a design upon *Ash Wednesday*, (as you shall hear,) and a mighty desire to see how the old Domine would behave himself in his cups. Only the *Vigils* were requested to come with their lanterns to light the gentlefolks home at night.

All the *Days* came to their day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table; with an occasional knife and fork at the side-board for the *Twenty-Ninth of February*.

I should have told you, that cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the *Hours*; twelve little, merry, whirligig foot-pages, as you should desire to see, that went all round, and

found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of *Easter Day*, *Shrove Tuesday*, and a few such *Moveables*, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, foul *Days*, fine *Days*, all sorts of *Days*, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but, Hail! fellow *Day*, well met—brother *Day*—sister *Day*,—only *Lady Day* kept a little on the aloof, and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said *Twelfth Day* cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a Queen on a frost-cake, all royal, glittering, and *Epiphanous*. The rest came, some in green, some in white—but old *Lent* and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy *Days* came in, dripping; and sunshiny *Days* helped them to change their stockings. *Wedding Day* was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear; *Pay Day* came late, as he always does; and *Doomsday* sent word—he might be expected.

April Fool, (as my young lord's jester,) took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made with it. It would have posed old *Erra Pater* to have found out any given *Day* in the year to erect a scheme upon—good *Days*, bad *Days*, were so shuffled together, to the confounding of all sober horoscopy.

He had stuck the *Twenty-first of June* next to the *Twenty-second of December*, and the former looked like a Maypole siding a marrow-bone. *Ash Wednesday* got wedged in, (as was concerted,) between *Christmas* and *Lord Mayor's Days*. Lord! how he laid about him! Nothing but barons of beef and turkeys would go down with him—to the great greasing and detriment of his new sack-cloth bib and tucker. And still *Christmas Day* was at his elbow, plying him with the wassail-bowl, till he roared, and hiccuped, and protested there was no faith in dried ling, but commended it to the devil for a sour, windy, acrimonious, censorious, hypo-crit-crit-critical mess, and no dish for a gentleman. Then he dipt his fist into the middle of the great custard that stood before his *left-hand neighbour*, and daubed his hungry beard all over with it, till you would have taken him for the *Last Day in December*, it so hung in icicles.

At another part of the table, *Shrove Tuesday* was helping the *Second of September* to some cock broth,—which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a hen-pheasant,—so there was no love lost for that matter. The *Last of Lent* was spunging upon *Shrove-tide's* pancakes; which *April Fool* perceiving, told him he did well, for pancakes were proper to a *good fry-day*.

In another part, a hubbub arose about the *Thirtieth of January*, who, it seems, being a sour, puritanic character, that thought nobody's meat good or sanctified enough for him, had smuggled into the room a calve's-head, which he had had cooked at home for that purpose, thinking to feast

thereon incontinently; but as it lay in the dish, *March Manyweathers*, who is a very fine lady, and subject to the megrims, suddenly screamed out there was a "human head in the platter," and raved about Herodias' daughter to that degree, that the obnoxious viand was obliged to be removed; nor did she recover her stomach till she had gulped down a *Restorative*, confected of Oak *Apple*, which the merry *Twenty-Ninth of May* always carries about with him for that purpose.

The king's health being called for after this, a notable dispute arose between the *Twelfth of August*, (a zealous old whig gentlewoman,) and the *Twenty-third of April*, (a new-fangled lady of the tory stamp,) as to which of them should have the honour to propose it. *August* grew hot upon the matter, affirming time out of mind the prescriptive right to have lain with her, till her rival had basely supplanted her; whom she represented as little better than a *kept* mistress, who went about in *fine clothes*, while she, (the legitimate *BIRTHDAY*), had scarcely a rag, &c.

April Fool, being made mediator, confirmed the right in the strongest form of words to the appellant, but decided for peace' sake that the exercise of it should remain with the present possessor. At the same time, he slyly rounded the first lady in the ear, that an action might lie against the crown for *bi-geny*.

It beginning to grow a little duskish, *Candlemas* lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the *Days*, who protested against burning daylight. Then fair water was handed round in silver ewers, and the *same lady* was observed to take an unusual time in *washing* herself.

May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech proposing the health of the founder, crowned her goblet, (and by her example the rest of the company,) with garlands. This being done, the lordly *New Year* from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. He felt proud on an occasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, promised to improve their farms, and at the same time to abate, (if any thing was found unreasonable,) in their rents.

At the mention of this, the four *Quarter Days* involuntarily looked at each other, and smiled; *April Fool* whistled to an old tune of "New Brooms;" and a surly old rebel at the farther end of the table, (who was discovered to be no other than the *Fifth of November*;) muttered out, distinctly enough to be heard by the whole company, words to this effect, that, "when the old one is gone, he is a fool that looks for a better." Which rudeness of his, the guests resenting, unanimously voted his expulsion; and the malecontent was thrust out neck and heels into the cellar, as the properest place for such a *boutefeu* and firebrand as he had shown himself.

Order being restored—the young lord, (who, to

say truth, had been a little ruffled, and put beside his oratory,) in as few, and yet as obliging words as possible, assured them of entire welcome; and, with a graceful turn, singling out poor *Twentieth of February*, that had sat all this while munched at the side-board, begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him—which he drank accordingly; observing that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years, with a number of endearing expressions besides. At the same time removing the solitary *Day* from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board, somewhere between the *Greek Calends* and *Latter Lammas*.

Ash Wednesday being now called upon for a song, with his eyes fast stuck in his head, and as well as the Canary he had swallowed would give him leave, struck up a carol, which *Christmas Day* had taught him for the nonce; and was followed by the latter, who gave "*Miserere*" in fine style, hitting off the mumping tones and lengthened drawl of *Old Mortification* with infinite humour. *April Fool* swore they had exchanged conditions; but *Good Friday* was observed to look extremely grave; and *Sunday* held her fan before her face, that she might not be seen to smile.

Shrove-tide, *Lord Mayor's Day*, and *April Fool*, next joined in a glee—

"Which is the properest day to drink?"

in which all the *Days* chiming in, made a merry burden.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed, who had the greatest number of followers—the *Quarter Days* said there could be no question as to that; for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But *April Fool* gave it in favour of the *Forty Days before Easter*; because the debtors in all cases outnumbered the creditors, and they kept lent all the year.

All this while, *Valentine's Day* kept courting pretty *May*, who sat next him, slipping amorous *billets-doux* under the table, till the *Dog Days*, (who are naturally of a warm constitution,) began to be jealous, and to bark and rage exceedingly. *April Fool*, who likes a bit of sport above measure, and had some pretensions to the lady besides, as being but a cousin once removed,—clapped and hallooed them on; and as fast as their indignation cooled, those mad wags, the *Ember Days*, were at it with their bellows to blow it into a flame; and all was in a ferment: till old *Madam Septuagesima*, (who boasts herself the *Mother of the Days*,) wisely diverted the conversation with a tedious tale of the lovers which she could reckon when she was young: and of one *Master Rogation Day* in particular, who was for ever putting the question to her, but she kept him at a distance, as the chronicle would tell—by which I apprehend she meant the almanac. Then she rambled on to the *Days*

that were gone, the good old *Days*, and so to the *Days before the Flood*—which plainly showed her old head to be little better than crazed and doited.

Day being ended, the *Days* called for their cloaks and great coats, and took their leaves. *Lord Mayor's Day* went off in a mist, as usual; *Shortest Day* in a deep black fog, that wrapt the little gentleman all round like a hedge-hog. Two *Vigils*—so watchmen are called in heaven—saw *Christmas Day* safe home—they had been used to the business before. Another *Vigil*—a stout sturdy patrol, called the *Eve of St. Christopher*—seeing *Ash Wednesday* in a condition little better than he should be, e'en whipt him over his shoulders, pick-a-back fashion, and *Old Mortification* went floating home, singing—

"On the bat's back do I fly,"

and a number of old snatches besides, between drunk and sober, but very few *Aves* or *Penitentiaries*, (you may believe me,) were among them. *Longest Day* set off westward, in beautiful crimson and gold—the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but *Valentine* and pretty *May* took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a *Lover's Day* would wish to set in.

REFLECTIONS IN THE PILLORY.

[ABOUT the year 18—, one R—, a respectable London merchant, (since dead,) stood in the pillory for some alleged fraud upon the revenue. Among his papers were found the following "Reflections," which we have obtained by favour of our friend *Elia*, who knew him well, and had heard him describe the train of his feelings upon that trying occasion almost in the words of the MS. *Elia* speaks of him as a man, (with the exception of the peccadillo aforesaid,) of singular integrity in all his private dealings, possessing great suavity of manner with a certain turn for humour. As our object is to present human nature under every possible circumstance, we do not think that we shall sully our pages by inserting it.—EDITOR.]

SCENE, OPPOSITE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.—TIME, TWELVE TO ONE, NOON.

KETCH, my good fellow, you have a neat hand. Prithce, adjust this new collar to my neck gingerly. I am not used to these wooden cravats. There, softly, softly. That seems the exact point between ornament and strangulation. A thought looser on this side. Now it will do. And have a care in turning me, that I present my aspect due vertically. I now face the orient. In a quarter of an hour I shift southward—do you mind?—and so on till I face the east again, travelling with the sun. No half points, I beseech you; N. N. by W. or any such elaborate niceties. They become the shipman's card, but not this mystery. Now leave me a little to my own reflections.

Bless us, what a company is assembled in honour of me! How grand I stand here! I never felt so sensibly before the effect of solitude in a crowd. I muse in solemn silence upon that vast

miscellaneous rabble in the pit there. From my private box I contemplate with mingled pity and wonder the gaping curiosity of those underlings. There are my Whitechapel supporters. Rosemary Lane has emptied herself of the very flower of her citizens to grace my show. Duke's place sits desolate. What is there in my face, that strangers should come so far from the east to gaze upon it? [*Here an egg narrowly misses him.*] That offering was well meant, but not so cleanly executed. By the tricklings, it should not be either myrrh or frankincense. Spare your presents, my friends; I am no-ways mercenary. I desire no missive tokens of your approbation. I am past those valentines. Bestow these coffins of untimely chickens upon mouths that water for them. Comfort your addle spouses with them at home, and stop the mouths of your brawling brats with such Olla Podridas; they have need of them. [*A brick is let fly.*] Discase not, I pray you, nor dismantle your rent and ragged tenements, to furnish me with architectural decorations, which I can excuse. This fragment might have stopped a flaw against snow comes. [*A coal flies.*] Cinders are dear, gentlemen. This nubbling might have helped the pot boil, when your dirty cuttings from the shambles at three ha'pence a pound shall stand at a cold simmer. Now, south about, Ketch. I would enjoy Australian popularity.

What my friends from over the water! Old benchers,—flies of a day—ephemeral Romans—welcome! Doth the sight of me draw souls from limbo? can it dispeople purgatory—ha?

What am I, or what was my father's house, that I should thus be set up a spectacle to gentlemen and others? Why are all faces like Persians at the sunrise, bent singly on mine alone? It was wont to be esteemed an ordinary vanity, a quotidian merely. Doubtless, these assembled myriads discern some traits of nobleness, gentility, breeding, which hitherto have escaped the common observation—some intimations, as it were, of wisdom, valour, piety, and so forth. My sight dazzles; and, if I am not deceived by the too familiar pressure of this strange neckcloth that envelopes it, my countenance gives out lambent glories. For some painter now to take me in the lucky point of expression!—the posture so convenient—the head never shifting, but standing quiescent in a sort of natural frame. But these artisans require a westerly aspect. Ketch, turn me.

Something of St. James's air in these my new friends. How my prospects shift, and brighten! Now if Sir Thomas Lawrence be any where in that group, his fortune is made for ever. I think I see some taking out a crayon. I will compose my whole face to a smile, which yet shall not so predominate, but that gravity and gaiety shall contend as it were—you understand me? I will work up my thoughts to some mild rapture—a gentle enthusiasm—which the artist may

transfer in a manner warm to the canvass. I will inwardly apostrophize my tabernacle.

Delectable mansion, hail! House, not made of every wood! Lodging, that pays no rent; airy and commodious; which, owing no window tax, art yet all casement, out of which men have such pleasure in peering and overlooking, that they will sometimes stand an hour together to enjoy thy prospects! Cell, recluse from the vulgar! Quiet retirement from the great Babel, yet affording sufficient glimpses into it! Pulpit, that instructs without note or sermon-book, into which the preacher is inducted without tenth or first fruit! Throne, unshared and single, that disdainest a Brentford competitor! Honour without co-rival! Or hearest thou rather, magnificent theatre in which the spectator comes to see and to be seen? From thy giddy heights I look down upon the common herd, who stand with eyes upturned as if a winged messenger hovered over them; and mouths open, as if they expected manna. I feel, I feel, the true Episcopal yearnings. Behold in me, my flock, your true overseer! What though I cannot lay hands, because my own are laid, yet I can mutter benedictions. True *otium cum dignitate*! Proud Pisgah eminence! Pinnacle sublime! O Pillory, 'tis thee I sing! Thou younger brother to the gallows, without his rough and Esau palms; that with ineffable contempt surveyest beneath thee the grovelling stocks, which claims presumptuously to be of thy great race. Let that low wood know, that thou art far higher born! Let that domicile for groundling rogues and base earth-kissing varlets envy thy pre-ferment, not seldom fated to be the wanton baiting-house, the temporary retreat, of poet and of patriot. Shades of Bastwick and of Prynne hover over thee—Defoe is there, and more greatly daring Shebbeare—from their (little more elevated,) stations they look down with recognitions. Ketch, turn me.

I now veer to the north. Open your widest gates, thou proud Exchange of London, that I may look in as proudly! Gresham's wonder, hail! I stand upon a level with all your kings. They, and I, from equal heights, with equal superciliousness, o'erlook the plodding, money-hunting tribe below; who, busied in their sordid speculations, scarce elevate their eyes to notice your ancient, or my recent grandeur. The second Charles smiles on me from three pedestals? He closed the Exchequer; I cheated the Excise. Equal our darings, equal be our lot.

Are those the quarters? 'tis their fatal chime.

* A statue of Charles II. by the elder Gibber, adorns the front of the Exchange. He stands also on high, in the train of his crowned ancestors, in his proper order, *within* that building. But the merchants of London, in a superfection of loyalty, have, within a few years, caused to be erected another effigy of him on the ground in the centre of the interior. We do not hear that a fourth is in contemplation.

Editor.

That the ever-winged hours would but stand still ! but I must descend, descend from this dream of greatness. Stay, stay, a little while, importunate hour hand. A moment or two, and I shall walk on foot with the undistinguished many. The clock speaks one. I return to common life. Ketch, let me out.

TWELFTH NIGHT,

OR WHAT YOU WILL.

THERE is one day, (or night,) in the year which, however capricious Nature may choose to be, is always the same. On that day, though the heavens shower roses, or stones, or sea-water, we have always our frost and snow upon earth. If it be not nature, it is art, and will answer our purpose as well. This day, (we beg pardon of our friends in Dublin,) is *Twelfth Night* !

On that day the world is populous, multifaced. Every one, (Oh ! rare day !) is a Weathercock, bifronted, double-tongued. He is Robert and Rigdum-funnidos at once. He is lean Simpson, and Sir Epicure Mammon. He is grinning Harry, and Hamlet the sad Dane. His capacity is double, be it for mirth or drink. He hath two distinct natures, like French and English, heterogeneous. He is, in short, an exquisite irregularity, like the mermaid ; but in most cases handsomer. —I could go on till February in describing these pleasant accidents of fortune, these personal antitheses ; where one corporeal title, (like the fable of the belly and the members,) rebelleth against the other.

On that day there is a grand making of kings, (but “no coronation.”) They are as common as kittens, and playful. Men live for a day under a royal democracy ; but they are free, though ephemeral—contented, though happy. They are slaves to the monarch of fortune, yet they beard and laugh him to scorn. And what, though he bid them kiss the cold bars, or their pretty neighbour,—they repine not, but straightway obey him.

Then how fine is the dialogue, how free from restraint, how gay ! I can almost imagine a Contributor’s circle, potent as a magician’s.

“WE ARE THE KING.”

“We speak no treason, man—”

“We are the king ; so give us our bells.”—[Ah ! cursed quill : we consign thee to perdition for this. No more state papers nor stately shalt thou indite ; no more royal rhyme for thee : henceforward thou shalt scrawl out bills for some village Crispin, nothing higher.]

“Give us our crown, (of wood or tinsel :) we will shine like Mr. Elliston’s pillars, though it be not Bartholomew fair. Now—”

Yet shall I go on ?

Shall I try to show our Elia’s glancing wit ?

Shall I trace the deep and fine vein of Mr. Table Talk ? Shall I paint the cheerful gravity, (almost a paradox,) of D— ? the restless pleasantry of Janus, ever-veering, catching the sun and the shade ? Shall I strive to outdo Mr. Herbert, in his humour, in his portraits so piquant and so true ? Or shall I sharpen my pen’s point, and hit off our friend Lycus’s waggery, his puns, (and what is much better than either,) his poetry ? Or paint our good A—, always gay ; like a huge forest transplanted, a *rus in urbe*,—musical as Polypheme, and as great ?

Shall I go on ?—Ah ! no. For who can tell of our doings ? Who can paint a laugh ? Who can carry away a rich thought with all its bloom ? Where is the freshness of the jest that hung upon accident or circumstance ?—It may not be done.

Yet talking of laughing—as Mr. Aircastle would say, I own I like a laugh. It is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market.

I never saw a Frenchman laugh. They smile, they grin, they shrug up their shoulders, they dance, they cry “Ha !” and “Ciel !” but they never give themselves up to boisterous unlimited laughter. They have always a rein upon their lungs and their muscles are drilled to order. Their mirth does not savour of flesh and blood. I do not mean to contend for that pampered laugh which grows less and less, in proportion as it is high-fed—(so gin given to children stops their growth,) but for a good broad humorous English laugh, such as belongs to a farce or a fair. The Germans laugh sometimes, the Flemings often, the Irish always : the Spaniard’s face is fused, and the Scotchman’s thawed into a laugh ; but a Frenchman never laughs. They smile indeed, but what then ? Their smile is like their soup-maigre, thin ; their merriment squeezed and strained. There is in it something of the acid of their salads, something of the pungency of their sauces, but nothing substantial. It is neither solid nor ethereal,—but a thing between wind and water,—not of earth nor heaven,—good nor bad ; but villanously indifferent, and not to be admitted as mirth.

And yet “Twelfth night” was celebrated in former France. One of the courtiers used to be chosen king, and the king himself and the nobles obeyed him. In Germany too, it is, (or was,) kept up with joke and banqueting ; and in England we have still our Saturnalian revels. These are censured by good master Bourne, “our ancient,” I believe ; but for mine own part I love to see them. I love to see an acre of cake spread out, (the sweet frost covering the rich earth below,) studded all over with glittering flowers, like ice-plants, and red and green knots of sweetmeat, and hollow yellow-crueted crowns, and kings and queens, and their paraphernalia. I delight to see a score of happy children, sitting huddled all round the dainty fare, eying the cake and each other, with faces sunny enough to thaw the white snow. I like to see the gazing silence which is

kept so religiously while the large knife goes its round; and the glistening eyes which feed beforehand upon the huge slices, dark with citron and plums, and heavy as gold. And then, when the "characters" are drawn, is it nothing to watch the peeping delight which escapes from their little eyes? One is proud, as king; another stately, as queen; then there are two whispering grotesque secrets which they cannot contain, (these are Sir Gregory Goose and Sir Tumbelly Clumsey.) The boys laugh out at their own misfortunes, but the little girls, (almost ashamed of their prizes,) sit blushing and silent. It is not until the lady of the house goes round, that some of the more extravagant fictions are revealed. And then, what a roar of mirth! Ha, ha! The ceiling shakes, and the air is torn. They bound from their seats, like kids, and insist on seeing Miss Thompson's card. Ah! what merry spite is proclaimed, what ostentatious pity! The little girl is almost in tears; but the large lump of allotted cake is placed seasonably in her hands, and the glass of sweet wine, "all round," drowns the shrill urchin laughter, and a gentler delight prevails.

—I am not one of those who love to breed up children seriously, or to make them moral rather than happy. Let them be happy, (innocently,) and the other will follow of course. A good example is a good thing. Give them that, and spare your precept.—Oh! I like to see the pleasures of children. They enjoy to-day, and care not for to-morrow. Their path is strewn with roses; the heaven is blue above them, and life is a gay race which all feel sure to win. Some indeed there are, outcasts of fortune, who have to make their way over the rough stones and barren places, beggars from their birth. It pains me to see those many little faces, frost-nipped, which are pressed, (with flattened noses,) against pastrycooks' windows,—Lazarites at the rich men's tables. I do not enjoy their famished looks and roving eyes, and watering mouths half opened. Oh! no: I pity those poor denizens of the streets, inheritors of the cold air. They have no privilege, but to ask—and be refused: no enjoyment, save hungry idleness: no property. Or rather they are "tenants in common" with the bird of passage, and the houseless dog; they have the fierce sun or the inclement sky; nothing further. Their "liberty" is without even its "crust."

Once—(let me have leave to tell this: it is my only tolerable action,) I made a happy-heart on a day of feasting. This was on a Christmas Day, many years ago. I was walking briskly to my coffee-house dinner. Every body looked full of gaiety; and I myself trod like Diomed. There was scarcely a beggar in the streets. Yet was there one, a pale slight little woman who lingered about the opening doors in Greek-street. She might have been the widow of a country clergyman. Her face was thin and hunger-pinched. Her eyes were dull; and there was the shining

mark of a tear, (like a cicatrice,) which traversed one of her cheeks from top to bottom. She crept slowly along the pavement, and now and then she sighed; but she did not beg. She must have been very cold; for her tattered black weeds were not enough with all her care, and shifting them from shoulder to shoulder, to fence off the nipping wind. I turned my head aside as I passed, (a week's begging would have done me good then,) lest I should be beguiled into giving. She did not even look at me; but kept her eyes on the ground as though she were searching for the raw vegetables which servants cast into the street. I walked on twenty—fifty—a hundred yards. I was uncomfortable—I looked back, and there was the pale widow-beggar still dragging her weak steps along. She met nothing but the blast which made her tatters shake. She staggered—I thought she must have fallen. There was no standing this: so I went back and gave her something; no matter what,—not much, nor too little; enough to satisfy both her and myself.—Some years have passed by since this happened; but I have often seen her in my fancy since. There she is—sad, drooping, shivering, her thin arms exposed to the frosty wind. I hear again her quick cry, (it brought tears into my eyes,) and that frightful burst and chuckle, scarcely speech, which filled her throat when she saw my gift. She trembled as though she had been palsy-struck, and looked—. All this I saw and heard in a moment, for in a moment I was gone. I could never meet her again.

O gay and gaudy time! and shall I ever grow too old for thee? Shall I ever hate thy mirth, and wish thee gone, thou bright land-mark of the year? Oh! thou art not like other feasts ending with the day; but thy merriment reacheth through the wakeful night. Thy mistress is the moon, and thou thyself art gaily mad, wisely unreasonable, lunatic. Other feasts are good, but thou art royal! They have their chairmen, their jesters, their jacks in the green; but thou treadest on crowned heads; the phantasms of Momus are thy fellows: Wit whispereth in thine ear; Care boweth down before thee; and if Ill-humour for a moment come, he is quickly put to flight, and Sorrow is drowned in wine.

But of all the feasts and gay doings which I have known, none were like that one "Twelfth Night" which I passed at L——'s house some five or six years ago. That was a night! O Jupiter! O Bacchus! There was too much mirth. The muscles were stretched and strained by laughing. Our host was a right merry man,—a man of humour, of good nature, of high animal spirits, fantastic. He could make "the table" ring and roar beyond any one I ever knew. His jokes would not bear a strict glance, sometimes; but they were better than wit, which is too serious. Wit

sets one thinking, but L—— did not do this. He laughed; he talked; he told comical stories; he mimicked friend and foe, (good naturedly;) he spoke burlesque in verse; he misplaced epithets; he reconciled contradictions; he tacked extremities to each other—the grave and the gay—sense and nonsense. He had drawn “the king,” and was as absolute as a Fate. He ordered things impossible. He insisted that black was white, and he insisted that others should think so too. Oh! there was no withstanding him, he was so pleasant a potentate:—he said something—nothing—and looked round for the boisterous homage of his neighbours, and received it smiling and content.

That night we had songs, English and Italian; we had mistletoe, (there were ladies under it)—we had coffee, and wines, and Twelfth Night characters. We had a supper, where joke and hospitality reigned. And there were cold meats and salads, and pies, and jellies, and wines of all colours, mocking with their lustre the topaz and the ruby; and there were pyramids of fruit, and mountains of rich cake, all decked with sprigs of holly and laurel. And we had a huge “*was-sail bowl*!”—One? We had a dozen, brimming and steaming, and scented with cloves and cinnamon. We ate, and we drank, and we shouted. One sang, and another spoke, (like a parliament orator,) and one gave an extravagant toast; and a fourth laughed out at nothing, and one cried, from very pain, that he could “*laugh no more*,” and instantly a fresh joke was started, and the sufferer screamed with delight, and almost rolled from his chair. The cup of mirth was brimming. It went round and round again, and every one had his fill. This was no meagre shadowy banquet, no Barmecide feast,—no card party, coldly decorous, (where you lose your money and pay for the candles.) It was a revel and a jollity. Though our mirth was becoming, it raged and was loud like thunder. It lasted from nine o’clock at night, till early breakfast, (eight o’clock,) in the morning, and it still lives in my recollection, as the brightest day, (or night,) of the calendar.

THE OLD MARGATE HOY.

I AM fond of passing my vacations, (I believe I have said so before,) at one or other of the Universities. Next to these my choice would fix me at some woody spot, such as the neighbourhood of Henley affords in abundance, upon the banks of my beloved Thames. But somehow or other my cousin contrives to wheedle me once in three or four seasons to a watering place. Old attachments cling to her in spite of experience. We have been dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, duller at Eastbourne a third, and are at this moment doing

dreary penance at—Hastings!—and all because we were happy many years ago for a brief week at—Margate. That was our first sea-side experiment, and many circumstances combined to make it the most agreeable holiday of my life. We had neither of us seen the sea, and we had never been from home so long together in company.

Can I forget thee, thou old Margate Hoy, with thy weather-beaten, sun-burnt captain, and his rough accommodations—ill exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the modern steam packet? To the winds and waves thou committedst thy goodly freightage, and didst ask no aid of magic fumes, and spells, and boiling cauldrons. With the gales of heaven thou wentest swimmingly; or, when it was their pleasure, stoodest still with sailor-like patience. Thy course was natural, not forced, as in a hot-bed; nor didst thou go poisoning the breath of ocean with sulphureous smoke—a great sea-chimæra, chimneying and furnacing the deep; or liker to that sea-god parching up Scamander.

Can I forget thy honest, and slender crew, with their coy reluctant responses, (yet to the suppression of any thing like contempt,) to the raw questions, which we of the great city would be ever and anon putting to them, as to the uses of this or that strange naval implement. ‘Specially can I forget thee, thou happy medium, thou shade of refuge between us and them, conciliating interpreter of their skill to our simplicity, comfortable ambassador between sea and land!—whose sail-or trowsers did not more convincingly assure thee to be an adopted denizen of the former, than thy white cap, and whiter apron over them, with thy neat-fingered practice in thy culinary vocation, bespoke thee to have been of inland nurture heretofore—a master cook of Eastcheap? How busily didst thou ply thy multifarious occupation, cook, mariner, attendant, chamberlain; here, there, like another Ariel, flaming at once about all parts of the deck, yet with kindlier ministrations—not to assist the tempest, but, as if touched with a kindred sense of our infirmities, to soothe the qualms which that untried motion might haply raise in our crude land-fancies. And when the o’er-washing billows drove us below deck, (for it was far gone in October, and we had stiff and blowing weather,) how did thy officious ministrings, still catering for our comfort, with cards, and cordials, and thy more cordial conversation, alleviate the closeness and the confinement of thy else, (truth to say,) not very savoury, nor very inviting, little cabin!

With these additaments to boot, we had on board a fellow-passenger, whose discourse in verity might have beguiled a longer voyage than we meditated, and have made mirth and wonder abound as far as from Thames to the Azores. He was a dark, Spanish-complexioned young man, remarkably handsome, with an officer-like assu-

rance, and an insuppressible volubility of assertion. He was, in fact, the greatest liar I had met with then, or since. He was none of your hesitating half story-tellers, (a most painful description of mortals,) who go on sounding your belief, and only giving you as much as they see you can swallow at a time—the nibbling pickpockets of your patience—but one who committed downright, day-light depredations upon his neighbour's faith. He did not stand shivering upon the brink, but was a hearty thorough-paced liar, and plunged at once into the depths of your credulity. I partly believe, he made pretty sure of his company. Not many rich, not many wise, or learned, composed at that time the common stowage of a Margate packet. We were, I am afraid, a set of as unfledged Londoners, (let our enemies give it a worse name,) as Thames or Tooley-street at that time of day could have supplied. There might be an exception or two among us, but I scorn to make any invidious distinctions among such a jolly, companionable ship's company, as those were whom I sailed with. Something too must be conceded to the *Genius Loci*. Had the confident fellow told us half the legends on land, which he favoured us with on the other element, I flatter myself, the good sense of most of us would have revolted. But we were in a new world, with every thing unfamiliar about us, and the time and place disposed us to the reception of any prodigious marvel whatsoever. Time has obliterated from my memory much of his wild fablings; and the rest would appear but dull, as written, and to be read on shore. He had been aid-de-camp, (among other rare accidents and fortunes,) to a Persian prince, and at one blow had stricken off the head of the king of Carmania on horseback. He, of course, married the prince's daughter. I forget what unlucky turn in the politics of that court, combining with the loss of his consort, was the reason of his quitting Persia; but with the rapidity of a magician he transported himself, along with his hearers, back to England, where we still found him in the confidence of great ladies. There was some story of a princess—Elizabeth, if I remember,—having entrusted to his care an extraordinary casket of jewels, upon some extraordinary occasion—but as I am not certain of the name or circumstance at this distance of time, I must leave it to the royal daughters of England to settle the honour among themselves in private. I cannot call to mind half his pleasant wonders; but I perfectly remember, that in the course of his travels he had seen a phoenix; and he obligingly undeceived us of the vulgar error, that there is but one of that species at a time, assuring us that they were not uncommon in some parts of Upper Egypt. Hitherto he had found the most implicit listeners. His dreaming fancies had transported us beyond the "ignorant present." But when, (still hardying more and more

in his triumphs over our simplicity,) he went on to affirm that he had actually sailed through the legs of the Colossus at Rhodes, it really became necessary to make a stand. And here I must do justice to the good sense and intrepidity of one of our party, a youth, that had hitherto been one of his most deferential auditors, who, from his recent reading, made bold to assure the gentleman, that there must be some mistake, as "the Colossus in question had been destroyed long since;" to whose opinion, delivered with all modesty, our hero was obliging enough to concede thus much, that "the figure was indeed a little damaged." This was the only opposition he met with, and it did not at all seem to stagger him, for he proceeded with his fables, which the same youth appeared to swallow with still more complacency than ever,—confirmed, as it were, by the extreme candour of that concession. With these prodigies he wheedled us on till we came in sight of the Reculvers, which one of our own company, (having been the voyage before,) immediately recognising, and pointing out to us, was considered by us as no ordinary seaman.

All this time ate upon the edge of the deck quite a different character. It was a lad, apparently very poor, very infirm, and very patient. His eye was ever on the sea, with a smile; and, if he caught now and then some matches of these wild legends, it was by accident, and they seemed not to concern him. The waves to him whispered more pleasant stories. He was as one, being with us, but not of us. He heard the bell of dinner ring without stirring; and when some of us pulled out our private stores—our cold meat and our salads—he produced none, and seemed to want none. Only a solitary biscuit he had laid in; provision for the one or two days and nights, to which these vessels then were oftentimes obliged to prolong their voyage. Upon a nearer acquaintance with him, which he seemed neither to court nor decline, we learned that he was going to Margate, with the hope of being admitted into the Infirmary there for sea-bathing. His disease was a scrofula, which appeared to have eaten all over him. He expressed great hopes of a cure; and when we asked him, whether he had any friends where he was going, he replied, "he had no friends."

These pleasant, and some mournful passages, with the first sight of the sea, co-operating with youth, and a sense of holidays, and out-of-door adventure, to me that had been pent up in populous cities for many months before,—have left upon my mind the fragrance as of summer days gone by, bequeathing nothing but their remembrance for cold and wintry hours to chew upon.

Will it be thought a digression, (it may spare some unwelcome comparisons,) if I endeavour to account for the dissatisfaction which I have heard so many persons confess to have felt, (as I did myself feel in part on this occasion,) at the sight of

the sea for the first time? I think the reason usually given—referring to the incapacity of actual objects for satisfying our preconceptions of them—scarcely goes deep enough into the question. Let the same person see a lion, an elephant, a mountain, for the first time in his life, and he shall perhaps feel himself a little mortified. The things do not fill up that space, which the idea of them seemed to take up in his mind. But they have still a correspondency to his first notion, and in time grow up to it, so as to produce a very similar impression; enlarging themselves, (if I may say so,) upon familiarity. But the sea remains a disappointment.—Is it not, that in the latter we had expected to behold, (absurdly, I grant, but, I am afraid, by the law of imagination unavoidably,) not a definite object, as those wild beasts, or that mountain compassable by the eye, but *all the sea at once*, THE COMMENSURATE ANTAGONIST OF THE EARTH!—I do not say we tell ourselves so much, but the craving of the mind is to be satisfied with nothing less. I will suppose the case of a young person of fifteen, (as I then was,) knowing nothing of the sea, but from description. He comes to it for the first time—all that he has been reading of it all his life, and *that* the most enthusiastic part of life,—all he has gathered from narratives of wandering seamen; what he has gained from true voyages, and what he cherishes as credulously from romance and poetry; crowding their images, and exacting strange tributes from expectation.—He thinks of the great deep, and of those who go down unto it; of its thousand isles, and the vast continents it washes; of its receiving the mighty Plata, or Orellana, into its bosom, without disturbance, or sense of augmentation; of Biscay swells, and the mariner

For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape;

of fatal rocks, and the “still-vexed Bermoothes;” of great whirlpools, and the water-spout; of sunk ships, and sunless treasures swallowed up in the unrestoring depths; of fishes, and quaint monsters, to which all that is terrible on earth—

Be but as bugs to frighten babes withal,
Compared with the creatures in the sea’s entrail;
of naked savages, and Juan Fernandez; of pearls, and shells; of coral beds, and of enchanted isles; of mermaids’ grotts.—

I do not assert that in sober earnest he expects to be shown all these wonders at once, but he is under the tyranny of a mighty faculty, which haunts him with confused hints and shadows of all these; and when the actual object opens first upon him, seen, (in tame weather too most likely,) from our unromantic coasts—a speck, a slip of sea-water, as it shows to him—what can it prove but a very unsatisfying and even diminutive entertainment? Or if he has come to it from the mouth of a river, was it much more than the river widening? and, even out of sight of land, what had he but a flat watery horizon about him,

nothing comparable to the vast o’er-curtaining sky, his familiar object, seen daily without dread or amazement?—Who, in similar circumstances, has not been tempted to exclaim with Charoba, in the poem of Gebir,

Is this the mighty ocean!—is this all?

I love town, or country; but this detestable Cinque Port is neither. I hate these scrubbed shoots, thrusting out their starved foliage from between the horrid fissures of dusty innutritious rocks; which the amateur calls “verdure to the edge of the sea.” I require woods, and they show me stunted coppices. I cry out for the water-brooks, and pant for fresh streams, and inland murmurs. I cannot stand all day on the naked beach watching the capricious hues of the sea, shifting like the colours of a dying mullet. I am tired of looking out at the windows of this island-prison. I would fain retire into the interior of my cage. While I gaze upon the sea, I want to be on it, over it, across it. It binds me in with chains, as of iron. My thoughts are abroad. I should not so feel in Staffordshire. There is no home for me here. There is no sense of home at Hastings. It is a place of fugitive resort, an heterogeneous assemblage of sea-mews and stock-brokers, Amphitrites of the town, and misses that coquet with the ocean. If it were what it was in its primitive shape, and what it ought to have remained, a fair honest fishing-town, and no more, it were something—with a few straggling fishermen’s huts scattered about, artless as its cliffs, and with their materials filched from them, it were something. I could abide to dwell with Mescheck; to assort with fisher-swains, and smugglers. There are, or I dream there are, many of this latter occupation here. Their faces become the place. I like a smuggler. He is the only honest thief. He robs nothing but the revenue,—an abstraction I never greatly cared about. I could go out with them in their mackerel boats, or about their less ostensible business, with some satisfaction. I can even tolerate those poor victims to monotony, who from day to day pace along the beach, in endless progress and recurrence, to watch their illicit countrymen—townsfolk or brethren perchance—whistling to the sheathing and unsheathing of their cutlasses, (their only solace,) who under the mild name of preventive service, keep up a legitimated civil warfare, in the deplorable absence of a foreign one, to show their detestation of run hollands, and zeal for old England. But it is the visitants from town, that come here to say they have been here, with no more relish of the sea than a pond perch, or a dace might be supposed to have, that are my aversion. I feel like a foolish dace in these regions, and have as little toleration for myself here, as for them. What can they want here? If they had a true relish of the ocean, why have they brought all this land luggage with them? or why

pitch their civilized tents into the desert? What mean these scanty book-rooms—marine libraries, as they entitle them—if the sea were, as they would have us believe, a book “to read strange matter in?” what are their foolish concert-rooms, if they come, as they would fain be thought to do, to listen to the music of the waves? All is false and hollow pretension. They come, because it is the fashion, and to spoil the nature of the place. They are mostly, as I have said, stock-brokers; but I have watched the better sort of them—now and then, an honest citizen, (of the old stamp,) in the simplicity of his heart, shall bring down his wife and daughters, to taste the sea breezes. I always know the date of their arrival. It is easy to see it in their countenance. A day or two they go wandering on the shingles, picking up cockle-shells, and thinking them great things; but, in a poor week, imagination slackens; they begin to discover that cockles produce no pearls, and then—O then!—if I could interpret for the pretty creatures, (I know they have not the courage to confess it themselves,) how gladly would they exchange their sea-side rambles for a Sunday walk on the green-sward of their accustomed Twickenham meadows!

I would ask of one of these sea-charmed emigrants, who think they truly love the sea, with its wild usages, what would their feelings be, if some of the unsophisticated aborigines of this place, encouraged by their courteous questionings here, should venture, on the faith of such assured sympathy between them, to return the visit, and come up to see—London. I must imagine them with their fishing-tackle on their back, as we carry our town necessities. What a sensation would it cause in Lothbury? What vehement laughter would it not excite among

The daughters of Cheapside, and wives of Lombard-street.

I am sure that no town-bred, or inland-born subjects, can feel their true and natural nourishment at these sea-places. Nature, where she does not mean us for mariners and vagabonds, bids us stay at home. The salt foam seems to nourish a spleen. I am not half so good-natured as by the milder waters of my natural river. I would exchange these sea-gulls for swans, and scud a swallow for ever about the banks of Thamesia.

A VISION OF HORNS.

My thoughts had been engaged last evening in solving the problem, why in all times and places the horn has been agreed upon as the symbol, or honourable badge, of married men. Moses' horn, the horn of Ammon, of Amalthes, and a cornucopia of legends besides, came to my recollection, but afforded no satisfactory solution, or rather involved the question in deeper obscurity. Tired with the fruitless chase of inexplicit analogies, I fell asleep, and dreamed in this fashion.

Methought certain scales or films fell from my eyes, which had hitherto hindered these little tokens from being visible. I was somewhere in the Cornhill, (as it might be termed,) of some Utopia. Busy citizens jostled each other, as they may do in our streets, with care, (the care of making a penny,) written upon their foreheads; and *something else*, which is rather imagined, than distinctly imaged, upon the brows of my own friends and fellow-townsmen.

In my first surprise I supposed myself gotten into some forest—Arden, to be sure, or Sherwood; but the dresses and deportment, all civic, forbade me to continue in that delusion. Then a scriptural thought crossed me, (especially as there were nearly as many Jews as Christians among them,) whether it might not be the children of Israel going up to besiege Jericho. I was undeceived of both errors by the sight of many faces which were familiar to me. I found myself strangely, (as it will happen in dreams,) at one and the same time in an unknown country, with known companions. I met old friends, not with new faces, but with their old faces oddly adorned in front, with each man a certain corneous excrescence. Dick Mitis, the little cheesemonger in St. ***'s Passage, was the first that saluted me, with his hat off—you know Dick's way to a customer—and, I not being aware of him, he thrust a strange beam into my left eye, which pained and grieved me exceedingly; but, instead of apology, he only grinned and flattered in my face, as much as to say “it is the custom of the country,” and passed on.

I had scarce time to send a civil message to his lady, whom I have always admired as a pattern of a wife,—and do indeed take Dick and her to be a model of conjugal agreement and harmony,—when I felt an ugly smart in my neck, as if something had gored it behind, and turning round, it was my old friend and neighbour, Dulcet, the confectioner, who, meaning to be pleasant, had thrust his protuberance right into my nape, and seemed proud of his power of offending.

Now I was assailed right and left, till in my own defence I was obliged to walk sideling and wary, and look about me, as you guard your eyes in London streets; for the horns thickened, and came at me like the ends of umbrellas poking in one's face.

I soon found that these towns-folk were the civilest, best-mannered people in the world, and that if they had offended at all, it was entirely owing to their blindness. They do not know what dangerous weapons they protrude in front, and will stick their best friends in the eye with provoking complacency. Yet the best of it is, they can see the beams on their neighbours' foreheads, if they are as small as moles, but their own beams they can in nowise discern.

There was little Mitis, that I told you I just encountered—he has simply, (I speak of him at home in his own shop,) the smoothest forehead in

his own conceit—he will stand you a quarter of an hour together contemplating the serenity of it in the glass, before he begins to shave himself in a morning—yet you saw what a desperate gash he gave me.

Desiring to be better informed of the ways of this extraordinary people, I applied myself to a fellow of some assurance, who, (it appeared,) acted as a sort of interpreter to strangers—he was dressed in a military uniform, and strongly resembled Colonel ———, of the guards;—and “pray, sir,” said I, “have all the inhabitants of your city these troublesome excrescences? I beg pardon, I see you have none.” “You perhaps are single.” “Truly, sir,” he replied with a smile, “for the most part we have, but not all alike. There are some, like Dick, that sport but one tumescence. Their ladies have been tolerably faithful—have confined themselves to a single aberration or so—these we call Unicorns. Dick, you must know, is my Unicorn. [He spoke this with an air of invincible assurance.] Then we have Bicorns, Tricorns, and so on up to Millecorns. [Here methought I crossed and blessed myself in my dream.] Some again we have—there goes one—you see how happy the rogue looks—how he walks smiling, and perking up his face, as if he thought himself the only man. He is not married yet, but on Monday next he leads to the altar the accomplished widow Dacres, relict of our late sheriff.”

“I see, sir,” said I, “and observe that he is happily free from the national *goitre*, (let me call it,) which distinguishes most of your countrymen.”

“Look a little more narrowly,” said my conductor.

I put on my spectacles, and observing the man a little more diligently, above his forehead I could mark a thousand little twinkling shadows dancing the hornpipe, little hornlets, and rudiments of horn, of a soft and pappy consistence, (for I handled some of them,) but which, like coral out of water, my guide informed me, would infallibly stiffen and grow rigid within a week or two from the expiration of his bachelorhood.

Then I saw some horns strangely growing out behind, and my interpreter explained these to be married men, whose wives had conducted themselves with infinite propriety since the period of their marriage, but were thought to have antedated their good men's titles, by certain liberties they had indulged themselves in, prior to the ceremony. This kind of gentry wore their horns backwards, as has been said, in the fashion of the old pig-tails; and as there was nothing obtrusive or ostentatious in them, nobody took any notice of it.

Some had pretty little budding antlers, like the first essays of a young fawn. These, he told me, had wives, whose affairs were in a hopeful way, but not quite brought to a conclusion.

Others had nothing to show, only by certain red angry marks and swellings in their foreheads, which itched the more they kept rubbing and

chafing them; it was to be hoped that something was brewing.

I took notice that every one jeered at the rest, only none took notice of the sea-captains; yet these were as well provided with their tokens as the best among them. This kind of people, it seems, taking their wives upon so contingent tenures, their lot was considered as nothing but natural,—so they wore their marks without impeachment, as they might carry their cockades, and nobody respected them a whit the less for it.

I observed, that the more sprouts grew out of a man's head, the less weight they seemed to carry with them; whereas, a single token would now and then appear to give the wearer some uneasiness. This shows that use is a great thing.

Some had their adornings gilt, which needs no explanation; while others, like musicians, went sounding theirs before them—a sort of music which I thought might very well have been spared.

It was pleasant to see some of the citizens encounter between themselves; how they smiled in their sleeves at the shock they received from their neighbour, and none seemed conscious of the shock which their neighbour experienced in return.

Some had great corneous stumps, seemingly torn off and bleeding. These, the interpreter warned me, were husbands who had retaliated upon their wives, and the badge was in equity divided between them.

While I stood discerning of these things, a slight tweak on my cheek unawares, which brought tears into my eyes, introduced to me my friend Placid, between whose lady and a certain male cousin, some idle flirtations I remember to have heard talked of; but that was all. He saw he had somehow hurt me, and asked my pardon, with that round unconscious face of his, and looked so tristful and contrite for his no-offence, that I was ashamed for the man's penitence. Yet I protest it was but a scratch. It was the least little hornet of a horn that could be framed. “Shame on the man,” I secretly exclaimed, “who could thrust so much as the value of a hair into a brow so unsuspecting and inoffensive. What then must they have to answer for, who plant great, monstrous, timber-like, projecting antlers upon the heads of those whom they call their friends, when a puncture of this atomical tenuity made my eyes to water at this rate. All the pincers at Surgeons' Hall cannot pull out for Placid that little hair.”

I was curious to know what became of these frontal excrescences, when the husbands died; and my guide informed me that the chemists in their country made a considerable profit by them, extracting from them certain subtle essences:—and then I remembered, that nothing was so efficacious in my own for restoring swooning matrons, and wives troubled with the vapours, as a

strong sniff or two at the composition, appropriately called hartshorn—far beyond *sal volatile*.

Then also I began to understand, why a man, who is the jest of the company, is said to be the butt—as much as to say, such a one butteth with the horn.

I inquired if by no operation these wens were ever extracted; and was told, that there was indeed an order of dentists, whom they called canonists in their language, who undertook to restore the forehead to its pristine smoothness; but that ordinarily it was not done without much cost and trouble; and when they succeeded in plucking out the offending part, it left a painful void, which could not be filled up; and that many patients who had submitted to the excision, were eager to marry again, to supply with a good second antler the baldness and deformed gap left by the extraction of the former, as men losing their natural hair substitute for it a less becoming periwig.

Some horns I observed beautifully taper, smooth, and, (as it were,) flowering. These I understand were the portions brought by handsome women to their spouses; and I pitied the rough, homely, unsightly deformities on the brows of others, who had been deceived by plain and ordinary partners. Yet the latter I observed to be by far the most common—the solution of which I leave to the natural philosopher.

One tribe of married men I particularly admired at, who, instead of horns, wore, engrafted on their forehead a sort of horn-book. "This," quoth my guide, "is the greatest mystery in our country, and well worth an explanation. You must know that all infidelity is not of the senses. We have as well intellectual, as material wittols. These, whom you see decorated with the order of the book—are triflers, who encourage about their wives' presence the society of your men of genius, (their good friends, as they call them,)—literary disputants, who ten to one out-talk the poor husband, and commit upon the understanding of the woman a violence and estrangement in the end, little less painful than the coarser sort of alienation. Whip me these knaves—[my conductor here expressed himself with a becoming warmth]—whip me them, I say, who with no excuse from the passions, in cold blood seduce the minds, rather than the persons, of their friends' wives; who, for the tickling pleasure of hearing themselves prate, dishonestate the intellects of married women, dishonouring the husband in what should be his most sensible part. If I must be—[here he used a plain word] let it be by some honest sinner like myself, and not by one of these gad-flies, these debauchers of the understanding, these flattery buzzers." He was going on in this manner, and I was getting insensibly pleased with my friend's manner, (I had been a little shy of him at first,) when the dream suddenly left me, vanishing—as Virgil speaks—through the gate of Horn.

ON THE

DANGER OF CONFOUNDING

MORAL WITH PERSONAL DEFORMITY;

With a hint to those who have the framing of advertisements for apprehending offenders.

THERE is no science in their pretensions to which mankind are more apt to commit grievous mistakes, than in the supposed very obvious one of physiognomy. I quarrel not with the principles of this science, as they are laid down by learned professors; much less am I disposed, with some people, to deny its existence altogether as any inlet of knowledge that can be depended upon. I believe that there is, or may be, an art to "read the mind's construction in the face." But, then, in every species of *reading*, so much depends upon the eyes of the reader; if they are bleary, or apt to dazzle, or inattentive, or strained with too much attention, the optic power will infallibly bring home false reports of what it reads. How often do we say, upon a cursory glance at a stranger, what a fine open countenance he has, who, upon second inspection proves to have the exact features of a knave. Nay, in much more intimate acquaintances, how a delusion of this kind shall continue for months, years, and then break up all at once.

Ask the married man, who has been so but for a short space of time, if those blue eyes, where during so many years of anxious courtship, truth, sweetness, serenity, seemed to be written in characters which could not be misunderstood—ask him if the characters which they now convey be exactly the same?—if for truth he does not read a dull virtue, (the mimic of constancy,) which changes not, only because it wants the judgment to make a preference?—if for sweetness he does not read a stupid habit of looking pleased at every thing;—if for serenity he does not read animal tranquillity, the dead pool of the heart, which no breeze of passion can stir into health? Alas! what is this book of the countenance good for, which when we have read so long, and thought that we understood its contents, there comes a countless list of heart-breaking errata at the end!

But these are the pitiable mistakes to which love alone is subject. I have inadvertently wandered from my purpose, which was to expose quite an opposite blunder, into which we are no less apt to fall, through hate. How ugly a person looks upon whose reputation some awkward aspersions hangs, and how suddenly his countenance clears up with his character. I remember being persuaded of a man whom I had conceived an ill opinion of, that he had a very bad set of teeth; which, since I have had better opportunities of being acquainted with his face and facts, I find to have been the very reverse of the truth. *That crooked old woman*, I once said, speaking of an ancient gentlewoman, whose actions did not square altogether with my notions of the rule of right,

The unanimous surprise of the company before whom I uttered these words, soon convinced me that I had confounded mental with bodily obliquity, and that there was nothing tortuous about the old lady but her deeds.

This humour of mankind to deny personal comeliness to those with whose moral attributes they are dissatisfied, is very strongly shown in those advertisements, which stare us in the face from the walls of every street, and, with the tempting bait which they hang forth, stimulate at once cupidity and an abstract love of justice in the breast of every passing peruser; I mean, the advertisements offering rewards for the apprehension of absconded culprits, strayed apprentices, bankrupts who have conveyed away their effects, debtors that have run away from their bail. I observe, that in exact proportion to the indignity with which the prosecutor, who is commonly the framer of the advertisement, conceives he has been treated, the personal pretensions of the fugitive are denied, and his defects exaggerated.

A fellow, whose misdeeds have been directed against the public in general, and in whose delinquency no individual shall feel himself particularly interested, generally meets with fair usage. A coiner or a smuggler shall get off tolerably well. His beauty, if he has any, is not much underrated, his deformities are not much magnified. A runaway apprentice, who excites perhaps the next least degree of spleen in his prosecutor, generally escapes with a pair of bandy legs; if he has taken any thing with him in his flight, a hitch in his gait is generally superadded. A bankrupt who has been guilty of withdrawing his effects, if his case be not very atrocious, commonly meets with mild usage. But a debtor who has left his bail in jeopardy, is sure to be described in characters of unmingled deformity. Here the personal feelings of the bail, which may be allowed to be somewhat poignant, are admitted to interfere; and, as wrath and revenge commonly strike in the dark, the colours are laid on with a grossness which I am convinced must often defeat its own purpose. The fish that casts an inky cloud about him that his enemies may not find him, cannot more obscure himself by that device than the blackening representations of these angry advertisers must inevitably serve to cloak and screen the persons of those who have injured them from detection. I have before me at this moment one of these bills, which runs thus:—

“Fifty Pounds Reward.

“Run away from his bail, John Tomkins formerly resident in Princes-street, Soho, but lately of Clerkenwell. Whoever shall apprehend, or cause to be apprehended and lodged in one of his Majesty's jails, the said John Tomkins, shall receive the above reward. He is a thickset, sturdy man, about five foot six inches high, halts in his

left leg, with a stoop in his gait, with coarse red hair, nose short and cocked up, with little grey eyes, one of them bears the effect of a blow which he has lately received, with a pot belly, speaks with a thick and disagreeable voice, goes shabbily dressed, had on when he went away, a greasy shag great coat with rusty yellow buttons.”

Now, although it is not out of the compass of possibility that John Tomkins aforesaid may comprehend in his agreeable person all the above-mentioned aggregate of charms; yet, from my observation of the manner in which these advertisements are usually drawn up, though I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman, yet would I lay a wager, that an advertisement to the following effect would have a much better chance of apprehending and laying by the heels this John Tomkins than the above description, although penned by one who, from the good services which he appears to have done for him, has not improbably been blessed with some years of previous intercourse with the said John. Taking, then, the above advertisement to be true, or nearly so, down to the words “left leg” inclusive, (though I have some doubt if the blemish there implied amount to a positive lameness, or be perceivable by any but the nearest friends of John,) I would proceed thus:—

—“Leans a little forward in his walk, his hair thick and inclining to auburn, his nose of the middle size, a little turned up at the end, lively hazel eyes, (the contusion, as its effects are probably gone off by this time, I judge better omitted,) inclines to be corpulent, his voice thick but pleasing, especially when he sings, had on a decent shag great coat with yellow buttons.”

Now, I would stake a considerable wager, (though by no means a positive man,) that some such mitigated description would lead the beagles of the law into a much surer track for finding this ungracious varlet, than to set them upon a false scent after fictitious ugliness and fictitious shabbiness; though to do those gentlemen justice, I have no doubt their experience has taught them in all such cases to abate a great deal of the deformity which they are instructed to expect; and has discovered to them, that the Devil's agents upon this earth, like their master, are far less ugly in reality than they are painted.

I am afraid, that I shall be thought to have gone wide of my subject, which was to detect the practical errors of physiognomy, properly so called; whereas I have introduced physical defects, such as lameness, the effects of accidents upon a man's person, his wearing apparel, &c. as circumstances on which the eye of dislike, looking askance, may report erroneous conclusions to the understanding. But if we are liable, through a kind, or an unkind passion, to mistake so grossly concerning things so exterior and palpable, how much more are we likely to err respecting those nicer and less perceptible hints of character in a face, whose

detection constitutes the triumph of the physiognomist.

To revert to those bestowers of unmerited deformity, the framers of advertisements for the apprehension of delinquents, a sincere desire of promoting the ends of public justice induces me to address a word to them on the best means of attaining those ends. I will endeavour to lay down a few practical, or rather negative, rules for their use, for my ambition extends no farther than to arm them with cautions against the self-defeating of their own purposes:—

1. *Imprimis*, then, Mr. Advertiser! If the culprit whom you are willing to recover be one to whom in times past you have shown kindness, and been disposed to think kindly of him yourself, but he has deceived your trust, and has run away, and left you with a load of debt to answer for him,—sit down calmly and endeavour to behold him through the spectacles of memory rather than of present conceit. Image to yourself, before you pen a title of his description, the same plausible, good-looking man who took you in; and try to put away from your mind every intrusion of that deceitful spectre which perpetually obtrudes itself in the room of your former friend's known visage. It will do you more credit to have been deceived by such a one; and depend upon it, the traitor will convey to the eyes of the world in general much more of that first idea which you formed, (perhaps in part erroneous) of his physiognomy, than of that frightful substitute which you have suffered to creep in upon your mind and usurp upon it; a creature which has no archetype except in your own brain.

2. If you be a master that have to advertise a runaway apprentice, though the young dog's faults are known only to you, and no doubt his conduct has been aggravating enough, do not presently set him down as having crooked ancles. He may have a good pair of legs, and runaway notwithstanding. Indeed, the latter does rather seem to imply the former.

3. If the unhappy person against whom your laudable vengeance is directed be a thief, think that a thief may have a good nose, good eyes, good ears. It is indispensable to his profession that he be possessed of sagacity, foresight, vigilance; it is more than probable, then, that he is endued with the bodily types or instruments of these qualities to some tolerable degree of perfectness.

4. If petty larceny be his offence, I exhort you, do not confound meanness of crime with diminutiveness of stature. These things have no connection, I have known a tall man stoop to the basest action, a short man aspire to the height of crime, a fair man be guilty of the foulest actions, &c.

5. Perhaps the offender has been guilty of some atrocious and aggravated murder. Here is the most difficult case of all. It is above all requisite, that such a daring violator of the peace and safety of society should meet with his reward, a violent and ignominious death. But how shall we get at him? Who is there among us, that has known him before he committed the offence, that shall take upon him to say he can sit down coolly and pen a dispassionate description of a murderer? The tales of our nursery,—the reading of our youth,—the ill-looking man that was hired by the Uncle to dispatch the Children in the Wood,—the grim ruffians who smothered the babes in the Tower,—the black and beetle-browed assassin of Mrs. Ratcliffe,—the shag-haired villain of Mr. Monk Lewis,—the Tarquin tread, and mill-stone dropping eyes, of Murder in Shakspeare, the exaggerations of picture and of poetry,—what we have read and what we have dreamed of,—rise up and crowd in upon us such eye-scaring portraits of the man of blood, that our pen is absolutely forestalled; we commence poets when we should play the part of strictest historians, and the very blackness of horror which the deed calls up, serves as a cloud to screen the doer. The fiction is blameless, it is accordant with those wise prejudices with which nature has guarded our innocence, as with impassable barriers, against the commission of such appalling crimes; but meantime, the criminal escapes; or if,—owing to that wise abatement in their expectation of deformity which as I hinted at before, the officers of pursuit never fail to make, and no doubt in cases of this sort they make a more than ordinary allowance,—if, owing to this or any accident, the offender is caught and brought to his trial, who that has been led out of curiosity to witness such a scene, has not with astonishment reflected on the difference between a real committer of a murder, and the idea of one which he has been collecting and heightening all his life out of books, dreams, &c. The fellow, perhaps, is a sleek, snug-looking man, with light hair and eyebrows,—the latter by no means jutting out or like a crag,—and with none of those marks which our fancy had pre-bestowed upon him.

I find I am getting unawares too serious; the best way on such occasions is, to leave off, which I shall do by generally recommending to all prosecuting advertisers not to confound crimes with ugliness; or rather, to distinguish between that physiognomical deformity, which I am willing to grant always accompanies crime, and mere physical ugliness,—which signifies nothing, is the exponent of nothing, and may exist in a good or bad person indifferently.

ON THE MELANCHOLY OF TAILORS.

Sedet, æternumque sodebit,
Infelix Theosus VIRGIL

THAT there is a professional melancholy, if I may so express myself, incident to the occupation of a tailor, is a fact which I think very few will venture to dispute. I may safely appeal to my readers, whether they ever knew one of that faculty that was not of a temperament, to say the least, far removed from mercurial or jovial.

Observe the suspicious gravity of their gait. The peacock is not more tender, from a consciousness of his peculiar infirmity, than a gentleman of this profession is of being known by the same infallible testimonies of his occupation, "Walk, that I may know thee."

Do you ever see him go whistling along the footpath like a carman, or brush through a crowd like a baker, or go smiling to himself like a lover? Is he forward to thrust into mobs, or to make one at the ballad-singer's audiences? Does he not rather slink by assemblies and meetings of the people, as one that wisely declines popular observation?

How extremely rare is a noisy tailor! a mirthful and obstreperous tailor!

"At my nativity," says Sir Thomas Browne, "my ascendant was the earthly sign of Scorpius; I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me." One would think that he were anatomizing a tailor! save that to the latter's occupation, methinks, a woollen planet would seem more consonant, and that he should be born when the sun was in Aries.—He goes on. "I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company." How true a type of the whole trade! Eminently economical of his words, you shall seldom hear a jest come from one of them. He sometimes furnishes subject for a repartee, but rarely, (I think,) contributes one *ore proprio*.

Drink itself does not seem to elevate him, or at least to call out of him any of the external indications of vanity. I cannot say that it never causes his pride to swell, but it never breaks out. I am even fearful that it may swell and rankle to an alarming degree inwardly. For pride is near of kin to melancholy;—a hurtful obstruction from the ordinary outlets of vanity being shut. It is this stoppage which engenders proud humours. Therefore a tailor may be proud. I think he is never vain. The display of his gaudy patterns in that book of his which emulates the rainbow, never raises any inflations of that emotion in him, corresponding to what the wig-maker, (for instance,) evinces, when he expatiates on a curl or a bit of hair. He spreads them forth with a sullen inca-

capacity for pleasure, a real or affected indifference to grandeur. Cloth of gold neither seems to elate, nor cloth of frize to depress him—according to the beautiful motto which formed the modest impress of the shield worn by Charles Brandon at his marriage with the king's sister. Nay, I doubt whether he would discover any vain-glorious complacency in his colours, though "Iris" herself "dipt the woof."

In further corroboration of this argument—who ever saw the wedding of a tailor announced in the newspapers, or the birth of his eldest son?

When was a tailor known to give a dance, or to be himself a good dancer, or to perform exquisitely on the tight rope, or to shine in any such light and airy pastimes? to sing, or play on the violin?

Do they much care for public rejoicings, lightings up, ringing of bells, firing of cannons, &c.?

Valiant I know they can be; but I appeal to those who were witnesses to the exploits of Eliot's famous troop, whether in their fiercest charges they betrayed any thing of that thoughtless oblivion of death with which a Frenchman jigs into battle, or whether they did not show more of the melancholy valour of the Spaniard, upon whom they charged; that deliberate courage which contemplation and sedentary habits breathe?

Are they often great newsmongers?—I have known some few among them arrive at the dignity of speculative politicians; but that light and cheerful every-day interest in the affairs and goings-on of the world, which makes the barber* such delightful company, I think is rarely observable in them.

This characteristic pensiveness in them being so notorious, I wonder none of those writers who have expressly treated of melancholy, should have mentioned it. Burton, whose book is an excellent abstract of all the authors in that kind who preceded him, and who treats of every species of this malady from the *hypocondriacal* or *windy* to the *heroical* or *love melancholy*, has strangely omitted it. Shakspeare himself has overlooked it. "I have neither the scholar's melancholy, (saith

* Having incidentally mentioned the barber, in a comparison of professional temperaments, I hope no other trade will take offence, or look upon it as an incivility done to them, if I say, that in courtesy, humanity, and all the conversational and social graces which "gladden life," I esteem no profession comparable to his. Indeed so great is the good-will which I bear to this useful and agreeable body of men, that residing in one of the Inns of Court, (where the best specimens of them are to be found, except perhaps at the universities,) there are seven of them to whom I am personally known, and who never pass me without the compliment of the hat on either side. My truly polite and urbane friend, Mr. A—m, of Flower-de-luce-court, in Fleet-street, will forgive my mention of him in particular. I can truly say, that I never spent a quarter of an hour under his hands without deriving some profit from the agreeable discussions which are always going on there.

Jacques,) which is emulation; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is politick; nor the lover's, which is all these:—"and then when you might expect him to have brought in, "nor the tailor's, which is so and so"—he comes to an end of his enumeration, and falls to a defining of his own melancholy.

Milton likewise has omitted it, where he had so fair an opportunity of bringing it in, in his *Penseroso*.

But the partial omissions of historians proving nothing against the existence of any well-attested fact, I shall proceed and endeavour to ascertain the causes why this pensive turn should be so predominant in people of this profession above all others.

And first, may it not be, that the custom of wearing apparel being derived to us from the fall, and one of the most mortifying products of that unhappy event, a certain *seriousness*, (to say no more of it,) may in the order of things have been intended to be impressed upon the minds of that race of men to whom in all ages the care of contriving the human apparel has been intrusted—to keep up the memory of the first institution of clothes, and serve as a standing remonstrance against those vanities, which the absurd conversion of a memorial of our shame into an ornament of our persons was destined to produce? Correspondent in some sort to this, it may be remarked, that the tailor sitting over a cave or hollow place, in the cabalistic language of his order, is said to have *certain melancholy regions* always open under his feet.—But waving further inquiry into final causes, where the best of us can only wander in the dark, let us try to discover the efficient causes of this melancholy.

I think, then, that they may be reduced to two, omitting some subordinate ones, viz.

The sedentary habits of the tailor.—
Something peculiar in his diet.—

First, his *sedentary habits*.—In Doctor Norris's famous narrative of the frenzy of Mr. John Dennis, the patient, being questioned as to the occasion of the swelling in his legs, replies that it came "by criticism;" to which the learned doctor seeming to demur, as to a distemper which he had never read of, Dennis, (who appears not to have been mad upon all subjects,) rejoins with some warmth, that it was no distemper, but a noble art! that he had sat fourteen hours a day at it: and that the other was a pretty doctor not to know that there was a communication between the brain and the legs.

When we consider that this sitting for fourteen hours continuously, which the critic probably practised only while he was writing his "remarks," is no more than what the tailor, in the ordinary pursuance of his art, submits to daily, (Sundays excepted,) throughout the year, shall we wonder to find the brain affected, and in a manner overclouded, from that indissoluble sympathy between

the noble and less noble parts of the body, which Dennis hints at? The unnatural and painful manner of his sitting must also greatly aggravate the evil, inasmuch that I have sometimes ventured to liken tailors at their boards to so many envious Junos, *sitting cross-legged to hinder the birth of their own felicity*. The legs transversed thus \times cross-wise, or decussated, was among the ancients the posture of malediction. The Turks who practise it at this day, are noted to be a melancholy people.

Secondly, his *diet*.—To which purpose I find a most remarkable passage in Burton, in his chapter entitled "Bad diet a cause of melancholy." "Amongst herbs to be eaten, (he says,) I find gourds, cucumbers, melons, disallowed; but especially CABBAGE. It causeth troublesome dreams and sends up black vapours to the brain. Galen, *loc. affect.* lib. 3, cap. 6. of all herbs condemns CABBAGE. And Isaack, lib. 3, cap. 1. *anima gravitatem facit*, it brings heaviness to the soul." I could not omit so flattering a testimony from an author, who, having no theory of his own to serve, has so unconsciously contributed to the confirmation of mine. It is well known that this last named vegetable has, from the earliest periods which we can discover, constituted almost the sole food of this extraordinary race of people.

THE NUNS AND ALE OF CAVERSWELL.

A SKETCH.

CAVERSWELL, ancient Caverswell, the residence of the Cradocks, renowned in Romance, of Jervis, famous in maritime story, and esteemed over the east for thy delightful ale and thy beautiful women; I think of thee with reverence and awe. Can the lovers of romance forget that Cradock's lady alone, of all the dames of Arthur's court, wore, without suspicion or reproach, the charmed kirtle of chastity; which by its shrivelling and curling like a November leaf, showed the lightness of Queen Gueniver and her ladies? Can the lovers of beauty forget, that in a later day the lady of George Cradock brought him at a birth, if I read the legendary inscription in the church aright—"a pair-royal of incomparable daughters, Dorothy, Jane, and Mary;" and that, for her sake, the castle of Caverswell "was beautified even unto beauty," as the same singular authority bears? Or can we forget, that in Caverswell church kneels the devout Countess of old brave St. Vincent—praying in the ripeness of beauty and pride of youth—stamped off in the eternal grace and perpetual loveliness of art—her hands folded over her bosom, and her head bowed down with such an expression of meekness and benevolence as would inspire a preacher—if preachers were not inspired, and keep from slumber a congregation, if the pleasant people of Ca-

verswell ever slept at a sermon? But Caverswell, fair and ancient Caverswell, thou hast other attractions. Thy daughters are passing fair, with nut-brown locks and hazel eyes; and thy sons love dancing, mirth, minstrelsy, and ale. If thy maidens are fair and excelling—so is thy ale, surpassing all other potations, whether dribbled through a distillery worm, or poured out free and foaming from the mysterious union of hops and barley. It is called ale by the dull and gross peasantry at festivals and bridals—but it is not ale—it is drink for the lesser divinities and mired divines. The art of brewing it was no happy labour of man's brain—there is a mystery about the manner of its being communicated to earth; it was dropt in a receipt from the moon. It was Staffordshire ale that I once saw two bards drink out of an antique silver flagon—at each alternate quaff their eyes grew brighter, their faces became flushed with a ruddy light resembling a July morn—their forms seemed to dilate into what statuary call the heroic standard—at each glut of the divine beverage they had more and more the port of the demigods, and there they sat superior to the sons of little men—the dabblers in the blood-royal of the grape—and seemed

Possess beyond the Muse's painting.

Such is the true Caverswell nectar, known among men by the name of Staffordshire ale. I thirst afresh at the remembrance, and long to renew my intercourse with the frothing and foaming flagons which welcomed me into happy little Caverswell. Those who would view this village aright must not go in the company of the moon, as a poet somewhere recommends—let them trust to a less capricious influence than that of a planet—let them wipe the foam of their second flagon from their lips, and then go forth and look on its ladies and on its towers. Ale, like the fairy's eye-salve, will purge the sight of its grossness, things will come in their true shape and native hue, nor will they be deceived by the magic of book or spell which can make

A cobweb on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall.

Those who admire beauty will love thy maidens; and those who love themselves will drink thy glorious ale, old Staffordshire!

But besides its ale, and its native maidens, Caverswell has other attractions to which it is indebted to Spain and France: there is a refuge for ladies whom unhappy love or devotion has stung, and driven to seclusion and penance. Beneath the church-yard wall, I observed a little plat of greensward, redeemed from a wood, and bestrewn by Nature's lavish and hasty hand with violets and daisies and other flowers of summer. I saw two long narrow ridges—one green and flourishing in its grass and flowers; the other appeared with its turf newly turned, and the flowers had begun to lift afresh their heads and revive. Small crosses

of wood stood at the head of the nuns' graves—for such they were—on one the hand of some unbidden but not uninterested villager had written, "alas Julia,"—the other no writing had appropriated—it was a plain cross, white and pure. The old castle of Caverswell threw its shadow in the descending sun as far as these two solitary graves. I looked up and beheld many young and beautiful faces at the latticed windows—saw female forms gliding among the trees, and beheld a grave and staid lady looking on me with an eye less of benevolence than suspicion. I left the two graves; and seeking my way to a distant lawn, passed over part of the castle garden-ground. It skirted the margin of a fosse or lake, and was filled with fruit-trees and blossomed shrubs and flowers. Part of it was portioned out into small plots; and here the secluded daughters of devotion amused themselves in sowing and in planting, and sought, in the beauty of the flowers they nursed, some solace for their removal from the pleasant cares and gentle solitudes of domestic life. But the world is not so easily forgot, and a stung spirit is not so easily solaced. A shirt of hair—self-denial—rigid penance—the torture of daily confession—the presence of one who comes to teach suffering rather than pleasure—high walls and the curses of the church, all serve to bring to mind the joy and the gladness they have forsaken. To be a daughter of God—I say it with reverence—is less acceptable above and praiseworthy below, than to be the mother of man. To be carried away from a convent, may be the hope of many a sister; and I believe many a homely maiden has been stolen from the sanctity of a cloister, whose charms would never have obtained a husband in the common way of courtship. To overleap a high wall, to overreach the vigilance of the godly—to ascend to a turret window, and from that giddy height bear away a more giddy lady, is altogether very romantic. She can be no common spirit whom the love of relatives con-signed to religion and the protection of the saints; and she can be no ordinary beauty for whom we would risk breaking our neck in this world, and the pains of punishment in the next.

While these reflections passed over my mind, I stood on the limit of the little domain within which religious jealousy had penned up so many fair faces and ardent spirits. I leaned over a little gate, and pondered more deeply on the hopes and the passions which were smothered and spell-bound in the cloister. Something as a shadow darkened the greensward beside me. I looked up, and a young lady—tall and slender—attired in black—seated on a small mule, appeared before me. I say appeared, because I almost imagined her a creature of fancy—her air was not of the ladies of this land—she seemed from a far country—for though a dark veil descended over her whole person, it could not conceal her elegant shape, nor lessen much the brightness of

two large dark eyes, which from below a white forehead beamed full upon me. We stood for half a minute's space—I with my eyes half averted:—at length I thought to address her; but her looks were not on me—I am not sure she even saw me, though I could have caught her bridle. The gate commanded a fine view of groves, and lawns, and enclosures; it might resemble a place in her native land where she had loved to wander—perhaps to meet some one whose looks had influenced her youthful heart and continued to haunt her thoughts. Her mule, accustomed to bear her to this solitary place, stood motionless—she raised herself in her seat—and her mind, overleaping time and place, consecrated the homely groves and grassy lawns of old Caverswell, and made them into the scented pathway and the citron-grove of her native Spain. Her form seemed to dilate with joy; with both hands she raised her veil—and showed me such a face as Correggio saw in his inspirations—a countenance of light and beauty, beaming amid a cloud of sable drapery. The enthusiasm lightened up her face for a moment's space or more—she gave a sigh—her hands dropt gently down—the mule turned slowly, and almost compassionately round, and the fair Nun of Caverswell vanished among the groves.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

A Homily for the Fourteenth of February.

WHERE is the village to which Valentines are unknown?

What *terra incognita* is there—what *Ultima Thule*, (barren of love,) to which the sun that rises on this day brings no joy—where the postman's double knock was never heard?

The air may no more be free from birds or summer-sporting flies, than the earth from its gay and gaudy missives, (its butterflies,) the February-haunting Valentines.

When letters shall cease to be written, (but not till then,) when love shall be no more,—then shall this amorous holy-day darken and grow common: then shall it be a mere vulgar root, (now, how full of rare and sweet flowers!) in the wilderness of days—a grain in the deserts of time.—Valentines pervade all space, like light.

There is N——, the smallest village of Wiltshire. It is far away from the high road. You leave C——, (the market town,) on your left, and have to walk some three miles, at first over a small heath, and finally upon a flat road of fine gravel, between green hedges and greener pastures, before you reach it. The spire of its little church, (you see it through the avenue of elms,) scarcely peers over the trees which cluster round it, seeming to guard it from profaner eyes. The

village itself is small and straggling. You come upon a few cottages, as many almshouses; then a farm-yard opens its gate by the way side, and a cow paces stately forth, turning her head backwards, perhaps lowing to her companions left behind. You then pass more cottages, (some half-dozen or so,) then the small public-house, over whose porch hangs a cloud of flowering *clematis*; and finally, Mr. D——'s (the merchant's,) old-fashioned brick house, before which stand the sun-flower and pyramidal holly-hock, closing the scene.

Yet even here Valentines were accustomed to come. The post-mistress of C—— knows this; the post-man knew it by his quadruple load; every body thereabouts knew it: for with country people intelligence of this sort travelleth briskly, despite of the ruggedness of roads, the inconveniences of distance.

* * *

Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's Day!

Thus singeth the mad daughter of the wise Polonius. 'That a wise man should have a mad daughter! 'Tis odd, and smacks of human infirmity. Not the madness, though, that savoureth of the infirm, but the madness coming from the wisdom, the tainted current from a clear source. What say the rills to this, the springlets, the founts, the ever-noisy ever-talking brooks? Is it not contrary to good descent, to effect and cause, to the *lex nature*, and so forth?—But hear her, the pining and mad melancholy maid:—

Good-morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's Day,
All in the morn betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine.

And thou shalt be mine, Ophelia; and I will gather pale snowdrops and the sweet-smelling violet for thee. Thou shalt have a fair nosegay of winter flowers, thou rose of the northern desert; and, if they can be had, daisies, (but not the rue,) fennel and columbines, as of old; and, if thou wilt,—the willow.

Yet this day was meant for merrier things, perhaps. It is a red-letter day, half-holy; no feast, no fast; but held free of care by a gentle charter, invested with a rich prerogative,—the power of giving pleasure to the young. If the tradition be true, that on this day each bird chooseth his mate, what work hath the carrier pigeon! What rustling of leaves; what chattering and singing in the woods; what billing by the clear waters!—Methinks on this day should Romeo have first seen the gentle Capulet. On this day should Orlando have first glanced at Rosalind; Troilus at the fickle Cressid; Slender, (oh! smile not, gentles,) at Anne Page. The jealous Moor should have told his first war-story to-day; and to-day Prospero should have broken his spell, and made holy-day in his enchanted isle, and crowned the

time by giving to the son of Naples his innocent and fair Miranda. Fain would I have Valentine's Day the origin of love, or the completion, an epoch writ in bright letters in Cupid's calendar, a date whence to reckon our passion, a period to which to refer our happiness.

As to its own history, what matters it whether a day so brave rise in the east or in the west? What care we if it had its birth in Roman superstition or Pagan gallantry? HERE it is. Let us not waste the morning in barren speculation, but enjoy the day. It is wiser, surely, to partake of the branching shelter of the summer elms, than to perplex our pleasures by for ever tracing the course of their roots. That is for the moles, the etymologists. Green leaves and azure skies for us!

Once, it is said, our "vulgar ancestors" used to draw names on Valentine's eve, and such drawings were considered ominous; as thus—if Jacob Stiles drew the name of Sally Gates, or *vice versa*, Jacob and Sally were henceforward considered "as good as" man and wife. (Our present lottery, where we are tolerably sure of our blank, is bad enough, but this is the d—l.)—I can well fancy how the country couple would look, flying at first in the face of the augury: Sally mantling and blushing, half proud and half 'shamed, turning to her neighbour Blossom, and exclaiming, "nonsense!"—Jacob, on the other hand, at something between a grin and a blush, leering on his shouting companions, or expanding a mouth huge enough to swallow every written Valentine in the village. I see him look, (for help,) from clown to clown; upwards and downwards; he whistles, he twirls his smock frock, he stands cross-legged, like the nephew of Mr. Robert Shallow, when the maiden Page invited him house-wards. 'Tis all in vain. The prophecy is upon them; and 'tis odds but the name of Gates will sink and be merged in some three or six months into the cognomen of Jacob.

The diffusion of learning, and the "schools for all," have done a great deal of good. We are not, I thank my stars, reduced now to these manual or verbal Valentines. We shut up our blushes, (with our verses,) in a sheet of foolscap, and trust them to the protection of the twopenny post. At C— (where I spent some years,) good Mrs. Baily used to go to "the box" at stated periods of the preceding evening, and relieve it from time to time of its too great burthen of love. You might see, towards dusk, girls, (in pairs,) or straggling youths, dropping their indiscretions into the yawning chasm; sometimes this was boldly done, but oftener timorously, and the quickened step of the amorist retreating from the letter-box, or passing, with an air of indifference, onwards, betrayed all he, (or she,) wished to conceal. Then, the next morning! There was an additional postman employed—the ordinary man, grey-headed, and sure, but *slow*, was deemed insufficient. The "London letters" were not delivered at the ac-

customed time: and on asking the maid-servant, she would reply, with a tinge on her cheek, that "she believed it was Valentine's Day." Oh! well believed. She was never mistaken. But the postman comes. "Three for Miss Lewis, four for Miss Carter, seventeen for Mr. —" Hush! it will never be believed. It cannot be; it is a jest—a fable—a monstrous, impossible—it is the truth—or near it. Oh! those were careless days. They were—but they are gone. No Valentines come now, as Crockery would say. I must bid farewell to all those pleasant periodicals—the pierced hearts and the quaint rhymes, which showed my twopence well spent—

—O! farewell!

Farewell the billing doves and the bent bow,
The gilded arrows, the aye-fuming torch,
The crooked lines, and letters huge and wrong.
And oh! you painted jokes, (of man or maid,)
Who humblest love's bad-spelling counterfeit,
Farewell! Omega's occupation's gone.

The first Valentine I ever opened was at C—. I had but lately left school, and was then a fair, young-looking, active boy of seventeen. I had read all the poets, but the style of this love-letter puzzled me. It compared *me* to the rose, and the violet, and the curling hyacinth, (I had always been anxious that my hair should curl)—my eyes, I was informed, were like a diamond, and my teeth like pearl or ivory. It certainly seemed odd,—odd, but agreeable. I was like the bishop who doubted the authenticity of Gulliver's Travels. To say the truth, I thought the writer must be somewhat partial. That she was generous was quite clear, from the expense of which she had been guilty. The Valentine was radiant,—all gold and gay colours, red, and yellow, and blue, and embossed, and glittering with devices, all of love. It was like a dream, so fine. I had never seen any thing like it, except the last scene of a pantomime. I was like Belinda, when report say true,

Her eyes first open'd on a billet-doux.

In short, I was satisfied,—delighted—what is the word? *enchanted*!

As I received the first Valentine at C—, so I also wrote there my first Valentine, my first verse. The writing was disguised, the wax was dotted with a fork, the paper crumpled; and, so misused, the soft sheet of "Bath post" was committed to the letter-box. The next day how I laboured to arrive at a look of indifference. How I hoped and feared, and was perpetually hovering on a blush when the subject was mentioned. At last, I heard that "Miss —" had received a very pretty Valentine." Indeed?—"Yes, and by no means a common one." Oh! heart, what rich and delicious palpitations were thine. I trod on air; I bounded like a fawn: I was wild with joy. I had sent my love-verse to my fair neighbour, (at the next door,) and about seven o'clock,

I laid my "evening ear" to the thin partition wall, and actually heard part of the verses recited on the other side. That evening I sate and meditated high things, in the parlour which was after tenanted by a man of great renown,—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*.—I wonder whether he ever wrote Valentines there!

The advantage of Valentine-writing is, that it pleases giver and receiver, while it becomes both. It is not like a letter of business,—nor that which passes between a dun and his debtor, or between master and servant, or editor and contributor—nor even between lovers on ordinary occasions, for sometimes there is a fretfulness even in those, a dispute to be made up. This, on the contrary, is a prize, a pleasure without alloy.

Who would not have a Valentine? Is there any one so unprofitably wise as to decline it? Let him stay at home and be thankful. Let him rail at the quick-jarring knocker and the frequent bell. They can have no delights for him. Yet the chiming of the brass is musical to my ear, and the twanging of the wire harmonious. Oh! lads and lasses, and holy-day-loving sages, is not this a delightful day,—this day of Bishop Valentine? His diocese is the air, and he, so saith good Dr. Donne, (mark, reader, what a fine line I reveal to thee,)

—Marries every year

The lyric lark, and the grave-whispering dove,
and fills the winds with melody, and life with hope
and satisfied love that never dloys. Bright Love!
Methinks I could splinter a lance in his behalf, or
mark out a measure of verse—

Love!—he is a God
Walking the divine earth,
And where he hath trod
Fine things have their birth.
Fancies, passions, fears,
Subtle and sublime,
Things of pale love years,
Flowers of all time;
Hope, that springs and falls,
Doubts which pass away
And insatiate fire
Beyond all decay:—

And so on:—One might proceed in this style for ever.

I own that I am somewhat of a devotee. I love to keep all festivals, to taste all feast-offerings, from fermetz, (or frumetz—*frumentum*.) at Christmas to the pancakes at Shrovetide. These things always seem better on those days: as the bread "in the holy-days," is ever better than the bread at school, though it come from the same oven. Then it must be the same? By no means—to us. Freedom and home plant a different relish upon the tongue, and the viands are transmuted, sublimed.

What is the — on a Good-friday's bun,—is that nothing? What is the goose at Michaelmas? What is the regale at a harvest home, is that nothing? Are the cups, the kissing, the boisterous jollity, the tumbling on the fragrant hay, the danc-

ing, the shouting, the singing out of tune,—nothing?

Why then, the world and all that's in't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing.

It is We who make the world. No sky is blue, no leaf is verdant. It is our vision which hath the azure and the green. It is that which expands, or causes to diminish, things which are in themselves ever the same. It is our imagination which lifts earth to heaven, and robes our women in the garb of angels. And is this not better, and wiser, than if we were to measure with the square and the rule, and to fashion our enjoyments by the scanty materials, (the clay,) before us, instead of subliming them to the uttermost stretch of our own immortal capacity?

So it is, that Valentine's Day, which with the Laplander, and the Siberian is clad in a cold grey habit, is with us rose-coloured and bright. We array it before hand with hues gayer than the Iris. Our fancies, our hopes, are active. Custom has decided that it shall be a day of love; and though Custom is but too often a tyrant and spurred at, in this case he has always willing subjects. A Valentine—who would not have a Valentine? I ask the question again.

Hark! the postman is sounding at the door. How smart is his knock, how restless his tread upon the pavement. He comes burthened with gay tidings, and he knows it. Door after door is opened before he knocks. The passages are filled with listeners, and the windows thronged with anxious faces. How busy, how expectant are the girls. Observe, the copper is parted from the silver, and ready for immediate payment—or the solitary sixpence is brought forth with a doubt, (between hope and fear,) as to its being required. The carrier of letters is pitied, "because he has such a load;" the neighbours are noted—those who receive Valentines, and particularly *those who have none*. If you look from an upper window, you will see the parlour crowded. You may hear the loud laugh, and see the snatch, the retreat, the struggle to get a sight of the Valentine. In general the address is in a feigned hand; sometimes it is very neat; and written with a crow quill; but oftener the letters are so staring and gaunt, that the serious postman forgets his post and almost smiles. The giver, the receiver, the messenger, are all happy for once. Can a victory by land or by sea do as much? Can a struggle, (though it succeeds,) on a first night's play? a dinner—a dance—a coronation? No; some of these are sensual, and all have their drawbacks. It is only on Valentine's Day that enjoyment is pure and unalloyed. Never let us permit the splenetic to rail at it without defence. Above all, never let us allow its pleasant privileges to fall into disuse or decay.

—Having gossiped thus much, I will e'en conclude my "say," with a Valentine of my own. And I will address it to *Miss M. Tree*, the pretty Sylvia, the shipwrecked Viola. Why I do this is

of no importance. Perhaps it is because she is, (is she not the fair Sylvia?) beloved by Valentine. Perhaps it may be because I like her rich under tones, beyond all that Miss ——— or Miss ——— can utter. I am a little out of the habit now of writing Valentines, (thirty years in a warm climate make a difference in a man now-a-days,) so the reader will excuse imperfections.

TOT THAT FAIR SIREN, MISS M. TREE,—A VALENTINE.

1.
Why is the rose of the East so fond
Of the bird on the near palm-tree?
'Tis because he sings like the murmurings
Of the river that runs so bright and free.
2.
And why doth the paradise creature sing
To the silent and clear blue air,
When many a sound from the woods around
Doth speak like a spell to entice him there?
3.
'Tis because the blush of his love is rich,
And richer grows in his glances gay:
'Tis because the flower which fills his hour
With beauty, would pine were he away.
4.
Yet what is the red of the rose to thine?
And what is the nightingale's soft love-eye?
Thy glance is as bright as the clear star-light,
And the blush of thy cheek hath a deeper die.
5.
Therefore, and because that thy reed-rich song
May vie with the best of the Muses nine,
Do I, a poet, (though none may know it,)
Choose thee, fair girl, for my Valentine.

ON THE INCONVENIENCES RESULTING FROM BEING HANGED.

I AM one of those unhappy persons whose misfortunes, it seems, do not entitle them to the benefit of pure pity. All that is bestowed upon me of that kindest alleviator of human miseries, comes dashed with a double portion of contempt. My griefs have nothing in them that is felt as sacred by the bystanders. Yet is my affliction in truth of the deepest grain. The heaviest task that was ever given to mortal patience to sustain. Time, that wears out all other sorrows, can never modify or soften mine. Here they must continue to gnaw, as long as that fatal mark——

Why was I ever born? Why was innocence in my person suffered to be branded with a stain which was appointed only for the blackest guilt? What had I done, or my parents, that a disgrace of mine should involve a whole posterity, in infamy? I am almost tempted to believe, that in some pre-existent state, crimes to which this sub-lunary life of mine hath been as much a stranger as the babe that is newly born into it, have drawn down upon me this vengeance, so disproportionate to my actions on this globe.

My brain sickens, and my bosom labours to be

delivered of the weight that presses upon it, yet my conscious pen shrinks from the avowal. But out it must——

O, Mr. Editor! guess at the wretch's misery who now writes this to you, when, with tears and burning blushes, he is obliged to confess, that he has been——

—HANGED——

Methinks I hear an involuntary exclamation burst from you, as your imagination presents to you fearful images of your correspondent unknown——
—hanged!

Fear not, Mr. Editor. No disembodied spirit has the honour of addressing you. I am flesh and blood, an unfortunate system of bones, muscles, sinews, arteries, like yourself.

Then, I presume, you mean to be pleasant—That expression of yours, Mr. Correspondent, must be taken somehow in a metaphorical sense——

In the plainest sense, without trope or figure—Yes, Mr. Editor! this neck of mine has felt the fatal noose—these hands have tremblingly held up the corroborative prayer-book—these lips have sucked the moisture of the last consolatory orange—this tongue has chaunted the doleful cantata which no performer was ever called upon to repeat—this face has had the veiling night-cap drawn over it——

But for no crime of mine.—Far be it from me to arraign the justice of my country, which, though tardy, did at length recognize my innocence. It is not for me to reflect upon judge or jury, now that eleven years have elapsed since the erroneous sentence was pronounced. Men will always be fallible, and perhaps circumstances did appear at the time a little strong——

Suffice it to say, that after hanging four minutes, (as the spectators were pleased to compute it—a man that is being strangled, I know from experience, has altogether a different measure of time from his friends who are breathing leisurely about him—I suppose the minutes lengthen as time approaches eternity, in the same manner as the miles get longer as you travel northward,) after hanging four minutes, according to the best calculation of the by-standers, a reprieve came, and I was cut down——

Really I am ashamed of deforming your pages with these technical phrases—if I knew how to express my meaning shorter——

But to proceed.—My first care after I had been brought to myself by the usual methods, (those methods that are so interesting to the operator and his assistants, who are pretty numerous on such occasions—but which no patient was ever desirous of undergoing a second time for the benefit of science,) my first care was to provide myself with an enormous stock or cravat to hide the place—you understand me; my next care was to procure a residence as distant as possible from that part of the country where I had suffered. For that reason I chose the metropolis, as

the place where wounded honour, (I had been told,) could lurk with the least danger of exciting inquiry, and stigmatized innocence had the best chance of hiding her disgrace in a crowd. I sought out a new circle of acquaintance, and my circumstances happily enabling me to pursue my fancy in that respect, I endeavoured by mingling in all the pleasures which the town affords, to efface the memory of what I had undergone.

But Alas! such is the portentous and all-pervading chain of connection which links together the head and members of this great community, my scheme of lying perdu was defeated almost at the outset. A countryman of mine, whom a foolish lawsuit had brought to town, by chance met me, and the secret was soon blazoned about.

In a short time I found myself deserted by most of those who had been my intimate friends. Not that any guilt was supposed to attach to my character. My officious countryman, to do him justice, had been candid enough to explain my perfect innocence. But, somehow or other, there is a want of strong virtue in mankind. We have plenty of the softer instincts, but the heroic character is gone. How else can I account for it, that of all my numerous acquaintance, among whom I had the honour of ranking sundry persons of education, talents, and worth, scarcely here and there one or two could be found, who had the courage to associate with a man that had been hanged.

Those few who did not desert me altogether, were persons of strong but coarse minds; and from the absence of all delicacy in them I suffered almost as much as from the superabundance of a false species of it in the others. Those who stuck by me were the jokers, who thought themselves entitled by the fidelity which they had shown towards me to use me with what familiarity they pleased. Many and unfeeling are the jests that I have suffered from these rude, (because faithful,) Achatases. As they passed me in the streets, one would nod significantly to his companion and say, pointing to me, smoke his cravat, and ask me if I had got a wen, that I was so solicitous to cover my neck. Another would inquire, What news from * * * Assizes? (which you may guess, Mr. Editor, was the scene of my shame,) and whether the sessions was like to prove a maiden one? A third would offer to insure me from drowning. A fourth would tease me with inquiries how I felt when I was swinging, whether I had not something like a blue flame dancing before my eyes? A fifth took a fancy never to call me any thing but *Lazarus*. And an eminent bookseller and publisher, who, in his zeal to present the public with new facts, had he lived in those days, I am confident, would not have scrupled waiting upon the person himself last mentioned at the most critical period of his existence, to solicit a few facts relative to *resuscitation*, had the modesty to offer me guineas

per sheet, if I would write in his magazine a physiological account of my feelings upon coming to myself.

But these were evils which a moderate fortitude might have enabled me to struggle with. Alas! Mr. Editor, the women, whose good graces I had always most assiduously cultivated, from whose softer minds I had hoped a more delicate and generous sympathy than I found in the men—the women began to shun me—this was the unkindest blow of all.

But is it to be wondered at? How couldst thou imagine, wretchedest of beings, that that tender creature Seraphina would fling her pretty arms about that neck which previous circumstances had rendered infamous? That she would put up with the refuse of the rope, the leavings of the cord? Or that any analogy could subsist between the knot which binds true lovers, and the knot which ties malefactors?

I can forgive that pert baggage Flirtilla, who, when I complimented her one day on the execution which her eyes had done, replied, that, to be sure, Mr. * * was a judge of those things. But from thy more exalted mind, Celestina, I expected a more unprejudiced decision.

The person whose true name I conceal under this appellation, of all the women that I was ever acquainted with, had the most manly turn of mind, which she had improved by reading and the best conversation. Her understanding was not more masculine than her manners and whole disposition were delicately and truly feminine. She was the daughter of an officer who had fallen in the service of his country, leaving his widow and Celestina, an only child, with a fortune sufficient to set them above want, but not to enable them to live in splendour. I had the mother's permission to pay my addresses to the young lady, and Celestina seemed to approve of my suit.

Often and often have I poured out my overcharged soul in the presence of Celestina, complaining of the hard and unfeeling prejudices of the world, and the sweet maid has again and again declared, that no irrational prejudice should hinder her from esteeming every man according to his intrinsic worth. Often has she repeated the consolatory assurance that she could never consider as essentially ignominious an *accident*, which was indeed to be deprecated, but which might have happened to the most innocent of mankind. Then would she set forth some illustrious example, which her reading easily furnished, of a Phocion or a Socrates unjustly condemned; of a Raleigh or a Sir Thomas More, to whom late posterity had done justice;—and by soothing my fancy with some such agreeable parallel, she would make me almost to triumph in my disgrace, and convert my shame into glory.

In such entertaining and instructive conversations the time passed on, till I importunately urged the mistress of my affections to name a day

for our union. To this she obligingly consented, and I thought myself the happiest of mankind. But how was I surprised one morning on the receipt of the following billet from my charmer :—

SIR,

You must not impute it to levity, or to a worse failing, ingratitude, if, with anguish of heart, I feel myself compelled by irresistible arguments to recall a vow which I fear I made with too little consideration. I never can be yours. The reasons of my decision, which is final, are in my own breast, and you must everlastingly remain a stranger to them. Assure yourself that I can never cease to esteem you as I ought. CELESTINA.

At the sight of this paper, I ran in frantic haste to Celestina's lodgings, where I learned, to my infinite mortification, that the mother and daughter were set off on a journey to a distant part of the country, to visit a relation, and were not expected to return in less than four months.

Stunned by this blow, which left me without the courage to solicit an explanation by letter, even if I had known where they were, (for the particular address was industriously concealed from me,) I waited with impatience the termination of the period, in the vain hope that I might be permitted to have a chance of softening the harsh decision by a personal interview with Celestina after her return. But before three months were at an end, I learned from the newspapers, that my beloved had—given her hand to another!

Heart-broken as I was, I was totally at a loss to account for the strange step which she had taken; and it was not till some years after that I learned the true reason from a female relation of hers, to whom it seems Celestina had confessed in confidence, that it was no demerit of mine that had caused her to break off the match so abruptly, nor any preference which she might feel for any other person, for she preferred me, (she was pleased to say,) to all mankind; but when she came to lay the matter closer to her heart, she found that she never should be able to bear the sight, (I give you her very words as they were detailed to me by her relation,) the sight of a man in a night-cap, who had appeared on a public platform, it would lead to such a disagreeable association of ideas! And to this punctilio I was sacrificed.

To pass over an infinite series of minor mortifications, to which this last and heaviest might well render me callous, behold me here, Mr. Editor! in the thirty-seventh year of my existence, (the twelfth, reckoning from my re-animation,) cut off from all respectable connections, rejected by the fairer half of the community, who in my case alone seem to have lain aside the characteristic pity of their sex; punished because I was once punished unjustly; suffering for no other reason than because I once had the misfortune to suffer without any cause at all. In no other

country, I think, but this, could a man have been subject to such a life-long persecution, when once his innocence had been clearly established.

Had I crawled forth a rescued victim from the rack in the horrible dungeons of the inquisition,—had I heaved myself up from a half bastinado in China, or been torn from the just-entering, ghastly impaling stake in Barbary—had I dropt alive from the knout in Russia, or come off with a gashed neck from the half-mortal, scarce-in-time-retracted scymetar of an executioneering slave in Turkey—I might have borne about the remnant of this frame, (the mangled trophy of reprieved innocence,) with credit to myself, in any of those barbarous countries. No scorn, at least, would have mingled with the pity, (small as it might be,) with which what was left of me, would have been surveyed.

The singularity of my case has often led me to inquire into the reasons of the general levity with which the subject of hanging is treated as a topic in this country. I say as a topic: for let the very persons who speak so lightly of the thing at a distance be brought to view the real scene—let the platform be bona fide exhibited, and the trembling culprit brought forth—the case is changed; but as a topic of conversation, I appeal to the vulgar jokes which pass current in every street. But why mention them, when the politest authors have agreed in making use of this subject as a source of the ridiculous? Swift, and Pope, and Prior, are fond of recurring to it. Gay has built an entire drama upon this single foundation. The whole interest of the *Beggar's Opera* may be said to hang upon it. To such writers as Fielding and Smollet it is a perfect *bon bouche*.—Hear the facetious Tom Brown, in his *Comical View of London and Westminster*, describe the *Order of the Show at one of the Tyburn Executions* in his time:—"Mr. Ordinary visits his melancholy flock in Newgate by eight. Doleful procession up Holborn-hill about eleven. Men handsome and proper that were never thought so before, which is some comfort however. Arrive at the fatal place by twelve. Burnt brandy, women, and sabbath-breaking, repented of. Some few penitential drops fall under the gallows. Sheriff's men, parson, pickpockets, criminals, all very busy. The last concluding peremptory psalm struck up. Show over by one."—In this sportive strain does this misguided wit think proper to play with a subject so serious, which yet he would hardly have done, if he had not known that there existed a predisposition in the habits of his unaccountable countrymen to consider the subject as a jest. But what shall we say to Shakespeare, who, (not to mention the solution which the *grave-digger* in *Hamlet* gives of his fellow workman's problem,) in that scene in *Measure for Measure*, where the *Clown* calls upon *Master Barnardine* to get up and be hanged, which he declines on the score of

being sleepy, has actually gone out of his way to gratify this amiable propensity in his countrymen; for it is plain, from the use that was to be made of his head, and from *Abhorson's* asking, "is the axe upon the block, sirrah?" that beheading, and not hanging, was the punishment to which *Barnardine* was destined. But Shakspeare knew that the axe and block were pregnant with no ludicrous images, and therefore falsified the historic truth of his own drama, (if I may so speak,) rather than he would leave out such excellent matter for a jest as the suspending of a fellow-creature in mid air has been ever esteemed to be by Englishmen.

One reason why the ludicrous never fails to intrude itself into our contemplations upon this mode of death, I suppose to be, the absurd posture into which a man is thrown who is condemned to dance, as the vulgar delight to express it, upon nothing. To see him whisking and wavering in the air,

As the wind you know will wave a man;*

to behold the vacant carcase, from which the life is newly dislodged, shifting between earth and heaven, the sport of every gust; like a weathercock, serving to show from which point the wind blows; like a maukin, fit only to scare away birds; like a nest left to swing upon a bough when the bird is flown: these are uses to which we cannot without a mixture of spleen and contempt behold the human carcase reduced. We string up dogs, foxes, bats, moles, weasles. Man surely deserves a steadier death.

Another reason why the ludicrous associates more forcibly with this than with any other mode of punishment, I cannot help thinking to be, the senseless costume with which old prescription has thought fit to clothe the exit of malefactors in this country. Let a man do what he will to abstract from his imagination all idea of the whimsical, something of it will come across him when he contemplates the figure of a fellow-creature in the day-time, (in however distressing a situation,) in a night-cap. Whether it be that this nocturnal addition has something discordant with day-light, or that it is the dress which we are seen in at those times when we are "seen," as the angel in *Milton* expresses it, "least wise;" this I am afraid will always be the case; unless indeed, as in my instance, some strong personal feeling overpower the ludicrous altogether. To me, when I reflect upon the train of misfortunes which have pursued me through life, owing to that accursed drapery, the cap presents as purely frightful an object as the sleeveless yellow coat and devil-painted mitre of the *San Benitos*.—An ancestor of mine, who suffered for his loyalty in the time of the civil wars, was so sensible of the truth of what I am here advancing, that on the morning of execution, no intreaties could prevail upon him to sub-

mit to the odious dishabille, as he called it, but he insisted upon wearing, and actually suffered in the identical flowing periwig which he is painted in, in the gallery belonging to my uncle's seat in ———shire.

Suffer me, Mr. Editor, before I quit the subject, to say a word or two respecting the minister of justice in this country; in plain words, I mean the hangman. It has always appeared to me that, in the mode of inflicting capital punishments with us, there is too much of the ministry of the human hand. The guillotine, as performing its functions more of itself and sparing human agency, though a cruel and disgusting exhibition, in my mind, has many ways the advantage over our way. In beheading, indeed, as it was formerly practised in England, and in whipping to death, as is sometimes practised now, the hand of man is no doubt sufficiently busy; but there is something less repugnant in these downright blows than in the officious barber-like minsterings of the other. To have a fellow with his hangman's hands fumbling about your collar, adjusting the thing as your valet would regulate your cravat, valuing himself on his menial dexterity—

I never shall forget meeting my rascal—I mean the fellow who officiated for me—in London last winter. I think I see him now—in a waistcoat that had been mine—smirking along as if he knew me—

In some parts of Germany, that fellow's office is by law declared infamous, and his posterity incapable of being ennobled. They have hereditary hangmen, or had at least, in the same manner as they had hereditary other great officers of state; and the hangmen's families of two adjoining parishes intermarried with each other, to keep the breed entire. I wish something of the same kind were established in England.

But it is time to quit a subject which teems with disagreeable images.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I send you a bantering Epistle to an Old Gentleman whose Education is supposed to have been neglected. Of course, it was suggested by some letters of your admirable Opium-Eater; the discontinuance of which has caused so much regret to myself in common with most of your readers. You will do me injustice by supposing, that in the remotest degree it was my intention to ridicule those Papers. The fact is, the most serious things may give rise to an innocent burlesque; and the more serious they are, the fitter they become for that purpose. It is not to be supposed, that Charles Cotton did not entertain a very high regard for Virgil, notwithstanding he travestied that Poet. Yourself can testify the deep respect I have always held for the profound learning and penetrating genius of our friend. Nothing upon earth would give me greater pleasure than to find that he has not lost sight of his entertaining and instructive purpose.

I am, dear sir, yours and his sincerely,
ELIA.

* Hieronimo in the Spanish tragedy.

LETTER TO AN OLD GENTLEMAN

Whose education has been neglected.

MR DEAR SIR,—The question which you have done me the honour to propose to me, through the medium of our common friend, Mr. Grierson, I shall endeavour to answer with as much exactness as a limited observation and experience can warrant.

You ask—or rather, Mr. Grierson, in his own interesting language asks for you—"Whether a person at the age of sixty-three, with no more proficiency than a tolerable knowledge of most of the characters of the English alphabet at first sight amounts to, by dint of persevering application, and good masters,—a docile and ingenuous disposition on the part of the pupil always pre-supposed—may hope to arrive, within a presumable number of years, at that degree of attainments, which shall entitle the possessor to the character, which you are on so many accounts justly desirous of acquiring, of a *learned man*."

This is fairly and candidly stated—only I could wish that on one point you had been a little more explicit. In the mean time, I will take it for granted, that by a "knowledge of the alphabetic characters," you confine your meaning to the single powers only, as you are silent on the subject of the diphthongs, and harder combinations.

Why, truly, sir, when I consider the vast circle of sciences—it is not here worth while to trouble you with the distinction between learning and science—which a man must be understood to have made the tour of in these days, before the world will be willing to concede to him the title which you aspire to, I am almost disposed to reply to your inquiry by a direct answer in the negative.

However, where all cannot be compassed, a great deal that is truly valuable may be accomplished. I am unwilling to throw out any remarks that should have a tendency to damp a hopeful genius; but I must not in fairness conceal from you, that you have much to do. The consciousness of difficulty is sometimes a spur to exertion. Rome—or rather, my dear sir, to borrow an illustration from a place, as yet more familiar to you—Rumford—Rumford—was not built in a day.

Your mind as yet, give me leave to tell you, is in the state of a sheet of white paper. We must not blot or blur it over too hastily. Or, to use an opposite simile, it is like a piece of parchment all be-scrawled and be-scribbled over with characters of no sense or import, which we must carefully erase and remove, before we can make way for the authentic characters or impresses, which are to be substituted in their stead by the corrective hand of science.

Your mind, my dear sir, again resembles that same parchment, which we will suppose a little hardened by time and disuse. We may apply

the characters, but are we sure that the ink will sink?

You are in the condition of a traveller, that has all his journey to begin. And again, you are worse off than the traveller which I have supposed—for you have already lost your way.

You have much to learn, which you have never been taught; and more, I fear, to unlearn, which you have been taught erroneously. You have hitherto, I dare say, imagined, that the sun moves round the earth. When you shall have mastered the true solar system, you will have quite a different theory upon that point, I assure you. I mention but this instance. Your own experience, as knowledge advances will furnish you with many parallels.

I can scarcely approve of the intention, which Mr. Grierson informs me you had contemplated, of entering yourself at a common seminary, and working your way up from the lower to the higher forms with the children. I see more to admire in the modesty, than in the expediency, of such a resolution. I own I cannot reconcile myself to the spectacle of a gentleman at your time of life seated, as must be your case at first, below a Tyro of four or five—for at that early age the rudiments of education usually commence in this country. I doubt whether more might not be lost in the point of fitness, than would be gained in the advantages which you propose to yourself by this scheme.

You say, you stand in need of emulation; that this incitement is no where to be had but at a public school; that you should be more sensible of your progress by comparing it with the daily progress of those around you. But have you considered the nature of emulation; and how it is sustained at those tender years, which you would have to come in competition with? I am afraid you are dreaming of academic prizes and distinctions. Alas! in the university, for which you are preparing, the highest medal would be a silver penny, and you must graduate in nuts and oranges.

I know that Peter, the great Czar—or Emperor—of Muscovy, submitted himself to the discipline of a dock-yard, at Deptford, that he might learn, and convey to his countrymen, the noble art of ship-building. You are old enough to remember him, or at least the talk about him. I call to mind also other great princes, who, to instruct themselves in the theory and practice of war, and set an example of subordination to their subjects, have condescended to enrol themselves as private soldiers; and, passing through the successive ranks of corporal, quarter-master, and the rest, have served their way up to the station, at which most princes are willing enough to set out—of General and Commander-in-Chief over their own forces. But—besides that there is oftentimes great sham and pretence in their show of mock humility—the competition which they stooped to was with their co-evals, however inferior to them in birth. Be-

tween ages so very disparate, as those which you contemplate, I fear there can no salutary emulation subsist.

Again, in the other alternative, could you submit to the ordinary reproofs and discipline of a day-school? Could you bear to be corrected for your faults? Or how would it look to see you put to stand, as must be the case sometimes, in a corner?

I am afraid the idea of a public school in your circumstances must be given up.

But is it impossible, my dear sir, to find some person of your own age—if of the other sex, the more agreeable perhaps—whose information, like your own, has rather lagged behind their years, who should be willing to set out from the same point with yourself, to undergo the same tasks—thus at once inciting and sweetening each other's labours in a sort of friendly rivalry. Such a one, I think, it would not be difficult to find in some of the western parts of this island—about Dartmoor for instance.

Or what if, from your own estate—that estate which, unexpectedly acquired so late in life, has inspired into you this generous thirst after knowledge, you were to select some elderly peasant, that might be spared from the land, to come and begin his education with you, that you might till, as it were, your minds together—one, whose heavier progress might invite, without a fear of discouraging, your emulation? We might then see—starting from an equal post—the difference of the clownish and the gentle blood.

A private education then, or such a one as I have been describing, being determined on, we must in the next place look out for a preceptor:—for it will be some time before either of you, left to yourselves, will be able to assist the other to any great purpose in his studies.

And now, my dear sir, if in describing such a tutor as I have imagined for you, I use a style a little above the familiar one in which I have hitherto chosen to address you, the nature of the subject must be my apology. *Difficile est de scientiis incipienter loqui*, which is as much as to say that “in treating of scientific matters it is difficult to avoid the use of scientific terms.” But I shall endeavour to be as plain as possible. I am not going to present you with the *ideal* of a pedagogue, as it may exist in my fancy, or has possibly been realized in the persons of Buchanan and Busby. Something less than perfection will serve our turn. The scheme which I propose in this first or introductory letter has reference to the first four or five years of your education only; and in enumerating the qualifications of him that should undertake the direction of your studies, I shall rather point out the *minimum* or *least*, that I shall require of him, than trouble you in the search of attainments neither common nor necessary to our immediate purpose.

He should be a man of deep and extensive

knowledge. So much at least is indispensable. Something older than yourself, I could wish him, because years add reverence.

To his age and great learning, he should be blest with a temper and a patience, willing to accommodate itself to the imperfections of the slowest and meanest capacities. Such a one in former days Mr. Hartlib appears to have been, and such in our days I take Mr. Grierson to be; but our friend, you know, unhappily has other engagements. I do not demand a consummate grammarian; but he must be a thorough master of vernacular orthography, with an insight into the accentualities and punctualities of modern Saxon, or English. He must be competently instructed, (or how shall he instruct you?) in the tetralogy, or four first rules, upon which not only arithmetic, but geometry, and the pure mathematics themselves, are grounded. I do not require that he should have measured the globe with Cook, or Ortelius, but it is desirable that he should have a general knowledge, (I do not mean a very nice or pedantic one,) of the great division of the earth into four parts, so as to teach you readily to name the quarters. He must have a genius capable in some degree of soaring to the upper element, to deduce from thence the not much dissimilar computation of the cardinal points, or hinges, upon which those invisible phenomena, which naturalists agree to term *winds*, do perpetually shift and turn. He must instruct you, in imitation of the old Orphic fragments, (the mention of which has possibly escaped you,) in numeric and harmonious responses, to deliver the number of solar revolutions, within which each of the twelve periods, into which the *Annus Vulgaris*, or common year, is divided, doth usually complete and terminate itself. The intercalaries, and other subtle problems, he will do well to omit, till ripier years, and course of study, shall have rendered you more capable thereof. He must be capable of embracing all history, so as from the countless myriads of individual men, who have peopled this globe of earth—for it is a globe—by comparison of their respective births, lives, deaths, fortunes, conduct, prowess, &c. to pronounce, and teach you to pronounce, dogmatically and catechetically, who was the richest, who was the strongest, who was the wisest, who was the meekest man that ever lived; to the facilitation of which solution, you will readily conceive, a smattering of biography would in no inconsiderable degree conduce. Leaving the dialects of men, (in one of which I shall take leave to suppose you by this time at least superficially instituted,) you will learn to ascend with him to the contemplation of that unarticulated language, which was before the written tongue; and, with the aid of the elder Phrygian or Æsopic key, to interpret the sounds by which the animal tribes communicate their minds—evolving moral instruction with delight from the dialogue of cocks, dogs, and foxes. Or marrying theology with versa,

from whose mixture a beautiful and healthy offspring may be expected, in your own native accents, (but purified,) you will keep time together to the profound harpings of the more modern or Wattsian hymnics.

Thus far I have ventured to conduct you to a "hill-side, whence you may discern the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."*

With my best respects to Mr. Grierson, when you see him,

I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant,

ELIA.

OLD CHINA.

I HAVE an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have?—to those little, lawless, azure-tintured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air, (so they appear to our optics,) yet on *terra firma* still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, has made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on tea-cups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence, (as angles go in our world,) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

* Milton's Tractate on Education, addressed to Mr. Hartlib.

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here—a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay!

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our hyson, (which we are old-fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon,) some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china, (a recent purchase,) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to over-shade the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean, that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state;"—so she was pleased to ramble on,—“in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury, (and O! how much ado I had to get you to consent to it in those times!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

"Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so thread-bare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night, from Barker's in Covent-garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper, (for he was setting bedwards,) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it, (*collating* you called it,)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till day-break—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity, with which you flaunted it about in that overworn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five

weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio? Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

“When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the ‘Lady Blanch;’ when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi’s (as W—— calls it,) and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you?”

“Then do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter’s Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holy-day—holy-days, and all other fun, are gone now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day’s fare of savory cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at noon-tide for some decent house, where we might go in, and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth,—and wish for such another honest hostess as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a fishing,—and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now, when we go out a day’s pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we ride part of the way—and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense—which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

“You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit or boxes. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the Battle of Hexham, and the Surrender of Calais, and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in the Children in the Wood—when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the court of Illyria? You used to say, that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going

—that the company we met there not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then, and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in, indeed, and the crowding up the inconvenient staircases, was bad enough, but there was still a law of civility to women recognized to quite as great an extent as we have ever found it in the other passages, and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money, and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all,—I think, is gone with our poverty.

“There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people, living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologises, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

“I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet—and much as we used to have every thirty-first night of December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found our slender capital decreasing—but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailings this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits, (in which you were never poor till now,) we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with ‘lusty brimmers’ (as you used to quote it out of hearty cheerful Mr. Cotton, as you called him,) we used to welcome in the ‘coming guest.’ Now, we have no reckoning

at all at the end of an old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us.”

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor—hundred pounds a year. “It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superfluous into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power—those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplemental youth; a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked; live better, and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return—could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a day—could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them—could the good old one shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my cousin, now—but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument by our well-carpeted fireside, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient staircases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours—and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed, when the top-most stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth than Cressus had, or the great Jew R—— is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half-Madonish chit of a lady in that very blue summer-house.”

ON BURIAL SOCIETIES ;

AND THE CHARACTER OF AN UNDERTAKER.

I WAS amused the other day with having the following notice thrust into my hand by a man who gives out bills at the corner of Fleet-market. Whether he saw any prognostics about me, that

made him judge such notice seasonable, I cannot say; I might perhaps carry in a countenance, (naturally not very florid,) traces of a fever which had not long left me. Those fellows have a good instinctive way of guessing at the sort of people that are likeliest to pay attention to their papers.

“BURIAL SOCIETY.

“A favourable opportunity now offers to any person, of either sex, who would wish to be buried in a genteel manner, by paying one shilling entrance, and two-pence per week for the benefit of the stock. Members to be free in six months. The money to be paid at Mr. Middleton’s, at the sign of the *First* and the *Last*, Stonecutter’s-street, Fleet-market. The deceased to be furnished as follows:—A strong elm coffin covered with superfine black, and finished with two rows, all round, close-drove, best japanned nails, and adorned with ornamental drops, a handsome plate of inscription, Angel above, and Flower beneath, and four pair of handsome handles, with wrought gripes; the coffin to be well pitched, lined and ruffled with fine crape; a handsome crape shroud, cap, and pillow. For use, a handsome velvet pall, three gentlemen’s cloaks, three crape hatbands, three hoods and scarfs, and six pair of gloves; two porters equipped to attend the funeral, a man to attend the same with band and gloves; also, the burial fees paid, if not exceeding one guinea.”

“Man,” says Sir Thomas Browne, “is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave.” Whoever drew up this little advertisement, certainly understood this appetite in the species, and has made abundant provision for it. It really almost induces a *tedium vite* upon one to read it. Methinks I could be willing to die, in death to be so attended. The two rows all round close-drove best black japanned nails,—how feelingly do they invite and almost irresistibly persuade us to come and be fastened down! what aching head can resist the temptation to repose, which the crape shroud, the cap, and the pillow present; what sting is there in death, which the handles with wrought gripes are not calculated to pluck away? what victory in the grave, which the drops and the velvet pall do not render at least extremely disputable; but above all, the pretty emblematic plate with the Angel above, and the flower beneath, takes me mightily.

The notice goes on to inform us, that though the society has been established but a very few years, upwards of eleven hundred persons have put down their names. It is really an affecting consideration to think of so many poor people, of the industrious and hard working class, (for none but such would be possessed of such a generous forethought,) clubbing their twopences to save the reproach of a parish funeral. Many a poor fellow, I dare swear, has that Angel and Flower kept from the *Angel* and *Punchbowl*, while, to provide

himself a bier, he has curtailed himself of *beer*. Many a savory morsel has the living body been deprived of, that the lifeless one might be served up in a richer state to the worms. And sure, if the body could understand the actions of the soul, and entertain generous notions of things, it would thank its provident partner, that she had been more solicitous to defend it from dishonours at its dissolution, than careful to pamper it with good things in the time of its union. If *Cæsar* were chiefly anxious at his death how he might die most decently, every Burial Society may be considered as a Club of *Cæsars*.

Nothing tends to keep up, in the imaginations of the poorer sort of people, a generous horror of the workhouse more than the manner in which pauper funerals are conducted in this metropolis. The coffin nothing but a few naked planks, coarsely put together,—the want of a pall, (that decent and well-imagined veil, which, hiding the coffin that hides the body, keeps that which would shock us at two removes from us,) the coloured coats of the men that are hired, at cheap rates, to carry the body,—altogether, give the notion of the deceased having been some person of an ill-life and conversation, some one who may not claim the entire rites of Christian burial,—one by whom some parts of the sacred ceremony would be desecrated if they should be bestowed upon him. I meet these meagre processions sometimes in the street. They are sure to make me out of humour and melancholy all the day after. They have a harsh and ominous aspect.

If there is any thing in the prospectus issued from Mr. Middleton's, Stonecutter's-street, which pleases me less than the rest, it is to find, that the six pair of gloves are to be returned, that they are only lent, or, as the bill expresses it, for use, on the occasion. The hood, scarfs and hatbands, may properly enough be given up after the solemnity: the cloaks no gentleman would think of keeping; but a pair of gloves, once fitted on, ought not in courtesy to be re-demanded. The wearer should certainly have the fee-simple of them. The cost would be but trifling, and they would be a proper memorial of the day. This part of the Proposal wants reconsidering. It is not conceived in the same liberal way of thinking as the rest. I am also a little doubtful whether the limit, within which the burial fee is made payable, should not be extended to thirty shillings.

Some provision too ought undoubtedly to be made in favour of those well-intentioned persons and well-wishers to the fund, who, having all along paid their subscriptions regularly, are so unfortunate as to die before the six months, which would entitle them to their freedom, are quite completed. One can hardly imagine a more distressing case than that of a poor fellow lingering on in a consumption till the period of his freedom is almost in sight, and then finding himself going with a velocity which makes it doubtful whether he shall be

entitled to his funeral honours: his quota to which he nevertheless squeezes out, to the diminution of the comforts which sickness demands. I think, in such cases, some of the contribution money ought to revert. With some such modifications, which might easily be introduced, I see nothing in these Proposals of Mr. Middleton which is not strictly fair and genteel; and heartily recommend them to all persons of moderate incomes, in either sex, who are willing that this perishable part of them should quit the scene of its mortal activities, with as handsome circumstances as possible.

Before I quit the subject, I must guard my readers against a scandal, which they may be apt to take at the place whence these Proposals purport to be issued. From the sign of the *First* and the *Last*, they may conclude that Mr. Middleton is some publican, who, in assembling a club of this description at his house, may have a sinister end of his own, altogether foreign to the solemn purpose for which the club is pretended to be instituted. I must set them right by informing them that the issuer of these Proposals is no publican, though he hangs out a sign, but an honest superintendant of funerals, who, by the device of a Cradle and a Coffin, connecting both ends of human existence together, has most ingeniously contrived to insinuate, that the framers of these *first* and *last* receptacles of mankind divide this our life betwixt them, and that all that passes from the midwife to the undertaker may, in strict propriety, go for *nothing*; an awful and instructive lesson to human vanity.

Looking over some papers lately that fell into my hands by chance, and appear to have been written about the beginning of the last century, I stumbled, among the rest, upon the following short Essay, which the writer calls "*The Character of an Undertaker*." It is written with some stiffness and peculiarities of style, but some parts of it, I think, not unaptly characterise the profession to which Mr. Middleton has the honour to belong. The writer doubtless had in his mind the entertaining character of *Sable*, in Steele's excellent comedy of the *Funeral*.

CHARACTER OF AN UNDERTAKER.

"He is master of the ceremonies at burials and mourning assemblies, grand marshal at funeral processions, the only true yeoman of the body, over which he exercises a dictatorial authority from the moment that the breath has taken leave to that of its final commitment to the earth. His ministry begins where the physician's, the lawyer's, and the divine's, end. Or if some part of the functions of the latter run parallel with his, it is only in *ordine ad spiritualia*. His temporalities remain unquestioned. He is arbitrator of all questions of honour which may concern the defunct; and upon slight inspection will pronounce how long he may remain in this upper world with credit to himself, and when it will be prudent for

his reputation that he should retire. His determination in these points is peremptory and without appeal. Yet with a modesty peculiar to his profession, he meddles not out of his own sphere. With the good or bad actions of the deceased in his life-time he has nothing to do. He leaves the friends of the dead man to form their own conjectures as to the place to which the departed spirit is gone. His care is only about the exuvie. He concerns not himself even about the body, as it is a structure of parts internal, and a wonderful microcosm. He leaves such curious speculations to the anatomy professor. Or, if any thing, he is averse to such wanton inquiries, as delighting rather that the parts which he has care of should be returned to their kindred dust in as handsome and unimpaired condition as possible; that the grave should have its full and unimpaired tribute,—a complete and just carcass. Nor is he only careful to provide for the body's entireness, but for its accommodation and ornament. He orders the fashion of its clothes, and designs the symmetry of its dwelling. Its vanity has an innocent survival in him. He is bed-maker to the dead. The pillows which he lays never rumple. The day of interment is the theatre in which he displays the mysteries of his art. It is hard to describe what he is, or rather to tell what he is not, on that day: for, being neither kinsman, servant, nor friend, he is all in turns; a transcendent, running through all those relations. His office is to supply the place of self-agency in the family, who are presumed incapable of it through grief. He is eyes, and ears, and hands, to the whole household. A draught of wine cannot go round to the mourners, but he must minister it. A chair may hardly be restored to its place by a less solemn hand than his. He takes upon himself all functions, and is a sort of ephemeral major-domo! He distributes his attentions among the company assembled according to the degree of affliction, which he calculates from the degree of kin to the deceased; and marshals them accordingly in the procession. He himself is of a sad and tristful countenance; yet such as, (if well examined,) is not without some show of patience and resignation at bottom: prefiguring, as it were, to the friends of the deceased, what their grief shall be when the hand of Time shall have softened and taken down the bitterness of their first anguish; so handsomely can he fore-shape and anticipate the work of Time. Lastly, with his wand, as with another divining rod, he calculates the depth of earth at which the bones of the dead man may rest, which he ordinarily contrives may be at such a distance from the surface of this earth, as may frustrate the profane attempts of such as would violate his repose, yet sufficiently on this side the centre to give his friends hopes of an easy and practicable resurrection. And here we leave him, casting in dust to dust, which is the last friendly office that he undertakes to do."

BARBARA S—.

On the noon of the 14th November, 1743 or 4, I forget which it was, just as the clock had struck one, Barbara S—, with her accustomed punctuality, ascended the long rambling staircase, with awkward interposed landing-places, which led to the office, or rather a sort of box with a desk in it, whereat sat the then Treasurer of, (what few of our readers may remember,) the Old Bath Theatre. All over the island it was the custom, and remains so I believe to this day, for the players to receive their weekly stipend on the Saturday. It was not much that Barbara had to claim.

This little maid had but just entered her eleventh year; but her important station at the theatre, as it seemed to her, with the benefits which she felt to accrue from her pious application of her small earnings, had given an air of womanhood to her steps and to her behaviour. You would have taken her to have been at least five years older.

Till latterly she had merely been employed in choruses, or where children were wanted to fill up the scene. But the manager, observing a diligence and adroitness in her above her age, had for some few months past intrusted to her the performance of whole parts. You may guess the self-consequence of the promoted Barbara. She had already drawn tears in young Arthur; had rallied Richard with infantine petulance in the Duke of York; and in her turn had rebuked that petulance when she was Prince of Wales. She would have done the elder child in Morton's pathetic after-piece to the life, but as yet the "Children in the Wood" was not.

Long after this little girl was grown an aged woman, I have seen some of these small parts, each making two or three pages at most, copied out in the rudest hand of the then prompter, who doubtless transcribed a little more carefully and fairly for the grown-up tragedy ladies of the establishment. But such as they were, blotted and scrawled, as for a child's use, she kept them all; and in the zenith of her after-reputation it was a delightful sight to behold them bound up in costliest Morocco, each single—each small part making a book—with fine clasps, gilt-splashed, &c. She had conscientiously kept them as they had been delivered to her; not a blot had been effaced or tampered with. They were precious to her for their affecting remembrances. They were her principles, her rudiments; the elementary atoms; the little steps by which she pressed forwards to perfection. "What," she would say, "could Indian rubber, or a pumice stone have done for these darlings?"

I am in no hurry to begin my story—indeed I have little or none to tell—so I will just mention an observation of her's connected with that interesting time.

Not long before she died I had been discouraging with her on the quantity of real present emotion which a great tragic performer experiences

during acting. I ventured to think, that though in the first instance such players must have possessed the feelings which they so powerfully called up in others, yet by frequent repetition those feelings must become deadened in great measure, and the performer trust to the memory of past emotion, rather than express a present one. She indignantly repelled the notion, that with a truly great tragedian the operation by which such effects were produced upon an audience, could ever degrade itself into what was purely mechanical. With much delicacy, avoiding to instance in her *self*-experience, she told me, that so long ago as when she used to play the part of the Little Son to Mrs. Porter's Isabella, (I think it was,) when that impressive actress has been bending over her in some heart-rending colloquy, she has felt real hot tears come trickling from her, which, (to use her powerful expression,) have perfectly scalded her back.

I am not quite so sure that it was Mrs. Porter; but it was some great actress of that day. The name is indifferent; but the fact of the scalding tears I most distinctly remember.

I was always fond of the society of the players, and am not sure that an impediment in my speech, (which certainly kept me out of the pulpit,) even more than certain personal disqualifications, which are often got over in that profession, did not prevent me at one time of life from adopting it. I have had the honour, (I must ever call it,) once to have been admitted to the tea-table of Miss Kelly. I have played at serious whist with Mr. Liston. I have chatted with ever good-humoured Mrs. Charles Kemble. I have conversed as friend to friend with her accomplished husband. I have been indulged with a classical conference with Macready; and with a sight of the Player-picture gallery at Mr. Matthews's, when the kind owner, to remunerate me for my love of the old actors, (whom he loves so much,) went over it with me, supplying to his capital collection, what alone the artist could not give them—voice; and their living motions. Old tones, half-faded, of Dodd, and Parsons, and Baddeley, have lived again for me at his bidding. Only Edwin he could not restore to me. I have supped with —; but I am growing a coxcomb.

As I was about to say—at the desk of the then treasurer of the old Bath theatre—not Diamond's—presented herself the little Barbara S—

The parents of Barbara had been in reputable circumstances. The father had practised, I believe, as an apothecary in the town. But his practice from causes which I feel my own infirmity too sensibly that way to arraign—or perhaps from that pure infelicity which accompanies some people in their walk through life, and which it is impossible to lay at the door of imprudence—was now reduced to nothing. They were in fact in the very teeth of starvation, when the manager,

who knew and respected them in better days, took the little Barbara into his company.

At the period I commenced with, her slender earnings were the sole support of the family, including two younger sisters. I must throw a veil over some mortifying circumstances. Enough to say, that her Saturday's pittance was the only chance of a Sunday's, (generally their only,) meal of meat.

One thing I will only mention, that in some child's part, where in her theatrical character she was to sup off a roast fowl, (O joy to Barbara!) some comic actor, who was for the night caterer for this stage dainty—in the misguided humour of his part, throw over the dish such a quantity of salt, (O grief and pain of heart to Barbara!) that when he crammed a portion of it into her mouth, she was obliged sputtering to reject it; and what with shame of her ill-acted part, and pain of real appetite at missing such a dainty, her little heart sobbed almost to breaking, till a flood of tears, which the well-fed spectators were totally unable to comprehend, mercifully relieved her.

This was the little starved, meritorious maid, who stood before old Ravenscroft, the treasurer, for her Saturday's payment.

Ravenscroft was a man, I have heard many old theatrical people besides herself say, of all men least calculated for a treasurer. He had no head for accounts, paid away at random, kept scarce any books, and summing up at the week's end, if he found himself a pound or so deficient, blest himself that it was no worse.

Now Barbara's weekly stipend was a bare half guinea.—By mistake he popped into her hand a—whole one.

Barbara tripped away.

She was entirely unconscious at first of the mistake: God knows that Ravenscroft would never have discovered it.

But when she had got down to the first of those uncouth landing-places, she became sensible of an unusual weight of metal pressing her little hand.

Now mark the dilemma.

She was by nature a good child. From her parents and those about her she had imbibed no contrary influence. But then they had taught her nothing. Poor men's smoky cabins are not always porticoes of moral philosophy. This little maid had no instinct to evil, but then she might be said to have no fixed principle. She had heard honesty commended, but never dreamed of its application to herself. She thought of it as something which concerned grown-up people—men and women. She had never known temptation, or thought of preparing resistance against it.

Her first impulse was to go back to the old treasurer, and explain to him his blunder. He was already so confused with age, besides a natural want of punctuality, that she would have had some difficulty in making him understand it. She saw that in an instant. And then it was such a

bit of money! and then the image of a larger allowance of butcher's meat on their table next day came across her, till her little eyes glistened, and her mouth moistened. But then Mr. Ravenscroft had always been so good-natured, had stood her friend behind the scenes, and even recommended her promotion to some of her little parts. But again the old man was reputed to be worth a world of money. He was supposed to have fifty pounds a year clear of the theatre. And then came staring upon her the figures of her little stockingless and shoeless sisters. And when she looked at her own neat white cotton stockings, which her situation at the theatre had made it indispensable for her mother to provide for her, with hard straining and pinching from the family stock, and thought how glad she should be to cover their poor feet with the same—and how then they could accompany her to rehearsals, which they had hitherto been precluded from doing, by reason of their unfashionable attire,—in these thoughts she reached the second landing-place—the second, I mean from the top—for there was still another left to traverse.

Now virtue support Barbara!

And that never-failing friend did step in—for at that moment a strength, not her own, I have heard her say, was revealed to her—a reason above reasoning—and without her own agency, as it seemed, (for she never felt her feet to move,) she found herself transported back to the individual desk she had just quitted, and her hand in the old hand of Ravenscroft, who in silence took back the refunded treasure, and who had been sitting, (good man,) insensible to the lapse of minutes, which to her were anxious ages; and from that moment a deep peace fell upon her heart, and she knew the quality of honesty.

A year or two's unrepining application to her profession brightened up the feet, and the prospects, of her little sisters, set the whole family upon their legs again, and released her from the difficulty of discussing moral dogmas upon a landing-place.

I have heard her say, that it was a surprise, not much short of mortification to her, to see the coolness with which the old man pocketed the difference, which had cost her such mortal throes.

This anecdote of herself I had in the year 1800, from the mouth of the late Mrs. Crawford* then sixty-seven years of age, (she died soon after;) and to her struggles upon this childish occasion I have sometimes ventured to think her indebted for that power of rending the heart in the representation of conflicting emotions, for which in after years she was considered as little inferior, (if at all so in the part of Lady Randolph,) even to Mrs. Siddons.

* The maiden name of this lady was Street, which she changed, by successive marriages, for those of Dancer, Barry, and Crawford. She was Mrs. Crawford, and a third time a widow, when I knew her.

GUY FAUX.

A VERY ingenious and subtle writer, whom there is good reason for suspecting to be an Ex-Jesuit, not unknown at Douay some five-and-twenty years since, (he will not obtrude himself at M——th again in a hurry,) about a twelve-month back, set himself to prove the character of the Powder Plot conspirators to have been that of heroic self-devotedness and true Christian martyrdom. Under the mask of Protestant candour, he actually gained admission for his treatise into a London weekly paper, not particularly distinguished for its zeal towards either religion. But, admitting Catholic principles, his arguments are shrewd and incontrovertible. He says—

"Guy Faux was a fanatic, but he was no hypocrite. He ranks among good haters. He was cruel, bloody-minded, reckless of all considerations but those of an infuriated and bigoted faith; but he was a true son of the Catholic Church, a martyr and a confessor, for all that. He who can prevail upon himself to devote his life for a cause, however we may condemn his opinions or abhor his actions, vouches at least for the honesty of his principles and the disinterestedness of his motives. He may be guilty of the worst practices, but he is capable of the greatest. He is no longer a slave, but free. The contempt of death is the beginning of virtue. The hero of the Gunpowder Plot was, if you will, a fool, a madman, an assassin; call him what names you please: still he was neither knave nor coward. He did not propose to blow up the Parliament and come off, scot-free, himself; he showed that he valued his own life no more than theirs in such a cause—where the integrity of the Catholic faith and the salvation of perhaps millions of souls was at stake. He did not call it a murder, but a sacrifice which he was about to achieve: he was armed with the Holy Spirit and with fire: he was the Church's chosen servant and her blessed martyr. He comforted himself as "the best of cut-throats." How many wretches are there that would have undertaken to do what he intended for a sum of money, if they could have got off with impunity! How few are there who would have put themselves in Guy Faux's situation to save the universe! Yet in the latter case we affect to be thrown into greater consternation than at the most unredemmed acts of villany, as if the absolute disinterestedness of the motive doubled the horror of the deed! The cowardice and selfishness of mankind are in fact shocked at the consequences to themselves, (if such examples are held up for imitation,) and they make a fearful outcry against the violation of every principle of morality, lest they too should be called on for any such tremendous sacrifices—lest they in their turn should have to go on the forlorn hope of extra-official duty. *Charity begins at home*, is a maxim that prevails as well in the courts of conscience as in

those of prudence. We would be thought to shudder at the consequences of crime to others, while we tremble for them to ourselves. We talk of the dark and cowardly assassin; and this is well, when an individual shrinks from the face of an enemy, and purchases his own safety by striking a blow in the dark: but how the charge of cowardly can be applied to the public assassin, who, in the very act of destroying another, lays down his life as the pledge and forfeit of his sincerity and boldness, I am at a loss to devise. There may be barbarous prejudice, rooted hatred, unprincipled treachery, in such an act; but he who resolves to take all the danger and odium upon himself, can no more be branded with cowardice, than Regulus devoting himself for his country, or Codrus leaping into the fiery gulf. A wily Father Inquisitor, coolly and with plenary authority condemning hundreds of helpless, unoffending victims, to the flames or to the horrors of a living tomb, while he himself would not suffer a hair of his head to be hurt, is to me a character without any qualifying trait in it. Again; the Spanish conqueror and hero, the favourite of his monarch, who enticed thirty thousand poor Mexicans into a large open building, under promise of strict faith and cordial good-will, and then set fire to it, making sport of the cries and agonies of these deluded creatures, is an instance of uniting the most hardened cruelty with the most heartless selfishness. His plea was keeping no faith with heretics: this was Guy Faux's too; but I am sure at least that the latter kept faith with himself: he was in earnest in his professions. His was not gay, wanton, unfeeling depravity; he did not murder in sport; it was serious work that he had taken in hand. To see this arch bigot, this heart-whole traitor, this pale miner in the infernal regions, skulking in his retreat with his cloak and dark lantern, moving cautiously about among his barrels of gunpowder loaded with death, but not yet ripe for destruction, regardless of the lives of others, and more than indifferent to his own, presents a picture of the strange infatuation of the human understanding, but not of the depravity of the human will, without an equal. There were thousands of pious Papists privy to and ready to applaud the deed when done:—there was no one but our old fifth-of-November friend, who still flutters in rags and straw on the occasion, that had the courage to attempt it. In him stern duty and unshaken faith prevailed over natural frailty."

It is impossible, upon Catholic principles, not to admit the force of this reasoning; we can only not help smiling, (with the writer,) at the simplicity of the gulled editor, swallowing the dregs of Loyola for the very quintessence of sublimated reason in England at the commencement of the nineteenth century. We will just, as a contrast, show what we Protestants, (who are a party concerned,) thought upon the same subject, at a pe-

riod rather nearer to the heroic project in question.

The Gunpowder Treason was the subject which called forth the earliest specimen which is left us of the pulpit eloquence of Jeremy Taylor. When he preached the Sermon on that anniversary, which is printed at the end of the folio edition of his Sermons, he was a young man just commencing his ministry, under the auspices of Archbishop Laud. From the learning, and maturest oratory, which it manifests, one should rather have conjectured it to have proceeded from the same person after he was ripened by time into a Bishop and Father of the Church.—"And, really, these *Romano-barbari* could never pretend to any precedent for an act so barbarous as theirs. Adramelech, indeed, killed a king, but he spared the people; Haman would have killed the people, but spared the king; but that both king and people, princes and judges, branch and root, should die at once, (as if Caligula's wish were actuated, and all England upon one head,) was never known till now, that all the malice of the world met in this as in a centre. The Sicilian even-song, the matins of St. Bartholomew, known for the pitiless and damned massacres, were but *adus celas fup*, the dream of the shadow of smoke, if compared with this great fire. *In tam occupato seculo fabulas vulgares requirit non invenit*. This was a busy age; Herostatus must have invented a more sublimed malice than the burning of one temple, or not have been so much as spoke of since the discovery of the powder treason. But I must make more haste, I shall not else climb the sublimity of this impiety. Nero was sometimes the popular odium, was popularly hated, and deserved it too, for he slew his master, and his wife, and all his family, once or twice over,—opened his mother's womb,—fired the city, laughed at it, slandered the Christians for it; but yet all these were *principia malorum*, the very first rudiments of evil. Add, then, to these, Herod's master-piece at Ramah, as it was deciphered by the tears and sad threnes of the matrons in an universal mourning for the loss of their pretty infants; yet this of Herod will prove but an infant wickedness, and that of Nero the evil but of one city. I would willingly have found out an example, but see I cannot; should I put into the scale the extract of all the old tyrants famous in antique stories,—

*Bistonii stabulum regis, Busiridis aras,
Antiphatæ mensas, et Taurica regna Thoantis;*—

should I take for true story the highest cruelty as it was fancied by the most hieroglyphical Egyptian, this alone would weigh them down, as if the Alps were put in scale against the dust of a balance. For had this accursed treason prospered, we should have had the whole kingdom mourn for the inestimable loss of its chiefest glory, its life, its present joy, and all its very hopes for the future. For such was their destined malice,

that they would not only have inflicted so cruel a blow, but have made it incurable, by cutting off our supplies of joy, the whole succession of the Line Royal. Not only the vine itself, but all the *gemmulae*, and the tender olive branches, should either have been bent to their intentions, and made to grow crooked, or else been broken.

"And now, after such a sublimity of malice, I will not instance in the sacrilegious ruin of the neighbouring temples, which needs must have perished in the flame,—nor in the disturbing the ashes of our intombed kings, devouring their dead ruins like sepulchral dogs,—these are but minutes, in respect of the ruin prepared for the living temples:

Stragem sed istam non tulit
Christus cadentum Principum
Impune, ne forsan sui
Paris periret fabrica.
Ergo quæ poterit lingua retexere
Laudes, Christe, tuas, qui domitum struis
Infidum populum cum Duce perfido!"

In such strains of eloquent indignation did Jeremy Taylor's young oratory inveigh against that stupendous attempt, which he truly says had no parallel in ancient or modern times. A century and a half of European crimes has elapsed since he made the assertion, and his position remains in its strength. He wrote near the time in which the nefarious project had like to have been completed. Men's minds still were shuddering from the recentness of the escape. It must have been within his memory, or have been sounded in his ears so young by his parents, that he would seem in his maturer years, to have remembered it. No wonder then that he describes it in words that burn. But to us, to whom the tradition has come slowly down, and has had time to cool, the story of Guido Vaux sounds rather like a tale, a fable, and an invention, than true history. It supposes such gigantic audacity of daring, combined with such more than infantile stupidity in the motive,—such a combination of the fiend and the monkey,—that credulity is almost swallowed up in contemplating the singularity of the attempt. It has accordingly, in some degree, shared the fate of fiction. It is familiarized to us in a kind of serio-ludicrous way, like the story of *Guy of Warwick*, or *Valentine and Orson*. The way which we take to perpetuate the memory of this deliverance is well adapted to keep up this fabular notion. Boys go about the streets annually with a beggarly scare-crow dressed up, which is to be burnt, indeed, at night, with holy zeal; but, meantime, they beg a penny for *poor Guy*: this periodical petition, which we have heard from our infancy,—combined with the dress and appearance of the effigy, so well calculated to move compassion,—has the effect of quite removing from our fancy the horrid circumstances of the story which is thus commemorated; and in *poor Guy* vainly should we try to recognize any of the features of that tremendous madman

in iniquity, Guido Vaux, with his horrid crew of accomplices, that sought to emulate earthquakes and bursting volcanoes in their more than mortal mischief.

Indeed, the whole ceremony of burning Guy Faux, or *the Pope*, as he is indifferently called, is a sort of *Treason Travestie*, and admirably adapted to lower our feelings upon this memorable subject. The printers of the little duodecimo *Prayer Book*, printed by T. Baskett,* in 1749, which has the effigy of his sacred Majesty George II. piously prefixed, have illustrated the service, (a very fine one in itself,) which is appointed for the Anniversary of this Day, with a print, which it is not very easy to describe, but the contents appear to be these:—The scene is a room, I conjecture, in the king's palace. Two persons,—one of whom I take to be James himself, from his wearing his hat while the other stands bareheaded,—are intently surveying a sort of speculum, or magic mirror, which stands upon a pedestal in the midst of the room, in which a little figure of Guy Faux with his dark lantern approaching the door of the Parliament House is made discernible by the light proceeding from a *great eye* which shines in from the topmost corner of the apartment, by which eye the pious artist no doubt meant to designate Providence. On the other side of the mirror, is a figure doing something, which puzzled me when a child, and continues to puzzle me now. The best I can make of it is, that it is a conspirator busy laying the train,—but then, why is he represented in the king's chamber?—Conjecture upon so fantastical a design is vain, and I only notice the print as being one of the earliest graphic representations which woke my childhood into wonder, and doubtless combined with the mummery before-mentioned, to take off the edge of that horror which the naked historical mention of Guido's conspiracy could not have failed of exciting.

Now that so many years are past since that abominable machination was happily frustrated, it will not, I hope be considered a profane sporting with the subject, if we take no very serious survey of the consequences that would have flowed from this plot if it had had a successful issue. The first thing that strikes us, in a selfish point of view, is the material change which it must have produced in the course of the nobility. All the ancient peerage being extinguished, as it was intended, at one blow, the *Red-Book* must have been closed for ever, or a new race of peers must have been created to supply the deficiency; as the first part of this dilemma is a deal too shocking to think of, what a fund of mouth-watering ro-

* The same, I presume, upon whom the clergyman in the song of the *Vicar and Moses*, not without judgment, passes this memorable censure:—

Here, Moses, the king:—
'Tis a scandalous thing
That this Baskett should print for the Crown.

flections does this give rise to in the breast of us plebeians of A. D. 1833. Why you or I, reader, might have been Duke of — or Earl of —: I particularize no titles, to avoid the least suspicion of intention to usurp the dignities of the two noblemen whom I have in my eye:—but a feeling more dignified than envy sometimes excites a sigh, when I think how the posterity of Guido's Legend of Honour, (among whom you or I might have been,) might have rolled down "dulcified," as Burke expresses it, "by an exposure to the influence of heaven in a long flow of generations, from the hard, acidulous, metallic tincture of the spring."* What new orders of merit, think you, this English Napoleon would have chosen? Knights of the Barrel, or Lords of the Tub, Grand Almoners of the Cellar, or Ministers of Explosion. We should have given the train *couchant*, and the fire *rampant* in our arms; we should have quartered the dozen white matches in our coats;—the Shallows would have been nothing to us.

Turning away from these mortifying reflections, let us contemplate its effects upon the *other house*, for they were all to have gone together—kings, lords, commons—

To assist our imagination, let us take leave to suppose—and we do it in the harmless wantonness of fancy—to suppose that the tremendous explosion had taken place in our days;—we better know what a house of commons is in our days, and can better estimate our loss;—let us imagine, then, to ourselves, the united members sitting in full conclave above—Faux just ready with his train and matches below; in his hand a "reed tipt with fire"—he applies the fatal engine—

To assist our notions still further, let us suppose some lucky dog of a reporter, who had escaped by miracle upon some plank of St. Stephen's benches, and came plump upon the roof of the adjacent Abbey, from whence descending, at some neighbouring coffee-house, first wiping his clothes and calling for a glass of lemonade, he sits down and reports what he had heard and seen, (*quorum pars magna fuit*.) for the *Morning Post* or the *Courier*—we can scarcely imagine him describing the event in any other words but some such as these:—

"A motion was put and carried, that this house do adjourn: that the speaker do *quilt the choir*. The house roars amid clamorous for order."

In some such way the event might most technically have been conveyed to the public. But a poetical mind, not content with this dry method of narration, cannot help pursuing the effects of this tremendous blowing up, this adjournment in the air *sine die*. It sees the benches mount—the chair first, and then the benches, and first the treasury bench, hurried up in this nitrous explosion; the members, as it were, pairing off; whigs

and tories taking their friendly apotheosis together, (as they did their sandwiches below in Bellamy's room.) Fancy, in her flight, keeps pace with the aspiring legislators, she sees the awful seat of order mounting till it becomes finally fixed a constellation, next to Cassiopeia's chair—the wig of him that sat in it taking its place near Berenice's curls. St. Peter, at heaven's wicket—no, not St. Peter—St. Stephen, with open arms, receives his own—

While fancy beholds these celestial appropriations, reason, no less pleased, discerns the mighty benefit which so complete a renovation must produce below. Let the most determined foe to corruption, the most thorough-paced redresser of abuses, try to conceive a more absolute purification of the house than this was calculated to produce;—why, pride's purge was nothing to it;—the whole borough-mongering system would have been got rid of, fairly *exploded*;—with it, the senseless distinctions of party must have disappeared; faction must have vanished; corruption have expired in air. From Hundred, Tything, and Wapentake, some new Alfred would have convened, in all its purity, the primitive Wittenagemot—fixed upon a basis of property or population, permanent as the poles—

From this dream of universal restitution, reason and fancy with difficulty awake to view the real state of things. But, blessed be heaven, St. Stephen's walls are yet standing, all her seats firmly secured; nay, some have doubted, (since the Septennial Act,) whether gunpowder itself, or any thing short of a *committee above stairs*, would be able to shake any one member from his seat;—that great and final improvement to the Abbey, which is all that seems wanting—the removing Westminster-hall and its appendages, and letting in the view of the Thames—must not be expected in our days. Dismissing, therefore, all such speculations as mere tales of a tub, it is the duty of every honest Englishman to endeavour by means less wholesale than Guido's, to ameliorate, without extinguishing, parliaments; to hold the *lantern* to the dark places of corruption; to apply the *match* to the rotten parts of the system only; and to wrap himself up, not in the muffling mantle of conspiracy, but in the warm, honest cloak of integrity, and patriotic intention.

POOR RELATIONS.

A Poor Relation is, the most irrelevant thing in nature, a piece of impertinent correspondency, an odious approximation, a haunting conscience, a preposterous shadow—lengthening in the noon-tide of your prosperity, an unwelcome remembrance, a perpetually recurring mortification, a drain on your purse, a more intolerable dun upon your pride, a drawback upon success, a rebuke to your

* Letter to a Noble Lord.

rising, a stain in your blood, a blot on your scutcheon, a rent in your garment, a death's head at your banquet, Agathocles' pot, a Mordecai in your gate, a Lazarus at your door, a lion in your path, a frog in your chamber, a fly in your ointment, a mote in your eye, a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends, the one thing not needful, the hail in harvest, the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet, the bore *par excellence*.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you "That is Mr. —." A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, and, at the same time seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling, and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day." He remembereth birth-days—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret,—if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your other guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean, and quite unimportant anecdote of—the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture, and insults you with a special commendation of your window curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old

tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a female poor relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. "He is an old humourist," you may say, "and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a Character at your table, and truly he is one." But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. "She is plainly related to the L——s; or what does she at their house?" She is, in all probability, your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. — requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant Sir; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronizes her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for a harpichord.

Richard Amlet, Esq. in the play, is a notable instance of the disadvantages, to which this chimerical notion of affinity constituting a claim to acquaintance, may subject the spirit of a gentleman. A little foolish blood is all that is betwixt him and a lady with a great estate. His stars are perpetually crossed by the malignant maternity of an old woman, who persists in calling him "her son Dick." But she has wherewithal in the end to recompense his indignities, and float him again upon the brilliant surface, under which it had been her seeming business and pleasure all along to sink him. All men besides are not of Dick's temperament. I knew an Amlet in real life, who, wanting Dick's buoyancy, sank indeed. Poor W—— was of my own standing at Christ's, a fine classic and a youth of promise. If he had a blemish, it was too much pride; but its quality was inoffensive; it was not of that sort which hardens the heart, and serves to keep inferiors at a distance; it only sought to ward off derogation from itself.

It was the principle of self-respect carried as far as it could go, without infringing upon that respect, which he would have every one else equally maintain for himself. He would have you to think alike with him on this topic. Many a quarrel have I had with him, when we were rather older boys, and our tallness made us more obnoxious to observation in the blue clothes, because I would not thrud the alleys and blind ways of the town with him, to elude notice, when we have been out together on a holy-day in the streets of this sneering and prying metropolis. W—— went, sore with these notions, to Oxford, where the dignity and sweetness of a scholar's life, meeting with the alloy of a humble introduction, wrought in him a passionate devotion to the place, with a profound aversion from the society. The servitor's gown, (worse than his school array,) clung to him with Nessian venom. He thought himself ridiculous in a garb, under which Latimer must have walked erect; and in which Hooker, in his young days, possibly flaunted in a vein of no discommendable vanity. In the depth of college shades, or in his lonely chamber, the poor student slunk from observation. He found shelter among books, which insult not; and studies, that ask no questions of a youth's finances. He was lord of his library, and seldom cared for looking out beyond his domains. The healing influence of studious pursuits was upon him, to soothe and to abstract. He was almost a healthy man; when the waywardness of his fate broke out against him with a second and worse malignity. The father of W—— had hitherto exercised the humble profession of house painter at N——, near Oxford. A supposed interest with some of the heads of colleges had now induced him to take up his abode in that city, with the hope of being employed upon some public works which were talked of. From that moment I read in the countenance of the young man, the determination which at length tore him from academical pursuits for ever. To a person unacquainted with our Universities, the distance between the gownsmen and the townsmen, as they are called—the trading part of the latter especially—is carried to an excess that would appear harsh and incredible. The temperament of W——'s father was diametrically the reverse of his own. Old W—— was a little, busy, cringing tradesman, who, with his son upon his arm, would stand bowing and scraping, cap in hand, to any thing that wore the semblance of a gown—insensible to the winks and opener remonstrances of the young man, to whose chamber-fellow, or equal in standing perhaps, he was thus obsequiously and gratuitously ducking. Such a state of things could not last. W—— must change the air of Oxford, or be suffocated. He chose the former: and let the sturdy moralist, who strains the point of the filial duties as high as they can bear, censure the dereliction; he cannot estimate the struggle. I stood with W——, the last afternoon I ever saw him, under the eaves of his

paternal dwelling. It was in the fine lane leading from the High-street to the back of ***** college, where W—— kept his rooms. He seemed thoughtful, and more reconciled. I ventured to rally him—finding him in a better mood—upon a representation of the Artist Evangelist, which the old man, whose affairs were beginning to flourish, had caused to be set up in a splendid sort of frame over his really handsome shop, either as a token of prosperity, or badge of gratitude to his saint. W—— looked up at the Luke, and like Satan, “knew his mounted sign—and fled.” A letter on his father's table the next morning announced, that he had accepted a commission in a regiment about to embark for Portugal. He was among the first who perished before the walls of St. Sebastian.

I do not know how, upon a subject which I began with treating half seriously, I should have fallen upon a recital so eminently painful; but this theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter, are certainly not attended with any thing painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father's table, (no very splendid one,) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so—for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was, that he and my father had been schoolfellows a world ago at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined—and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning. A captive—a stately being, let out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument, touching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided, (as most of my readers know,) between the dwellers on the hill and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above, (however brought together in a common school,) and

the boys whose paternal residence was on the plain; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading mountaineer; and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the *Above Boys*, (his own faction,) over the *Below Boys*, (so were they called,) of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic—the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out—and bad blood bred; even sometimes almost to the recommencement, (so I expected,) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old Minister; in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill, and the plain-born, could meet on a conciliating level and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remember with anguish the thought that came over me: "Perhaps he will never come here again." He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand, which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused, with a resistance amounting to rigour—when my aunt, an old Lincolnian, but who had something of this, in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season—uttered the following memorable application—"Do take another slice, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day." The old gentleman said nothing at the time—but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it—"Woman, you are superannuated." John Billet did not survive long after the digesting of this affront; but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored; and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offence. He died at the Mint, (Anno, 1781,) where he had long held, what he accounted, a comfortable independence; and with five pounds, fourteen shillings, and a penny, which were found in his escrutoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was—a Poor Relation.

THE CHILD ANGEL;

A DREAM.

I CHANCED upon the prettiest, oddest, fantastical thing of a dream, the other night, that you shall

hear of. I had been reading the "Loves of the Angels," and went to bed with my head full of speculations, suggested by that extraordinary legend. It had given birth to innumerable conjectures; and, I remember, the last waking thought, which I gave expression to on my pillow, was a sort of wonder, "what could come of it."

It was suddenly transported, how or whither I could scarcely make out—but to some celestial region. It was not the real heavens neither—not the downright Bible heaven—but a kind of fairy-land heaven, about which a poor human fancy may have leave to sport and air itself, I will hope, without presumption.

Methought—what wild things dreams are!—I was present—at what would you imagine?—at an angel's gossiping.

Whence it came, or how it came, or who bid it come, or whether it came purely of its own head, neither you nor I know—but there lay, sure enough, wrapt in its little cloudy swaddling bands—a Child Angel.

Sun-threads—filmy beams—ran through the celestial napery of what seemed its princely cradle. All the winged orders hovered round, watching when the new-born should open its yet closed eyes: which, when it did, first one, and then the other—with a solicitude and apprehension, yet not such as, stained with fear, dims the expanding eyelids of mortal infants—but as if to explore its path in those its unhereditary palaces—what an inextinguishable titter that time spared not celestial visages! Nor wanted there to my seeming—O the inexplicable simpleness of dreams!—bowls of that cheering nectar,

—Which mortals coddle call below—

Nor were wanting faces of female ministrants,—stricken in years, as it might seem—so dextrous were those heavenly attendants to counterfeit kindly similitudes of earth, to greet with terrestrial child-rites the young Present, which earth had made to heaven.

Then were celestial harpings heard, not in full symphony as those by which the spheres are tutored; but as loudest instruments on earth speak oftentimes muffled; so to accommodate their sound the better to the weak ears of the imperfect-born. And with the noise of those subdued soundings, the Angelet sprang forth, fluttering its rudiments of pinions—but forthwith flagged and was recovered into the arms of those full-winged angels. And a wonder it was to see how, as years went round in heaven—a year in dreams is as a day—continually its white shoulders put forth buds of wings, but, wanting the perfect angelic nutriment, anon was shorn of its aspiring, and fell fluttering—still caught by angel hands—for ever to put forth shoots, and to fall fluttering, because its birth was not of the unmixed vigour of heaven.

And a name was given to the Babe Angel, and

it was to be called *Ge-Urania*, because its production was of earth and heaven.

And it could not taste of death, by reason of its adoption into immortal palaces; but it was to know weakness, and reliance, and the shadow of human imbecility; and it went with a lame gait; but in its goings it exceeded all mortal children in grace and swiftness. Then pity first sprang up in angelic bosoms; and yearnings, (like the human,) touched them at the sight of the immortal lame one.

And with pain did then first those Intuitive Essences, with pain and strife to their natures, (not grief,) put back their bright intelligences, and reduce their ethereal minds, schooling them to degrees and slower processes, so to adapt their lessons to the gradual illumination, (as must needs be,) of the half-earth-born; and what intuitive notices they could not repel, (by reason that their nature is to know all things at once,) the half-heavenly novice, by the better part of its nature, aspired to receive into its understanding; so that Humility and Aspiration went on even-paced in the instruction of the glorious Amphibium.

But, by reason that Mature Humanity is too gross to breathe the air of that super-subtle region, its portion was, and is, to be a child for ever.

And because the human part of it might not press into the heart and inwards of the palace of its adoption, those full-natured angels tended it by turns in the purlieus of the palace, where were shady groves and rivulets, like this green earth from which it came: so Love, with Voluntary Humility, waited upon the entertainment of the new-adopted.

And myriads of years rolled round, (in dreams time is nothing,) and still it kept, and is to keep perpetual childhood, and is the Tutelar Genius of Childhood upon earth, and still goes lame and lovely.

By the banks of the river Pison is seen, lone-sitting by the grave of the terrestrial Mirzah, whom the angel Nadir loved, a child; but not the same which I saw in heaven. A pensive hue overcasts its lineaments; nevertheless, a correspondency is between the child by the grave, and that celestial orphan, whom I saw above; and the dimness of the grief upon the heavenly, is as a shadow or emblem of that which stains the beauty of the terrestrial. And this correspondency is not to be understood but by dreams.

And in the archives of heaven I had grace to read, how that once the angel Nadir, being exiled from his place for mortal passion, unspringing on the wings of parental love, (such power had parental love for a moment to suspend the else irrevocable law,) appeared for a brief instant in his station; and depositing a wondrous Birth, straightway disappeared, and the palaces knew him no more. And this charge was the self-same Babe, who goeth lame and lovely—but Mirzah sleepeth by the river Pison.

AMICUS REDIVIVUS.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?

I do not know when I have experienced a stranger sensation, than on seeing my old friend G. D., who had been paying me a morning visit a few Sundays back, at my cottage, near Islington, upon taking leave, instead of turning down the right hand path by which he had entered—with staff in hand, and at noon day, deliberately march right forwards into the midst of the stream that runs by us, and totally disappear.

A spectacle like this at dusk would have been appalling enough; but, in the broad open daylight, to witness such an unreserved motion towards self-destruction in a valued friend, took from me all power of speculation.

How I found my feet, I know not. Consciousness was quite gone. Some spirit, not my own, whirled me to the spot. I remember nothing but the silvery apparition of a good white head emerging; nigh which a staff, (the hand unseen that wielded it,) pointed upwards, as feeling for the skies. In a moment, (if time was in that time,) he was on my shoulders, and I—freighted with a load more precious than his who bore Anchises.

And here I cannot but do justice to the officious zeal of sundry passers by, who, albeit arriving a little too late to participate in the honours of the rescue, in philanthropic shoals came thronging to communicate their advice as to the recovery; prescribing variously the application, or non-application, of salt, &c. to the person of the patient. Life meantime was ebbing fast away, amidst the stifle of conflicting judgments, when one, more sagacious than the rest, by a bright thought, proposed sending for the Doctor. Trite as the counsel was, and impossible, as one should think, to be missed on,—shall I confess?—in this emergency, it was to me as if an Angel had spoken. Great previous exertions—and mine had not been inconsiderable—are commonly followed by a debility of purpose. This was a moment of irresolution.

MONOCULUS—for so, in default of catching his true name, I choose to designate the medical gentleman who now appeared—is a grave middle-aged person, who, without having studied at the college, or truckled to the pedantry of a diploma, hath employed a great portion of his valuable time in experimental processes upon the bodies of unfortunate fellow-creatures, in whom the vital spark, to mere vulgar thinking, would seem extinct, and lost for ever. He omitteth no occasion of obtruding his services, from a case of common surfeit-suffocation to the ignobler obstructions, sometimes induced by a too wilful application of the plant *Cassia* outwardly. But though he declineth not

altogether these drier extinctions, his occupation tendeth for the most part to water-practice; for the convenience of which, he hath judiciously fixed his quarters near the grand repository of the stream mentioned, where, day and night, from his little watch-tower, at the Middleton's Head, he listeneth to detect the wrecks of drowned mortality—partly, as he saith, to be upon the spot,—and partly, because the liquids which he useth to prescribe to himself and his patients, on these distressing occasions, are ordinarily more conveniently to be found at these common hosteleries, than in the shops and phials of the apothecaries. His ear hath arrived to such finesse by practice, that it is reported, he can distinguish a plunge at a furlong and a half distance; and can tell, if it be casual or deliberate. He weareth a medal, suspended over a suit, originally of a sad brown, but which, by time, and frequency of nightly diversings, has been dinged into a true professional sable. He passeth by the name of Doctor, and is remarkable for wanting his left eye. His remedy—after a sufficient application of warm blankets, friction, &c. is a simple tumbler, or more, of the purest Cogniac, with water, made as hot as the convalescent can bear it. Where he findeth, as in the case of my friend, a squeamish subject, he condescendeth to be the taster; and sheweth, by his own example, the innocuous nature of the prescription. Nothing can be more kind or encouraging than this procedure. It addeth confidence to the patient, to see his medical adviser go hand in hand with himself in the remedy. When the doctor swalloweth his own draught, what peevish invalid can refuse to pledge him in the potion? In fine, MONOCULUS is a humane, sensible man, who, for a slender pittance, scarce enough to sustain life, is content to wear it out in the endeavour to save the lives of others—his pretensions so moderate, that with difficulty I could press a crown upon him, for the price of restoring the existence of such an invaluable creature to society as G. D.

It was pleasant to observe the effect of the subsiding alarm upon the nerves of the dear absentee. It seemed to have given a shake to memory, calling up notice after notice, of all the providential deliverances he had experienced in the course of his long and innocent life. Sitting up in my couch—my couch which, naked and void of furniture hitherto, for the salutary repose which it administered, shall be honoured with costly valance, at some price, and henceforth be a state-bed at Colebrook—he discoursed of marvellous escapes—by carelessness of nurses—by pails of gelid, and kettles of the boiling element, in infancy—by orchard pranks, and snapping twigs, in schoolboy frolics—by descent of tiles at Trumpington, and heavier tomes at Pembroke—by studious watchings, inducing frightful vigilance—by want, and the fear of want, and all the sore throbbings of the learned head.—Anon, he would burst into little fragments of chaunting—of songs long ago—

ends of deliverance-hymns, not remembered before since childhood, but coming up now, when his heart was made tender as a child's—for the *tremor cordis*, in the retrospect of a recent deliverance, as in a case of impending danger, acting upon an innocent heart, will produce a self-tenderness, which we should do ill to christen cowardice; and Shakspeare, in the latter crisis, has made his good Sir Hugh to remember the sitting by Babylon, and to mutter of shallow rivers.

Waters of Sir Hugh Middleton—what a spark you were like to have extinguished for ever. Your salubrious streams to this city, for now near two centuries, would hardly have atoned for what you were in a moment washing away. Mockery of a river—liquid artifice—wretched conduit! henceforth rank with canals and sluggish aqueducts. Was it for this, that, smit in boyhood with the explorations of that Abyssinian traveller, I paced the vales of Amwell to explore your tributary springs, to trace your salutary waters through green Hertfordshire, and cultured Eufield parks?—Ye have no swans—no naiads—no river god—or did the benevolent hoary aspect of my friend tempt ye to suck him in, that ye also might have the tutelary genius of your waters?

Had he been drowned in Cam, there would have been some consonancy in it; but what wilows had ye to wave and rustle over his moist sepulture?—or, having no name, besides that unmeaning assumption of *eternal novelty*, did ye think to get one by the noble prize, and henceforth to be termed the *STREAM DYERIAN*?

And could such spacious virtue find a grave
Beneath the imposthumped bubble of a wave?

I protest George, you shall not venture out again—no, not by daylight—without a sufficient pair of spectacles—in your musing moods especially. Your absence of mind we have borne, till your presence of body came to be called in question by it. You shall not go wandering into Euripus with Aristotle, if we can help it. Fie, man, to turn dipper at your years, after your many tracts in favour of sprinkling only!

I have nothing but water in my head o' nights since this frightful accident. Sometimes I am with Clarence in his dream. At others, I behold Christian beginning to sink, and crying out to his good brother Hopeful, (that is me,) "I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head, all thy waves go over me. Selah." Then I have before me Palinurus, just letting go the steerage. I cry out too late to save. Next follow—a mournful procession—*suicidal faces*, saved against their wills from drowning; dolefully trailing a length of reluctant gratefulness, with ropy weeds pendant from locks of watchet hue—constrained Lazari—Pluto's half-subjects—stolen fees from the grave—bliking Charon of his fare. At their head Arion—or is it G. D.?—in his singing garments marcheth singly, with harp in hand, and

vetive garland which Machaon, (or Doctor Hawea,) snatcheth straight, intending to suspend it to the stern God of Sea. Then follow dismal streams of Lethe, in which the half-drenched on earth are constrained to drown downright, by wharfs where Ophelia twice acts her muddy death.

And, doubtless, there is some notice in that invisible world, when one of us approacheth, (as my friend did so lately,) to their inexorable precincts. When a soul knocks once, twice, at death's door, the sensation aroused within the palace must be considerable; and the grim feature, by modern science so often dispossessed of his prey, must have learned by this time to pity Tantalus.

A pulse assuredly was felt along the line of the Elysian shades, when the near arrival of G. D. was announced by no equivocal indications. From their seats of Asphodel arose the gentler and the graver ghosts—poet, or historian—of Grecian or of Roman lore—to crown with unfading chaplets the half-finished love-labours of their unwearied scholiast. Him Markland expected—him Tyrwhitt hoped to encounter—him the sweet lyrist of Peter House, whom he had barely seen upon earth,* with newest airs prepared to greet—; and, patron of the gentle Christ's boy—who should have been his patron through life—the mild Askew, with longing aspirations, leaned foremost from his venerable Æsculapian chair, to welcome into that happy company the matured virtues of the man, whose tender acions in the boy he himself upon earth had so prophetically fed and watered.

BLAKESMOOR IN H—SHIRE.

I do not know a pleasure more affecting than to range at will over the deserted apartments of some fine old family mansion. The traces of extinct grandeur admit of a better passion than envy; and contemplations on the great and good, whom we fancy in succession to have been its inhabitants, weave for us illusions, incompatible with the bustle of modern occupancy, and vanities of foolish present aristocracy. The same difference of feeling, I think, attends us between entering an empty and a crowded church. In the latter it is chance but some present human frailty—an act of inattention on the part of some of the auditory—or a trait of affectation, or worse, vain-glory, on that of the preacher—puts us by our best thoughts, disharmonizing the place and the occasion. But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness?—go alone on some week-day, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church—think of the piety that has kneeled there—the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there

* GRAIUM tantum vidit.

—the meek pastor—the docile parishioner—with no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons—drink in the tranquillity of the place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee.

Journeying northward lately, I could not resist going some few miles out of my road, to look upon the remains of an old great house with which I had been impressed in this way in infancy. I was apprised that the owner of it had lately pulled it down; still I had a vague notion that it could not all have perished, that so much solidity with magnificence could not have been crushed all at once into the mere dust and rubbish which I found it.

The work of ruin had proceeded with a swift hand indeed, and the demolition of a few weeks had reduced it to—an antiquity.

I was astonished at the indistinction of every thing. Where had stood the great gates? What bounded the court-yard? Whereabout did the out-houses commence? A few bricks only lay as representatives of that which was so stately and so spacious.

Death does not shrink up his human victim at this rate. The burnt ashes of a man weigh more in their proportion.

Had I seen these brick-and-mortar knaves at their process of destruction, at the plucking of every pannel I should have felt the varlets at my heart. I should have cried out to them to spare a plank at least out of the cheerful store-room, in whose hot window-seat I used to sit, and read Cowley, with the grass-plat before, and the hum and flappings of that one solitary wasp that ever haunted it, about me—it is in mine ears now, as oft as summer returns—or a pannel of the yellow room.

Why, every plank and pannel of that house for me had magic in it. The tapestried bed-rooms—tapestry so much better than painting—not adorning merely, but peopling the wainscote—at which childhood ever and anon would steal a look, shifting its coverlid, (replaced as quickly,) to exercise its tender courage in a momentary eye-encounter with those stern bright visages, staring reciprocally—all Ovid on the walls, in colours vider than his descriptions. Actæon in mid sprout, with the unappeasable prudery of Diana; and the still more provoking, and almost culinary coolness of Dan Phœbus, eel-fashion, deliberately divesting of Marsyas.

Then, that haunted room—in which old Mrs. Battle died—whereinto I have crept, but always in the day-time, with a passion of fear; and a sneaking curiosity, terror-tainted, to hold communication with the past.—*How shall they build it up again?*

It was an old deserted place, yet not so long deserted but that traces of the splendour of past inmates were everywhere apparent. Its furni-

ture was still standing—even to the tarnished gilt leather battledores, and crumbling feathers of shuttlecocks, in the nursery, which told that children had once played there. But I was a lonely child, and had the range at will of every apartment, knew every nook and corner, wondered and worshipped everywhere.

The solitude of childhood is not so much the mother of thought, as it is the feeder of love, and silence, and admiration. So strange a passion for the place possessed me in those years, that, though there lay—I shame to say how few rods distant from the mansion—half hid by trees, what I judged some romantic lake—such was the spell which bound me to the house, and such my carefulness not to pass its strict and proper precincts, that the idle waters lay unexplored for me; and not till late in life, curiosity prevailing over elder devotion, I found, to my astonishment, a pretty brawling brook had been the *Lacus Incognitus* of my infancy. Variegated views, extensive prospects—and those at no great distance from the house—I was told of such—what were they to me, being out of the boundaries of my Eden?—So far from a wish to roam, I would have drawn, methought, still closer the fences of my chosen prison; and have been hemmed in by a yet securer cincture of those excluding garden walls. I could have exclaimed with that garden-loving poet—

Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines;
Curl me about, ye gadding vines;
And oh so close your circles lace,
That I may never leave this place:
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your silken bondage break,
Do you, O brambles, chain me too,
And, courteous briars, nail me through.*

I was here as in a lonely temple. Snug fire-sides—the low built roof—parlours ten feet by ten—frugal boards, and all the homeliness of home—these were the condition of my birth—the wholesome soil which I was planted in. Yet, without impeachment to their tenderest lessons, I am not sorry to have had glances of something beyond; and to have taken if but a peep, in childhood, at the contrasting accidents of a great fortune.

To have the feeling of gentility, it is not necessary to have been born gentle. The pride of ancestry may be had on cheaper terms than to be obliged to an importunate race of ancestors; and the countless antiquary, in his unembazoned cell, revolving the long line of a Mowbray's or De Clifford's pedigree—at those sounding names may warm himself into as gay a vanity as those who do inherit them. The claims of birth are ideal merely: and what herald shall go about to strip me of an idea? Is it trenchant to their swords? Can it be hacked off as a spur can? or torn away like a tarnished garter?

What else, were the families of the great to us? what pleasure should we take in their tedious

* Marvell, on Appleton House to the Lord Fairfax.

genealogies, or their capitulatory brass monuments? What to us the uninterrupted current of their bloods, if our own did not answer within us to a cognate and correspondent elevation?

Or wherefore, else, O tattered and diminished 'Scutcheon—that hung upon the time-worn walls of thy princely stairs, *BLAKESMOOR!*—have I in childhood so often stood poring upon thy mystic characters—thy emblematic supporters, with their prophetic "Resurgam"—till, every drop of peasantry purging off, I received into myself Very Gentility?—Thou wert first in my morning eyes; and of nights, hast detained my steps from bedward, till it was but a step from gazing at thee to dreaming on thee.

This is the only true gentry by adoption; the veritable change of blood, and not, as empirics have fabled, by transfusion.

Who it was by dying that had earned the splendid trophy, I know not, I inquired not; but its fading rage, and colours cobweb-stained, told that its subject was of two centuries back.

And what if my ancestor at that date was some *Dametas*—feeding flocks, not his own, upon the hills of Lincoln—did I in less earnest vindicate to myself the family trappings of this once proud *Egon*?—repaying by a backward triumph the insults he might possibly have heaped in his lifetime upon my poor pastoral progenitor.

If it were presumption to speculate, the present owners of the mansion had least reason to complain. They had long forsaken the old house of their fathers for a newer trifle; and I was left to appropriate to myself what images I could pick up, to raise my fancy, or to soothe my vanity.

I was the true descendant of those old *W—s*; and not the present family of that name, who had fled the old waste places.

Mine was that gallery of good old family portraits, which as I have traversed, giving them in fancy my own family name, one—and then another—would seem to smile, reaching forward from the canvas, to recognize the new relationship; while the rest looked grave, as it seemed, at the vacancy in their dwelling, and thoughts of fled posterity.

That Beauty with the cool blue pastoral drape, and a lamb—that hung next the great bay-window—with the bright yellow *H—shire* hair, and eye of watchet hue—so like my Alice!—I am persuaded, she was a true *Elia*—*Mildred Elia*, I take it.

From her, and from my passion for her—for I first learned love from a picture—*Bridget* took the hint of those pretty whimsical lines, which thou mayst see, if haply thou hast never seen them, Reader, in the *Margin*.* But my *Mildred* grew not old, like the imaginary *Helen*.

* "High-born Helen, round your dwelling,
These twenty years I've paced in vain:
Haughty beauty, thy lover's duty
Hath been to glory in his pain.

Mine too, BLAKESMOOR, was thy noble Marble Hall, with its mosaic pavements, and its Twelve Cæsars—stately busts in marble—ranged round : of whose countenances, young reader of faces as I was, the frowning beauty of Nero, I remember, had most of my wonder, but the mild Galba had my love. There they stood in the coldness of death, yet freshness of immortality.

Mine too thy lofty Justice Hall, with its one chair of authority, high-backed, and wickered, once the terror of luckless poacher, or self-forgetful maiden—so common since that bats have roosted in it.

Mine too—whose else?—thy costly fruit garden, with its sun-baked southern wall; the ampler pleasure garden, rising backwards from the house, in triple terraces, with flower-pots now of palest lead, save that a speck here and there, saved from the elements, bespeak their pristine state to have been gilt and glittering; the verdant quarters backward still; and stretching still beyond, in old formality, thy firry wilderness, the haunt of squirrel, and the day-long murmuring woodpigeon—with that antique image in the centre, God or Goddess I wist not; but child of Athens or old Rome paid never a sincerer worship to Pan or to Sylvanus in their native groves, than I to that fragmental mystery.

Was it for this, that I kissed my childish hands too fervently in your idol worship, walks and windings of BLAKESMOOR! for this, or what sin of mine, has the plough passed over your pleasant places? I sometimes think that as men, when they die, do not die all, so of their extinguished habitations there may be a hope—a germ to be revived.

High-born Helen, proudly telling
Stories of thy cold disdain;
I starve, I die, now you comply,
And I no longer can complain.

These twenty years I've lived on tears,
Dwelling for ever on a frown;
On sighs I've fed, your scorn my bread;
I perish now you kind are grown.

Can I, who loved my beloved
But for the scorn 'was in her eye,'
Can I be moved for my beloved,
When she returns me sigh for sigh?

In stately pride, by my bed-side,
High-born Helen's portrait hung;
Deaf to my praise, my mournful lays
Are nightly to the portrait sung.

To that I weep, nor ever sleep,
Complaining all night long to her."
Helen, grown old, no longer cold,
Said—"you to all men I prefer."

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON
BOOKS AND READING.

To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own.
Lord Foppington in the Relapse.

AN ingenious acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his lordship, that he has left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality. At the hazard of losing some credit on this head, I must confess that I dedicate no inconsiderable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

I have no repugnances. Shaftsbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read any thing which I call a book. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

In this catalogue of books which are no books—*biblia a-biblia*—I reckon court calendars, directories, pocket books, (the literary excepted,) draught boards bound and lettered at the back, scientific treatises, almanacks, statutes at large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which "no gentleman's library should be without;" the Histories of Flavius Josephus, (that learned Jew,) and Paley's Moral Philosophy. With these exceptions, I can read almost any thing. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these things in books' clothing perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what "seem its leaves," to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith. To view a well-arranged assortment of blockheaded Encyclopedias, (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas,) set out in an array of Russia, or Morocco, when a tythe of that good leather would comfortably re-clothe my shivering folios; would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymond Lully—I have them both reader—to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils.

To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be la-

vished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of Magazines, for instance, in full suit. The dishabille, or half-binding, (with Russia backs ever,) is our costume. A Shakspeare, or a Milton, (unless the first editions,) it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them confers no distinction. The exterior of them, (the things themselves being so common,) strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner. Thomson's Seasons, again, looks best, (I maintain it,) a little torn, and dog's eared. How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves and worn out appearance, nay, the very odour, (beyond Russia,) if we would not forget kind feelings in fastidiousness, of an old "Circulating Library" Tom Jones, or Vicar of Wakefield! How they speak of the thousand thumbs, which have turned over their pages with delight!—of the lone sempstress whom they may have cheered, (milliner, or harder-working mantua-maker,) after her long day's needle toil, running far into midnight, when she has snatched an hour, ill spared from sleep, to steep her cares, as in some Lethæan cup, in spelling out their enchanting contents! Who would have them a whit less soiled? What better condition could we desire to see them in?

In some respects the better a book is, the less it demands from binding. Fielding, Smollet, Sterne, and all that class of perpetually self-reproductive volumes—Great Nature's Stereotypes—we see them individually perish with less regret, because we know the copies of them to be "eternæ." But where a book is at once both good and rare—where the individual is almost the species, and when that perishes,

*We know not where is that Promethean torch
That can its light relumine—*

such a book, for instance, as the Life of the Duke of Newcastle, by his Duchess—no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel.

Not only rare volumes of this description, which seem hopeless ever to be reprinted; but old editions of writers, such as Sir Philip Sidney, Bishop Taylor, Milton in his prose works, Fuller, of whom we have reprints; yet the books themselves, though they go about, and are talked of here and there, we know, have not enderized themselves, (nor possibly ever will,) in the national heart, so as to become stock books—it is good to possess these in durable and costly covers.—I do not care for a First Folio of Shakspeare. You cannot make a *pet* book of an author whom every body reads. I rather prefer the common editions of Rowe and Tonson, without notes, and with plates, which, being so execrably bad, serve as maps, or modest remembrancers, to the text; and without pretending to any supposable emulation with it, are so much better than the Shakspeare gallery engravings which did. I have a community of feeling

with my countrymen about his Plays; and I like those editions of him best, which have been oftenest tumbled about and handled. On the contrary, I cannot read Beaumont and Fletcher but in folio. The octavo editions are painful to look at. I have no sympathy with them, nor with Mr. Gifford's Ben Johnson. If they were as much read as the current editions of the other poet, I should prefer them in that shape to the older one.—I do not know a more heartless sight than the reprint of the Anatomy of Melancholy. What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old great man, to expose them in a winding-sheet of the latest edition to modern censure? what hapless stationer could dream of Burton ever becoming popular?—The wretched Malone could not do worse, when he bribed the sexton of Stratford church to let him whitewash the painted effigy of old Shakspeare, which stood there, in rude but lively fashion depicted, to the very colour of the cheek, the eye, the eye-brow, hair, the very dress he used to wear—the only authentic testimony we had, however imperfect, of these curious parts and parcels of him. They covered him over with a coat of white paint. By —, if I had been a justice of peace for Warwickshire, I would have clapt both commentator and sexton fast in the stocks for a pair of meddling, sacrilegious varlets.

I think I see them at their work—these sapient trouble-tombs.

Shall I be thought fantastical, if I confess that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or of Shakspeare? It may be, that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are Kit, Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.

Much depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the Fairy Queen for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrews' sermons?

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played, before you enter upon him. But he brings his music—to which, who listens, had need bring docile thoughts and purged ears.

Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of ceremony the gentle Shakspeare enters. At such a season, the Tempest—or his own Winter's Tale—

These two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud—to yourself, or, (as it chances,) to some single person listening. More than one—and it degenerates into an audience.

Books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over solely. It will not do to read them out. I could never listen to even the better kind of modern novels without extreme irksomeness.

A newspaper, read out, is intolerable. In some

of the bank offices it is the custom, (to save so much individual time,) for one of the clerks—who is the best scholar—to commence upon the Times, or the Chronicle, and recite its entire contents aloud *pro bono publico*. With every advantage of lungs and elocution—the effect is singularly rapid.—In barber's shops, and public-houses, a fellow will get up, and spell out a paragraph, which he communicates as some discovery. Another follows with his selection. So the entire journal transpires at length by piece-meal. Seldom-readers are slow readers, and, without this expedient no one in the company would probably ever travel through the contents of a whole paper.

Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment.

What an eternal time that gentleman in black, at Nando's, keeps the paper! I am sick of hearing the waiter bawling out incessantly, "the Chronicle is in hand, sir."

As in these little diurnals I generally skip the foreign news—the debates—and the politics—I find the Morning Herald by far the most entertaining of them. It is an agreeable miscellany, rather than a newspaper.

Coming in to an inn at night—having ordered your supper—what can be more delightful than to find lying in the window-seat, left there time out of mind by the carelessness of some former guest—two or three numbers of the old Town and Country Magazine, with its amusing *little-a-little* pictures.—"The Royal Lover and Lady G—;" "the Melting Platonic and the old Beau,"—and such like antiquated scandal? Would you exchange it—at that time, and in that place—for a better book?

Poor Tobin, who latterly fell blind, did not regret it so much for the weightier kinds of reading—the Paradise Lost, or Comus, he could have read to him—but he missed the pleasure of skimming over with his own eye—a magazine, or a light pamphlet.

I should not care to be caught in the serious avenues of some cathedral alone, and reading—*Candido*!

I do not remember a more whimsical surprise than having been once detected—by a familiar damsel—reclined at my ease upon the grass, on Primrose Hill, (her Cythera,) reading—*Pamela*. There was nothing in the book to make a man seriously ashamed at the exposure; but as she seated herself down by me, and seemed determined to read in company, I could have wished it had been—any other book.—We read on very sociably for a few pages; and not finding the author much to her taste, she got up, and—went away. Gentle casuist, I leave it to thee to conjecture, whether the blush, (for there was one between us,) was the property of the nymph or the swain in this dilemma. From me you shall never get the secret.

I am not much a friend to out-of-doors reading.

I cannot settle my spirits to it. I knew a Unitarian minister, who was generally to be seen upon Snow-hill, (as yet Skinner's-street was not,) between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, studying a volume of Lardner. I own this to have been a strain of abstraction beyond my reach. I used to admire how he sidled along keeping clear of secular contacts. An illiterate encounter with a porter's knot, or a bread-basket, would have quickly put to flight all the theology I am master of, and have left me worse than indifferent to the five points.

I was once amused—there is a pleasure in affecting affection—at the indignation of a crowd that was justling in with me at the pit door of Covent Garden Theatre, to have a sight of Master Betty—then at once in his dawn and his meridian—in Hamlet. I had been invited quite unexpectedly to join a party, whom I met near the door of the playhouse, and I happened to have in my hand a large octavo of Johnson and Stevens's Shakespeare, which, the time not admitting of my carrying it home, of course went with me to the theatre. Just in the very heat and pressure of the doors opening—the rush, as they term it—I deliberately held the volume over my head, open at the scene in which the young Roscius had been most cried up, and quietly read by the lamplight. The clamour became universal. "The affectation of the fellow," cried one. "Look at that gentleman reading, papa," squeaked a young lady, who, in her admiration of the novelty, almost forgot her fears. I read on. "He ought to have his book knocked out of his hand," exclaimed a purry cit; whose arms were too fast pinioned to his side to suffer him to execute his kind intention. Still I read on—and till the time came to pay my money, kept as unmoved, as Saint Anthony at his holy offices, with the satyrs, apes, and hobgoblins, mopping, and making mouths at him, in the picture, while the good man sits as undisturbed at the sight, as if he were sole tenant of the desert.—The individual rabble, (I recognized more than one of their ugly faces,) had damned a slight piece of mine but a few nights before, and I was determined the culprits should not a second time put me out of countenance.

There is a class of street-readers, whom I can never contemplate without affection—the poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy, or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls—the owner, with his hard eye, casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will have done. Venturing tenderly, page after page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratification, they "snatch a fearful joy." Martin B—, in this way, by daily fragments, got through two volumes of *Clarissa*, when the stall-keeper damped his laudable ambition, by asking him, (it was in his younger days,) whether he meant to purchase the work. M. de

clares, that under no circumstances of his life did he ever peruse a book with half the satisfaction which he took in those uneasy snatches. A quaint postess of our day has moralized upon this subject in two very touching but homely stanzas.

THE TWO BOYS.

I saw a boy with eager eye
Open a book upon a stall,
And read, as he'd devour it all;
Which when the stall-man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call,
"You, sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look."
The boy pass'd slowly on, and with a sigh
He wish'd he never had been taught to read,
Then of the old churl's books he should have had no need.

Of sufferings the poor have many,
Which never can the rich annoy:
I soon perceiv'd another boy,
Who look'd as if he'd not had any
Food, for that day at least—enjoy
The sight of cold meat in a tavern larder.
This boy's case, then thought I, is surely harder,
Thus hungry, longing, thus without a penny,
Beholding choice of dainty-dressed meat:
No wonder if he wish he ne'er had learn'd to eat.

CAPTAIN JACKSON.

Among the deaths in our obituary for this month, I observe with concern "At his cottage on the Bath road, Captain Jackson." The name and attribution are common enough; but a feeling like reproach persuades me that this could have been no other in fact than my dear old friend, who some five-and-twenty years ago rented a tenement, which he was pleased to dignify with the appellation here used, about a mile from West-bourn Green. Alack, how good men, and the good turns they do us, slide out of memory, and are recalled but by the surprise of some such sad memento as that which now lies before me!

He whom I mean was a retired half-pay officer, with a wife and two grown-up daughters, whom he maintained with the port and notions of gentlemen, upon that slender professional allowance. Comely girls they were too.

And was I in danger of forgetting this man?—his cheerful suppers—the noble tone of hospitality, when first you set foot in the cottage—the anxious ministrings about you, where little or nothing, (God knows,) was to be ministered.—Alas! his horn in a poor platter—the power of self-entertainment, by which, in his magnificent wishes to entertain you, he multiplied his means to bounty.

You saw with your bodily eyes indeed what seemed a bare scrag—cold savings from the foregone meal—remnant hardly sufficient to send a mendicant from the door contented. But in the

copious will—the revelling imagination of your host—the "mind, the mind, Master Shallow," whole beeves were spread before you—hecatombs—no end appeared to the profusion.

It was the widow's cruise—the loaves and fishes; carving could not lessen, nor helping diminish it—the stamina were left—the elemental bone still flourished, divested of its accidents.

"Let us live while we can," methinks I hear the open-handed creature exclaim; "while we have, let us not want," "here is plenty left;" "want for nothing"—with many more such hospitable sayings, the spurs of appetite, and old concomitants of smoking boards, and feast-oppressed chargers. Then sliding a slender ratio of Single Gloucester upon his wife's plate or the daughters', he would convey the remanent rind into his own, with a merry quirk of "the nearer the bone," &c. and declaring that he universally preferred the outside. For we had our table-distinctions, you are to know, and some of us in a manner sat above the salt. None but his guest or guests dreamed of tasting flesh luxuries at night, the fragments were *verè hospitibus sacra*. But of one thing or another there was always enough, and leavings: only he would sometimes finish the remainder crust, to show that he wished no savings.

Wine we had none; nor, except on very rare occasions, spirits; but the sensation of wine was there. Some thin kind of ale I remember—"British beverage," he would say! "Push about my boys;" "Drink to your sweethearts, girls." At every meagre draught a toast must ensue, or a song. All the forms of good liquor were there, with none of the effects wanting. Shut your eyes, and you would swear a capacious bowl of punch was foaming in the centre, with beams of generous Port or Madeira radiating to it from each of the table corners. You got flustered, without knowing whence; tipsy upon words; and reeled under the potency of his unperforming Bacchanalian encouragements.

We had our songs—"Why, Soldiers, Why"—and the "British Grenadiers"—in which last we were all obliged to bear chorus. Both the daughters sang. Their proficiency was a nightly theme—the masters he had given them—the "no-expense" which he spared to accomplish them in a science "so necessary to young women." But then—they could not sing "without the instrument."

Sacred, and by me never-to-be violated, Secrets of Poverty! Should I disclose your honest aims at grandeur, your make-shift efforts of magnificence? Sleep, sleep, with all thy broken keys, if one of the bunch be extant; thrummed by a thousand ancestral thumbs; dear cracked spinet of dearer Louisa! Without mention of mine, be dumb, thou thin accompanier of her thinner warble! A veil be spread over the dear delighted face of well-deluded father, who now happily listening to cherubic notes, scarce feels sincerer pleasure

than when she awakened thy time-shaken chords responsive to the twitterings of that slender image of a voice.

We were not without our literary talk either. It did not extend far, but, as far as it went, it was good. It was bottomed well; had good grounds to go upon. In the cottage was a room, which tradition authenticated to have been the same in which Glover, in his occasional retirements, had penned the greater part of his *Leonidas*. This circumstance was nightly quoted, though none of the present inmates, that I could discover, appeared ever to have met with the poem in question. But that was no matter. Glover had written there, and the anecdote was pressed into the account of the family importance. It diffused a learned air through the apartment, the little side casement of which, (the poet's study window,) opening upon a superb view as far as to the pretty spire of Harrow, over domains and patrimonial acres, not a rood nor square yard whereof our host could call his own, yet gave occasion to an immoderate expansion of—vanity shall I call it?—in his bosom, as he showed them in a glowing summer evening. It was all his, he took it all in, and communicated rich portions of it to his guests. It was a part of his largess, his hospitality; it was going over his grounds; he was lord for the time of showing them, and you the implicit lookers-up to his magnificence.

He was a juggler who threw mists before your eyes—you had no time to detect his fallacies. He would say “hand me the silver sugar-tongs;” and before you could discover it was a single spoon, and that plated, he would disturb and captivate your imagination by a misnomer of “the urn” for a tea kettle; or by calling a homely bench a sofa. Rich men direct you to their furniture, poor ones divert you from it; he neither did one nor the other, but by simply assuming that every thing was handsome about him, you were positively at a demur what you did, or did not see, at the cottage. With nothing to live on, he seemed to live upon every thing. He had a stock of wealth in his mind; not that which is properly termed *Content*, for in truth he was not to be contained at all, but overflowed all bounds by the force of a magnificent self-delusion.

Enthusiasm is catching; and even his wife, a sober native of North Britain, who generally saw things more as they were, was not proof against the continual collision of his credulity. Her daughters were rational and discreet young women; in the main, perhaps, not insensible to their true circumstances. I have seen them assume a thoughtful air at times. But such was the preponderating opulence of his fancy, that I am persuaded, not for any half hour together, did they ever look their own prospects fairly in the face. There was no resisting the vortex of his temperament. His riotous imagination conjured up handsome settlements before their eyes, which kept

them up in the eye of the world too, and seem at last to have realized themselves; for they both have married since, I am told, more than respectably.

It is long since, and my memory waxes dim on some subjects, or I should wish to convey some notion of the manner in which the pleasant creature described the circumstances of his own wedding-day. I faintly remember something of a chaise and four, in which he made his entry into Glasgow on that morning to fetch the bride home, or carry her thither, I forget which. It so completely made out the stanza of the old ballad—

When we came down through Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in black velvet,
And I myself in cramasie.

I suppose it was the only occasion, upon which his own actual splendour at all corresponded with the world's notions on that subject. In homely cart, or travelling caravan, by whatever humble vehicle they chanced to be transported in less prosperous days, the ride through Glasgow came back upon his fancy, not as a humiliating contrast, but as a fair occasion for reverting to that one day's state. It seemed an “*equipage etern*” from which no power of fate or fortune, once mounted, had power thereafter to dislodge him.

There is some merit in putting a handsome face upon indigent circumstances. To bully and swagger away the sense of them before strangers, may not be always discommendable. Tibbs, and Bobadil, even when detected, have more of our admiration than contempt. But for a man to put the cheat upon himself; to play the Bobadil at home; and, steeped in poverty up to the lips, to fancy himself all the while chin-deep in riches, is a strain of constitutional philosophy, and a mastery over fortune, which was reserved for my old friend Captain Jackson.

CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD.

DEHORTATIONS from the use of strong liquors have been the favourite topic of sober declaimers in all ages, and have been received with abundance of applause by water-drinking critics. But with the patient, himself, the man that is to be cured, unfortunately their sound has seldom prevailed. Yet the evil is acknowledged, the remedy simple. *Abstain*. No force can oblige a man to raise the glass to his head against his will. 'Tis as easy as not to steal, not to tell lies.

Alas! the hand to pilfer, and the tongue to bear false witness, have no constitutional tendency. These are actions indifferent to them. At the first instance of the reformed will, they can be brought off without a murmur. The itching finger is but a figure in speech, and the tongue of the liar can with the same natural delight give forth useful truths, with which it has been accus-

tomed to scatter their pernicious contraries. But when a man has commenced sot——

O pause, thou sturdy moralist, thou person of stout nerves and a strong head, whose liver is happily untouched, and ere thy gorge riseth at the name which I have written, first learn what the thing is; how much of compassion, how much of human allowance, thou may'st virtuously mingle with thy disapprobation. Trample not on the ruins of a man. Exact not, under so terrible a penalty as infamy, a resuscitation from a state of death almost as real as that from which Lazarus rose not but by a miracle.

Begin a reformation, and custom will make it easy. But what if the beginning be dreadful, the first steps not like climbing a mountain but going through fire? what if the whole system must undergo a change violent as that which we conceive of the mutation of form in some insects? what if a process comparable to flaying alive be to be gone through? is the weakness that sinks under such struggles to be confounded with the pertinacity which clings to other vices, which have induced no constitutional necessity, no engagement of the whole victim, body and soul?

I have known one in that state, when he has tried to abstain but for one evening,—though the poisonous potion had long ceased to bring back its first enchantments, though he was sure it would rather deepen his gloom than brighten it,—in the violence of the struggle, and the necessity he has felt of getting rid of the present sensation at any rate, I have known him to scream out, to cry aloud, for the anguish and pain of the strife within him.

Why should I hesitate to declare, that the man of whom I speak is myself? I have no puling apology to make to mankind. I see them all in one way or another deviating from the pure reason. It is to my own nature alone I am accountable for the woe that I have brought upon it.

I believe that there are constitutions, robust heads and iron insides, whom scarce any excesses can hurt; whom brandy, (I have seen them drink it like wine,) at all events, whom wine, taken in ever so plentiful measure, can do no worse injury to than just to muddle their faculties, perhaps never very pellucid. On them this discourse is wasted. They would but laugh at a weak brother, who, trying his strength with them, and coming off foiled from the contest, would fain persuade them that such agonistic exercises are dangerous. It is to a very different description of persons I speak. It is to the weak, the nervous; to those who feel the want of some artificial aid to raise their spirits in society to what is no more than the ordinary pitch of all around them without it. This is the secret of our drinking. Such must fly the convivial board in the first instance, if they do not mean to sell themselves for term of life.

Twelve years ago I had completed my six and

twentieth year. I had lived from the period of leaving school to that time pretty much in solitude. My companions were chiefly books, or at most, one or two living ones of my own book-loving and sober stamp. I rose early, went to bed betimes, and the faculties which God had given me, I have reason to think, did not rust in me unused.

About that time I fell in with some companions of a different order. They were men of boisterous spirits, sitters up a-nights, disputants, drunken; yet seemed to have something noble about them. We dealt about the wit, or what passed for it after midnight, jovially. Of the quality called fancy, I certainly possessed a larger share than my companions. Encouraged by their applause, I set up for a profest joker! I, who of all men am least fitted for such an occupation, having, in addition to the greatest difficulty which I experienced at all times of finding words to express my meaning, a natural nervous impediment in my speech!

Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you to that sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it, as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a character or description,—but not, as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks.

To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes; to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools; to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty, to be applauded for witty when you know that you have been dull; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give; to be spurred on to efforts which end in contempt; to be set on to provoke mirth, which procures the procurer hatred; to give pleasure, and be paid with squinting malice; to swallow draughts of life-destroying wine, which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain auditors; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause,—are the wages of buffoonery and death.

Time, which has a sure stroke at dissolving all connexions which have no solder fastening than this liquid cement, more kind to me than my own taste or penetration, at length opened my eyes to the supposed qualities of my first friends. No trace of them is left but in the vices which they introduced, and the habits they infixed. In them my friends survive still, and exercise ample retribution for any supposed infidelity that I may have been guilty of towards them.

My next more immediate companions were and are persons of such intrinsic and felt worth, that though accidentally their acquaintance has proved pernicious to me, I do not know that if the thing were to do over again, I should have the courage to eschew the mischief, at the price of forfeiting the benefit. I came to them reeking from the steams of my late over-heated notions of companionship; and the slightest fuel which they unconsciously afforded, was sufficient to feed my old fires into a propensity.

They were no drinkers, but, one from professional habits, and another from a custom derived from his father, smoked tobacco. The devil could not have devised a more subtle trap to re-take a backsliding penitent. The transition, from gulping down draughts of liquid fire to puffing out innocuous blasts of dry smoke, was so like cheating him. But he is too hard for us when we hope to commute. He beats us at barter; and when we think to set off a new failing against an old infirmity, 'tis odds but he puts the trick upon us of two for one. That, (comparatively,) white devil of tobacco brought with him in the end seven worse than himself.

It were impertinent to carry the reader through all the processes by which, from smoking at first with malt liquor, I took my degrees through thin wines, through stronger wine and water, through small punch, to those juggling compositions, which, under the name of mixed liquors, slur a great deal of brandy or other poison under less and less water continually, until they come next to none, and so to none at all. But it is hateful to disclose the secrets of my Tartarus.

I should repel my readers, from a mere incapacity of believing me, were I to tell them what tobacco has been to me, the drudging service which I have paid, the slavery which I have vowed to it. How, when I have resolved to quit it, a feeling, as of ingratitude, has started up; how it has put on personal claims and made the demands of a friend upon me. How the reading of it casually in a book, as where Adams takes his whiff in the chimney-corner of some inn in Joseph Andrews, or Piscator in the Complete Angler breaks his fast upon a morning pipe in that delicate room *Piscatoribus Sacrum*, has in a moment broken down the resistance of weeks. How a pipe was ever in my midnight path before me, till the vision forced me to realize it,—how then its ascending vapours curled, its fragrance lulled, and the thousand delicious ministrings conversant about it, employing every faculty extracted the sense of pain. How from illuminating it came to darken, from a quick solace it turned to a negative relief, thence to a restlessness and dissatisfaction, thence to a positive misery. How, even now, when the whole secret stands confessed in all its dreadful truth before me, I feel myself linked to it beyond the power of revocation. Bone of my bone—

Persons not accustomed to examine the motives of their actions, to reckon up the countless nails that rivet the chains of habit, or perhaps being bound by none so obdurate as those I have confessed to, may recoil from this as from an overcharged picture. But what short of such a bondage is it, which in spite of protesting friends, a weeping wife, and a reprobating world, chains down many a poor fellow, of no original indisposition to goodness, to his pipe and his pot?

I have seen a print after Corregio in which three female figures are ministering to a man who sits fast bound at the root of a tree. Sensuality is soothing him, Evil Habit is nailing him to a branch, and Repugnance at the same instant of time is applying a snake to his side. In his face is feeble delight, the recollection of past, rather than perception of present pleasures, languid enjoyment of evil with utter imbecility to good, a Sybaritic effeminacy, a submission to bondage, the springs of the will gone down like a broken clock, the sin and the suffering co-instantaneous, or the latter forerunning the former, remorse preceding action—all this represented in one point of time. When I saw this, I admired the wonderful skill of the painter. But when I went away, I wept, because I thought of my own condition.

Of that there is no hope that it should ever change. The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavour of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will—to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise, to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruins:—could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feebleness and feebleness out to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation; to make him clasp his teeth,

and not undo 'em

To suffer WET DAMNATION to run thro' 'em.

Yes, but, (methinks I hear somebody object,) if sobriety be that fine thing you would have us to understand, if the comforts of a cool brain are to be preferred to that state of heated excitement which you describe and deplore, what hinders in your own instance that you do not return to those ha-

bits from which you would induce others never to swerve? if the blessing be worth preserving, is it not worth recovering.

Recovering!—O if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like holy hermit. In my dreams I can sometimes fancy thy cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence, only makes me sick and faint.

But is there no middle way betwixt total abstinence and the excess which kills you?—For your sake, reader, and that you may never attain to my experience, with pain I must utter the dreadful truth, that there is none, none that I can find. In my stage of habit, (I speak not of habits less confirmed—for some of them I believe the advice to be most prudential,) in the stage which I have reached, to stop short of that measure which is sufficient to draw on torpor and sleep, the benumbing apoplectic sleep of the drunkard, is to have taken none at all. The pain of the self-denial is all one. And what that is, I had rather the reader should believe on my credit, than know from his own trial. He will come to know it, whenever he shall arrive at that state, in which, paradoxical as it may appear, *reason shall only visit him through intoxication*: for it is a fearful truth, that the intellectual faculties by repeated acts of intemperance may be driven from their orderly sphere of action, their clear day-light ministries, until they shall be brought at last to depend, for the faint manifestation of their departing energies, upon the returning periods of the fatal madness to which they owe their devastation. The drinking man is never less himself than during his sober intervals. Evil is so far his good.*

Behold me then, in the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay. Hear me count my gains, and the profits which I have derived from the midnight cup.

Twelve years ago I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. I was never strong, but I think my constitution, (for a weak one,) was as happily exempt from the tendency to any malady as it was possible to be. I scarce knew what it was to ail any thing. Now, except when I am losing myself in a sea of drink, I am never free from those uneasy sensations in head and sto-

mach, which are so much worse to bear than any definite pains or aches.

At that time I was seldom in bed after six in the morning, summer and winter. I awoke refreshed, and seldom without some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of a song to welcome the new-born day. Now, the first feeling which besets me, after stretching out the hours of recumbence to their last possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day that lies before me, with a secret wish that I could have lain on still, or never awaked.

Life itself, my waking life, has much of the confusion, the trouble, and obscure perplexity of an ill dream. In the day-time I stumble upon dark mountains.

Business, which, though never particularly adapted to my nature, yet as something of necessity to be gone through, and therefore best undertaken with cheerfulness, I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies, affrights, perplexes me. I fancy all sorts of discouragements, and am ready to give up an occupation which gives me bread, from a harassing conceit of incapacity. The slightest commission given me by a friend, or any small duty which I have to perform for myself, as giving orders to a tradesman, &c. haunts me as a labour impossible to be got through. So much the springs of action are broken.

The same cowardice attends me in all my intercourse with mankind. I dare not promise that a friend's honour, or his cause would be safe in my keeping, if I were put to the expense of any manly resolution in defending it. So much the springs of moral action are deadened within me.

My favourite occupations in times past, now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application for ever so short a time kills me. This poor abstract of my condition was penned at long intervals, with scarcely any attempt at connexion of thought, which is now difficult to me.

The noble passages which formerly delighted me in history or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears, allied to dotage. My broken and dispirited nature seems to sink before any thing great and admirable.

I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause, or none. It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to a sense of shame, and a general feeling of deterioration.

These are some of the instances, concerning which I can say with truth, that it was not always so with me.

Shall I lift up the veil of my weakness any further? or is this disclosure sufficient?

I am a poor nameless egotist, who have no vanity to consult by these confessions. I know not whether I shall be laughed at, or heard seriously. Such as they are, I commend them to the reader's attention, if he finds his own case any

* When poor M—— painted his last picture, with a pencil in one trembling hand, and a glass of brandy and water in the other, his fingers owed the comparative steadiness with which they were enabled to go through their task in an imperfect manner, to a temporary firmness derived from a repetition of practices, the general effect of which had shaken both them and him so terribly

way touched. I have told him what I am come to. Let him stop in time.

THE OLD ACTORS.

I do not know a more mortifying thing than to be conscious of a foregone delight, with a total oblivion of the person and manner which conveyed it. In dreams I often stretch and strain after the countenance of Edwin, whom I once saw in Peeping Tom. I cannot catch a feature of him. He is no more to me than Nokes or Pinkethman. Parsons, and still more Dodd, were near being lost to me, till I was refreshed with their portraits, (fine treat,) the other day at Mr. Mathews's gallery at Highgate; which, with the exception of the Hogarth pictures, a few years since exhibited in Pall Mall, was the most delightful collection I ever gained admission to. There hang the players, in their single persons, and in grouped scenes, from the Restoration—Bettertons, Booths, Garricks, justifying the prejudices which we entertain for them—the Bracegirdles, the Mountforts, and the Oldfields, fresh as Cibber has described them—the Woffington, (a true Hogarth,) upon a couch, dallying and dangerous—the Screen Scene in Brinsley's famous comedy, with Smith and Mrs. Abingdon, whom I have not seen, and the rest, whom having seen, I see still there. There is Henderson, unrivalled in Comus, whom I saw at second hand in the elder Harley—Harley, the rival of Holman, in Horatio—Holman, with the bright glittering teeth in Lothario, and the deep paviour's sighs in Romeo—the jolliest person, ("our son is fat,") of any Hamlet I have yet seen, with the most laudable attempts, (for a personable man,) at looking melancholy—and Pope, the abdicated monarch of tragedy and comedy, in Harry the Eighth and Lord Townley. There hang the two Aickins, brethren in mediocrity—Wroughton, who in Kiteley, seemed to have forgotten that in prouder days he had personated Alexander—the specious form of John Palmer, with the special effrontery of Bobby—Bensley with the trumpet-tongue, and little Quick, (the retired Dioclesian of Islington,) with his squeak like a Bart'lemew fiddle. There are fixed, cold as in life, the immovable features of Moody, who, afraid of o'erstepping nature, sometimes stopped short of her—and the restless fidgetiness of Lewis, who, with no such fears, not seldom leaped o' the other side. There hang Farren and Whitfield, and Burton and Phillimore, names of small account in those times, but which, remembered now, or casually recalled by the sight of an old play bill, with their associated recollections, can "drown an eye unused to flow." There too hang, (not far removed from them in death,) the graceful plainness of the first Mrs. Pope, with a voice unstrung by age,

but which, in her better days, must have competed with the silver tones of Barry himself, so enchanting in decay do I remember it—of all her lady parts exceeding herself in the Lady Quakeress, (there earth touched heaven,) of O'Keefe, when she played it to the "merry cousin" of Lewis—and Mrs. Mattocks, the sensiblist of viragos—and Miss Pope, a gentlewoman ever, to the verge of ungentility, with Churchill's compliment still burnishing upon her gay honeycomb lips. There are the two Bannisters, and Sedgwick, and Kelly, and Dignum, (Diggy,) and the by-gone features of Mrs. Ward, matchless in Lady Loverule; and the collective majesty of the whole Kemble family, and (Shakespeare's woman,) Dora Jordan; and, by her, two *Antics*, who, in former and in latter days have chiefly beguiled us of our griefs; whose portraits we shall strive to recall, for the sympathy of those who may not have had the benefit of viewing the matchless Highgate collection.

MR. SUETT.

O for a "slipshod muse," to celebrate in numbers, loose and shambling as himself, the merits and the person of Mr. Richard Suett, comedian!

Richard, or rather Dicky Suett—for so in his lifetime he was best pleased to be called, and time hath ratified the appellation—lieth buried on the north side of the cemetery of Holy Paul, to whose service his nonage and tender years were set apart and dedicated. There are who do yet remember him at that period—his pipe clear and harmonious. He would often speak of his chorister days, when he was "Cherub Dicky."

What clipped his wings, or made it expedient that he should exchange the holy for the profane state; whether he had lost his good voice, (his best recommendation to that office,) like Sir John, "with hallooing and singing of anthems;" or whether he was adjudged to lack something, even in those early years, of the gravity indispensable to an occupation which professeth to "commerce with the skies"—I could never rightly learn; but we find him, after the probation of a twelvemonth or so, reverting to a secular condition, and become one of us.

I think he was not altogether of that timber, out of which cathedral seats and sounding boards are hewed. But if a glad heart—kind and therefore glad—be any part of sanctity, then might the robe of Motley, with which he invested himself with so much humility after his deprivation, and which he wore so long with so much blameless satisfaction to himself and to the public, be accepted for a surplice—his white stole, and *albe*.

The first fruits of his secularization was an engagement upon the boards of Old Drury, at which theatre he commenced, as I have been told, with adopting the manner of Parsons in old men's characters. At the period in which most of us knew him, he was no more an imitator than he was in any true sense himself imitable.

He was the Robin Good-Fellow of the stage. He came in to trouble all things with a welcome perplexity, himself no whit troubled for the matter. He was known, like Puck, by his note—*Ha! Ha! Ha!* sometimes deepening to *Ho! Ho! Ho!* with an irresistible accession, derived perhaps remotely from his ecclesiastical education, foreign to his prototype, of—*O La!* Thousands of hearts yet respond to the chuckling *O La!* of Dicky Suett, brought back to their remembrance by the faithful transcript of his friend Mathews's mimicry. The "force of nature could no further go." He drolled upon the stock of these two syllables richer than the cuckoo.

Care, that troubles all the world, was forgotten in his composition. Had he had but two grains, (nay, half a grain,) of it, he could never have supported himself upon those two spiders' strings, which served him, (in the latter part of his unmixed existence,) as legs. A doubt or a scruple must have made him totter, a sigh have puffed him down; the weight of a frown had staggered him, a wrinkle made him lose his balance. But on he went, scrambling upon those airy stilts of his, with Robin Good-Fellow, "through brake, through briar," reckless of a scratched face or a torn double.

Shakespeare foresaw him, when he framed his fools and jesters. They have all the true Suett stamp, a loose gait, a slippery tongue, this last the ready midwife to a without-pain-delivered jest; in words light as air, venting truths deep as the centre; with idlest rhymes tagging conceit when busiest, singing with Lear in the tempest, or Sir Toby at the buttery hatch.

Jack Bannister, and he had the fortune to be more of personal favourites with the town than any actors before or after. The difference, I take it, was this:—Jack was more *beloved* for his sweet, good-natured, moral, pretensions. Dicky was more *liked* for his sweet, good-natured, no pretensions at all. Your whole conscience stirred with Bannister's performance of Walter in the Children in the Wood—how dearly beautiful it was!—but Dicky seemed like a thing, as Shakespeare says of Love, too young to know what conscience is. He put us into Vesta's days. Evil fled before him—not as from Jack, as from an antagonist—but because it could not touch him, any more than a cannon-ball a fly. He was delivered from the burthen of that death; and, when death came himself, not in metaphor, to fetch Dicky, it is recorded of him by Robert Palmer, who kindly watched his exit, that he received the last stroke, neither varying his accustomed tranquillity, nor tune, with the simple exclamation, worthy to have been recorded in his epitaph—*O La!—O La! Bobby!*

MR. MUNDEN.

Not many nights ago we had come home from seeing this extraordinary performer in Cockletoop;

and when we retired to our pillow, his whimsical image still stuck by us, in a manner as to threaten sleep. In vain we tried to divest ourselves of it by conjuring up the most opposite associations. We resolved to be serious. We raised up the gravest topics of life; private misery, public calamity. All would not do.

—There the antic sate
Mocking our state—

his queer visnomy—his bewildering costume—all the strange things which he had raked together—his serpentine rod swagging about in his pocket—Cleopatra's tear, and the rest of his relics—O'Keefe's wild farce, and his wilder commentary—till the passion of laughter, like grief in excess, relieved itself by its own weight, inviting the sleep which in the first instance it had driven away.

But we were not to escape so easily. No sooner did we fall into slumbers, than the same image, only more perplexing, assailed us in the shape of dreams. Not one Munden, but five hundred, were dancing before us, like the faces which, whether you will or no, come when you have been taking opium—all the strange combinations, which this strangest of all strange mortals ever shot his proper countenance into, from the day he came commissioned to dry up the tears of the town for the loss of the now almost forgotten Edwin. O for the power of the pencil to have fixed them when we awoke! A season or two since there was exhibited a Hogarth gallery. We do not see why there should not be a Munden gallery. In richness and variety the latter would not fall far short of the former.

There is one face of Farley, one face of Knight, one face, (but what a one it is!) of Liston; but Munden has none that you can properly pin down, and call *his*. When you think he has exhausted his battery of looks in unaccountable warfare with your gravity, suddenly he sprouts out an entirely new set of features, like Hydra. He is not one, but legion. Not so much a comedian, as a company. If his name could be multiplied like his countenance, it might fill a play-bill. He, and he alone, literally *makes faces*: applied to any other person, the phrase is a mere figure, denoting certain modifications of the human countenance. Out of some invisible wardrobe he dips for faces, as his friend Suett used for wigs, and fetches them out as easily. We should not be surprised to see him some day put out the head of a river horse; or come forth a pewit, or lapwing, some feathered metamorphosis.

We have seen this gifted actor in Sir Christopher Curry—in Old Dornon—diffuse a glow of sentiment which has made the pulse of a crowded theatre beat like that of one man; when he has come in aid of the pulpit, doing good to the moral heart of a people. We have seen some faint approaches to this sort of excellence in other players. But in what has been truly denominated the

"sublime of farce," Munden stands out as single and unaccompanied as Hogarth. Hogarth, strange to tell, had no followers. The school of Munden began, and must end, with himself.

Can any man wonder, like him? can any man see ghosts, like him? or fight with his own shadow—*—*—as he does in that strangely-neglected thing, the Cobler of Preston—where his alternations from the Cobler to the Magnifico, and from the Magnifico to the Cobler, keep the brain of the spectator in as wild a ferment, as if some Arabian Night were being acted before him, or as if Thalaba were no tale! Who like him can throw, or ever attempted to throw, a supernatural interest over the commonest daily-life objects? A table, or a joint stool, in his conception, rises into a dignity equivalent to Cassiopeia's chair. It is invested with constellatory importance. You could not speak of it with more deference, if it were mounted into the firmament. A beggar in the hands of Michael Angelo, says Fuseli, rose the Patriarch of Poverty. So the gusto of Munden antiquates and ennobs what it touches. His pots and his ladies are as grand and primal as the seething-pots and hooks seen in old prophetic vision. A tub of butter, contemplated by him, amounts to a Platonic idea. He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. He stands wondering, amid the common-place materials of life, like primeval man, with the sun and stars about him.

THE GENTLE GIANTS.

THE widow Blacket, of Oxford, is the largest female I ever had the pleasure of beholding. There may be her parallel upon the earth, but surely I never saw it. I take her to be lineally descended from the maid's aunt of Brainford, who caused Master Ford such uneasiness. She hath Atlantean shoulders; and, as she stoopeth in her gait—with as few offences to answer for in her own particular as any of Eve's daughters—her back seems broad enough to bear the blame of all the peccadilloes that have been committed since Adam. She girdeth her waist—or what she is pleased to esteem as such—nearly up to her shoulders, from beneath which, that huge dorsal expanse, in mountainous declivity, emergeth. Respect for her alone preventeth the idle boys, who follow her about in shoals, whenever she cometh abroad, from getting up and riding.—But her presence infallibly commands a reverence. She is indeed, as the Americans would express it, something awful. Her person is a burthen to herself, no less than to the ground which bears her. To her mighty bone, she hath a pinguitude withal, which makes the depth of winter to her the most desirable season. Her distress in the warmer solstice is pitiable. During the months of July and August, she usually renteth a cool collar, where

ices are kept, whereinto she descendeth when Sirius rageth. She dates from a hot Thursday—some twenty-five years ago. Her apartment in summer is pervious to the four winds. Two doors, in north and south direction, and two windows, fronting the rising and the setting sun, never closed, from every cardinal point, catch the contributory breezes. She loves to enjoy what she calls a quadruple draught. That must be a shrewd zephyr, that can escape her. I owe a painful face-ache, which oppresses me at this moment, to a cold caught, sitting by her, one day in last July, at this receipt of coolness. Her fan, in ordinary resemblance a banner spread, which she keepeth continually on the alert to detect the least breeze. She possesseth an active and gadding mind, totally incommensurate with her person. No one delighteth more than herself in country exercises and pastimes. I have passed many an agreeable holiday with her in her favourite park at Woodstock. She performs her part in these delightful ambulatory excursions by the aid of a portable garden chair. She setteth out with you at a fair foot gallop, which she keepeth up till you are both well breathed, and then she reposeth for a few seconds. Then she is up again for a hundred paces or so, and again resteth—her movement, on these sprightly occasions, being something between walking and flying. Her great weight seemeth to propel her forward, ostrich-fashion. In this kind of relieved marching I have traversed with her many scores of acres on those well-wooded and well-watered domains. Her delight at Oxford is in the public walks and gardens, where, when the weather is not too oppressive, she passeth much of her valuable time. There is a bench at Maudlin, or rather, situated between the frontiers of that and *****'s college—some litigation, latterly, about repairs, has vested the property of it finally in *****—where at the hour of noon she is ordinarily to be found sitting—so she calls it by courtesy—but in fact, pressing and breaking of it down with her enormous settlement; as both those foundations, who, however, are good natured enough to wink at it, have found, I believe, to their cost. Here she taketh the fresh air, principally at vacation times, when the walks are freest from interruption of the younger fry of students. Here she passeth her idle hours, not idly, but generally accompanied with a book—blest if she can but intercept some resident Fellow, (as usually there are some of that brood left behind at these periods;) or stray Master of Arts, (to most of whom she is better known than their dinner bell;) with whom she may confer upon any curious topic of literature. I have seen these shy gownsmen, who truly set but a very slight value upon female conversation, cast a hawk's eye upon her from the length of Maudlin grove, and warily glide off into another walk—true monks as they are, and ungently neglecting the delicacies of her polished converse, for their own perverse and uncommunicating solitari-

ness! Within doors her principal diversion is music, vocal and instrumental, in both which she is no mean professor. Her voice is wonderfully fine; but till I got used to it, I confess it staggered me. It is for all the world like that of a piping bulfinch; while from her size and stature you would expect notes to drown the deep organ. The shake, which most fine singers reserve for the close or cadence, by some unaccountable flexibility, or tremulousness of pipe, she carrieth quite through the composition; so that her time, to a common air or ballad, keeps double motion, like the earth—running the primary circuit of the tune, and still revolving upon its own axis. The effect, as I said before, when you are used to it, is as agreeable as it is altogether new and surprising. The spacious apartment of her outward frame lodgeth a soul in all respects disproportionate. Of more than mortal make, she evinceth withal a trembling sensibility, a yielding infirmity of purpose, a quick susceptibility to reproach, and all the train of diffident and blushing virtues, which for their habitation usually seek out a feeble frame, an attenuated and meagre constitution. With more than man's bulk, her humours and occupations are eminently feminine. She sighs—being six foot high. She languisheth—being two feet wide. She worketh slender sprigs upon the delicate muslin—her fingers being capable of moulding a Colossus. She rippeth her wine out of her glass daintily—her capacity being that of a tun of Heidelberg. She goeth mincingly with those feet of hers—whose solidity need not fear the black ox's pressure. Softest, and largest of thy sex, adieu! by what parting attribute may I salute thee—last and best of the Titanesses—Ogress, fed with milk instead of blood—not least, or least handsome, among Oxford's stately structures—Oxford, who, in its dearest time of vacation, can never properly be said to be empty, having thee to fill it.

A CHARACTER OF

THE LATE ELIA.

BY A FRIEND.

THIS gentleman, who for some months past had been in a declining way, hath at length paid his final tribute to nature. He just lived long enough, (it was what he wished,) to see his papers collected into a volume. The pages of the LONDON MAGAZINE will henceforth know him no more.

Exactly at twelve last night his queer spirit departed, and the bells of Saint Bride's rang him out with the old year. The mournful vibrations were caught in the dining room of his friends T. and H.; and the company, assembled there to welcome in another First of January, checked their carousals in mid-mirth, and were silent. Janus wept.

The gentle P—, in a whisper, signified his intention of devoting an *Elegy*; and Allan C—, nobly forgetful of his countrymen's wrongs, vowed a memoir to his *manes* full and friendly as a *Tale of Lyddalcross*.

To say truth, it is time he were gone. The humour of the thing, if there was ever much in it, was pretty well exhausted; and a two year's and a half existence has been a tolerable duration for a phantom.

I am now at liberty to confess, that much which I have heard objected to my late friend's writings was well-founded. Crude they are, I grant you—a sort of unlicked, incondite things—villanously pranked in an affected array of antique modes and phrases. They had not been *his*, if they had been other than such; and better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness, (so called,) that should be strange to him. Egotistical they have been pronounced by some who did not know, that what he tells us, as of himself, was often true, only, (historically,) of another; as in his *Fourth Essay*, (to save many instances,)—where under the *first person*, (his favourite figure,) he shadows forth the forlorn estate of a country-boy placed at a London school, far from his friends and connections—in direct opposition to his own early history.—If it be egotism to imply and twine with his own identity the griefs and affections of another—making himself many, or reducing many unto himself—then is the skilful novelist, who all along brings in his hero, or heroine, speaking of themselves, the greatest egotist of all; who yet has never, therefore, been accused of that narrowness. And how shall the intenser dramatist escape being faulty, who doubtless, under cover of passion uttered by another, oftentimes gives blameless vent to his most inward feelings, and expresses his own story modestly?

My late friend was in many respects a singular character. Those who did not like him, hated him; and some, who once liked him, afterwards became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and in whose presence. He observed neither time nor place, and would e'en out with what came uppermost. With the severe religionist he would pass for a free-thinker; while the other faction set him down for a bigot, or persuaded themselves that he belied his sentiments. Few understood him; and I am not certain that at all times he quite understood himself. He too much affected that dangerous figure—irony. He sowed doubtful speeches, and reaped plain, unequivocal hatred.—He would interrupt the gravest discussion with some light jest; and yet, perhaps, not quite irrelevant in ears that could understand it. Your long and much talkers hated him. The informal habit of his mind, joined to an inveterate impediment of speech, forbade him to be an orator; and he seemed determined that no one else should play

that part when he was present. He was *petit* and ordinary in his person and appearance. I have seen him sometimes in what is called good company, but where he has been a stranger, sit silent, and be suspected for an odd fellow; till some unlucky occasion provoking it, he would stutter out some senseless pun, (not altogether senseless perhaps, if rightly taken,) which has stamped his character for the evening. It was hit or miss with him; but nine times out of ten, he contrived by this device to send away a whole company of his enemies. His conceptions rose kinder than his utterance, and his happiest *improptus* had the appearance of effort. He has been accused of trying to be witty, when in truth he was but struggling to give his poor thoughts articulation. He chose his companions for some individuality of character which they manifested. Hence, not many persons of science, and few professed *litterati*, were of his councils. They were, for the most part, persons of an uncertain fortune; and as to such people commonly nothing is more obnoxious than a gentleman of settled, (though moderate,) income, he passed with most of them for a great miser. To my knowledge this was a mistake. His intimates, to confess a truth, were in the world's eye a ragged regiment. He found them floating on the surface of society; and the colour, or something else, in the weed pleased him. The burrs stuck to him—but they were good and loving burrs for all that. He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. If any of these were scandalised, (and offences were sure to arise,) he could not help it. When he has been remonstrated with for not making more concessions to the feelings of good people, he would retort by asking, what one point did these good people ever concede to him? He was temperate in his meals and diversions, but always kept a little on this side of abstemiousness. Only in the use of the Indian weed he might be thought a little excessive. He took it, he would say, as a solvent of speech. Marry—as the friendly vapour ascended, how his prattle would curl up sometimes with it! the ligaments, which tongue-tied him, were loosened, and the stammerer proceeded a statish!

I do not know whether I ought to bemoan or rejoice that my old friend is departed. His jests were beginning to grow obsolete, and his stories to be found out. He felt the approaches of age; and while he pretended to cling to life, you saw how slender were the ties left to bind him. Discoursing with him latterly on this subject, he expressed himself with a pettishness, which I thought unworthy of him. In our walks about his suburban retreat, (as he called it,) at Shacklewell, some children belonging to a school of industry had met us, and bowed and courtseyed, as he thought, in an especial manner to him. "They take me for a visiting governor," he muttered earnestly. He had a horror, which he carried to a foible, of

looking like any thing important and parochial. He thought that he approached nearer to that stamp daily. He had a general aversion from being treated like a grave or respectable character, and kept a wary eye upon the advances of age that should so entitle him. He herded always, while it was possible, with people younger than himself. He did not conform to the march of time, but was dragged along in the procession. His manners lagged behind his years. He was too much of the boy-man. The *tega virilis* never sat gracefully on his shoulders. The impressions of infancy had burnt into him, and he resented the impertinence of manhood. These were weaknesses; but such as they were, they are a key to explicate some of his writings.

He left little property behind him. Of course the little that is left, (chiefly in India bonds,) devolves upon his cousin Bridget. A few critical dissertations were found in his escrutoire, which have been handed over to the editor of this Magazine, in which it is to be hoped they will shortly appear, retaining his accustomed signature.

He has himself not obscurely hinted that his employment lay in a public office. The gentlemen in the Export department of the East India House will forgive me, if I acknowledge the readiness with which they assisted me in the retrieval of his few manuscripts. They pointed out in a most obliging manner the desk, at which he had been planted for forty years; showed me ponderous tomes of figures, in his own remarkably neat hand, which, more properly than his few printed tracts, might be called his "Works." They seemed affectionate to his memory, and universally commended his expertness in book-keeping. It seems he was the inventor of some ledger, which should combine the precision and certainty of the Italian double entry, (I think they called it,) with the brevity and facility of some newer German system—but I am not able to appreciate the worth of the discovery. I have often heard him express a warm regard for his associates in office, and how fortunate he considered himself in having his lot thrown in amongst them. There is more sense, more discourse, more shrewdness, and even talent, among these clerks, (he would say,) than in twice the number of authors by profession that I have conversed with. He would brighten up sometimes upon the "old days of the India House," when he consorted with Woodroffe, and Wissett, and Peter Corbet, (a descendant and worthy representative, bating the point of sanctity, of old facetious bishop Corbet,) and Hoole who translated Tasso, and Bartlemy Brown whose father (God assail him therefore,) modernized Walton—and sly warm-hearted old Jack Cole, (King Cole they called him in those days,) and Campe, and Fombelle—and a world of choice spirits, more that I can remember to name, who associated in those days with Jack Burrell, (the ben sistant of the South Sea House,) and little Eyton, (said

to be a *fac simile* of Pope—he was a miniature of a gentleman,) that was cashier under him, and Dan Voight of the Custom House that left the famous library.

Well, Elia is gone—for aught I know, to be reunited with them—and these poor traces of his pen are all we have to show for it. How little survives of the wordiest authors! Of all they said

or did in their lifetime, a few glittering words only! His essays found some favourers, as they appeared separately; they shuffled their way in the crowd singly; how they will *read*, now they are brought together, is a question for the publishers, who have thus ventured to draw out into one piece his “weaved-up follies.”

PHIL-ELIA.

THE END.

THE LIFE

OF

SIR THOMAS MORE.

BY SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

ARISTOTLE and Bacon, the greatest philosophers of the ancient and modern world, agree in representing poetry as being of a more excellent nature than history. Agreeably to the predominance of mere understanding in Aristotle's mind, he alleges as his cause of preference that poetry regards general truth, or conformity to universal nature; while history is conversant only with a confined and accidental truth, dependent on time, place, and circumstance. The ground assigned by Bacon is such as naturally issued from that fusion of imagination with reason, which constitutes his philosophical genius. Poetry is ranked more highly by him, because the poet presents us with a pure excellence and an unmingled grandeur, not to be found in the coarse realities of life or of history; but which the mind of man, although not destined to reach, is framed to contemplate with delight.

The general difference between biography and history is obvious. There have been many men in every age whose lives are full of interest and instruction, but who, having never taken a part in public affairs, are altogether excluded from the province of the historian. There have been also, probably, equal numbers who have influenced the fortune of nations in peace or in war, of the peculiarities of whose character we have no information; and who, for the purposes of the biographer, may be said to have no private life.

These are extreme cases. But there are other men, whose manners and acts are equally well known, whose individual lives are deeply interesting, whose characteristic qualities are peculiarly striking, who have taken an important share in events connected with the most extraordinary revolutions of human affairs, and whose biography becomes more difficult from that combination and intermixture of private with public occurrences, which render it instructive and interesting. The variety and splendour of the lives of such men render it often difficult to distinguish the portion

of them which ought to be admitted into history, from that which should be reserved for biography. Generally speaking, these two parts are so distinct and unlike, that they cannot be confounded without much injury to both;—either when the biographer hides the portrait of the individual by a crowded and confined picture of events, or when the historian allows unconnected narratives of the lives of men to break the thread of history. The historian contemplates only the surface of human nature, adorned and disguised when the actors perform brilliant parts before a great audience, in the midst of so many dazzling circumstances, that it is hard to estimate their intrinsic worth; and impossible, in a historical relation, to exhibit the secret springs of their conduct. The biographer endeavours to follow the hero and the statesman, from the field, the council, or the senate, to his private dwelling, where, in the midst of domestic ease, or of social pleasure, he throws aside the robe and the mask, becomes again a man instead of an actor, and, in spite of himself, often betrays those frailties and singularities which are visible in the countenance and voice, the gesture and manner, of every man when he is not acting a part. It is particularly difficult to observe the distinction in the case of sir Thomas More, because he was so perfectly natural a man that he carried his amiable peculiarities into the gravest deliberations of state and the most solemn acts of law. Perhaps nothing more can be universally laid down, than that the biographer never ought to introduce public events, except as far as they are absolutely necessary to the illustration of character, and that the historian should rarely digress into biographical particulars, except as far as they contribute to the clearness of his narrative of political occurrences.

SIR THOMAS MORE was born in Milk Street, in the city of London, in the year 1490, three years before the death of Edward IV. His family was respectable,—no mean advantage at that time. His father, sir John More, who was born about

1440, was entitled by his descent to use an armorial bearing,—a privilege guarded strictly and jealously as the badge of those who then began to be called gentry, who, though separated from the lords of parliament by political rights, yet formed with them in the order of society one body, corresponding to those called noble in the other countries of Europe. Though the political power of the barons was on the wane, the social position of the united body of nobility and gentry retained its dignity.* Sir John More was one of the justices of the court of King's Bench to the end of his long life; and, according to his son's account, well performed the peaceable duties of civil life, being gentle in his deportment, blameless, meek and merciful, an equitable judge, and an upright man.†

Sir Thomas More received the first rudiments of his education at St. Anthony's school, in Threadneedle Street, under Nicholas Hart; for the day-break of letters was now so bright, that the reputation of schools was carefully noted, and schoolmasters began to be held in some part of the estimation which they merit. Here, however, his studies were confined to Latin; the cultivation of Greek, which contains the sources and models of Roman Literature, being yet far from having sunk to the level of the best among the schools. It was the custom of that age that young gentlemen should pass part of their boyhood in the house and service of their superiors, where they might profit by listening to the conversation of men of experience, and gradually acquire the manners of the world. It was not deemed derogatory from youths of rank; it was rather thought a beneficial expedient for inuring them to stern discipline and implicit obedience, that they should be trained, during this novitiate, in humble and even menial offices. A young gentleman thought himself no more lowered by serving as a page in the family of a great peer or prelate, than a Courtenay or a Howard considered it as a degradation to be the huntsman or the cupbearer of a Tudor.

More was fortunate in the character of his master. When his school studies were thought to be finished, about his fifteenth year, he was placed in the house of cardinal Morton, archbishop of Canterbury. This prelate, who was born in 1410, was originally an eminent civilian, canonist, and a practiser of note in the ecclesiastical courts. He was a Lancastrian, and the fidelity with which

he adhered to Henry VI., till that unfortunate prince's death, recommended him to the confidence and patronage of Edward IV. He negotiated the marriage with the princess Elizabeth, which reconciled (with whatever confusion of titles) the pretensions of York and Lancaster, and raised Henry Tudor to the throne. By these services, and by his long experience in affairs, he continued to be prime minister till his death, which happened in 1500, at the advanced age of ninety.* Even at the time of More's entry into his household, the old cardinal, though then fourscore and five years, was pleased with the extraordinary promise of the sharp and lively boy; as aged persons sometimes, as it were, catch a glimpse of the pleasure of youth, by entering for a moment into its feelings. More broke into the rude dramas performed at the cardinal's Christmas festivities, to which he was too young to be invited, and often invented at the moment speeches for himself, "which made the lookers-on more sport than all the players beside." The cardinal, much delighting in his wit and towardness, would often say of him unto the nobles that divers times dined with him,—“This child here waiting at the table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man.”† More, in his historical work, commemorates this early friend, not without a sidelong glance at the acts of a courtier. “He was a man of great natural wit, very well learned, honourable in behaviour, lacking in no wise to win favour.”‡ In “Utopia” he praises the cardinal more lavishly, and with no restraint from the severe justice of history. In Morton's house he was probably known to Colet, dean of St. Paul's, the founder of St. Paul's school, and one of the most eminent restorers of ancient literature in England; who was wont to say, that “there was but one wit in England, and that was young Thomas More.”§

More went to Oxford in 1487, where he appears to have had apartments in St. Mary's Hall, but to have carried on his studies at Canterbury college, where Wolsey afterwards reared the magnificent edifice of Christchurch. At that university he founded a sort of civil war, waged between the partisans of Greek literature, who were then innovators in education, suspected of heresy, if not of infidelity, on the one hand; and on the other side the larger body, comprehending the aged, the powerful and the celebrated, who were content to be no wiser than their forefathers. The younger followers of the latter faction affected the ridiculous denomination of Trojans, and assumed the names of Priam, Hector, Paris, and

* “In air T. More's epitaph, he describes himself as ‘born of no noble family, but of an honest stock,’ (or, in the words of the original, *familia non celebri, sed honesta natus*.) a true translation, as we here take nobility and noble; for none under a baron, except he be of the privy council, doth challenge it; and in this sense he meant it; but as the Latin word *nobilis* is taken in other countries for gentrie, it was otherwise. Sir John More bare arms from his birth; and though we cannot tell who were his ancestors, they must needs be gentlemen.”—*Life of T. More, by T. More, his great grandson*, pp. 3, 4.

† “Homo civilis, innocens, mitis, integer.”—*Sir Thomas More's Epitaph*.

* Dod's Church History, i. 141. The Roman Catholics, now restored to their just rank in society, have no longer an excuse for not continuing this useful work.—*Godwin's Catalogue of Bishops*, 161. 277. edit. 1615.

† Singer's Roper, 4.

‡ More, Hist. Rich. III.

§ More's Life of More, p. 25.

|| Wood's Ath. Oxon. Hearne's Roper.

Æneas, to denote their hostility to the Greeks. The puerile pedantry of these coxcombs had the good effect of awakening the zeal of More for his Grecian masters, and of inducing him to withstand the barbarism which would exclude the noblest productions of the human mind from the education of English youth. He expostulated with the university in a letter addressed to the whole body, reproaching them with the better example of Cambridge, where the gates were thrown open to the higher classics of Greece, as freely as to their Roman imitators.* The established clergy even then, though Luther had not yet alarmed them, strangers as they were to the new learning, affected to condemn that of which they were ignorant, and could not endure the prospect of a rising generation more learned than themselves. Their whole education was Latin, and their instruction was limited to Roman and canon law, to theology, and school philosophy. They dreaded the downfall of the authority of the vulgate from the study of Greek and Hebrew. But the course of things was irresistible. The scholastic system was now on the verge of general disregard, and the perusal of the greatest Roman writers turned all eyes towards the Grecian masters. What man of high capacity, and of ambition becoming his faculties, could read Cicero without a desire to comprehend Demosthenes and Plato? What youth desirous of excellence, but would rise from the study of the *Georgics* and the *Æneid*, with a wish to be acquainted with *Hesiod* and *Apollonius*, with *Pindar*, and above all with *Homer*? These studies were then pursued, not with the dull languor and cold formality with which the indolent, incapable, incurious majority of boys obey the proscribed rules of an old establishment, but with the enthusiastic admiration with which the superior few feel an earnest of their own higher powers, in the delight which arises in their minds at the contemplation of new beauty, and of excellence unimagined before.

More found several of the restorers of Grecian literature at Oxford, who had been the scholars of the exiled Greeks in Italy: Grocyn, the first professor of Greek in the university; Linacre, the accomplished founder of the college of physicians; and William Latimer, of whom we know little more than what we collect from the general testimony borne by his most eminent contemporaries to his learning and virtue. Grocyn, the first of the English restorers, was a late learner, being in the forty-eighth year of his age when he went, in 1488, to Italy, where the fountains of ancient learning were once more opened. After having studied under Politian, and learnt Greek from Chalcondylas, one of the lettered emigrants who educated the teachers of the western nations, he returned to Oxford, where he taught that language to More, to Linacre, and to Erasmus. Linacre followed

* See this first Letter in the Appendix to the second volume of Jortin's *Life of Erasmus*.

the example of Grocyn in visiting Italy, and profiting by the instructions of Chalcondylas. Colet spent four years in the same country, and in the like studies. William Latimer repaired at a mature age to Padua, in quest of that knowledge which was not to be acquired at home. He was afterwards chosen to be tutor to Reginald Pole, the king's cousin; and Erasmus, by attributing to him "maidenly modesty," leaves in one word an agreeable impression of the character of a man chosen for his scholarship to be Linacre's colleague in a projected translation of Aristotle, and solicited by the latter for aid in his edition of the New Testament.*

More, at that university, became known to a man far more extraordinary than any of these scholars. Erasmus was invited to England by lord Mountjoy, who had been his pupil at Paris, and continued to be his friend during life. He resided at Oxford during a great part of 1497; and having returned to Paris in 1498, spent the former portion of the same year at the university of Oxford, where he again had an opportunity of pouring his zeal for Greek study into the mind of More. Their friendship, though formed at an age of considerable disparity,—Erasmus being then thirty and More only seventeen,—lasted throughout the whole of their lives. Erasmus had acquired only the rudiments of Greek at the age most suited to the acquisition of languages, and was now completing his knowledge on that subject at a period of mature manhood, which he jestingly compares with the age at which the elder Cato commenced his Grecian studies.† Though Erasmus himself seems to have been much excited towards Greek learning by the example of the English scholars, yet the cultivation of classical literature was then so small a part of the employment or amusement of life, that William Latimer, one of the most eminent of these scholars, to whom Erasmus applied for aid in his edition of the Greek Testament, declared that he had not read a page of Greek or Latin for nine years;‡ that he had almost forgotten his ancient literature, and that Greek books were scarcely procurable in England. Sir John More, inflexibly adhering to the old education, and dreading that the allurements of literature might seduce his son from law, discouraged the pursuit of Greek, and at the same time reduced the allowance of Thomas to the level of the most frugal life; a parsimony for which the son was afterwards, though not then, thankful, as having

* For Latimer, Dod. i. 219. For Grocyn, Ib. 227. Colet and Linacre, all biographical compilations.

† "Delibavimus et olim has literas sed summis duntaxat labris, at nuper paulo altius ingressi, videmus id quod sæpe numero apud gravissimos auctores legimus. *Latinam eruditioem extra Græcismum mancam esse et dimidiatam*. Apud nos enim rivuli vix quidam sunt, et lacumulus luteolentia, apud illos fontes purissimi et flumina aurum volventia."—*Erasm. Epist. 75. Op. iii. p. 63. Lug. Bat. 1703.*

‡ Guliel. Latimer Epist. Erasmo. *Erasm. Op. iii. p. 293.*

taught him good husbandry, and preserved him from dissipation.

At the university, or soon after leaving it, young More composed the greater part of his English verses; which are not such as, from their intrinsic merit, in a more advanced state of our language and literature, would be deserving of particular attention. But as the poems of a contemporary of Skelton, they may merit more consideration. Our language was still neglected, or confined chiefly to the vulgar uses of life. Its force, its compass, and its capacity of harmony, were untried: for though Chaucer had shone brightly for a season, the century which followed was dark and wintry. No master genius had impregnated the nation with poetical sensibility. In these inauspicious circumstances, the composition of poems, especially if they manifest a sense of harmony, and some adaptation of the sound to the subject, indicates a delight in poetry, and a proneness to that beautiful art, which in such an age is a more than ordinary token of a capacity for it. The experience of all ages, however it may be accounted for, shows that the mind, when melted into tenderness, or exalted by the contemplation of grandeur, vents its feelings in language suited to a state of excitement, and delights in distinguishing its diction from common speech by some species of measure and modulation, which combines the gratification of the ear with that of the fancy and the heart. The secret connection between a poetical ear and a poetical soul is touched by the most sublime of poets, who consoled himself in his blindness, by the remembrance of those who, under the like calamity,

— Feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers.

We may be excused for throwing a glance over the compositions of a writer, who is represented a century after his death, by Ben Johnson, as one of the models of English literature. More's poem on the death of Elizabeth, the wife of Henry VII., and his merry jest how a serjeant would play the friar, may be considered as fair samples of his pensive and sportive vein. The superiority of the latter shows his natural disposition to pleasantry. There is a sort of dancing mirth in the metre, which seems to warrant the observation above hazarded, that in a rude period the structure of verse may be regarded as some presumption of a genius for poetry. In a refined age, indeed, all the circumstances are different. The frame of metrical composition is known to all the world. It may be taught by rule, and acquired mechanically. The greatest facility of versification may exist without a spark of genius. Even then, however, the secrets of the art of versification are chiefly revealed to a chosen few by their poetical sensibility; so that sufficient remains of the original tie still continue to attest the primitive union. It is remarkable, that the most poetical of his poems is written in Latin. It is a poem addressed

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to a lady, with whom he had been in love when he was sixteen years old, and she fourteen; it turns chiefly on the pleasing reflection that his affectionate remembrance restored to her the beauty, of which twenty-five years seemed to others to have robbed her.*

When More had completed his time at Oxford, he applied himself to the law, which was to be the occupation of his life. He first studied at New Inn, and afterwards at Lincoln's Inn.† The societies of lawyers having purchased some inns, or noblemen's residences, in London, were hence called inns of court. It was not then a metaphor to call them an university: they had professors of law; they conferred the characters of barrister and serjeant, analogous to the degrees of bachelor, master, and doctor, bestowed by universities; and every man, before he became a barrister, was subjected to examination, and obliged to defend a thesis. More was appointed reader at Furnival's Inn, where he delivered lectures for three years. The English law had then grown into a science, formed by a process of generalization from usages and decisions, with less help from the Roman law than the jurisprudence of any other country, though not with that total independence of it which English lawyers in former times considered as a subject of boast: it was rather formed as the law of Rome itself had been formed, than adopted from that noble system. When More began to lecture on English law, it was by no means in a disorderly and neglected state. The ecclesiastical lawyers, whose arguments and determinations were its earliest materials, were well prepared, by the logic and philosophy of their masters the schoolmen, for those exact and even subtle distinctions which the precision of the rules of jurisprudence eminently required. In the reigns of the Lancastrian princes, Littleton had reduced the law to an elementary treatise, distinguished by a clear method and an elegant conciseness. Fortescue had at that time compared the governments of England and France with the eye of a philosophical observer. Brooke and Fitzherbert had compiled digests of the law, which they called (it might be thought, from their size, ironically) *Abridgments*. The latter composed a treatise, still very curious, on writs; that is, on those commands (formally from the king) which constitute essential parts of every legal proceeding. Other writings on jurisprudence occupied the printing presses of London in the earliest stage of their existence. More delivered

* "*Gratulatur quod eam repererit incolumem quam olim ferme puer amaverat.*"—*Mori Poemata*.

† It does not seem reconcilable with dates, that this lady could have been the younger sister of Jane Colt. Vide *infra*.

‡ Inn was successively applied, like the French word *hotel*, first to the town mansion of a great man, and afterwards to a house where all mankind were entertained for money.

§ Doctor and Student by St. Germain. *Diversité des Courtes*, printed by Rastal in 1534, &c. &c.

lectures at St. Lawrence's church in the Old Jewry, on the work of St. Augustine, "*De Civitate Dei*," that is, on the divine government of the moral world; which must seem to readers who look at ancient times through modern habits, a very singular occupation for a young lawyer. But the clergy were the chief depositaries of knowledge, and were the sole canonists and civilians, as they had once been the only lawyers.* Religion, morals, and law, were then taught together without due distinction between them, to the injury and confusion of them all. To these lectures, we are told by the affectionate biographer, "there resorted doctor Grocyn, an excellent cunning man, and all the chief learned of the city of London."† More, in his lectures, however, did not so much discuss "the points of divinity as the precepts of moral philosophy and history, where-with these books are replenished."‡ They, perhaps, however, embittered his polemical writings, and somewhat soured that naturally sweet temper, which was so deeply felt by his companions, that Erasmus scarcely ever concludes a letter to him without epithets more indicative of the most tender affection than of the calm feelings of friendship.§

The tenderness of his nature combined with the instructions and habits of his education to predispose him to piety. As he lived in the neighbourhood of the great Carthusian monastery, called the Charterhouse, for some years, he manifested a predilection for monastic life, and is said to have practised some of those austerities and self-inflictions which prevail among the gloomier and more stern orders. A pure mind in that age often sought to extinguish some of the inferior impulses of human nature, instead of employing them for their appointed purpose,—that of animating the domestic affections, and sweetening the most important duties of life.|| He soon learnt, by self-examination, his unfitness for the priesthood, and relinquished his project of taking orders, in words which should have warned his church against the imposition of unnatural self-denial on vast multitudes and successive generations of men.¶

The same affectionate disposition which had driven him towards the visions, and, strange as it may seem, to the austerities of the monks, now sought a more natural channel. "He resorted to the house of one maister Colt, a gentleman of Essex, who had often invited him thither; having three daughters, whose honest conversation and virtuous education provoked him there especially

to set his affection. And albeit his mind most served him to the second daughter, for that he thought her the fairest and best favoured, yet when he considered that it would be both great grief, and some shame also, to the eldest, to see her younger sister preferred before her in marriage, he then of a certain pity framed his fancy toward her, and soon after married her, nevertheless discontinuing his study of the law at Lincoln's Inn.* His more remote descendant adds, that Mr. Colt "proffered unto him the choice of any of his daughters; and that More, out of a kind of compassion, settled his fancy on the eldest."† Erasmus gives a turn to More's marriage with Jane Colt, which is too ingenious to be probable: "He wedded a very young girl of respectable family, but who had hitherto lived in the country with her parents and sisters; and was so uneducated, that he could mould her to his own tastes and manners. He caused her to be instructed in letters; and she became a very skilful musician, which peculiarly pleased him."‡

The plain matter of fact seems to have been, that in an age when marriage chiefly depended upon a bargain between parents, on which sons were little consulted, and daughters not at all, More, emerging at twenty-one from the toil of acquiring Greek, and the voluntary self-torture of Carthusian mystics, was delighted at his first entry among pleasing young women, of whom the least attractive might, in these circumstances, have touched him; and that his slight preference for the second easily yielded to a good-natured reluctance to mortify the elder. Most young ladies in Essex, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, probably required some tuition to appear in London among scholars and courtiers, who were at that moment more mingled than it is now usual for them to be. It is impossible to ascertain the precise shade of feeling which the biographers intended to denote by the words "pity" and "compassion," for the use of which they are charged with a want of gallantry or delicacy by modern writers; although neither of these terms, when the context is at the same time read, seems unhappily employed to signify the natural refinement, which shrinks from humbling the harmless self-complacency of an innocent girl.

The marriage proved so happy, that nothing was to be regretted in it but the shortness of the union, in consequence of the early death of Jane Colt, who left a son and three daughters; of whom Margaret, the eldest, inherited the features, the form, and the genius of her father, and requited his fond partiality by a daughterly love, which endured to the end.

In no long time § after the death of Jane Colt,

* Roper, p. 6. Singer's edition.

† More, p. 30.

‡ Epist. ad Ulric. ab Hutton, ut supra.

§ "In a few months," says Erasmus, in his letter to Hutton: within two or three years, according to his great grandson.—*More's Life of More*, p. 32

* *Nulius caudicibus nisi clericus.*

† Roper, p. 5. Singer's edition.

‡ *More's Life of Sir T. More*, p. 44.

§ Suavissime More. Charissime More. Mellissime More.

|| —Founded in thee

Relations dear and all the charities, &c.

¶ "*Maluit maritus esse castus quam sacerdos impurus.*"—*Erasm. Ep. Ulric. ab Hutton*, 23 July, *Opp.* iii p. 475.

he married Alice Middleton, a widow, seven years older than himself, and neither handsomer nor young; rather for the care of his family, and the management of his house, than as a companion and a friend. He treated her, and indeed most females except his daughter Margaret, as better qualified to relish a jest, than to take a part in more serious conversation; and in their presence gave an unbounded scope to his natural inclination towards pleasantry. He even indulged himself in a Latin jingle on her want of youth and beauty, "*nec bella nec puella*." * "She was of good years, of no good favour or complexion, not very rich, and by disposition near and worldly. It was reported that he wooed her for a friend of his; but she answering that he might speed if he spoke for himself, he married her with the consent of his friend, yielding to her that which perhaps he never would have done of his own accord. Indeed, her favour could not have bewitched, or scarce moved, any man to love her; but yet she proved a kind and careful mother-in-law to his children." Erasmus, who was often an inmate in the family, speaks of her as "a keen and watchful manager, with whom More lived on terms of as much respect and kindness as if she had been fair and young." Such is the happy power of a loving disposition, which overflows on companions, though their attractions or deserts should be slender. "No husband," continues Erasmus, "ever gained so much obedience from a wife by authority and severity, as More won by gentleness and pleasantry. Though verging on old age, and not of a yielding temper, he prevailed on her to take lessons on the lute, the cithara, the viol, the monochord, and the flute, which she daily practised to him. With the same gentleness he ruled his whole family, so that it was without broils or quarrels. He composed all differences, and never parted with any one on terms of unkindness. The house was fated to the peculiar felicity that those who dwell in it were always raised to a higher fortune; and that no spot ever fell on the good name of its happy inhabitants." The course of More's domestic life is minutely described by eye-witnesses. "His custom was daily (besides his private prayers with his children) to say the seven psalms, the litany, and the suffrages following; so was his guise with his wife, children, and household, nightly before he went to bed, to go to his chapel, and there on his knees ordinarily to say certain psalms and collects with them." † "With him says Erasmus, "you might imagine yourself in the academy of Plato. But I should do injustice to his house by comparing it to the academy of Plato, where numbers, and geometrical figures, and sometimes moral virtues, were the subjects of discussion; it would be more just to call it a school and exercise of the Christian religion. All its inhabitants, male or female, applied their lei-

sure to liberal studies and profitable reading, although piety was their first care. No wrangling, no angry word, was heard in it; no one was idle: every one did his duty with alacrity, and not without a temperate cheerfulness." * Erasmus had not the sensibility of his friend: he was more prone to smile than to sigh at the concerns of men; but he was touched by the remembrance of these domestic solemnities in the household of his friends. He manifests an agreeable emotion at the recollection of these scenes in daily life, which tended to hallow the natural authority of parents; to bestow a sort of dignity on humble occupations; to raise menial offices to the rank of virtues; to spread peace and cultivate kindness among those who had shared, and were soon again to share, the same modest rites, in gently breathing around them a spirit of meek equality, which rather humbled the pride of the great than disquieted the spirits of the lowly. More himself justly speaks of the hourly interchange of the smaller acts of kindness which flow from the charities of domestic life, as having a claim on his time as strong as the occupations which seemed to others so much more serious and important. "While," says he, "in pleading, in hearing, in deciding causes or composing differences, in waiting on some men about business, and on others out of respect, the greatest part of the day is spent on other men's affairs, the remainder of it must be given to my family at home; so that I can reserve no part of it to myself, that is, to study. I must talk with my wife, and chat with my children, and I have somewhat to say to my servants; for all these things I reckon as a part of my business, except a man will resolve to be a stranger at home; and with whomsoever either nature, chance, or choice, has engaged a man in any commerce, he must endeavour to make himself as acceptable to those about him as he can." †

His occupations now necessarily employed a large portion of his time. His professional practice became so considerable, that about the accession, of Henry VIII., in 1509, with his legal office in the city of London, it produced 400*l.* a year, probably equivalent to an annual income of 5000*l.* in the present day. Though it be not easy to determine the exact period of the occurrences of his life, from his establishment in London to his acceptance of political office, the beginning of Henry VIII.'s reign may be considered as the time of his highest eminence at the bar. About this time a ship belonging to the pope, or claimed by his holiness on behalf of some of his subjects, happened to come to Southampton, where she was seized as a forfeiture to the king; probably as what is called a *droit* of the crown, or a *droit* of the admiralty, though in what circumstances or on what grounds we know not. The papal

* *Erasm. Epist. ad Hutt.*

† *Roper, p. 25. Singer's edition.*

* *Erasm. Epist. 426. Opp. iii. 1810.*

† *Dedication of Utopia to Peter Giles, Burnet's translation, 1684.*

minister made suit to the king that the case might be argued for the pope by learned counsel in a public place, and in presence of the minister himself, who was a distinguished civilian. None was found so well qualified to be of counsel for the ambassador as More, who could report in Latin to that minister all the reasonings of the counsel on both sides. More accordingly stated all their arguments to his client, and argued so learnedly on the pope's side, that he succeeded in obtaining an order for the restitution of the vessel detained; and appears by his probity and ability to have reached the summit of his forensic reputation.* There was no case of consequence in controversy before any court of law, in which he was not of counsel for one of the parties.

It has been already intimated, that about the same time he was appointed to a judicial office in the city of London, which is described by his son-in-law as one of the under-sheriffs of the city. These officers are now annually appointed, and exercise no judicial powers. Roper, who was for many years an officer of the court of King's Bench, gives the name of the office correctly; but does not describe its nature and importance so truly as Erasmus, who tells his correspondent that More passed several years in the city of London, where he was born, as a judge in civil causes. "This office, though not laborious, for the court sits only on the forenoon of every Thursday, is accounted very honourable. No judge of that court ever went through more causes; none decided them more uprightly; often remitting the fees to which he was entitled from the suitors. His deportment in this capacity endeared him extremely to his fellow-citizens."† He was judge of the sheriff's court, which, being the county court for London and Middlesex, was, at that time, a station of honour and advantage.‡ For the county courts in general, and indeed all the ancient subordinate jurisdictions of the common law, had not yet been superseded by that concentration of authority in the hands of the superior courts at Westminster, which contributed to the purity and dignity of the judicial character, as well as to a perfect uniformity and a constant improvement of the administration of law; a great commendation, it is true, but to which we cannot add that it served in the same degree to promote a speedy and cheap redress of the wrongs suffered by those suitors to whom cost and delay are most grievous. More's office, in that state of jurisdiction, might therefore have possessed the importance which his contemporaries ascribed to it; although the denomination of it would not make such an impression on modern ears.

* Roper, p. 9.

† Erasmi. Ep. ad Ulric. Hut.

‡ "In urbe sua pro shyrevo dixit." These are the words of an inscription intended by More himself on his family monument, and sent to Erasmus, 15th June, 1532.—*Erasmi. Opp.* iii. 1441.

From communications obtained for me from the records of the city, I am enabled to ascertain some particulars of the nature of More's appointment, which have occasioned a difference of opinion. He was under-sheriff of London; for, on the 8th of May, 1514, it was agreed by the common council, "that Thomas More, gentleman, one of the under-sheriffs of London, should occupy his office and chamber by a sufficient deputy, during his absence as the king's ambassador in Flanders." It appears from several entries in the same records, from 1496 to 1502 inclusive, that the under-sheriff* was annually elected, or rather confirmed; for the practice was not to remove him without his own application or some serious fault. For six years of Henry's reign, Edward Dudley was one of the under-sheriffs; a circumstance which renders the superior importance of the office at that time probable. Thomas Marowe, the author of works on law esteemed in his time, though not published, appears in the above records as under-sheriff.

It is apparent, that either as a considerable source of his income, or as an honourable token of public confidence, this office was valued by More; since he informs Erasmus in 1516, that he had declined a handsome pension offered to him by the king on his return from Flanders: that he believed he should always decline it; because either it would oblige him to resign his office in the city, which he preferred to a better, or if he retained it, in case of a controversy of the city with the king for their privileges, he might be deemed by his fellow-citizens to be disabled by dependence on the crown from sincerely and faithfully maintaining their rights.† This last reasoning is also interesting, as the first intimation of the necessity of a city law-officer being independent on the crown, and of the legal resistance of the corporation of London to a Tudor king. It paved the way for those happier times in which the great city had the honour to number the Holts and the Denmans among her legal advisers.

He is the first person in our history distinguished by the faculty of public speaking, and remarkable for the successful employment of it in parliament against a lavish grant of money to the crown. The circumstances of a fact thus doubly memorable are related by his son-in-law as follows:—"In the latter time of king Henry VII. he was made a Burgess of the parliament, wherein was demanded by the king about three fifteenths for the marriage of his eldest daughter, that then should be the Scottish queen. At the last debating whereof he made such arguments and reasons there against, that the king's demands were thereby clean overthrown; so that one of the king's privy chamber, named maister Tyler, being

* The Latin term for under-sheriff in the entries is *subviccomes*; but the leave of absence during the Flemish mission is in English.

† Thomas Morus Erasmo. 1516. Ep. 227. *Erasmi Opp.* iii. 220.

present thereat, brought word to the king out of the parliament house, that a beardless boy had disappointed all his purpose. Whereupon the king, conceiving great indignation towards him, could not be satisfied until he had some way revenged it. And forasmuch as he, nothing having, could nothing lose, his grace devised a causeless quarrel against his father; keeping him in the Tower till he had made him to pay 100*l.* fine," (probably on a charge of having infringed some obsolete penal law). "Shortly after, it fortune that sir T. More, coming in a suit to Dr. Fox, bishop of Winchester, one of the king's privy council, the bishop called him aside, and, pretending great favour towards him, promised that if he would be ruled by him he would not fail into the king's favour again to restore him; meaning, as it was afterwards conjectured, to cause him thereby to confess his offences against the king, whereby his highness might, with the better colour, have occasion to revenge his displeasure against him. But when he came from the bishop he fell into communication with one maister Whitforde, his familiar friend, then chaplain to that bishop, and showed him what the bishop had said, praying for his advice. Whitforde prayed him by the passion of God not to follow the counsel; for my lord, to serve the king's turn, will not stick to agree to his own father's death. So sir Thomas More returned to the bishop no more; and had not the king died soon after, he was determined to have gone over sea."^{*} That the advice of Whitford was wise, appeared from a circumstance which occurred nearly ten years after, which exhibits a new feature in the character of the king and of his bishops. When Dudley was sacrificed to popular resentment, under Henry VIII., and when he was on his way to execution, he met sir Thomas, to whom he said,—“Oh More, More! God was your good friend, that you did not ask the king forgiveness, as manie would have had you do; for if you had done so, *perhaps you should have been in the like case with us now.*”[†]

It was natural that the restorer of political eloquence, which had slumbered for a long series of ages,[‡] should also be the earliest of the parliamentary champions of liberty. But it is lamentable that we have so little information respecting sir Thomas More's oratory, which alone could have armed him for the noble conflict. He may be said to hold the same station among us, which is assigned by Cicero, in his dialogue on the celebrated orators, of Rome,[§] to Cato the censor,

whose consulship was only about ninety years prior to the consulship of Cicero himself. That celebrated Roman had, indeed, made an animated speech in the eighty-fifth year of his age, which was the last of his life. A hundred and fifty of his speeches were extant in the time of Cicero. “But,” says the latter, “what living or lately deceased orator has read them? Who knows them at all?”

Sir Thomas More's answer, as speaker of the house of commons, to Wolsey, of which more will be said presently, is admirable for its promptitude, quickness, seasonableness, and caution, combined with dignity and spirit. It unites presence of mind and adaptation to the person and circumstances, with address and management seldom surpassed. If the tone be more submissive than suits modern ears, it is yet remarkable for that ingenious refinement which for an instant shows a glimpse of the sword generally hidden under robes of state. “His eloquent tongue,” says Erasmus, “so well seconds his fertile invention, that no one speaks better when suddenly called forth. His attention never languishes; his mind is always before his words; his memory has all its stock so turned into ready money, that, without hesitation or delay, it gives out whatever the time and the case may require. His acuteness in dispute is unrivalled, and he often perplexes the most renowned theologians when he enters their province.”^{*} Though much of this encomium may be applicable rather to private conversation than to public debate; and though his presence of mind may refer most to promptitude of repartee, and comparatively little to that readiness of reply, of which his experience must have been limited; it is still obvious that the great critic has ascribed to his friend the higher part of those mental qualities, which, when justly balanced and perfectly trained, constitute a great orator.

As if it had been the lot of More to open all the paths through the wilds of our old English speech, he is to be considered as our earliest prose writer, and as the first Englishman who wrote the history of his country in its present language. The historical fragment commands belief by simplicity, and by abstinence from too confident affirmation. It betrays some negligence about minute particulars, which is not displeasing as a symptom of the absence of eagerness to enforce a narrative. The composition has an ease and a rotundity, which gratify the ear without awakening the suspicion of art, of which there was no model in any preceding writer of English prose.

In comparing the prose of More with the modern style, we must distinguish the words from the composition. A very small part of his vocabulary has been superannuated. The number of terms which require any explanation is inconsiderable;

^{*} Roper, p. 7. There seems to be some forgetfulness of dates in the latter part of this passage, which has been copied by succeeding writers. Margaret, it is well known, was married in 1503. The debate was not, therefore, later than that year. But Henry VII. lived till 1509.

[†] More's Life of More, p. 38.

[‡] “Postquam pugnatum est apud Actium, magna illa ingenia cessere.”—Tacitus.

[§] Brutus, sive de Claris Oratoribus.

^{*} Erasm. Epist. ad Ulric. ab Hutton.

and in that respect the stability of the language is remarkable. He is, indeed, in his words, more English than the great writers of a century after him, who loaded their native tongue with expressions of Greek or Latin derivation. Cicero, speaking of old Cato, seems almost to describe More. "His style is rather antiquated; he has some words displeasing to our ears, but which were then in familiar use. Change those terms, which he could not, you will then prefer no speaker to Cato."^{*}

But in the combination and arrangement of words, in ordinary phraseology and common habits of composition, he differs more widely from the style prevalent among us for nearly two centuries. His diction seems a continued experiment to discover the forms into which the language naturally runs. In that attempt he has frequently failed. Fortunate accident, or more varied experiment in aftertimes, led to the adoption of other combinations, which could scarcely have succeeded, if they had not been more consonant to the spirit of the language, and more agreeable to the ear and the feelings of the people. The structure of his sentences is frequently not that which the English language has finally adopted. The language of his countrymen has decided, without appeal, against the composition of the father of English prose.

The speeches contained in his fragment, like many of those in the ancient historians, were probably as real as he could render them in substance; but brightened by ornament, and improved in composition. It could, indeed, scarcely be otherwise; for the history was written in 1513, and the death of Edward IV., with which it opens, occurred in 1483; and cardinal Morton, who became prime minister two years after that event, appears to have taken young More into his household about the year 1493. There is little scope, in so short a time, for much falsification, by tradition, of the arguments and topics really employed.

The speeches have the merit of being accommodated to the circumstances, and of disposing those to whom they were addressed to promote the object of the speaker. Strange as it may seem, this rare merit renders it probable that More had been taught, by the practice of speaking in contests where objects the most important are the prize of the victor, that eloquence is the art of persuasion; and that the end of the orator is not the display of his talents, but dominion over the minds of his hearers. The dying speech, in which Edward exhorts the two parties of his friends to harmony,

is a grave appeal to their prudence, as well as an affecting address from a father and a king to their public feelings. The surmises thrown out by Richard against the Widvilles are short, dark, and well adapted to awaken suspicion and alarm. The insinuations against the queen, and the threats of danger to the lords themselves from leaving the person of the duke of York in the hands of that princess, in Richard's speech to the privy council, before the archbishop of York was sent to Westminster to demand the surrender of the boy, are admirable specimens of the address and art of crafty ambition. Generally speaking, the speeches have little of the vague common-place of rhetoricians and declaimers. They are calculated for the very persons to whom they were spoken, and fitted for all their peculiarities of interest and temper. Time is not wasted in parade. In the case, indeed, of the dispute between the archbishop and the queen, about taking the duke of York out of his mother's care, in sanctuary at Westminster, there is more ingenious argument than the scene allows; and the mind rejects logical refinements, of which the use, on such an occasion, is quite irreconcilable to dramatic verisimilitude. The duke of Buckingham alleged in council, that sanctuary could be claimed only against danger; and that the royal infant had neither wisdom to desire sanctuary, nor the malicious intention in his acts without which he could not require it. To this notable paradox, which amounted to an affirmation that no certainly innocent person could ever claim protection from a sanctuary, when it was carried to the queen, she answered readily, that if she could be in sanctuary, it followed that her child, who was her ward, was included in her protection, as much as her servants were, without contradiction, allowed to be.

The Latin epigrams of More, a small volume which it required two years to carry through the press at Basil, are mostly translations from the Anthologia, which were rather made known to Europe by the fame of the writer, than calculated to increase it. They contain, however, some decisive proofs that he always entertained the opinions respecting the dependence of all government on the consent of the people, to which he professed his adherence almost in his dying moments. Latin versification was not in that early period successfully attempted in any transalpine country. The rules of prosody, or at least the laws of metrical composition, were not yet sufficiently studied for such attempts. His Latin was of the same school with that of his friend Erasmus; which was, indeed, common to the first generation of scholars after the revival of classical study. Finding Latin a sort of general language employed by men of letters in their conversation and correspondence, they continued the use of it in the mixed and corrupted state to which such an application had necessarily reduced it: they began, indeed, to purify it from some grosser corruptions; but

* Brutus, c. 68.

† Holinshed, iii. 360. Holinshed called More's work "unfinished." That it was meant to extend to the death of Richard III. seems probable from the following sentence:—"But, forasmuch as this duke's (the duke of Gloucester) demeanour ministereth in effect all the whole matter whereof this book shall entreat, it is therefore convenient to show you, as we farther go, what manner of man this was that could find in his heart such mischief to conceive."—*ib.* 361.

they built their style upon the foundation of this colloquial dialect, with no rigorous observation of the good usage of the Roman language. Writings of business, of pleasantries, of familiar intercourse, could never have been composed in pure Latinity, which was still more inconsistent with new manners, institutions, and opinions, and with discoveries and inventions added to those which were transmitted by antiquity. Erasmus, who is the master and model of this system of composition, admirably shows how much had been gained by loosening the fetters of a dead speech, and acquiring in its stead the nature, ease, variety, and vivacity of a spoken and living tongue. The course of circumstances, however, determined that this language should not subsist, or at least flourish, for much more than a century. It was assailed on one side by the purely classical, whom Erasmus, in derision, calls "Ciceronians;" and when it was sufficiently emasculated by dread of their censure, it was finally overwhelmed by the rise of a national literature in every European language.

More exemplified the abundance and flexibility of the Erasmian Latinity in *Utopia*, with which this short view of all his writings, except those of controversy, may be fitly concluded. The idea of the work was suggested by some of the dialogues of Plato, who speaks of vast territories, formerly cultivated and peopled, but afterwards, by some convulsion of nature, covered by the Atlantic Ocean. These Egyptian traditions, or legends, harmonized admirably with that discovery of a new continent by Columbus, which had roused the admiration of Europe about twenty years before the composition of *Utopia*. This was the name of an island feigned to have been discovered by a supposed companion of Amerigo Vespucci, who is made to tell the wondrous tale of its condition to More, at Antwerp, in 1514.

More, imitating the ancients, only as a philosopher, borrowed from Plato the conception of an imaginary commonwealth, of which he placed the seat in *Utopia*. All the names which he invented for men or places* were intimations of their being unreal, and were, perhaps, by treating with railery his own notions, intended to silence gainsayers. The first book, which is preliminary, is naturally and ingeniously opened by a conversation, in

* The following specimen of Utopian etymologies may amuse some readers:—

Utopia	-	-	-	<i>οὐτοπία</i>	-	nowhere.
Achorians	-	-	-	<i>α-χωρη</i>	-	of no country.
Ademians	-	-	-	<i>α-δημος</i>	-	of no people.
Anyder (a river)	-	-	-	<i>α-νυδρ</i>	-	waterless.
Amavrot (a city)	-	-	-	<i>α-μαυρ</i>	-	dark.
Hythloday	-	-	-	<i>δαιω-εθλος</i>	-	city is on the riv. waterless of trifles, &c.

Some are intentionally unmeaning, and others are taken from little known language in order to perplex pedants. Joseph Scaliger represents *Utopia* as a word not formed according to the analogy which regulates the formation of Greek words.—*Epist. Ger. Jac. Voss.* 340. Amstel. 1699.

which Raphael Hythloday, the Utopian traveller, describes his visit to England; where, as much as in other countries, he found all proposals for improvement encountered by the remark, that "Such things pleased our ancestors, and it were well for us if we could but match them; as if it were a great mischief that any should be found wiser than his ancestors."* "I met these proud, morose, and absurd judgments, particularly once when dining with cardinal Morton at London." After describing that portion of More's boyhood in a manner which was sure to win his hearer, Raphael proceeds to say, "that there happened to be at table an English lawyer, who run out into high commendation of the severe execution of justice upon thieves, who were then hanged so fast that there were sometimes twenty hanging upon one gibbet; and added, 'that he could not wonder enough how it came to pass that there were so many thieves left robbing in all places.'" Raphael answered, "that it was because the punishment of death was neither just in itself, nor good for the public; for as the severity was too great, so the remedy was not effectual.† You, as well as other nations, like bad schoolmasters, chastise their scholars because they have not the skill to teach them." Raphael afterwards more specially ascribed the gangs of banditti who, after the suppression of Perkin Warbeck's Cornish revolt, infested England, to two causes; of which the first was the frequent disbanding of the idle and armed retainers of the nobles, who, when from necessity let loose from their masters, were too proud for industry, and had no resource but rapine; and the second was the conversion of much corn field into pasture for sheep, because the latter had become more profitable; by which base motives many landholders were tempted to expel their tenants and destroy the food of man. Raphael suggested the substitution of hard labour for death; for which he quoted the example of the Romans, and of an imaginary community in Persia. "The lawyer answered, 'that it could never be so settled in England, without endangering the whole nation by it:' he shook his head, and made some grimaces, and then held his peace, and all the company seemed to be of his mind. But the cardinal said, 'It is not easy to say whether this plan would succeed or not, since no trial has been made of it; but it might be tried on thieves condemned to death, and adopted if found to answer: and vagabonds might be treated in the same way.' When the cardinal had said this, they all fell to commend the motion, though they had despised it when it came from me. They more particularly commended that concerning the vagabonds, because it had been added by him."

From some part of the above extracts it is apparent that More, instead of having anticipated the economical doctrines of Adam Smith, as some modern writers have fancied, was thoroughly im-

* Burnet's Trans. of *Utopia*, p. 13. † Ibid. book 1.

bued with the prejudices of his contemporaries against the inclosure of commons, and the extension of pasture. It is, however, observable, that he is perfectly consistent with himself, and follows his principles through all their legitimate consequences, though they may end in doctrines of very startling sound. Considering separate property as always productive of unequal distribution of the fruits of labour, and regarding that inequality of fortune as the source of bodily suffering to those who labour, and of mental depravation to those who are not compelled to toil for subsistence, Hythloday is made to say, that "as long as there is any property, and while money is the standard of all other things, he cannot expect that a nation can be governed either justly or happily."* More himself objects to Hythloday: "It seems to me that men cannot live conveniently where all things are common. How can there be any plenty where every man will excuse himself from labouring? for, as the hope of gain doth not excite him, so the confidence that he has in other men's industry may make him slothful. And if people come to be pinched with want, and yet cannot dispose of anything as their own, what can follow but perpetual sedition and bloodshed; especially when the reverence and authority due to magistrates fall to the ground: for I cannot imagine how they can be kept up among those that are in all things equal to one another." These remarks do in reality contain the germs of unanswerable objections to all those projects of a community of goods, which suppose the moral character of the majority of mankind to continue, at the moment of their adoption, such as it has been heretofore in the most favourable instances. If, indeed, it be proposed only on the supposition, that by the influence of laws, or by the agency of any other cause, mankind in general are rendered more honest, more benevolent, more disinterested than they have hitherto been, it is evident that they will, in the same proportion, approach to a practice more near the principle of an equality and a community of all advantages. The hints of an answer to Plato, thrown out by More, are so decisive that it is not easy to see how he left this speck on his romance, unless we may be allowed to suspect that the speculation was in part suggested as a convenient cover for that biting satire on the sordid and rapacious government of Henry VII. which occupies a considerable portion of Hythloday's first discourse. It may also be supposed that More, not anxious to save visionary reformers from a few light blows in an attack aimed at corrupt and tyrannical statesmen, thinks it suitable to his imaginary personage, and conducive to the liveliness of his fiction, to represent the traveller in Utopia as touched by one of the most alluring and delusive of political chimeras.

* Utopia, 57. Happening to write where I have no access to the original, I use Burnet's Translation. There can be no doubt of Burnet's learning or fidelity.

In Utopia, farm-houses were built over the whole country, to which inhabitants were sent in rotation from the fifty-four cities. Every family had forty men and women, besides two slaves; a master and mistress preside over every family, and over thirty families a magistrate. Every year twenty of the family return to town, being two years in the country; so that all acquire some knowledge of agriculture, and the land is never left in the hands of persons quite unacquainted with country labours. When they want any thing in the country which it doth not produce, they fetch it from the city without carrying any thing in exchange. The magistrates take care to see it given to them. The people of the towns carry their commodities to the market place, where they are taken away by those who need them. The chief business of the magistrates is to take care that no man may live idle, and that every one should labour in his trade for six hours of every twenty-four: a portion of time, which, according to Hythloday, was sufficient for an abundant supply of all the necessities and moderate accommodations of the community, and which is not inadequate where all labour, and none apply extreme labour to the production of superfluities to gratify a few, where there are no idle priests or idle rich men, and where women of all sorts perform their light allotment of labour. To women all domestic offices which did not degrade or displease were assigned. Unhappily, however, the iniquitous and unrighteous expedient was devised, of releasing the better order of females from offensive and noisome occupations, by throwing them upon slaves. Their citizens were forbidden to be butchers, "because they think that pity and good-nature, which are among the best of those affections that are born within us, are much impaired by the butchering of animals." A striking representation, indeed, of the depraving effects of cruelty to animals, but abused for the iniquitous and cruel purpose of training inferiors to barbarous habits, in order to preserve for their masters the exclusive benefit of a discipline of humanity. Slaves, too, were employed in hunting, which was deemed too frivolous and barbarous an amusement for citizens. "They look upon hunting as one of the basest parts of a butcher's business, for they account it more decent to kill beasts for the sustenance of mankind, than to take pleasure in seeing a weak, harmless, and fearful hare torn in pieces by a strong, fierce, and cruel dog." An excess of population was remedied by planting colonies; a defect, by the recall of the necessary number of former colonists; irregularities of distribution, by transferring the superfluous members of one township to supply the vacancies in another. They did not enslave their prisoners, nor the children of their own slaves. They are criminals condemned to slavery as a punishment; which would be no injustice in itself, if they had not purchased persons so condemned in other countries, which was in effect a premium on unjust convictions. In those

maladies where there is no hope of cure or alleviation, it was customary for the Utopian priests to advise the patient voluntarily to shorten his useless and burthensome life by opium or some equally easy means. In cases of suicide, without permission of the priests and the senate, the party is excluded from the honours of a decent funeral. They allow divorce in adultery, and incorrigible perverseness. Slavery is the general punishment of the highest crime. They have few laws, and no lawyers. "Utopus, the founder of the state, made a law that every man might be of what religion he pleased, and might endeavour to draw others to it by force of argument and by amicable and modest ways; but those who used reproaches or violence in their attempts were to be condemned to banishment or slavery."

The following passage is so remarkable, and has hitherto been so little considered in the history of toleration, that I shall insert it at length:—"This law was made by Utopus, not only for preserving the public peace, which, he said, suffered much by daily contentions and irreconcilable heat in these matters, but because he thought the interest of religion itself required it. As for those who so far depart from the dignity of human nature as to think that our souls died with our bodies, or that the world was governed by chance without a wise and over-ruling Providence, the Utopians never raise them to honours or offices, nor employ them in any public trust, but despise them as men of base and sordid minds; yet they do not punish such men, because they lay it down as a ground, that a man cannot make himself believe anything he pleases: nor do they drive any to dissemble their thoughts; so that men are not tempted to lie or disguise their opinions among them, which, being a sort of fraud, is abhorred by the Utopians." A beautiful and conclusive reason, which, when it was used for the first time, as it probably was in Utopia, must have been drawn from so deep a sense of the value of sincerity as of itself to prove that he who thus employed it was sincere. "These unbelievers are not allowed to argue before the common people; but they are suffered and even encouraged to dispute in private with their priests and other grave men, being confident that they will be cured of these mad opinions by having reason laid before them."

It may be doubted whether some extravagances in other parts of Utopia were not introduced to cover such passages as the above, by enabling the writer to call the whole a mere sport of wit, and thus exempt him from the perilous responsibility of having maintained such doctrines seriously. In other cases he seems diffidently to propose opinions to which he was in some measure inclined, but in the course of his statement to have heated himself into an indignation against the vices and corruptions of Europe, which vents itself in eloquent invectives not unworthy of Gulliver. He makes Hythlodæ at last declare,—"As I hope

for mercy, I can have no other notion of all the other governments that I see or know, but that they are a conspiracy of the richer sort, who, on pretence of managing the public, do only pursue their private ends." The true notion of Utopia is, however, that it intimates a variety of doctrines, and exhibits a multiplicity of projects, which the writer regards with almost every possible degree of approbation and shade of assent; from the frontiers of serious and entire belief, through gradations of descending plausibility, where the lowest are scarcely more than the exercises of ingenuity, and to which some wild paradoxes are appended, either as a vehicle, or as an easy means (if necessary) of disavowing the serious intention of the whole of this Platonic fiction.

It must be owned, that though one class of More's successors were more susceptible of judicious admiration of the beauties of Plato and Cicero than his less perfectly formed taste could be, and though another division of them had acquired a knowledge of the words of the Greek language, and perception of their force and distinctions, for the attainment of which More came too early into the world, yet none would have been so heartily welcomed by the masters of the Lyceum and the Academy, as qualified to take a part in the discussion of those grave and lofty themes which were freely agitated in these early nurseries of human reason.

About the time of More's first journey to the continent, in the summer of 1514, not long after which Utopia was composed, may be placed the happiest period of his life. He acquired an income equivalent to four or five thousand pounds sterling of our present money, by his own independent industry and well-earned character. He had leisure for the cultivation of literature, for correspondence with his friend Erasmus, for keeping up an intercourse with European men of letters, who had already placed him in their first class, and for the composition of works, from which, unaware of the rapid changes which were to ensue, he probably promised himself more fame, or at least more popularity, than they have procured for him. His affections and his temper continued to ensure the happiness of his home, even when his son with a wife, three daughters with their husbands, and a proportionable number of grandchildren, dwelt under his patriarchal roof.

At the same period the general progress of European literature, the cheerful prospects of improved education and diffused knowledge, had filled the mind of More and Erasmus with delight. The expectation of an age of pacific improvement seems to have prevailed among studious men in the twenty years which elapsed between the migration of classical learning across the Alps, and the rise of the religious dissensions stirred up by the preaching of Luther. "I foresee," says More's colleague on his Flemish mission, "that our posterity will rival the ancients in every sort of study:

and if they be not ungrateful, they will pay the greatest thanks to those who have revived these studies. Go on, and deserve well of posterity, who will never suffer the name of Erasmus to perish.* Erasmus himself, two years after, expresses the same hopes, which, with unwonted courtesy, he chooses to found on the literary character of the conversation in the palace of Henry VIII.:—"The world is recovering the use of its senses, like one awakened from the deepest sleep; and yet there are some who cling to their old ignorance with their hands and feet, and will not suffer themselves to be torn from it."† To Wolsey he speaks in still more sanguine language, mixed with the like personal compliment:—"I see another golden age arising, if other rulers be animated by your spirit. Nor will posterity be ungrateful. This new felicity, obtained for the world by you, will be commemorated in immortal monuments by Grecian and Roman eloquence."‡ Though the judgment of posterity in favour of kings and cardinals is thus confidently foretold, the writers do not the less betray their hope of a better age, which will bestow the highest honours on the promoters of knowledge. A better age was, in truth, to come; but the time and circumstances of its appearance did not correspond to their sanguine hopes. An age of iron was to precede, in which the turbulence of reformation and the obstinacy of establishment were to meet in long and bloody contest.

When the storm seemed ready to break out, Erasmus thought it his duty to incur the obloquy which always attends mediatorial counsels. "You know the character of the Germans, who are more easily led than driven. Great danger may arise, if the native ferocity of that people be exasperated by untimely severities. We see the pertinacity of Bohemia and the neighbouring provinces. A bloody policy has been tried without success. Other remedies must be employed. The hatred of Rome is fixed in the minds of many nations, chiefly from the rumours believed of the dissolute manners of that city, and from the immoralities of the representatives of the supreme pontiff abroad."§

The uncharitableness, the turbulence, the hatred, the bloodshed, which followed the preaching of Luther, closed the bright visions of the two illustrious friends, who agreed in an ardent love of peace, though not without a difference in the shades and modifications of their pacific temper,

arising from some dissimilarity of original character. The tender heart of More clung more strongly to the religion of his youth. Erasmus more apprehended disturbance of his tastes and pursuits, and betrays in some of his writings a temper, which might have led him to doubt whether the glimmering of probability, to which More is limited, be equivalent to the evils attendant on the search.

The public life of More began in the summer of 1514*, with a mission to Bruges, in which Tunstall, then master of the rolls, and afterwards bishop of Durham, was his colleague, of which the object was to settle some particulars relating to the commercial intercourse of England with the Netherlands. He was consoled for a detention, unexpectedly long, by the company of Tunstall, whom he describes as one not only fraught with all learning, and severe in his life and morals, but inferior to no man as a delightful companion.† On this mission he became acquainted with several of the friends of Erasmus in Flanders, where he evidently saw a progress in the accommodations and ornaments of life, to which he had been hitherto a stranger. With Peter Giles of Antwerp, to whom he intrusted the publication of *Utopia* by a prefatory dedication, he continued to be closely connected during the lives of both. In the year 1515, he was sent again to the Netherlands on the like mission. The intricate relations of traffic between the two countries had given rise to a succession of disputes, in which the determination of one case generally produced new suits. As More had in the year 1510‡ been elected sub-sheriff of London, he obtained leave of absence from the mayor and aldermen of that city, "on occasion of both these missions, to go upon the king's ambassat to Flanders."§

In the beginning of 1516 he was made a privy-councillor; and from that time may be dated the final surrender of his own tastes for domestic life, and his predilections for studious leisure, to the flattering importunities of Henry VIII. "He had resolved," says Erasmus, "to be content with his private station; but having gone on more than one mission abroad, the king, not discouraged by the unusual refusal of a pension, did not rest till he had drawn More into the palace. For why should I not say '*drauen*,' since no man ever laboured with more industry for admission to a court, than More to avoid it? The king would scarcely ever suffer the philosopher to quit him. For if serious affairs were to be considered, who could give more prudent counsel? or if the king's mind was to be relaxed by cheerful conversation,

* Tonstal. *Erasm.* 14th of Sept. 1517. *Erasm.* Opp. iii. p. 267.

† Tonstal. *Erasm.* 37. *Erasm.* Henric. Guildford. 15th of May, 1519.

‡ Ib. 322. Thomas Card. *Erasm.* Rot. 18th of May, 1518.

§ Tonstal. *Erasm.* 590. Pentinger. Cologne, 9th of November, 1520. To this theory neither of the parties about to contend could have assented; but it is not on that account the less likely to be in a great measure true.

* *Erasm.* Petro Algidio. Lond. 7th of May, 1514. Opp. iii. 135. Records of the Common Council of London.

† *Morus Erasm.* 30th April, 1516.

‡ City Records, 3d Sept. 1510, in room of Richard Brooke, appointed recorder, perhaps the author of the well-known Abridgment of the Law.

§ City Records, May 1514, and May 1515.

where could there be a more facetious companion?"*

Roper, who was an eye-witness of these circumstances, relates them with an agreeable simplicity. "So from time to time was he by the king advanced, continuing in his singular favour and trusty service for twenty years. A good part thereof used the king, upon holidays, when he had done his own devotion, to send for him; and there, sometimes in matters of astronomy, geometry, divinity, and such other faculties, and sometimes on his worldly affairs, to converse with him. And other whiles in the night would he have him put into the leads, there to consider with him the diversities, courses, motions, and operations of the stars and planets. And because he was of a pleasant disposition, it pleased the king and queen, *after the council had supped at the time of their own (i. e. the royal) supper*, to call for him to be merry with them." What Roper adds could not have been discovered by a less near observer, and would scarcely be credited upon less authority: "When them he perceived so much in his talk to delight, that he could not once in a month get leave to go home to his wife and children (whose company he most desired), he, much misliking this restraint on his liberty, began thereupon somewhat to dissemble his nature, and so by little and little from his former mirth to disuse himself, that he was of them from thenceforth, at such seasons, no more so ordinarily sent for."† To his retirement at Chelsea, however, the king followed him. "He used of a particular love to come of a sudden to Chelsea, and leaning on his shoulder, to talk with him of secret counsel in his garden, yea, and to dine with him upon no inviting."‡ The taste for More's conversation, and the eagerness for his company thus displayed, would be creditable to the king, if his behaviour in after time had not converted them into the strongest proofs of utter depravity. Even in Henry's favour there was somewhat tyrannical, and his very friendship was dictatorial and self-willed. It was reserved for Henry afterwards to exhibit the singular, and perhaps solitary, example of a man who was softened by no recollection of a communion of counsels, of studies, of amusements, of social pleasures, and who did not consider that the remembrance of intimate friendship with such a man as More bound him to the observance of common humanity, or even of bare justice. In the moments of Henry's partiality, the sagacity of More was not so utterly blinded by his good-nature, that he did not in some degree penetrate into the true character of carcases from a beast of prey. "When I saw the king walking with him for an hour, holding his arm about his neck, I rejoiced, and said to sir Thomas, how happy he was whom the king had so

familiarly entertained, as I had never seen him to do to any one before, except cardinal Wolsey. 'I thank our Lord, son,' said he, 'I find his grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any other subject within this realm: howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof; for if my head would win him a castle in France, when there was war between us, it should not fail to go.'"

Utopia, composed in 1516, was printed incorrectly, perhaps clandestinely, at Paris. Erasmus's friend and printer, Froben, brought out an exact edition at Basle in 1518, which was retarded by the expectation of a preface from Buddæ or Buddæus, the restorer of Greek learning in France, and probably the most critical scholar in that province of literature on the north of the Alps. It was received with loud applause by the scholars of France and Germany. Erasmus confidently observed to an intimate friend, that the second book having been written before the first, had occasioned some disorder and inequality of style; but he particularly praised its novelty and originality, and its keen satire on the vices and absurdities of Europe.

So important was the office of under-heriff then held to be, that More did not resign it till the 23d of July, 1519†, though he had in the intermediate time served the public in stations of trust and honour. In 1521 he was knighted, and raised to the office of treasurer of the exchequer‡, a station in some respects the same with that of chancellor of the exchequer, who at present is on his appointment to be designated by the additional name of under-treasurer of the exchequer. It is a minute, but somewhat remarkable, stroke in the picture of manners, that the honour of knighthood should be spoken of by Erasmus, if not as of superior dignity to so important an office, at least as observably adding to its consequence.

From 1517 to 1522, More was employed at various times at Bruges, in missions like his first to the Flemish government, or at Calais in watching and conciliating Francis I., with whom Henry

* Roper, 21, 22. Compare this insight into Henry's character with a declaration of an opposite nature, though borrowed also from castles and towns, made by Charles V. when he heard of More's murder.

† City Records.

‡ Est quod Moro gratuleris, name Rex illum nec ambientem nec flagrantem munere magnifico honestavit addito salario nequaquam penitendo, est enim principi suo a thesauris. Nec hoc contentus, equitis aurati dignitatem adjecit.—*Erasm. Budd.* 1521. *Opp.* iii. 378.

"Then died master Weston, treasurer of the exchequer, whose office the king of his own accord, without any asking, freely gave unto sir Thomas More."—*Roper*, 13.

The minute verbal coincidences which often occur between Erasmus and Roper, cannot be explained otherwise than by the probable supposition, that copies or originals of the correspondence between More and Erasmus were preserved by Roper after the death of the former.

* *Erasm. Hutt.* 23d of July, 1519. *Opp.* iii. p. 628.

† *Roper* 12.

‡ *More's Life of Sir T. More*, p. 49.

and Wolsey long thought it convenient to keep up friendly appearances. To trace the date of More's reluctant journeys in the course of the uninteresting attempts of politicians on both sides to gain or dupe each other, would be vain, without some outline of the negotiations in which he was employed, and repulsive to most readers if the enquiry promised a better chance of a successful result. Wolsey appears to have occasionally appointed commissioners to conduct his own affairs as well as those of his master at Calais, where they received instructions from London with the greatest rapidity, and whence it was easy to manage negotiations, and to shift them speedily, with Brussels and Paris; with the additional advantage, that it might be somewhat easier to conceal from one of those jealous courts the secret dealings of that of England with the other, than if the despatches had been sent directly from London to the place of their destination. Of this commission More was once at least an unwilling member. Erasmus, in a letter to Peter Giles on the 15th of November, 1518, says, "More is still at Calais, of which he is heartily tired. He lives with great expense, and is engaged in business most odious to him. Such are the rewards reserved by kings for their favourites."* Two years after, More writes more bitterly to Erasmus, of his own residence and occupations. "I approve your determination never to be involved in the busy trifling of princes; from which, as you love me, you must wish that I were extricated. You cannot imagine how painfully I feel myself plunged in them, for nothing can be more odious to me than this legation. I am here banished to a petty sea-port, of which the air and the earth are equally disagreeable to me. Abhorrent as I am by nature from strife, even when it is profitable as at home, you may judge how wearisome it is here where it is attended by loss."† On More's journey in summer 1519, he had harboured hopes of being consoled by seeing Erasmus at Calais, for all the tiresome pageantry, selfish scuffles, and paltry frauds, which he was to witness at the congress of kings, where More could find little to abate those splenetic views of courts, which his disappointed benevolence breathed in Utopia. In 1521, Wolsey twice visited Calais during the residence of More, who appears to have then had a weight in council, and a place in the royal favour, second only to those of the cardinal.

In 1523, a parliament was held in the middle of April at Westminster, in which More took a part honourable to his memory, which has been already mentioned as one of the remaining fragments of his eloquence, but which cannot be so

* *Erasm. Opp.* iii. 357.

† *Erasm. Opp.* iii. 589.

‡ *Opp.* iii. 450. *Morus Erasmo, e Cantuariâ, 11 Jun. 1519.* From the dates of the following letters of Erasmus, it appears that the hopes of More were disappointed.

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shortly passed over here, because it was one of those signal acts of his life which must bear on it the stamp of his character. Sir John More, his father, in spite of very advanced age, was named at the beginning of this parliament one of "the triers of petitions from Gascogne," an office of which the duties had become nominal, but which still retained its ancient dignity. Sir Thomas More was chosen by the house of commons to be their speaker. He excused himself, as usual, on the ground of alleged disability. His excuse was justly pronounced to be inadmissible. The journals of parliament are lost, or at least have not been printed. The rolls of parliament exhibit only a short account of what occurred, which is necessarily an unsatisfactory substitute for the deficient journals. But as the matter personally concerns Sir Thomas More, and as the account of it given by his son-in-law, then an inmate in his house, agrees with the abridgment of the rolls, as far as the latter goes, it has been thought proper in this place to insert the very words of Roper's narrative. It may be reasonably conjectured that the speeches of More were copied from his manuscript by his pious son-in-law.*—"Sith I perceive, most redoubted sovereign, that it standeth not with your pleasure to reform this election, and cause it to be changed, but have, by the mouth of the most reverend father in God the legate, your highness's chancellor, thereunto given your most royal assent, and have of your benignity determined far above that I may bear for this office to repute me meet, rather than that you shall seem to impute unto your commons that they had unmeetly chosen, I am ready obediently to conform myself to the accomplishment of your highness's pleasure and commandment. In most humble wise I beseech your majesty that I may make to you two lowly petitions; the one privately concerning myself, the other the whole assembly of your commons' house. For myself, most gracious sovereign, that if it mis-hap me in any thing hereafter, that is, on the behalf of your commons in your high presence to be declared, to mistake my message, and in lack of good utterance by my mishearsal to prevent or impair their prudent instructions, that it may then like your most noble majesty to give me leave to repair again unto the commons' house, and to confer with them and take their advice what things I shall on their behalf utter and speak before your royal grace.

"Mine other humble request, most excellent prince, is this: forasmuch as there be of your commons here by your high commandment assembled

* This conjecture is almost raised above that name by what precedes. "Sir Thomas More made an oration, not now extant, to the king's highness, for his discharge from the speakership, whereunto when the king would not consent, the speaker spoke to his grace in form following."—It cannot be doubted, without injustice to the honest and amiable biographer, that he would have his readers to understand that the original of the speeches, which actually follow, were extant in his hands.

for your parliament, a great number which are after the accustomed manner appointed in the commons' house to heal and advise of the common affairs among themselves apart; and albeit, most dear liege Lord, that according to your most prudent advice, by your honourable writs every where declared, there hath been as due diligence used in sending up to your highness's court of parliament the most discreet persons out of every quarter that men could esteem meet thereunto. Whereby it is not to be doubted but that there is a very substantial assembly of right wise, meet, and politique persons; yet, most victorious prince, sith among so many wise men, neither is every man wise alike, nor among so many alike well witted, every man well spoken; and it often happeth that as much folly is uttered with painted polished speech, so many boisterous and rude in language give right substantial counsel: and sith also in matters of great importance, the mind is often so occupied in the matter, that a man rather studieth what to say than how; by reason whereof the wisest man and best spoken in a whole country fortuneth, when his mind is fervent in the matter, somewhat to speak in such wise as he would afterwards wish to have been uttered otherwise, and yet no worse will had when he spake it than he had when he would so gladly change it. Therefore, most gracious sovereign, considering that in your high court of parliament is nothing treated but matter of weight and importance concerning your realm, and your own royal estate, it could not fail to put to silence from the giving of their advice and counsel many of your discreet commons, to the great hindrance of your common affairs, unless every one of your commons were utterly discharged from all doubt and fear how any thing that it should happen them to speak, should happen of your highness to be taken. And in this point, though your well-known and proved benignity putteth every man in good hope; yet such is the weight of the matter, such is the reverend dread that the timorous hearts of your natural subjects conceive towards your highness, our most redoubted king and undoubted sovereign, that they cannot in this point find themselves satisfied, except your gracious bounty therein declared put away the scruple of their timorous minds, and put them out of doubt. It may therefore like your most abundant grace to give to all your commons here assembled your most gracious licence and pardon freely, without doubt of your dreadful displeasure, every man to discharge his conscience, and boldly in every thing incident among us to declare his advice; and whatsoever happeneth any man to say, that it may like your noble majesty, of your inestimable goodness, to take all in good part, interpreting every man's words, how uncunningly soever they may be couched, to proceed yet of good zeal towards the profit of your realm, and honour of your royal person; and the prosperous estate and preservation whereof, most excellent sovereign, is the thing

which we all, your majesty's humble loving subjects, according to the most bounden duty of our natural allegiance, most highly desire and pray for."

This speech, the substance of which is in the rolls denominated the protest, is conformable to former usage, and the model of speeches made since that time in the like circumstances. What follows is more singular, and not easily reconciled with the intimate connection then subsisting between the speaker and the government, especially with the cardinal:—

"At this parliament cardinal Wolsey found himself much aggrieved with the burgesses thereof; for that nothing was so soon done or spoken therein, but that it was immediately blown abroad in every alehouse. It fortune that that parliament a very great subsidy to be demanded, which the cardinal, fearing would not pass the commons' house, determined, for the furtherance thereof, to be there present himself. Before where coming, after long debating there, whether it was better but with a few of his lords, as the most opinion of the house was, or with his whole train royally to receive him; 'Masters,' quoth Sir Thomas More, 'forasmuch as my lord cardinal lately, ye wot well, laid to our charge the lightness of our tongues for things uttered out of this house, it shall not in my mind be amiss to receive him with all his pomp, with his maces, his pillars, his poll-axes, his hat, and great seal too; to the intent, that if he find the like fault with us hereafter, we may be the bolder from ourselves to lay the blame on those whom his grace bringeth here with him.' Whereunto the house wholly agreeing, he was received accordingly. Where after he had by a solemn oration, by many reasons, proved how necessary it was the demand then moved to be granted, and farther showed that less would not serve to maintain the prince's purpose; he seeing the company sitting still silent, and thereunto nothing answering, and, contrary to his expectation, showing in themselves towards his request no towardness of inclination, said to them, 'Masters, you have many wise and learned men amongst you, and sith I am from the king's own person sent hither unto you, to the preservation of yourselves and of all the realm, I think it meet you give me some reasonable answer.' Whereat every man holding his peace, then began to speak to one master Marney, afterwards lord Marney; 'How say you,' quoth he, 'master Marney?' who making him no answer neither, he severally asked the same question of divers others, accounted the wisest of the company; to whom, when none of them all would give so much as one word, being agreed before, as the custom was, to give answer by their speaker; 'Masters,' quoth the cardinal, 'unless it be the manner of your house, as of likelihood it is, by the mouth of your speaker, whom you have chosen for trusty and wise (as indeed he is), in such cases to utter your minds, here is, without doubt, a marvellously

obstinate silence:" and thereupon he required answer of Mr. Speaker; who first reverently, on his knees, excusing the silence of the house, abashed at the presence of so noble a personage, able to amaze the wisest and best learned in a realm, and then, by many probable arguments, proving that for them to make answer was neither expedient nor agreeable with the ancient liberty of the house; in conclusion for himself, showed, that though they had all with their voices trusted him, yet except every one of them could put into his own head their several wits, he alone in so weighty a matter was unmeet to make his grace answer. Whereupon the cardinal, displeased with sir Thomas More, that had not in this parliament in all things satisfied his desire, suddenly arose and departed.*

This passage deserves attention as a specimen of the mild independence and quiet steadiness of More's character, and also as a proof how he perceived the strength which the commons had gained by the power of the purse, which was daily and silently growing, and which could be disturbed only by such an unseasonable show of an immature authority as might too soon have roused the crown to resistance. It is one among many instances of the progress of the influence of parliaments in the midst of their apparently indiscriminate submission, and it affords a pregnant proof that we must not estimate the spirit of our forefathers by the humility of their demeanour.

The reader will observe how nearly the example of More was followed by a succeeding speaker, comparatively of no distinction, but in circumstances far more memorable, in the answer of Lenthall to Charles I., when that unfortunate prince came to the house of commons to arrest five leading members of that assembly, who had incurred his displeasure.

There is another point from which these early reports of parliamentary speeches may be viewed, and from which it is curious to consider them. They belong to that critical moment in the history of our language when it was forming a prose style,—a written diction adapted to grave and important occasions. In the passage just quoted, there are about twenty words and phrases (some of them, it is true, used more than once) which would not now be employed. Some of them are shades, such as "lowly," where we say "humble;" "company," for "a house of parliament;" "simplicity," for "simplicity," with a deeper tinge of folly than the single word now ever has; "right," then used as a general sign of the superlative, where we say "very," or "most;" "reverend," for "reverent," or "reverential." "If it mishap me," if it should so happen, "to mishap in me," "it often happeth," are instances of the employment of the verb "hap" for happen, or of a conjugation of the former, which has fallen into irrecoverable disuse. A phrase was then so frequent as to be-

come, indeed, the established mode of commencing an address to a superior, in which the old usage was, "It may like," or "It may please your Majesty," where modern language absolutely requires us to say, "May it please," by a slight inversion of the words retained, but with the exclusion of the word "like" in that combination. "Let" is used for "hinder," as is still the case in some public forms, and in the excellent version of the Scriptures. "Well witted" is a happy phrase lost to the language except on familiar occasions with a smile, or by a master in the art of combining words. Perhaps "enable me," for "give me by your countenance the ability which I have not," is the only phrase which savours of awkwardness or of harsh effect in the excellent speaker. The whole passage is a remarkable example of the almost imperceptible differences which mark various stages in the progress of a language. In several of the above instances we see a sort of contest for admission into the language between two phrases extremely similar, and yet a victory which excluded one of them as rigidly as if the distinction had been very wide. Every case where subsequent usage has altered or rejected words or phrases must be regarded as a sort of national verdict, which is necessarily followed by their disfranchisement. They have no longer any claim on the English language, other than that which may be possessed by all alien suppliants for naturalization. Such examples should warn a writer, desirous to be lastingly read, of the danger which attends new words, or very new acceptations of those which are established, or even of attempts to revive those which are altogether superannuated. They show in the clearest light that the learned and the vulgar parts of language, being those which are most liable to change, are unfit materials for a durable style, and they teach us to look to those words which form the far larger portion of ancient as well as of modern language, that "well of English undefiled," which has been happily resorted to from More to Cowper, as being proved by the unimpeachable evidence of that long usage to fit the rest of our speech more perfectly, and to flow more easily, clearly, and sweetly, in our composition.

Erasmus tells us that Wolsey rather feared than liked More. When the short session of parliament was closed, Wolsey, in his gallery of Whitehall, said to More, "I wish to God you had been at Rome, Mr. More, when I made you speaker."—"Your grace not offended, so would I too, my lord," replied sir Thomas; "for then should I have seen the place I long have desired to visit."* More turned the conversation by saying that he liked this gallery better than the cardinal's at Hampton Court. But the cardinal secretly brooded over his revenge, which he tried to gratify by banishing More, under the name of an embassa-

* Roper, p. 15—21.

* Roper, p. 30.

dor to Spain. He tried to effect his purpose by magnifying the learning and wisdom of More, his peculiar fitness for a conciliatory adjustment of the difficult matters which were at issue between the king and his kinsman the emperor. The king suggested this proposal to More, who, considering the unsuitableness of the Spanish climate to his constitution, and perhaps suspecting Wolsey of sinister purposes, earnestly besought Henry not to send his faithful servant to his grave. The king, who also suspected Wolsey of being actuated by jealousy, answered, "It is not our meaning, Mr. More, to do you any hurt; but to do you good we should be glad. We shall therefore employ you otherwise."* Sir Thomas More could boast that he had never asked the king the value of a penny for himself. On the 25th of December, 1525,† the king appointed him chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, as successor of sir Anthony Wingfield; an office of dignity and profit, which More continued to hold for nearly three years.

In the summer of 1527, Wolsey went on his magnificent embassy to France, in which More and other officers of state were joined with him. On this occasion the main, though secret object of Henry was to pave the way for a divorce from queen Catharine, with a view to a marriage with Anne Boleyn, a young beauty who had been bred at the French court, where her father, sir Thomas Boleyn, created earl of Wiltshire, had been repeatedly ambassador.

On their journey to the coast, Wolsey sounded archbishop Wareham and bishop Fisher on the important secret with which he was intrusted. Wareham, an estimable and amiable prelate, appears to have intimated that his opinion was favourable to Henry's pursuit of a divorce.‡ Fisher, bishop of Rochester, an aged and upright man, promised Wolsey that he should do or say nothing in the matter, nor in any way counsel the queen, except what stood with Henry's pleasure; "for," said he, "though she be queen of this realm, yet he acknowledgeth you to be his sove-

reign lord;"* as if the rank or authority of the parties had any concern with the duty of honestly giving counsel where it is given at all. The overbearing deportment of Wolsey probably overawed both these good prelates. Wolsey understood them in the manner most suitable to his purpose; and, confident that he should by some means finally gain them, he probably coloured very highly their language in his communication to Henry, whom he had just before displeased by unexpected scruples. But as there are no traces known to us of an active part taken by More in this negotiation, it is proper to return to what concerned him more nearly. It was generally believed that More and Fisher had corrected the manuscript of Henry's answer to Luther. It is certain that the propensity of the king to theological discussions constituted one of the links of his intimacy with More.

As More's writings against the Lutherans were of great note in his own time, as they were probably those of his works on which he exerted the most acuteness, and employed most knowledge, it would be wrong to omit all mention of them in an estimate of his mind, or as proofs of his disposition. They contain many anecdotes which throw considerable light on our ecclesiastical history during the first prosecution of protestants, or, as they were then called, Lutherans, under the old statutes against Lollards, in the period which extended from 1520 to 1539; and they do not seem to have been enough examined with that view by the historians of the church.

But our concern with them is now only as they affect More. Legal responsibility, in a well-constituted commonwealth, reaches to all the avowed advisers of the government, and to all those whose concurrence is necessary to the validity of its commands. But moral responsibility is usually or chiefly confined to the actual authors of a measure. To them general opinion allots commendation or blame. It is true, that when a government has attained a state of more than usual regularity, the feelings of mankind become so well adapted to it, that men are held to be even morally responsible for sanctioning, by a base continuance in office, the bad policy which may be known not to originate with themselves. These refinements were, however, unknown in the reign of Henry VIII. The administration was carried on under the personal direction of the monarch, who generally admitted one confidential servant only into his most secret counsels; and all the other ministers, whatever their rank might be, commonly confined their attention to the business of their own office, or to the execution of special commands intrusted to them. This system was probably carried to its utmost height under so self-willed a prince as Henry, and by so domineering a minister as Wolsey. Although there can be no doubt that More,

* More, p. 53. with a small variation.

† Such is the information which I have received from the records in the Tower. The accurate writer of the article on More, in the *Biographia Britannica*, is perplexed by finding sir Thomas More, chancellor of the duchy, as one of the negotiators of a treaty in August, 1526, which seems to the writer in the *Biographia* to bring down the death of Wingfield to bear that time; he being on all sides acknowledged to be More's immediate predecessor. But there is no difficulty, unless we needlessly assume that the negotiation with which Wingfield was concerned related to the same treaty which More concluded. On the contrary, the first appears to have been a treaty with Spain; the last a treaty with France.

‡ State Papers, Hen. VIII. vol. i. p. 196. 5th July, 1527. Wolsey's words are,—"He expressly affirmed, that however displeasingly the queen took this matter, yet the truth and judgment of the law must take place. I have instructed him how he shall order himself if the queen shall demand his counsel, which he promises me to follow."

* State Papers, H. VIII. vol. i. p. 168.

as a privy-counsellor, attended and co-operated at the examination of the unfortunate Lutherans, his conduct in that respect was regarded by his contemporaries as little more than the enforcement of orders which he could not lawfully decline to obey. The opinion that those who disapprove are bound to resign, is of very modern origin, and still not universal, especially if fidelity to a party be not called in to its aid. In the time of Henry, a minister was not thought even entitled to resign. The fact of his attendance, indeed, appears in his controversial writings, especially by his answer to Tyndal, printed in 1532, by John Rastall, the second printer of note in England, who married Elizabeth, the sister of sir Thomas. It is not equitable to treat him as effectively and morally, as well as legally, answerable for measures of state, till the removal of Wolsey, and the delivery of the great seal into his own hands. The injustice of considering these transactions in any other light appears from the circumstance, that though he was joined with Wolsey in the splendid embassy to France in 1527, there is no reason to suppose that More was intrusted with the secret and main purpose of the embassy,—that of facilitating a divorce and a second marriage. His responsibility, in its most important and only practical part, must be contracted to the short time which extends from the 25th of October, 1529, when he was appointed chancellor, to the 16th of May, 1532, when he was removed from his office, not much more than two years and a half.* Even within these narrow limits, it must be remembered, that he found the system of persecution established, and its machinery in a state of activity. The prelates, like most other prelates in Europe, did their part in convicting the protestants of Lollardy in the spiritual courts, who were the competent judges of that offence. Our means of determining what executions for Lollardy (if any) took place when More had a decisive ascendant in the royal councils, are very imperfect. If it were certain that he was the adviser of such executions, it would only follow that he executed one part of the criminal law, without approving it, as succeeding judges have certainly done in cases of fraud and theft, where they no more approved the punishment of death than the author of Utopia might have done in its application to heresy. If the progress of civilisation be not checked, we seem not far from the period when such capital punishments will appear as little consistent with humanity, and indeed with justice, as the burning of heretics now appears to us. More himself deprecates an appeal to his writings and those of his friend Erasmus, innocently intended by them, but abused by incendiaries, to inflame the fury of the ignorant multitude.† “Men,” says he (alluding

evidently to Utopia,) “cannot almost now speak of such things inasmuch as in play, but that such evil hearers were a great deal the worse.”—“I would not now translate the *Moria* of Erasmus, even some works that I myself have written ere this, into English, albeit there be none harm therein.” It is evident that the two philosophers, who found all their fair visions dispelled by noise and violence, deeply felt the injustice of citing against them, as a proof of inconsistency, that they departed from the pleasantries, the gay dreams, at most the fond speculations, of their early days, when they saw these harmless visions turned into weapons of destruction in the blood-stained hands of the bores of Saxony, and of the ferocious fanatics of Munster. The virtuous love of peace might be more prevalent in More; the Epicurean desire of personal ease predominated more in Erasmus. But both were, doubtless from commendable or excusable causes, incensed against those odious disciples, who now, “with no friendly voice,” invoked their authority against themselves.

If, however, we examine the question on the grounds of positive testimony, it is impossible to appeal to a witness of more weight than Erasmus. “It is,” said he, “a sufficient proof of his clemency, that while he was chancellor no man was put to death for these pestilent dogmas, while so many have suffered capital punishment for them in France, in Germany, and in the Netherlands.”* The only charges against him on this subject, which are adverted to by himself, relate to minor severities; but as these may be marks of more cruelty than the infliction of death, let us listen on this subject to the words of the merciful and righteous man.†

“Divers of them have said that of such as were in my house when I was chancellor, I used to examine them with torments, causing them to be bound to a tree in my garden, and there piteously beaten. Except their sure keeping, I never did else cause any such thing to be done unto any of the heretics in all my life, except only twain: one was a child and a servant of mine in mine own house, whom his father, ere he came to me, had nursed up in such matters, and set him to attend upon George Jay. This Jay did teach the child his ungracious heresy against the blessed sacrament of the altar; which heresy this child in my house began to teach another child. And upon that point I caused a servant of mine to strip him like a child before mine household, for amendment of himself and ensample of others.”—“Another was one who, after he had fallen into these frantic heresies, soon fell into plain open frenzy; albeit that he had been in bedlam, and afterwards by beating and correction gathered his remem-

* Information from Records in the Tower.

† More's Answer to Tyndal, part i. p. 128. Printed by John Rastall, 1532.

* Erasmi. Fabio Episc. Vienn. (Vienne in Dauphine), Opp. iii. 1811.

† More's Apology, c. 36. English Works, pp. 900, 901. edition 1557.

brance*; being therefore set at liberty, his old frenzies fell again into his head. Being informed of his relapse, I caused him to be taken by the constables and bounden to a tree in the street before the whole town, and there striped him till he waxed weary. Verily, God be thanked, I hear no harm of him now. And of all who ever came in my hand for heresy, as help me God, else had never any of them any stripe or stroke given them, so much as a fillip in the forehead."†

This statement, so minute, so easily confuted, if in any part false, was made public after his fall from power, when he was surrounded by enemies, and could have no friends but the generous. It relates circumstances of public notoriety, or at least so known to all his own household (from which it appears that protestant servants were not excluded), which it would have been rather a proof of insanity than of imprudence to have alleged in his defence, if they had not been indisputably and confessedly true. Wherever he touches this subject, there is a quietness and a circumstantiality, which are among the least equivocal marks of a man who adheres to the temper most favourable to the truth, because he is conscious that the truth is favourable to him.‡ Without relying, therefore, on the character of More for probity and veracity (which it is derogatory to him to employ for such a purpose), the evidence of his humanity having prevailed over his opinion decisively outweighs the little positive testimony produced against him. The charge against More rests originally on Fox alone, from whom it is copied by Burnet, and with considerable hesitation by Strype. But the honest martyrologist writes too inaccurately to be a weighty witness in this case: for he tells us that Firth was put to death in June 1533, and yet imputes it to More, who had resigned his office a year before. In the case of James Baynham, he only says that the accused was chained to two posts for two nights in More's house, at some not specified distance of time before his execution.

Burnet, who had translated *Utopia* into English, in mentioning the extreme toleration taught in that work, truly observes, that if More had died at the time of its publication, "he would have been reckoned among those who only wanted a fit opportunity of declaring themselves openly for

a reformation."* The same sincere and upright writer was too zealous for an historian, when he added:—"When More was raised to the chief post in the ministry, he became a persecutor even to blood, and defiled those hands which were never polluted with bribes." In excuse for the total silence of the honest bishop respecting the opposite testimony of More himself (of whom Burnet speaks even then with reverence), the reader must be reminded that the third volume of the *History of the Reformation* was written in the old age of the bishop of Salisbury, thirty years after those more laborious researches, which attended the composition of the two former volumes, and under the influence of those animosities against the Roman catholic church, which the conspiracy of queen Anne's last ministers against the revolution had revived with more than their youthful vigour. It must be owned that he from the commencement acquiesced too lightly in the allegations of Fox; and it is certain, that if the fact, however deplorable, had been better proved, yet in that age it would not have warranted such asperity of condemnation.†

The date of the work in which More denies the charge, and challenges his accusers to produce their proofs, would have roused the attention of Burnet if he had read it. This book, entitled "*The Apology of Sir Thomas More*," was written in 1533, "after he had given over the office of lord chancellor," and when he was in daily expectation of being committed to the Tower. Defenceless and obnoxious as he then was, no man was hardy enough to dispute his truth. Fox was the first who, thirty years afterwards, ventured to oppose it in a vague statement, which we know to be in some respects inaccurate; and on this slender authority alone has rested such an imputation on the veracity of the most sincere of men. Whoever reads the *Apology* will perceive, from the melancholy ingenuousness with which he speaks of the growing unpopularity of his religion in the court and country, that he could not have hoped to escape exposure, if it had been then possible to question his declaration.‡

On the whole, then, More must not only be ab-

* Burnet, *Hist. of Reform.* iii. part i. p. 45. Lond. 1820.

† The change of opinion in Erasmus, and the less remarkable change of More in the same respect, is somewhat excused by the excesses and disorders which followed the reformation. "To believe," says Bayle, "that the church required reformation, and to approve a particular manner of reforming it, are two very different things. To blame the opponents of reformation, and to disapprove the conduct of the reformers, are two things very compatible. A man may then imitate Erasmus, without being an apostate or a traitor."—*Dict. de Bayle*, ii. p. 91. art. *Castellan*.

These are positions too reasonable to be practically believed, at the time when their adoption would be most useful.

‡ In the *Apology*, sir T. More states four tenths of the people as unable to read;—probably an over-rated estimate of the number of readers.

* Such was then the mode of curing insanity.

† *Apology*, c. 36. *English Works*, p. 902.

‡ There is a remarkable instance of this observation in More's *Dialogue*, book iii. chap. xvi., where he tells, somewhat prolixly, the story of Richard Dunn, who was found dead, and hanging in the Lollard's Tower. The only part taken by More in this affair was his share as a privy councillor in the enquiry, whether Dunn hanged himself, or was murdered and then hanged up by the bishop of London's chancellor. The evidence to prove that the death could not be suicide, was as absurd as the story of the bishop's chancellor was improbable. He was afterwards, however, convicted by a jury, but pardoned, it should seem rightly, by the king.

solved ; but when we consider that his administration occurred during a hot paroxysm of persecution ; that intolerance was the creed of his age ; that he himself, in his days of compliance and ambition, had been drawn over to it as a theory ; that he was filled with alarm and horror by the excesses of the heretical insurgents in Germany ;—we must pronounce him, by his abstinence from any practical share in it, to have given stronger proofs than any other man, of a repugnance to that execrable practice, founded on the unshaken basis of his natural humanity.

The fourth book of More's *Dialogue* * exhibits a lively picture of the horror with which the excesses of the reformers had filled the mind of this good man, whose justice and even humanity were disturbed, so far at least as to betray him into a bitterness of language and harshness of opinion foreign from his general temper. The events themselves are, it must be owned, sufficient to provoke the meekest, to appal the firmest of men. "The temporal lords," he tells us, "were glad to hear the cry against the clergy ; the people were glad to hear it against the clergy and the lords too. They rebelled first against an abbot, and after against a bishop, wherewith the temporal lords had good game and sport, and dissembled the matter, gaping after the lands of the spirituality, till they had almost played, as *Æsop* telleth of the dog, which, to snatch at the shadow of the cheese in the water, let fall and lost the cheese which he bare in his mouth.

"The uplandish Lutherans set upon the temporal lords : they slew 70,000 Lutherans in one summer, and subdued the remnant in that part of Almayne into a right miserable servitude. Of this sect was the great part † of those ungracious people which of late entered Rome with the duke of Bourbon." The description of the horrible crimes perpetrated on that occasion is so disgusting in some of its particulars, as to be unfit for the decency of historical narrative. One specimen will suffice, which, considering the constant intercourse between England and Rome, is not unlikely to have been related to More by an eyewitness :—"Some took children and bound them to torches, and brought them gradually nearer to the fire to be roasted, while the fathers and mothers were looking on, and then began to speak of a price for the sparing of the children ; asking first 100 ducats, then 50, then 40, then at last offered to take twain : after they had taken the last ducat from the father, then would they let the child roast to death." This wickedness (More contended) was the fruit of Luther's doctrine of predestination ; "for what good deed can a man study or labour to do, who believeth Luther, that

he hath no free will of his own."* "If the world were not near an end, and the fervour of devotion almost quenched, it could never have come to pass that so many people should fall to the following of so beastly a sect." He urges at very great length, and with great ability, the tendency of belief in destiny to overthrow morality ; and represents it as an opinion of which, on account of its incompatibility with the order of society, the civil magistrate may lawfully punish the promulgation ; little aware how decisively experience was about to confute such reasoning, however specious, by the examples of nations, who, though their whole religion was founded on predestination, were, nevertheless, the most moral portion of mankind.† "The fear," says More, "of outrages and mischiefs to follow upon such heresies, with the proof that men have had in some countries thereof, have been the cause that princes and people have been constrained to punish heresies by a terrible death ; whereas else more easy ways had been taken with them. If the heretics had never begun with violence, good christian people had peradventure used less violence against them : while they forbore violence, there was little violence done unto them. 'By my soul,' quoth your friend, ‡ 'I would all the world were agreed to take violence and compulsion away.' And sooth, said I, 'if it were so, yet would God be too strong for his enemies.'" In answer, he faintly attempts to distinguish the case of pagans, who may be tolerated, in order to induce them to tolerate Christians, from that of heretics, from which no such advantage was to be obtained in exchange ; a distinction, however, which disappeared as soon as the supposed heretics acquired supreme power. At last, however, he concludes with a sentence which sufficiently intimates the inclination of his judgment, and shows that his ancient opinions still prevailed in the midst of fear and abhorrence. "And yet, as I said in the beginning, never were they by any temporal punishment of their bodies any thing sharply handled till they began to be violent themselves." It is evident that his mind misgave him when he appeared to assent to intolerance as a principle ; for otherwise there was no reason for repeatedly relying on the defence of society against aggression as its justification. His silence, however, respecting the notorious fact, that Luther strained every nerve to suppress the German insurgents, can never be excused by the sophistry which ascribes to all reformers the evil done by those who abuse their names. It was too much to say that Luther should not have uttered what he believed to be sacred and necessary truth, because evil-doers took occasion from it to screen their bad deeds. This controversial artifice, however gross-

* *Dialogue* of sir Thomas More, touching the pestilent sect of Luther, composed and published when he was chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, "but newly *oversene* by the said sir T. More, chancellor of England," 1530.

† A violent exaggeration.

* *Dialogue*, Book iv. c. 8.

† Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, English puritans, New England, French huguenots, &c.

‡ This wish is put into the mouth of the adverse speaker in the *Dialogue*.

ly unjust, is yet so plausible and popular, that perhaps no polemic ever had virtue enough to resist the temptation of employing it. What other controversialist can be named, who, having the power to crush antagonists whom he viewed as the disturbers of the quiet of his own declining age, the destroyers of all the hopes which he had cherished for mankind, contented himself with severity of language (for which he humbly excuses himself in his "Apology," in some measure a dying work,) and with one instance of unfair inference against opponents who are too zealous to be merciful.

In the autumn of 1529 More returned from Cambray, where he had been once more joined in commission with his friend Tunstall as ambassador to the emperor. He paid a visit to the court, then at Woodstock. A private letter written from court to his wife, on occasion of a mishap at home, which is inserted to afford a little glimpse into the management of his most homely concerns, and especially as a specimen of his regard for a deserving woman, who was, probably, too "coarsely kind" even to have inspired him with tenderness.*

"Mistress Alyce, in my most hearty will, I recommend me to you. And whereas I am enfourmed by my son Heron of the loss of our barnes and our neighbours also, wt all the corne that was therein, albeit (saving God's pleasure) it is gret pitie of so much good corne lost, yet sith it hath liked hym to send us such a chance, we must saie bounden, not only to be content, but also to be glad of his visitation. He sent us all that we have lost; and sith he hath by such a chance taken it away againe, his pleasure be fulfilled. Let us never grudge thereat, but take it in good worth, and hartely thank him, as well for adversitie, as for prosperitie. And par adventure we have more cause to thank him for our losse, than for our winning. For his wisdom better seeth what is good for us then we do ourselves. Therefore I pray you be of good cheere, and take all the how-sold with you to church, and there thank God both for that he hath given us, and for that he has left us, which if it please hym, he can increase when he will. And if it please him to leave us yet lesse, at hys pleasure be it. I praye you to make some good enscherche what my poor neighbours have loste, and bidde them take no thought therefore, and if I shold not leave myself a sponne, there shall no poore neighbour of mine bere no losse by any chance happened in my house. I pray you be with my children and household mery in God. And devise somewhat with your friends, what way wer best to take, for provision to be made for corne for our household and for sede thys yere

* In More's metrical inscription for his own monument, we find a just but long, and somewhat laboured, commendation of Alice, which in tenderness is outweighed by one word applied to the long departed companion of his youth.

"Chara Thomae jacet hic Joanna uxorcula Mori."
English Works, 1420.

coming, if ye thinke it good that we keepe the ground still in our bandes. And whether ye think it good yt we so shall do or not, yet I think it were not best sodenlye thus to leave it all up, and to put away our folk of our farme, till we have some what advised us thereon. Howbeit if we have more nowe than ye shall neede, and which can get the other maisters, ye may then discharge us of them. But I would not that any man wer sodenly sent away he wote nere wether. At my coming hither. I perceived none other, but that I shold tary still with the kinges grace. But now I shall (I think), because of this change, get leave this next weke to come home and se you; and then shall we further devise together upon all thinges, what order shall be best to take: and thus as hartely fare you well with all your children as you can wishe. At Woodstok the thirde daye of Septembre, by the hand of

"Your loving husband,
"THOMAS MORE, Knight."

A new scene now opened on More, of whose private life the above simple letter enables us to form no inadequate or displeasing estimate. On the 25th October 1529, sixteen days after the commencement of the prosecution against Wolsey, the king, by delivering the great seal to him at Greenwich, constituted him lord chancellor, the highest dignity of the state and of the law, which had been generally held by ecclesiastics.* A very summary account of the nature of this high office may perhaps prevent some confusion respecting it among those who know it only in its present state. The office of chancellor was known to all the European governments, who borrowed it, like many other institutions, from the usage of the vanquished Romans. In those of England and France, which most resembled each other, and whose history is most familiar and most interesting to us †, the chancellor, whose office had been a conspicuous dignity under the lower empire, was originally a secretary who derived a great part of his consequence from the trust of holding the king's seal, the substitute for subscription under illiterate monarchs, and the stamp of legal authority in more cultivated times. From his constant access to the king, he acquired every where some authority in the cases which were the frequent subject of complaint to the crown. In France, he became a minister of state with a peculiar superintendence over courts of justice, and some remains of a special jurisdiction, which continued till the downfall of the French monarchy. In the English chancellor were gradually united the characters of a legal magistrate and a political adviser; and since that time the office has been confined to lawyers in eminent practice. He has

* Thorpe, in 1371, and Knivet, in 1372, seem to be the last exceptions.

† Ducange and Spelman Gloss. in voce "Cancellarius," who give us the series of chancellor in both countries.

been presumed to have a due reverence for the law, as well as a familiar acquaintance with it, and his presence and weight in the counsels of a free commonwealth have been regarded as links which bind the state to the law.

One of the earliest branches of the chancellor's duties seems, by slow degrees, to have enlarged his jurisdiction to the extent which it reached in modern times.* From the chancery issued those writs which first put the machinery of law in motion in every case where legal redress existed. In that court new writs were framed, when it was fit to adapt the proceedings to the circumstances of a new case. When a case arose in which it appeared that the course and order of the common law could hardly be adapted, by any variation in the forms of procedure, to the demands of justice, the complaint was laid, by the chancellor, before the king, who commanded it to be considered in council; a practice which, by degrees, led to a reference to that magistrate himself. To facilitate an equitable determination in such complaints, the writ was devised called the writ of *subpœna*, commanding the person complained of to appear before the chancellor, and to answer the complaint. The essential words of a petition for this writ, which in process of time has become of so great importance, were in the reign of Richard III. as follows: "Please it therefore, your lordship,—considering that your orator has no remedy by course of the common law,—to grant a writ *subpœna*, commanding T. Coke to appear in chancery, at a certain day, and upon a certain pain to be limited by you, and then to do what by this court shall be thought reasonable and according to conscience." The form was not materially different in the earliest instances, which appear to have occurred from 1380 to 1400. It appears that this device was not first employed to enforce the observance of the duties of trustees who held lands, as has been hitherto supposed†, but for cases of an extremely different nature, where the failure of justice in the ordinary courts might ensue, not from any defect in the common law, but from the power of turbulent barons, who, in their acts of outrage and lawless violence, bade defiance to all ordinary jurisdiction. In some of the earliest cases we find a statement of the age and poverty of the complainant, and of the power, and even learning, of the supposed wrong-doer; topics addressed to compassion, or at most to equity in a very loose and popular sense of the word, which throw light on the original nature of this high jurisdiction. It is apparent, from the earliest cases in the reign of Richard II., that the occasional relief proceeding from mixed feelings of pity and of regard to substantial justice, not effectually aided by law, or overpowered by tyrannical violence, had then

grown into a regular system, and was subject to rules resembling those of legal jurisdiction.* At first sight it may appear difficult to conceive how ecclesiastics could have moulded into a regular form this anomalous branch of jurisprudence. But many of the ecclesiastical order, originally the only lawyers, were eminently skilled in the civil and canon law, which had attained an order and precision unknown to the digests of barbarous usages then attempted in France and England. The ecclesiastical chancellors introduced into their court a course of proceeding very similar to that adopted by other European nations, who all owned the authority of the canon law, and were enlightened by the wisdom of the Roman code. The proceedings in chancery, lately recovered from oblivion, show the system to have been in regular activity about a century and a half before the chancellorship of sir Thomas More, the first common lawyer who held the great seal since the chancellor had laid any foundations (known to us) of his equitable jurisdiction. The course of education, and even of negotiation in that age, conferred on More, who was the most distinguished of the practisers of the common law, the learning and ability of a civilian and a canonist. In his administration, from the 25th of October 1529, to the 16th of May 1533, four hundred bills and answers are still preserved, which afford an average of about a hundred and sixty suits annually. Though this average may by no means adequately represent the whole occupations of a court which had many other duties to perform, it supplies us with some means of comparing the extent of its business under him with the number of similar proceedings in succeeding times. The whole amount of bills and answers in the reign of James I. was 32,000. How far the number may have differed at different parts of that reign, the unarranged state of the records does not yet enable us to ascertain. But supposing it, by a rough estimate, to have continued the same, the annual average of bills and answers during the four years of Lord Bacon's administration was 1461, being an increase of nearly tenfold in somewhat less than a century. Though causes connected with the progress of the jurisdiction and the character of the chancellor must have contri-

* *Calendars of Proceedings in Chanc. temp. Eliz.* [London, 1837.] Of ten of these suits which occurred in the last ten years of the fourteenth century, one complains of ouster from land by violence; another, of exclusion from a benefice, by a writ obtained from the king under false suggestions; a third, for the seizure of a freeman, under pretext of being a slave (or nief); a fourth, for being disturbed in the enjoyment of land by a trespasser, abetted by the sheriff; a fifth, for imprisonment on a false allegation of debt. No case is extant prior to the first year of Henry V., which relates to the trust of lands, which eminent writers have represented as the original object of this jurisdiction. In the reign of Henry VI. there is a bill against certain Wyclifites for outrages done to the plaintiff, Robert Burton, chanter of the cathedral of Lincoln, on account of his zeal as an inquisitor in the diocese of Lincoln, to convict and punish heretics.

* "Non facile est digito monstrare quibus gradibus, sed conjecturam accipe."—*Spel. in voc. Cancellarius.*

† Blackstone, book iii. c. 4.

buted to this remarkable increase, yet it must be ascribed principally to the extraordinary impulse given to daring enterprise and national wealth by the splendid administration of Elizabeth, which multiplied alike the occasions of litigation and the means of carrying it on.* In a century and a half after, when equitable jurisdiction was completed in its foundations and most necessary parts by lord chancellor Nottingham, the whole number of equity suits was about fifteen thousand, which yields an average of sixteen hundred and fifty to every year of his chancellorship.†

Under lord Hardwicke, the chancellor of most professional celebrity, the yearly average of bills and answers appears to have been about two thousand; probably in part because more questions had been finally determined, and partly also because the delays were so aggravated by the multiplicity of business, that parties aggrieved chose rather to submit to wrong than to be ruined in pursuit of right. This last mischief arose in a great measure from the variety of affairs added to the original duties of a chancellor, of which the principal were bankruptcy and parliamentary appeals. Both these causes continued to act with increasing force; so that, in spite of a vast increase of the property and dealings of the kingdom, the average number of bills and answers was considerably less from 1800 to 1809 than it had been from 1745 to 1754.‡

It must not be supposed that men trained in any system of jurisprudence, as the ecclesiastical chancellors, could have been indifferent to the inconvenience and vexation which necessarily harass the holders of a merely arbitrary power. Not having a law, they were a law unto themselves; and every chancellor who contributed by a determination to establish a principle, became instrumental in circumscribing the power of his successor. Selden is, indeed, represented to have said, that equity is according to the conscience of him who is chancellor; which is as uncertain as if we made the chancellor's foot the standard for the measure which we call a foot.§ But this was spoken in the looseness of table-talk, and under the influence of the prejudices then prevalent among common lawyers against equitable jurisdiction. Still, perhaps, in his time what he said might be true enough for a smart saying. But in process of time a system of rules was established which has constantly tended to limit the originally discretionary powers of the Chancery. Equity, in the acceptance in which that

* From a letter of lord Bacon (Lords' Journals, 20th March, 1680,) it appears that he made 2000 decrees and orders in a year; so that in his time the bills and answers amounted to about two thirds of the whole business.

† The numbers have been obligingly supplied by the gentlemen of the Record Office in the Tower.

‡ Account of Proceedings in Parliament relative to the Court of Chancery. By C. P. Cooper, Esq. p. 102, &c. London, 1828. A work equally remarkable for knowledge and acuteness.

§ Table Talk, p. 55. Edinburgh, 1809.

word is used in English jurisprudence, is no longer to be confounded with that *moral equity* which generally corrects the unjust operation of law, and with which it seems to have been synonymous in the days of Selden and Bacon. It is a part of law formed from usages and determinations which sometimes differ from what is called common law in its subjects, but chiefly varies from it in its modes of proof, of trial, and of relief; it is a jurisdiction so irregularly formed, and often so little dependent on general principles, that it can hardly be defined or made intelligible otherwise than by a minute enumeration of the matters cognisable by it.*

It will be seen from the above that sir Thomas More's duties differed very widely from the various exertions of labour and intellect required from a modern chancellor. At the utmost he did not hear more than two hundred cases and arguments yearly, including those of every description. No authentic account of any case tried before him, if any such be extant, has been yet brought to light. No law book alludes to any part of his judgments or reasonings. Nothing of this higher part of his judicial life is preserved, which can warrant us in believing more than that it must have displayed his never-failing integrity, reason, learning, and eloquence.

The particulars of his instalment are not unworthy of being specified as a proof of the reverence for his endowments and excellences professed by the king and entertained by the public, to whose judgment the ministers of Henry seemed virtually to appeal, with an assurance that the king's appointment would be ratified by the general voice. "He was led between the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk up Westminster Hall to the Stone Chamber, and there they honourably placed him in the high judgment-seat of chancellor;," (for the chancellor was, by his office, the president of that terrible tribunal.) "The duke of Norfolk, premier peer and lord high treasurer of England," continues the biographer, "by the command of the king, spoke thus unto the people there with great applause and joy gathered together:—

'The king's majesty (which, I pray God, may prove happy and fortunate to the whole realm of England) hath raised to the most high dignity of chancellourship sir Thomas More, a man for his extraordinary worth and sufficiency well knowne to himself and the whole realm, for no other cause or earthly respect, but for that he hath plainly perceived all the gifts of nature and grace to be heaped upon him, which either the people could desire, or himself wish, for the discharge of so great an office. For the admirable wisdom, integrity, and innocence, joyned with the most pleasant facilitie of witt, that this man is endowed

* Blackstone, book iii. c. 27. Lord Hardwicke's Letter to Lord Kames, 30th June, 1757. Lord Woodhouselee's Life of Lord Kames, vol. i. p. 237.

† More's Life of Sir T. More, 156. 163.

withall, have been sufficiently knowen to all Englishmen from his youth, and for these manie yeares also to the king's majestie himself. This hath the king abundantly found in manie and weightie affayres, which he hath happily dispatched both at home and abroad; in divers offices which he hath born, in most honourable embassages which he hath undergone; and in his daily counsell and advises upon all other occasions. He hath perceived no man in his realme to be more wise in deliberating, more sincere in opening to him what he thought, nor more eloquent to adorne the matter which he uttered. Wherefore, because he saw in him such excellent endowments, and that of his especiall care he hath a particular desire that his kingdome and people might be governed with all equitie and justice, integritie and wisdom; he of his owne most gracious disposition hath created this singular man lord chancellor; that, by his laudable performance of this office, his people may enjoy peace and justice; and honour also and fame may redounde to the whole kingdome. It may perhaps seeme to manie a strange and unusual matter, that this dignitie should be bestowed upon a layman, none of the nobilitie, and one that hath wife and children; because heretofore none but singular learned prelates, or men of greatest nobilitie, have possessed this place; but what is wanting in these respects, the admirable vertues, the matchless gifts of witt and wisdom of this man, doth most plentifully recompence the same. For the king's majestie hath not regarded how great, but what a man he was; he hath not cast his eyes upon the nobilitie of his blood, but on the worth of his person; he hath respected his sufficiencie, not his profession; finally, he would shew by this his choyce, that he hath some rare subjects amongst the rowe of gentlemen and laymen, who deserve to manage the highest offices of the realme, which bishops and noblemen think they only can deserve. The rarer therefore it was, so much both himself held it to be the more excellent, and to his people he thought it would be the more gratefull. Wherefore, receive this your chancellour with joyful acclamations, at whose hands you may expect all happiness and content.

"Sir Thomas More, according to his wonted modestie, was somewhat abashed at this the duke's speech, in that it sounded so much to his praise; but recollecting himself as that place and time would give him leave, he answered in this sorte:—Although, most noble duke, and you right honourable lords, and worshipfull gentlemen, I knowe all these things, which the king's majestie, it seemeth, hath bene pleased should be spoken of me at this time and place, and your graces hath with most eloquent wordes thus amplified, are as far from me, as I could wish with all my hart they were in me for the better performance of so great a charge; and although this your speech hath caused in me greater feare than

I can well express in words: yet this incomparable favour of my dread soueraine, by which he sheweth how well, yea how highly he conceaveth of my weaknesse, having commanded that my meanesse should be so greatly commended, cannot be but most acceptable to me: and I cannot choose but give your most noble grace exceeding thanks, that what his majestie hath willed you briefly to utter, you, of the abundance of your love unto me, have in a large and eloquent oration dilated. As for myself, I can take it no otherwise, but that his majestie's incomparable favour towards me, the good will and incredible propension of his royall minde (wherewith he hath these manie yeares favoured me continually) hath alone without anie desert of mine at all, caused both this my new honour, and these your undeserved commendations of me. For who am I, or what is the house of my father, that the king's highnesse should heape upon me by such a perpetuall streame of affection, these so high honours? I am farre lesse then anie the meaneest of his benefitts bestowed on me; how can I then thinke myself worthie or fit for this so peerlesse dignitie? I have bene drawn by force, as the king's majestie often professeth, to his highnesse's service, to be a courtier; but to take this dignitie upon me, is most of all against my will; yet such is his highnesse's benigntie, such is his bountie, that he highly esteemeth the small dutifullnesse of his meanest subjects, and seeketh still magnificently to recompence his servants; not only such as deserve well, but even such as have but a desire to deserve well at his hands, in which number I have alwaies wished myself to be reckoned, because I cannot challenge myself to be one of the former; which being so, you may all perceive with me how great a burden is layde upon my backe, in that I must strive in some sorte with my diligence and dutie to corresponde with his royall benevolence, and to be answerable to that great expectation, which he and you seeme to have of me: wherefore those so high praises are by me so much more grievous unto me, by how much more I know the greater charge I have to render myself worthie of, and the fewer means I have to make them good. This weight is hardly suitable to my weake shoulders; this honour is not correspondent to my poore desert; it is a burden, not a glorie; a care, not a dignitie; the one therefore I must beare as manfully as I can, and discharge the other with as much dexteritie as I shall be able. The earnest desire which I have alwaies had and doe now acknowledge myself to have, to satisfie by all meanes I can possible, the most ample benefitts of his highnesse, will greatly excite and ayde me to the diligent performance of all, which I trust also I shall be more able to doe, if I finde all your good wills and wishes both favourable unto me, and conformable to his royal munificence: because my serious endeavours to doe well, joined with your favourable acceptance, will easily procure

that whatsoever is performed by me, though it be in itself but small, yet will it seeme great and praiseworthy; for those things are alwaies atchieved happily, which are accepted willingly; and those succede fortunately, which are received by others courteously. As you therefore doe hope for great matters, and the best at my hands, so though I dare not promise anie such, yet do I promise truly and affectionately to perform the best I shall be able.'

"When sir Thomas More had spoken these wordes, turning his face to the high judgement seate of the Chancery, he proceeded in this manner:—'But when I looke upon this seate, when I thinke how greate and what kinde of personages have possessed this place before me, when I call to minde who he was that sate in it last of all—a man of what singular wisdom, of what notable experience, what a prosperous and favourable fortune he had for a great space, and how at the last he had a most grievous fall, and dyed inglorious—I have cause enough by my predecessor's example to thinke honour but slipperie, and this dignitie not so grateful to me as it may seeme to others; for both is it a hard matter to follow with like paces or praises, a man of such admirable witt, prudence, authoritie, and splendour, to whome I may seeme but as the lighting of a candle, when the sun is downe; and also the sudden and unexpected fall of so great a man as he was doth terribly putt me in minde that this honour ought not to please me too much, nor the lustre of this glistering seate dazel mine eyes. Wherefore I ascende this seate as a place full of labour and danger, voyde of all solide and true honour; the which by how much the higher it is, by so much greater fall I am to feare, as well in respect of the verie nature of the thing it selfe, as because I am warned by this late fearfull example. And truly I might even now at this verie just entrance stumble, yea faynte, but that his majestie's most singular favour towardes me, and all your good wills, which your joyfull countenance doth testifie in this most honourable assemblie, doth somewhat recreate and refresh me; otherwise this seate would be no more pleasing to me, than that sword was to Damocles, which hung over his head, tyed only by a hayre of a horse's tale, when he had store of delicate fare before him, seated in the chair of state of Denis the Tyrant of Sicilie; this therefore shall be always fresh in my minde, this will I have still before mine eyes, that this seate will be honorable, famous, and full of glorie unto me, if I shall with care and diligence, fidelitie and wisdom, endeavour to doe my dutie, and shall persuaide myself, that the enjoying thereof may be but short and uncertaine: the one whereof my labour ought to performe; the other my predecessor's example may easily teach me. All which being so, you may easily perceave what great pleasure I take in this high dignitie, or in this most noble duke's praising of me.'

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"All the world took notice now of sir Thomas's dignitie, whereof Erasmus writeth to John Fabius, bishopp of Vienna, thus:—'Concerning the new increase of honour lately happened to Thomas More, I should easily make you believe it, if I should shew you the letters of many famous men, rejoicing with much alacritie, and congratulating the king, the realme, himself, and also me, for More's honor, in being made lord chancellour of England.'

When sir Thomas More was seated in his court of Chancery, his father, sir John More, who was nearly of the age of ninety, was the most ancient judge of the King's Bench. "What a grateful spectacle was it," says their descendant, "to see the son ask the blessing of the father every day upon his knees before he sat upon his own seat?"* Even in a more unceremonious age, the simple character of More would have protected these daily rites of filial reverence from the suspicions of affectation, which could alone destroy their charm. But at that time it must have borrowed its chief power from the conspicuous excellence of the father and son. For if inward worth had then borne any proportion to the grave and reverend ceremonial of the age, we might be well warranted in regarding our forefathers as a race of superior beings.

The contrast of the humble and affable More with the haughty cardinal, astonished and delighted the suitors. No application could be made to Wolsey, which did not pass through many hands; and no man could apply, whose fingers were not tipped with gold. But More sat daily in an open hall, that he might receive in person the petitions of the poor. If any reader should blame his conduct in this respect, as a breach of an ancient and venerable precept, "Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment; thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honour the person of the mighty; but in righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbour:†" let it be remembered, that there still clung to the equitable jurisdiction some remains of that precarious and eleemosynary nature from which it originally sprung; which, in the eyes of the compassionate chancellor, might warrant more preference for the helpless poor than could be justified in proceedings more rigorously legal.

Courts of law were jealous then, as since, of the power assumed by chancellors to issue *injunctions* to parties to desist from doing certain acts which they were by law entitled to do, until the court of Chancery should determine whether the exercise of the legal right would not work injustice. There are many instances in which irreparable wrong may be committed, before a right can be ascertained, in the ordinary course of proceedings. In such cases it is the province of the chancellor to

* More's Life of Sir T. More, p. 163.

† Leviticus, xix. 16.

take care that affairs shall continue in their actual condition until the questions in dispute be determined. A considerable outcry against this necessary, though invidious authority, was raised at the commencement of More's chancellorship. He silenced this clamour with his wonted prudence and meekness. Having caused one of the six clerks to make out a list of the injunctions issued by him, or pending before him, he invited all the judges to dinner. He laid the list before them; and explained the circumstances of each case so satisfactorily, that they all confessed that in the like case they would have done no less. Nay, he offered to desist from the jurisdiction, if they would undertake to contain the law within the boundaries of righteousness, which he thought they ought in conscience to do. The judges declined to make the attempt; on which he observed privately to Roper, that he saw they trusted to their influence for obtaining verdicts which would shift the responsibility from them to the juries. "Wherefore," said he, "I am constrained to abide the adventure of their blame."

Dauncey, one of his sons-in-law, alleged that under Wolsey "even the door-keepers got great gains," and was so perverted by the venality there practised that he expostulated with More for his churlish integrity. The chancellor said, that if "his father, whom he revered dearly, were on the one side, and the devil, whom he hated with all his might, on the other, the devil should have his right." He is represented by his descendant, as softening his answer by promising minor advantages, such as priority of hearing, and recommendation of arbitration, where the case of a friend was bad. The biographer, however, not being a lawyer, might have misunderstood the conversation, which had to pass through more than one generation before the tradition reached him; or the words may have been a hasty effusion of good nature, uttered only to qualify the roughness of his honesty. If he had been called to perform these promises, his head and heart would have recoiled alike from breaches of equality which he would have felt to be altogether dishonest. When Heron, another of his sons-in-law, relied on the bad practices of the times, so far as to entreat a favourable judgment in a cause of his own, More, though the most affectionate of fathers, immediately undeceived him by an adverse decree. This act of common justice is made an object of panegyric by the biographer, as if it were then deemed an extraordinary instance of virtue; a deplorable symptom of that corrupt state of general opinion, which, half a century later, contributed to betray into ignominious vices the wisest of men, and the most illustrious of chancellors,—if the latter distinction be not rather due to the virtue of a More or a Somers.

He is said to have despatched the causes before him so speedily, that, on asking for the next, he was told that none remained; which is boastfully

contrasted by Mr. More, his descendant, with the arrear of a thousand in the time of that gentleman, who lived in the reign of Charles I.; though we have already seen that this difference may be referred to other causes; and therefore that the fact, if true, proves no more than his exemplary diligence and merited reputation.

The scrupulous and delicate integrity of More (for so it must be called in speaking of that age) was more clearly shown after his resignation, than it could have been during his continuance in office. One Parnell complained of him for a decree obtained by his adversary Vaughan, whose wife had bribed the chancellor by a gilt cup. He surprised the counsel at first, by owning that he received the cup as a new year's gift. Lord Wiltshire, a zealous protestant, indecently, but prematurely, exulted. "Did I not tell you, my lords," said he, "that you would find this matter true?"—"But, my lords," replied More, "hear the other part of my tale. After having drank to her of wine with which my butler had filled the cup, and when she had pledged him, he restored it to her, and would listen to no refusal." When Mrs. Croker, for whom he had made a decree against lord Arundel, came to him to request his acceptance of a pair of gloves, in which were contained 40*l.* in angels, he told her, with a smile, that it were ill manners to refuse a lady's present; but though he should keep the gloves, he must return the gold, which he enforced her to receive. Gresham, a suitor, sent him a present of a gilt cup, of which the fashion pleased him. More accepted it; but would not do so till Gresham received from him another cup of greater value, but of which the form and workmanship were less suitable to the chancellor. It would be an indignity to the memory of such a man to quote these facts as proofs of his probity; but they may be mentioned as specimens of the simple and unforced honesty of one who rejected improper offers with all the ease and pleasantry of common courtesy.

Henry, in bestowing the great seal on More, hoped to dispose his chancellor to lend his authority to the projects of divorce and second marriage, which now agitated the king's mind, and were the main objects of his policy.* Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VII., had married Catharine, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, sovereigns of Castile and Aragon. As the young prince died very shortly after his nuptials, Henry obtained a dispensation from pope Julius II. to enable the princess to marry her brother-in-law, afterwards Henry VIII. That monarch solemnised his marriage with her after his accession, and lived sixteen years in apparent harmony with her. Mary was the only child of this marriage who survived infancy; but in the year 1527 a concurrence of events

* "Thomas Morus, doctrinā et probitate spectabilis vir, cancellarius in Wolsemi locum constituitur. Nontiquam Regis causā equior."—*Thuan. Hist. sui Temporis*, lib. ii. c. 16. edit. Lond. 1733. i. 31.

arose, which tried and established the virtue of More, and revealed to the world the depravity of his master. Henry was touched by the charms of Anne Boleyn, a beautiful lady, in her twenty-second year, the daughter of sir Thomas Boleyn, earl of Wiltshire, who had lately returned from the court of France, where her youth had been spent. At the same moment it became the policy of Francis I. to loosen all the ties which joined the king of England to the emperor. When the bishop of Tarbes, his ambassador in England, found, on his arrival in London, the growing distaste of Henry for his inoffensive and exemplary wife, he promoted the king's inclination towards divorce, and suggested a marriage with Margaret duchess of Alençon, the beautiful and graceful sister of Francis I.*

At this period Henry for the first time professed to harbour conscientious doubts whether the dispensation of Julius II. could suspend the obligation of the divine prohibition pronounced against such a marriage in the Levitical law.† The court of Rome did not dare to contend that the dispensation could reach the case if the prohibition were part of the universal law of God. Henry, on the other side, could not consistently question its validity, if he considered the precept as belonging to merely positive law. To this question, therefore, the dispute was confined, though both parties shrunk from an explicit and precise avowal of their main ground. The most reasonable solution that it was a local and temporary law, forming a part of the Hebrew code, might seem at first sight to destroy its authority altogether. But if either party had been candid, this prohibition, adopted by all Christendom, might be justified by that general usage, in a case where it was not remarkably at variance with reason or the public welfare. But such a doctrine would have lowered the ground of this papal authority too much to be acceptable to Rome, and yet, on the other hand, rested it on too unexceptionable a foundation to suit the case of Henry. False allegations of facts in the preamble of the bull were alleged on the same side; but they were inconclusive. The principal arguments in the king's favour

* "*Margarita Francisci soror, spectata formæ et venustatis femina, Carolo Alenconio duce marito paulo ante mortuo, vidua permanserat. Ea destinata uxor Henrico: missique Wolsæus et Bigerronum Præsul qui de dissolvendo matrimonio cum Gallo agerent. Ut caletum appulit Wolsæus mandatum a rege contrarium accipit, rescivique per amicos Henricum non tam Galli adfinitatem quam insanum amorem quo Annam Boleam prosequabatur, explere velo.*"—*Thuan. ubi suprâ.*

No trace of the latter part appears in the state papers just published.

† Leviticus, xv. 3. xx. 22. But see Deuteronomy, xxv. 5. The latter text, which allows an exception in the case of a brother's wife being left childless, may be thought to strengthen the prohibition in all cases not excepted. It may seem applicable to the precise case of Henry. But the application, of that text is impossible; for it contains an injunction, of which the breach is chastised by a disgraceful punishment.

were, that no precedents of such a dispensation seem to have been produced; and that if the Levitical prohibitions do not continue in force under the Gospel, there is no prohibition against incestuous marriages in the system of the New Testament. It was a disadvantage to the church of Rome in controversy, that being driven from the low ground by its supposed tendency to degrade the subject, and deterred from the high ground by the fear of the reproach of daring usurpation, the inevitable consequence was confusion and fluctuation respecting the first principles on which the question was to be determined.

To pursue this subject through the long negotiations and discussions which it occasioned during six years, would be to lead us far from the life of sir Thomas More, even if the writer of these pages had not very recently attempted a summary account of them.* Suffice it here to say, that Clement VII. (*Medici*), though originally inclined to favour the suit † of Henry, according to the usual policy of the Roman court, which sought plausible pretexts for facilitating the divorce of kings, whose matrimonial connections might be represented as involving the quiet of nations; an allegation which was often enough true to be always specious. The sack of Rome and the captivity of the pontiff left Clement full of fear of the emperor's power and displeasure; it is even said that Charles V., who had discovered the secret designs of the English court, had extorted from the pope, before his release, a promise that no attempt would be made to dishonour an Austrian princess by acceding to the divorce.‡ The pope, unwilling to provoke Henry, his powerful and generous protector, instructed Campeggio to attempt, first, a reconciliation between the king and queen; secondly, if that failed, to endeavour to persuade her that she ought to acquiesce in her husband's desires, by entering into a cloister; a proposition which seems to show a readiness in the Roman court to waive their theological difficulties; and, thirdly, if neither of these attempts were successful, to spin out the negotiation to the greatest length, in order to profit by the favourable incidents which time might bring forth. The impatience of the king and the honest indignation of the queen defeated these arts of Italian policy. The resistance of Anne Boleyn to the irregular gratification of the king's desires, without the belief of which it is impossible to conceive the motives for his perseverance in the pursuit of an unequal marriage, opposed another impediment to the counsels and contrivances of Clement, which must have surprised and perplexed a Florentine pontiff. All these proceedings terminated in the sentence of nullity in the case of Henry's marriage with Catherine, pronounced by Cranmer, the espousal of Anne

* History of England, ii.

† Pallavicino, lib. ii. c. 15. edit. de. Milan, 1745, v. i. p. 251.

‡ Id. *ibid.* from MS. Correspondence.

Boleyn by the king, and the rejection of the papal jurisdiction by the kingdom, which still, however, adhered to the doctrines of the Roman catholic church.

The situation of More during a great part of these memorable events was embarrassing. The great offices to which he was raised by the king, the personal favour hitherto constantly shown to him, and the natural tendency of his gentle and quiet disposition, combined to disincline him to resistance against the wishes of his friendly master. On the other hand, his growing dread and horror of heresy, with its train of disorders; his belief that universal anarchy would be the inevitable result of religious dissension, and the operation of seven years' controversy for the Catholic church, in heating his mind on all subjects involving the extent of her authority, made him recoil from designs which were visibly tending towards disunion with the Roman pontiff, the centre of Catholic union, and the supreme magistrate of the ecclesiastical commonwealth. Though his opinions relating to the papal authority were of a moderate and liberal nature, he at least respected it as an ancient and venerable control on licentious opinions, of which the prevailing heresies attested the value and the necessity.

Though he might have been better pleased with another determination by the supreme pontiff, it did not follow that he should contribute to weaken the holy see, assailed as it was on every side, by taking an active part in resistance to the final decision of a lawful authority. Obedience to the supreme head of the church in a case which ultimately related only to discipline, appeared peculiarly incumbent on all professed catholics. But however sincere the zeal of More for the catholic religion and his support of the legitimate supremacy of the Roman see undoubtedly were, he was surely influenced at the same time by the humane feelings of his just and generous nature, which engaged his heart to espouse the cause of a blameless and wronged princess, driven from the throne and the bed of a tyrannical husband. Though he reasoned the case as a divine and a canonist, he must have felt it as a man. That honest feeling must have glowed beneath the subtleties and formalities of doubtful and sometimes frivolous disputations. It was probably often the chief cause of conduct for which other reasons might be sincerely alleged.

In steering his course through the intrigues and passions of the court, it is very observable that More most warily retired from every opposition but that which conscience absolutely required: he shunned unnecessary disobedience as much as unconscientious compliance. If he had been influenced solely by prudential considerations, he could not have more cautiously shunned every needless opposition; but in that case he would not have gone so far. He displayed, at the time of which we now speak, that very peculiar excellence of

his character, which, as it showed his submission to be the fruit of sense of duty, gave dignity to that which in others is apt to seem and to be slavish.

The anxieties of More increased with the approach towards the execution of the king's projects of divorce and second marriage. Some anecdotes of this period are preserved by the affectionate and descriptive pen of Margaret Roper's husband, which, as he evidently reports in the chancellor's language, it would be unpardonable to relate in any other words than those of the venerable man himself. Roper, indeed, like another Plutarch, consults the unrestrained freedom of his story by a disregard of dates, which, however agreeable to a general reader, is sometimes unsatisfactory to a searcher after accuracy. Yet his office in a court of law, where there is the strongest inducement to ascertain truth, and the largest experience of the means most effectual for that purpose, might have taught him the extreme importance of time as well as place in estimating the bearing and weight of testimony.

"On a time walking with me along the Thames' side at Chelsea, he said unto me, 'Now would to our Lord, son Roper, upon condition that three things were well established in Christendom, I were put into a sack, and were presently cast into the Thames.'—'What great things be those, sir?' quoth I, 'that should move you so to wish.'—'In faith, son, they be these,' said he. 'The first is, that whereas the most part of Christian princes be at mortal war, they were all at universal peace. The second, that where the church of Christ is at present sore afflicted with many errors and heresies, it were well settled in perfect uniformity of religion. The third, that as the matter of the king's marriage is now come in question, it were, to the glory of God and quietness of all parties, brought to a good conclusion.'"

On another occasion †, "before the matrimony was brought in question, when I, in talk with sir Thomas More (of a certain joy), commended unto him the happy estate of this realm, that had so catholic a prince, so grave and sound a nobility, and so loving, obedient subjects, agreeing in one faith.

'Truth it is, indeed, son Roper; and yet I pray God, as high as we sit upon the mountains, treading heretics under our feet like ants, live not the day that we gladly would wish to be at league and composition with them, to let them have their churches, so that they would be contented to let us have ours quietly.' I answered, 'By my troth, it is very desperately spoken.' He, perceiving me to be in a fume, said merrily,—'Well, well, son

* The description of the period appears to suit the year 1529, before the peace of Cambrai and the recall of the legate Campeggio.

† Probably in the beginning of 1527, after the promotion of More to be chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster.

Roper, it shall not be so.' Whom," concludes Roper, "in sixteen years and more, being in his house, conversant with him, I never could perceive him as much as once in a fume."

Doubtless he was somewhat disquieted by the reflection, that some of those who now appealed to the freedom of his youthful philosophy against himself would speedily begin to abuse such doctrines by turning them against the peace which he loved,—that some of the spoilers of Rome might exhibit the like scenes of rapine and blood in the city which was his birth-place and his dwelling-place. Yet, even then, the placid mien, which had stood the test of every petty annoyance for sixteen years, was untroubled by alarms for the impending fate of his country and of his religion.

Henry used every means of procuring an opinion favourable to his wishes from his chancellor, who excused himself as unmeet for such matters, having never professed the study of divinity. But the king "*soverly*" pressed him *, and never ceased urging him until he had promised to give his consent, at least, to examine the question, conjunctly with his friend Tunstall and other learned divines. After the examination, More, with his wonted ingenuity and gentleness, conveyed the result to his master. "To be plain with your grace, neither your bishops, wise and virtuous though they be, nor myself, nor any other of your council, by reason of your manifold benefits bestowed on us, are meet counsellors for your grace herein. If you mind to understand the truth, consult St. Jerome, St. Augustin, and other holy doctors of the Greek and Latin churches, who will not be inclined to deceive you by respect of their own worldly commodity, or by fear of your princely displeasure." † Though the king did not like what "was disagreeable to his desires, yet the language of More was so wisely tempered, that for the present he took it in good part, and often-times had conferences with the chancellor thereon." The native meekness of More was probably more effectual than all the arts by which courtiers ingratiate themselves, or insinuate unpalatable counsel.

Shortly after, the king again moved him to weigh and consider the great matter. The chancellor fell down on his knees, and reminding Henry of his own words on delivering the great seal, which were,—"*First look upon God, and after God upon me,*" added, that nothing had ever so pained him as that he was not able to serve his grace in that matter, without a breach of that original injunction which he had received on the acceptance of his office. The king said he was content to accept his service otherwise, and would continue his favour; never with that matter molesting his conscience afterwards.‡ But when the progress towards the marriage was so far advanced that he saw how soon the active co-operation of

a chancellor must be required, he made suit to "his singular dear friend," the duke of Norfolk, to procure his discharge from this office. The duke, often solicited by More, then obtained, by importunate suit, a clear discharge for the chancellor. When he repaired to the king, to resign the great seal into his majesty's hands, Henry received him with thanks and praise for his worthy service, and assured him, that in any suit that should either concern his honour or appertain unto his profit, the king would show himself a good and gracious master to his faithful servant. The king directed Norfolk, when he installed his successor, to declare publicly, that his majesty had with pain yielded to the prayers of sir Thomas More, by the removal of such a magistrate.*

At the time of his resignation he asserted, and circumstances, without reference to his character, demonstrate the truth of his assertion, that his whole income, independent of grants from the crown, did not amount to more than 50*l.* yearly. This was not more than an eighth part of his gains at the bar and his judicial salary from the city of London taken together,—so great was the proportion in which his fortune had declined during eighteen years of employment in offices of such trust, advantage, and honour.† In this situation the clergy voted, as a testimonial of their gratitude to him, the sum of 5000*l.* pounds, which was a hundred times the amount of his income; and, according to the rate of interest at that time, would have yielded him 500*l.* a year, being ten times the yearly sum which he could then call his own. But good and honourable as he knew their messengers to be, of whom Tunstall was one, he declared that he would rather cast his money into the sea than take it: not speaking from a boastful pride, most foreign from his nature, but shrinking with a sort of instinctive delicacy from the touch of money, even before he considered how much the acceptance of the gift might impair his usefulness.

His resources were of a nobler nature. The simplicity of his tastes and the moderation of his indulgences rendered retrenchment a task so easy to himself, as to be scarcely perceptible in his personal habits. His fool or jester, then a necessary part of a great man's establishment, he gave to the lord mayor for the time being. His first care was to provide for his attendants, by placing his gentlemen and yeomen with peers and prelates, and his eight watermen in the service of his successor sir T. Audley, to whom he gave his great barge, one of the most indispensable appendages of his office in an age when carriages were unknown. His sorrows were for separation from those whom he loved. He called together his children and grandchildren, who had hitherto lived in peace and love under his patriarchal roof, and, lamenting

* "*Honorifice jussit rex de me testatum reddere quod egre ad preces meas me demiserit.*"—*Mori Ep. ad Erasm.*

† Apology, c. x. English Works, p. 867.

* Roper, p. 32.
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† Id. 48.

‡ Id.

that he could not as he was wont, and as he gladly would, bear out the whole charges of them all himself, continue living together as they were wont, he prayed them to give him their counsel on this trying occasion. When he saw them silent, and unwilling to risk an opinion, he gave them his, seasoned with his natural gaiety, and containing some strokes illustrative of the state of society at that time.—“I have been brought up,” quoth he, “at Oxford, at an inn of Chancery, at Lincoln’s Inn, and also in the king’s court, from the lowest degree to the highest, and yet I have at present left me little above 100*l.* a year” (including the king’s grants); “so that now if we like to live together we must be content to be contributaries together; but we must not fall to the lowest fare first:—we will begin with Lincoln’s Inn diet, where many right worshipful and of good years do live full well; which, if we find not ourselves the first year able to maintain, then will we the next year go one step to New Inn fare: if that year exceed our ability, we will the next year descend to Oxford fare, where many grave, learned, and ancient fathers are continually conversant. If our ability stretch not to maintain either, then may we yet with bags and wallets go a begging together, and hoping for charity at every man’s door, to sing *Salve regina*; and so still keep company and be merry together.”*

On the Sunday following his resignation, he stood at the door of his wife’s pew in the church, where one of his dismissed gentlemen had been used to stand, and making a low obeisance to Alice as she entered, said to her with perfect gravity,—“Madam, my lord is gone.” He who for seventeen years had not raised his voice in displeasure, would not be expected to sacrifice the gratification of his innocent merriment to the heaviest blows of fortune. Nor did he at fit times fail to prepare his beloved children for those more cruel strokes which he began to foresee. Discoursing with them, he enlarged on the happiness of suffering, for the love of God, the loss of goods, of liberty, of lands, of life. He would further say unto them, that if he might perceive his wife and children would encourage him to die in a good cause, it should so comfort him, that for very joy it would make him run merrily to death.

It must be owned that Henry felt the weight of this great man’s opinion, and tried every possible means to obtain at least the appearance of his spontaneous approbation. After the marriage with queen Anne, the king commanded Tunstall and other prelates to desire his attendance at the coronation at Westminster. They wrote a letter to persuade him to comply, and accompanied it with the needful present of 20*l.* to buy a court dress. Such overtures he had foreseen; for he said some time before to Roper, when he first heard of that marriage, “God grant, son Roper, that

these matters within a while be not confirmed with oaths!” He accordingly answered his friends the bishops well:—“Take heed, my lords: by procuring your lordships to be present at the coronation, they will next ask you to preach for the setting forth thereof; and finally to write books to all the world in defence thereof.”

This warning letter was not likely to be acceptable to Henry. An opportunity presented itself for trying another, in which it is very probable that he, in the first instance, limited his plan to menace, which he thought would be sufficient to subdue the obstinacy of More, whom a man of violent nature might believe to be fearful, because he was peaceful. Elizabeth Barton, called the holy maid of Kent, who had been, for a considerable number of years, afflicted by convulsive maladies, felt her morbid susceptibility so excited by Henry’s profane defiance of the catholic church, and his cruel desertion of Catharine, his faithful wife, that her pious and humane feelings led her to represent, and probably to believe herself to be visited by a divine revelation of those punishments which the king was about to draw down on himself and on the kingdom. In the universal opinion of the sixteenth century, such interpositions were considered as still occurring. The neighbours and visitors of the unfortunate young woman believed her ravings to be prophecies, and the contortions of her body to be those of a frame heaving and struggling under the awful agitations of divine inspiration, and confirmed that conviction of a mission from God, for which she was predisposed by her own pious benevolence, combined with the general error of the age. Both Fisher and More appear not to have altogether disbelieved her pretensions. More expressly declared, that he durst not and would not be bold in judging her miracles.* In the beginning of her prophecies, he had been commanded by the king to enquire into her case; and he made a report to Henry, who agreed with More in considering the whole of her miraculous pretensions as frivolous, and deserving no farther regard. But in 1532, several monks † so magnified her performances to him that he was prevailed on to see her; but refused to hear her speak about the king, saying to her, in general terms, that he had no desire to pry into the concerns of others. Pursuant, as it is said, to a sentence by or in the Star Chamber, she stood in the pillory at Paul’s Cross, acknowledging herself to be guilty of the imposture of claiming inspiration, and saying that she was tempted to this fraud by the instigation of the devil. Considering the circumstances of the case, and the character of the parties, it is far more probable that the ministers should have obtained a false confession from her hopes of saving her life, than that a simple woman should have contrived and carried

* More’s letter to Cromwell, probably written in the end of 1532.

† Of whom some were afterwards executed.

on, for many years, a system of complicated and elaborate imposture. It would not be inconsistent with this acquittal, to allow that, in the course of her self-delusion, she should have been induced, by some ecclesiastics of the tottering church, to take an active part in these pious frauds, which there is too much reason to believe that persons of unfeigned religion have been often so far misguided by enthusiastic zeal, as to prepetrate or to patronise.

But whatever were the motives or the extent of the holy maid's confession, it availed her nothing; for in the session of parliament which met in January, 1534, she and her ecclesiastical prompters were attainted of high treason, and adjudged to suffer death as traitors: Fisher bishop of Rochester, with others, were all attainted of misprision or concealment of treason, for which they were adjudged to forfeiture and imprisonment during the king's pleasure.* The holy maid, with her spiritual guides, suffered death at Tyburn on the 21st of April; she confirming her former confession, but laying her crime to the charge of her companions, if we may implicitly believe historians of the victorious party.†

Fisher and his supposed accomplices in misprision remained in prison according to their attainder. Of More the statute makes no mention; but it contains a provision, which, when it is combined with other circumstances to be presently related, appear to have been added to the bill for the purpose of providing for his safety. By this provision, the king's majesty, at the humble suit of his well beloved wife queen Anne, pardons all persons not expressly by name attainted by the statute, for all misprision and concealments relating to the false and feigned miracles and prophecies of Elizabeth Barton, on or before the 20th day of October, 1533. Now we are told by Roper,‡ "that sir Thomas More's name was originally inserted in the bill," the king supposing that this bill would to sir Thomas More be so troublous and terrible, that it would force him to relent and condescend to his request; wherein his grace was much deceived. Sir Thomas was personally to be received in his own defence to make answer. But the king, not liking that, sent the archbishop of Canterbury, the chancellor, the duke of Norfolk, and Cromwell, to attempt the conversion of More. Audley reminded More of the king's special favour and many benefits. More admitted them; but modestly added, that his highness had most graciously declared that on this matter More should be molested no more. When in the end they saw that no persuasion could move him, they then said, "that the king's highness had given them in commandment, if they could by no gentleness win him, in the king's name with ingratitude to charge him,

that never was servant to his master so villainous*, nor subject to his prince so traitorous as he." They even reproached him for having either written in the name of his master, or betrayed his sovereign into writing, the book against Luther, which had so deeply pledged Henry to the support of the papal pretensions. To these upbraidings he calmly answered, "The terrors are arguments for children, and not for me. As to the fact, the king knoweth, that after the book was finished by his highness's appointment, or the consent of the maker, I was only a sorter out and placer of the principal matters therein contained." He added, that he warned the king of the prudence of "touching the pope's authority more slenderly, and that he had reminded Henry of the statutes of premunire," whereby "a good part of the pope's pastoral care was pared away;" to which the impetuous monarch answered, "We are so much bounden unto the see of Rome, that we cannot do too much honour unto it." On More's return to Chelsea from his interview with these lords, Roper said to him—"I hope all is well, since you are so merry?"—"It is so, indeed," said More, "I thank God."—"Are you, then, out of the parliament bill?" said Roper.—"By my truth, I never remembered it; but," said More, "I will tell thee why I was so merry; because I had given the devil a foul fall, and that with those lords I had gone so far, as without great shame I never go back again." A frank avowal of the power of temptation, and a simple joy at having at the hazard of life escaped from the farther seductions of the court, bestowing a greatness on these few and familiar words which scarcely belongs to any other of the sayings of man.

Henry, incensed at the failure of wheedling and threatening messages, broke out into violent declarations of his resolution to include More in the attainder, and said that he should be personally present to ensure the passing of the bill. Lord Audley and his colleagues on their knees besought their master to forbear, lest by an overthrow in his own presence, he might be contemned by his own subjects, and dishonoured throughout Christendom for ever; adding, that they doubted not that they should find a more meet occasion "to serve his turn;" for that in this case of the nun he was so clearly innocent, that men deem him far worthier of praise than of reproof. Henry was compelled to yield.‡ Such was the power of the de-

* Like a *slave* or a *villain*. The word in the mouth of these gentlemen appears to have been in a state of transition, about the middle point between the original sense of "like a slave," and its modern acceptance of mean or malignant offenders. What proof is not supplied by this single fact in the history of the language of the masters, of their conviction, that the slavery maintained by them doomed the slaves to depravity.

† The house of lords addressed the king, praying him to declare whether it would be agreeable to his pleasure that sir T. More and others should not be heard in their own defence before "the lords in the

* 25 H. 8. c. 12. Stat. of the Realm, iii. p. 446.

† Such as Hall and Holinshed.

‡ P. 62.

fenceless virtue over the slender remains of independence among slavish peers, and over the lingering remnants of common humanity which might still be mingled with a cooler policy in the bosoms of subservient politicians. One of the worst of that race, Thomas Cromwell, on meeting Roper in the parliament house next day after the king assented to the prayer of his ministers, told him to tell More that he was put out of the bill. Roper sent a messenger to Margaret Roper, who hastened to her beloved father with the tidings. More answered her, with his usual gaiety and fondness, "In faith, Megg, what is put off is not given up."* Soon after, the duke of Norfolk said to him,—"By the mass! master More, it is perilous striving with princes; the anger of a prince brings death."—"Is that all, my lord? then the difference between you and me is but this—that I shall die to-day, and you to-morrow." No life in Plutarch is more full of happy sayings and striking retorts than that of More. But the terseness and liveliness of his are justly overlooked in the contemplation of that union of perfect simplicity with moral grandeur, which, perhaps, no other human being has so uniformly reached.

By a tyrannical edict, misnamed a law, in the same session of 1533-4, it was made high treason, after the 1st of May, 1534, by writing, print, deed, or act, to do or to procure, or cause to be done or procured, any thing to the prejudice, slander, disturbance, or derogation of the king's lawful matrimony with queen Anne. If the same offences were committed by words, they were only misprision. The same act enjoined all persons to take an oath to maintain the whole contents of the statute, and an obstinate refusal to make such oath was subjected to the penalties of misprision. This statute prescribed no form for the oath. On the 30th of March,† however, which was the day of closing the session, the chancellor Audley, when the commons were at the bar, but when they could neither deliberate nor assent, read the king's letters patent, containing the form of an oath, and appointing the archbishop of Canterbury, the chancellor, the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, to be commissioners for administering it.

Sir T. More was summoned to appear before these commissioners at Lambeth, on Monday the 13th of April, 1534. "On other occasions he evermore used, at his departure from his wife and children, whom he tenderly loved, to have them brought to his boat, and there to kiss them, and bid them all farewell. At that time he would suffer none of them to follow him forth of the gate,

but pulled the wicket after him, and shut them all from him, and with Roper and four servants took boat towards Lambeth. He sat for a while; but at last, his mind being lightened and relieved by those high principles to which with him every low consideration yielded, whispered—"Son Roper! I thank our Lord, the field is won."—"As I conjectured," says Roper, "it was for that his love to God conquered his carnal affections." An account of his conduct during the examination at Lambeth was sent by him to his darling child, Margaret Roper.* After having read the statute and the form of the oath, he declared his readiness to swear that he would maintain and defend the order of succession to the crown as established by parliament. He disclaimed all censure of those who had imposed, or on those who had taken, the oath, but declared it to be impossible that he should swear to the whole contents of it, without offending against his own conscience; adding, that if they doubted whether his refusal proceeded from pure scruple of conscience or from his own phantasies, he was willing to satisfy their doubts by oath. The commissioners urged that he was the first who refused it: they showed him the subscriptions of all the lords and commons who had sworn; they held out the king's sure displeasure at the single recusant. When he was called on a second time, they charged him with obstinacy for not mentioning any special part of the oath which wounded his conscience.

He answered, that if he were to open his reasons for refusal farther, he should exasperate the king still more. He offered, however, to assign his reasons if the lords would procure his highness's gracious assurance that the avowal of the grounds of his defence should not be considered as offensive to the king, nor prove dangerous to himself. The commissioners answered that such assurances would be no defence against a legal charge. He offered, however, to trust himself to the king's honour. Cranmer took some advantage of More's candour, urging that, as he had disclaimed all blame of those who had sworn, it was evident that he thought it only doubtful whether the oath was unlawful; and desired him to consider whether the obligation to obey the king was not absolutely certain. He was struck with the subtlety of this reasoning, which took him by surprise, but not convinced of its solidity. Notwithstanding his surprise, he seems to have almost touched the true answer, that as the oath contained a profession of opinion, such, for example, as the lawfulness of the king's marriage, on which men might differ, it might be declined by some and taken by others with equal honesty. Cromwell, whom More believed to favour him, loudly swore that he would rather see his only son had lost his head than that More had thus refused the oath. Cromwell bore the answer to the king, and chancellor Audley distinctly

royal senate called the *Stere Chamber*." Nothing more appears on the journals relating to this matter. *Lords' Journ.* 6th March, 1533. The journals prove the narrative of Roper, from which the text is composed, to be as accurate as it is beautiful.

* He spoke to her in his conversational Latin,—*"Quod differtur non aufertur."*

† *Lords' Journ.* p. 82.

* English Works, 1428—1430.

enjoined him to state very clearly More's willingness to swear to the succession. "Surely," said More, "as to swearing to the succession, I see no peril." Cromwell was not a good man, but the gentle virtue of More subdued even the bad. He never more returned to his house, being committed to the custody of the abbot of Westminster, in which he continued four days; and at the end of that time he was conveyed to the Tower * on Friday the 17th of April, 1534.

Before the end of the session, 1534, two statutes † were passed to attain More and Fisher of misprision of treason, specifying the punishment to be imprisonment of body and loss of goods. By that which relates to More, the king's grants of land to him in 1523 and 1525 are resumed; it is alleged that he refused the oath since the 1st of May of 1534, with an intent to sow sedition; and he is reproached for having demeaned himself in other respects ungratefully and unkindly to the king, his benefactor.

In the session which began on the 3d of November, 1534 ‡, an act was passed which ratifies and professes to recite the form of oath promulgated on the day of the prorogation; and enacts that the oath above recited shall be *reputed* to be the very oath intended by the former act of succession §, though there were, in fact, some substantial and important interpolations in the latter act; such as the words "most dear and entirely beloved, lawful wife, Queen Anne, which tended to render that form still less acceptable than before, to the scrupulous consciences of More and Fisher.

That this statement of the legislative measures which affected them is necessary to a consideration of the legality of More's trial, which must be owned to be a part of its justice, will appear in its proper place. In the mean time, the few preparatory incidents which occurred during thirteen months' imprisonment, must be briefly related. His wife Alice, though an excellent housewife, yet in her visits to the Tower handled his misfortunes and his scruples too roughly. "Like an ignorant, and somewhat worldly, woman, she bluntly said to him, 'How can a man taken for wise, like you, play the fool in this close filthy prison, when you might be abroad at your liberty, if you would but do as the bishops have done?'" She enlarged on his fair house at Chelsea, "his library, gallery, garden, and orchard, together with

the company of his wife and children." He bore with kindness in its most displeasing form, and answered her cheerfully after his manner, which was to blend religious feelings with quaintness and liveliness. "Is not this house as high heaven as mine own?" She answered him in a homely exclamation of contempt *, of which the origin or meaning cannot now be ascertained, "*Tilly valle, tilly valle.*" † He treated her harsh language as a wholesome exercise for his patience, and replied with equal mildness, though with more gravity, "Why should I joy in my gay house, when if I should rise from the grave in seven years, I should not fail to find some one there who would bid me to go out of doors, for it was none of mine?" It was not thus that his Margaret Roper conversed or corresponded with him during his confinement. A short note written to her a little while after his commitment, with a coal (his only pen and ink) begins, "Mine own good daughter," and is closed in the following fond and pious words:—"Written with a coal, by your tender loving father, who in his poor prayers forgetteth none of you, nor your babes, nor your good husbands, nor your father's shrewd wife neither." Shortly after, mistaking the sense of a letter from her, which he thought advised him to compliance, he wrote a letter to her which rebukes her supposed purpose with the utmost vehemence of affection, and the deepest regard to her judgment. "I hear many terrible things towards me; but they all never touched me, never so near, nor were they so grievous unto me as to see you, my well beloved child, in such a piteous and vehement manner, labour to persuade me to a thing whereof I have of pure necessity, for respect unto myne own soul, so often given you so precise an answer before. The matters that move my conscience I have sundry times shown you, that I will disclose them to no one.‡ Margaret's reply was worthy of herself. She acquiesces in his "faithful and delectable letter, the faithful messenger of his virtuous mind," and almost rejoices in his victory over all earth-born cares. She concludes thus:—"Your own most loving obedient daughter and bedeswoman §, Margaret Roper, who desireth above all worldly things to be in John Wood's stede to do you some service." This John Wood was the servant permitted to attend sir Thomas More in the Tower. After another interval, however, pity prevailed so far as to obtain the king's licence for Margaret Roper to resort to him in the Tower. It would be blamable to seek for bad motives in the case of so merciful an alleviation of punishment.

On her first visit, after gratefully performing their accustomed devotions, his first care was to soothe her afflicted heart by the assurance that he

* Roper tells us that the king, who had intended to desist from his importunities, was exasperated by Queen Anne's clamour to tender the oath at Lambeth. But he detested that unhappy lady, whose marriage was the occasion of More's ruin; and though Roper was an unimpeachable witness relating to sir Thomas's conversation, he is of less weight as to what passed in the interior of the palace. The ministers might have told such a story to excuse themselves to Roper. Anne could have had no opportunity of contradiction.

† 26 H. VIII. c. 22, 23.

‡ 1d. c. 2.

§ 25 H. VIII. c. 22. § 9. Compare 1 Lords' Journ.

82.

* Roper, 72.

† Nares's Glossary, London, 1822.

‡ English Works, 1430.

§ 1d. 1431, Bedesman—one who prays for another.

saw no cause to reckon himself in worse case there than in his own house. On another occasion he asked her how queen Anne did. "In faith, father," said she, "never better."—"Never better, Megg!" quoth he; "alas! Megg, it pitieth me to remember into what misery, poor soul, she shall shortly come."* Various attempts continued still to be made to cajole him; partly, perhaps, with the hope that his intercourse with the beloved Margaret might have softened him. Cromwell told him that the king was still his good master, and did not wish to press his conscience. The lords commissioners went twice to the Tower to tender the oath to him. But neither he nor Fisher would advance farther than their original declaration of perfect willingness to maintain the settlement of the crown, which, being a matter purely political, was within the undisputed competence of parliament. They refused to include in their oath any other matter on account of scruples of conscience, which they forbore to particularise, lest they might thereby furnish their enemies with a pretext for representing their defence as a new crime. As their real ground, which was, that it would be insincere in them to declare upon oath, that they believed the king's marriage with Anne to be lawful, they might, by the statement of that ground in defending themselves against a charge of misprision of treason, have incurred the penalties of high treason.

Two difficulties occurred in reconciling the destruction of sir Thomas More with any form or colour of law. The first of them consisted in the circumstance that the naked act of refusing the oath was, even by the late statute, punishable only as a misprision; and though concealment of treason was never expressly declared to be only a misprision till the statute to that effect was passed under Philip and Mary†, chiefly perhaps occasioned by the case of More, yet it seemed strange thus to prosecute him for the refusal, as an act of treason, after it had been positively made punishable as a misprision by a general statute, and after a special act of attainder for misprision had been passed against him. Both these enactments were, on the supposition of the refusal being indictable for treason, absolutely useless, and such as tended to make More believe that he was safe as long as he remained silent. The second has been already intimated, that he had yet said nothing which could be tortured into a semblance of those acts derogatory from the king's marriage, which had been made treason. To conquer this last difficulty, sir Robert Rich the solicitor-general undertook the infamous task of betraying More into some declaration, which might be pretended to be treasonable, in a confidential conversation, and under pretext of familiar friendship. What the success of this flagitious attempt was, the reader will see in the account of More's trial. It appears from a

letter of Margaret Roper, apparently written in the winter of 1534-5, that his persecutors now tried another expedient for vanquishing his constancy, by restraining him from church, and she adds, "from the company of my good mother and his poor children."‡ More, in his answer, expresses his wonted affection in very familiar, but in most significant, language:—"If I were to declare in writing how much pleasure your daughterly loving letters gave me, a peck of coals would not suffice to make the pens." So confident was he of his innocence, and so safe did he deem himself on the side of law, that "he believed some new causeless suspicion, founded upon some secret sinister information," had risen up against him.†

On the 2d or 3d of May, 1535, sir Thomas More informed his dear daughter of a visit from Cromwell, attended by the attorney and solicitor general, and certain civilians, at which Cromwell urged to More the statute which made the king head of the church, and required an answer on that subject. More replied; "I am the king's true faithful subject, and daily bedesman: I say no harm, and do no harm; and if this be not enough to keep a man alive, in good faith I long not to live." This ineffectual attempt was followed by another visit from Cranmer, the chancellor, the duke of Suffolk, the earl of Wiltshire, and Cromwell, who, after much argument, tendered an oath, by which he was to promise to make answers to questions which they might put; and on his decisive refusal, Cromwell gave him to understand that, agreeably to the language at the former conference, "his grace would follow the course of his laws towards such as he should find obstinate." Cranmer, who too generally complied with evil counsels, but nearly always laboured to prevent their execution, wrote a persuasive letter to Cromwell, earnestly praying the king to be content with More and Fisher's proffered engagement to maintain the succession, which would render the whole nation unanimous on the practical part of that great subject.

On the 6th of May, 1535, almost immediately after the defeat of every attempt to practise on his firmness, More was brought to trial at Westminster, and it will scarcely be doubted, that no such culprit stood at any European bar for a thousand years. It is rather from caution than from necessity that the ages of Roman domination are excluded from the comparison. It does not seem that in any moral respect Socrates himself could claim a superiority. It is lamentable that the records of the proceedings against such a man should be scanty. We do not certainly know the specific offence of which he was convicted. There does not seem, however, to be much doubt that the prosecution was under the act "for the establishment of the king's succession," passed in the session 1533-4§, which made it high treason "to do any thing to the prejudice, slander, disturbance, or

* Roper, 72.

† 1 & 2 Phil. and Mar. c. 10. s. 8.

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* Engl. Works, 1446.

† Id. 1447.

‡ More to Margaret Roper. Engl. Works, 1452.

§ 25 H. VIII. c. 22.

derogation of the lawful marriage" between Henry and Anne. Almost any act, done or declined, might be forced within the undefined limits of such vague terms. In this case the prosecutors probably represented his refusal to answer certain questions which, according to them, must have related to the marriage, his observations at his last examination, and especially his conversation with Rich, as overt acts of that treason, inasmuch as it must have been known by him that his conduct on these occasions tended to create a general doubt of the legitimacy of the marriage.

To the first alleged instance of his resistance to the king, which consisted in his original judgment against the marriage, he answered in a manner which rendered reply impossible, "that it could never be treason or one of the king's advisers to give him honest advice." On the like refusal respecting the king's headship of the church, he answered that "no man could be punished for silence." The attorney general said, that the prisoner's silence was "malicious." More justly answered, that "he had a right to be silent where his language was likely to be injuriously misconstrued." Respecting his letters to bishop Fisher, they were burnt, and no evidence was offered of their contents, which he solemnly declared to have no relation to the charges. And as to the last charge, that he had called the act of settlement "a two-edged sword, which would destroy his soul if he complied with it, and his body if he refused," it was answered by him, that "he supposed the reason of his refusal to be equally good, whether the question led to an offence against his conscience, or to the necessity of criminalizing himself."

Cromwell had before told him, that though he was suffering perpetual imprisonment for the misprision, the punishment did not release him from his allegiance, and he was amenable to the law for treason. Cromwell overlooked the essential circumstances, that the facts laid as treason were the same on which the attainder for misprision was founded. Even if that were not a strictly maintainable objection in technical law, it certainly showed the flagrant injustice of the whole proceeding.

The evidence, however, of any such strong circumstances attendant on the refusal as could raise it into an act of treason must have seemed defective; for the prosecutors were reduced to the necessity of examining Rich, one of their own number, to prove circumstances of which he could have had no knowledge, without the foulest treachery on his part. Rich said, that he had gone to More as a friend, and asked him, if an act of parliament had made Rich king, More would not acknowledge him. Sir Thomas said, "Yes, sir, that I would."—"If they declared me pope, would you acknowledge me?"—"In the first case, I have no doubt about temporal governments; but suppose the parliament should make a law that God should not be God, would you then, Mr. Rich, say that God

should not be God?"—"No," says Rich, "no parliament could make such a law." Rich went on to swear, that sir Thos. More added, "No more could the parliament make the king supreme head of the church." More denied the latter part of Rich's evidence altogether; which is, indeed, inconsistent with the whole tenour of his language. More was then compelled to expose the profligacy of Rich's character. "I am," he said, "more sorry for your perjury, than for mine own peril. Neither I, nor any man, ever took you to be a person of such credit as I could communicate with on such matters. We dwelt near in one parish, and you were always esteemed very light of your tongue, and not of any commendable fame. Can it be likely to your lordships that I should so unadvisedly overshoot myself, as to trust Mr. Rich with what I have concealed from the king, or any of his noble and grave counsellors?"

The credit of Rich was so deeply wounded, that he was compelled to call sir Richard Southwell, and Mr. Palmer, who were present at the conversation, to prop his tottering evidence. They made a paltry excuse, by alleging that they were so occupied in removing More's books, that they did not listen to the words of this extraordinary conversation. The jury*, in spite of these circumstances, convicted sir Thomas More. Chancellor Audley, who was at the head of the commission, of which Spelman and Fitzherbert, eminent lawyers, were members, was about to pronounce judgment, when he was interrupted by sir Thomas More, who claimed the usual privilege of being heard to show that judgment should not be passed.

More urged, that he had so much ground for his scruples as at least to exempt his refusal from the imputation of disaffection, or of what the law deems to be malice. The chancellor asked him once more how his scruples could balance the weight of the parliament, people, and church of England? a topic which had been used against him at every interview and conference since he was brought prisoner to Lambeth. The appeal to weight of authority influencing conscience was, however, singularly unfortunate. More answered, as he had always done, "Nine out of ten of Christians now in the world think with me. Nearly all the learned doctors and holy fathers who are already dead, agree with me: and therefore I think myself not bound to conform my conscience to the council of one realm, against the general consent of all Christendom." Chief Justice Fitzjames concurred in the sufficiency of the indictment; which, after the verdict of the jury, was the only matter before the court.

The chancellor then pronounced the savage sen-

* Sir T. Palmer, sir T. Bent, G. Lovell, esquire, Thomas Burbage, esquire, G. Chamber, gentleman, Edward Stockmore, William Brown, Jasper Leake, Thomas Bellington, John Parnell, Richard Bellamy, and G. Stoakes, gentlemen, were the jury.

tence which the law directed in cases of treason. More, having no longer any measures to keep, openly declared, that after seven years' study, "he could find no colour for holding that a layman could be head of the church." The commissioners once more offered him a favourable audience for any matter which he had to propose.—"More have I not to say, my lords, but that as St. Paul held the clothes of those who stoned Stephen to death, and as they are now both saints in heaven, and shall continue there friends for ever; so I verily trust, and shall therefore right heartily pray, that though your lordships have now here on earth been judges to my condemnation, we may, nevertheless, hereafter cheerfully meet in heaven, in everlasting salvation."*

Sir W. Kingston, "his very dear friend," constable of the Tower, as, with tears running down his cheeks, he conducted his prisoner from Westminster, condoled with sir T. More, who endeavoured to assuage the sorrow of his friend by the consolations of religion. The same gentleman said afterwards to Roper,—"I was ashamed of myself when I found my heart so feeble, and his so strong."

Margaret Roper, his good angel, watched for his landing at the Tower wharf. "After his blessing upon her knees reverently received, without care of herself, pressing in the midst of the throng, and the guards that were about him with halberds and bills, she hastily ran to him, and openly, in sight of them all, embraced and kissed him. He gave her again his fatherly blessing. After separation she, all ravished with the entire love of her dear father, suddenly turned back again, ran to him as before, took him about the neck, and divers times kissed him most lovingly,—a sight which made many of the beholders weep and mourn."†

Thus tender was the heart of the admirable woman who had at the same time the greatness of soul to strengthen her father's fortitude, by disclaiming the advice for which he, having mistaken her meaning, had meekly rebuked her, to prefer life to right.

On the 14th of June, he was once more examined by four civilians in the Tower. "He was asked, first, whether he would obey the king as supreme head of the church of England on earth immediately under Christ? to which he said, that he could make no answer. Secondly, whether he would consent to the king's marriage with queen Anne, and affirm the marriage with the lady Catharine to have been unlawful? To which he answered that he did never speak nor meddle against the same; and, thirdly, whether he is not bound to answer the said question, and to recognize the headship as aforesaid? To which he said, that he could make no answer."‡

* Roper, p. 90.

† Roper, p. 90.

‡ English Works, 1458. Printed, London, 1557; and Roper, p. 92.

It is evident that these interrogatories, into which some terms peculiarly objectionable to More were now for the first time inserted, were contrived for the sole purpose of reducing the illustrious victim to the option of uttering a lie or of suffering death. The conspirators against him might, perhaps, have a faint idea that they had at length broken his spirit. If he persisted, they hoped that he might be represented as bringing destruction on himself by his own obstinacy.

Such, however, was his calm and well-ordered mind, that he said and did nothing to provoke his fate. Had he given affirmative answers, he would have sworn falsely: he was the martyr of veracity. He perished only because he was sincere. On Monday, the 5th of July, 1535, he wrote a farewell letter to Margaret Roper, with his usual materials of coal. It contained blessings to all his children by name, with a kind remembrance even to one of Margaret's maids. Adverting to their last interview, on the quay, he says,—"I never liked your manner towards me better than when you kissed me last; for I love when daughterly love and dear charity have no leisure to look to worldly courtesy."

On Tuesday, the 6th of July (St. Thomas's eve,) 1535, sir Thomas Pope, "his singular good friend," came to him early with a message from the king and council, to say that he should die before nine o'clock of the same morning. "The king's pleasure," said Pope, "is that you shall not use many words."—"I did purpose," answered More, "to have spoken somewhat, but I will conform myself to the king's commandment, and I beseech you to obtain from him that my daughter Margaret may be present at my burial."—"The king is already content that your wife, children, and other friends shall be present thereat." The lieutenant brought him to the scaffold, which was so weak that it was ready to fall, on which he said, merrily, "Master lieutenant, I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." When he laid his head on the block he desired the executioner to wait till he had removed his beard, for that had never offended his highness.

He has been censured by some for such levities at the moment of death. These are censorious cavils, which would not be worthy of an allusion if they had not occasioned some sentences of as noble reflection, and beautiful composition, as the English language contains. "The innocent mirth, which had been so conspicuous in his life, did not forsake him to the last. His death was of a piece with his life; there was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing his head from his body as a circumstance which ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind; and as he died in a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper."*

* Spectator, No. 349.

According to the barbarous practice of laws which vainly struggle to carry their cruelty beyond the grave, the head of sir Thomas More was placed on London bridge. His darling daughter, Margaret, had the courage to procure the head to be taken down, that she might exercise her affection by continuing to look on a head so dear. Carrying her love beyond the grave, she desired that it might be buried with her when she died, which was about nine years after the fate of her father. The remains of this precious relic are said to have been since observed in the burial place, lying on what had been her bosom. Her male descendants appear to have been soon extinct. Her descendants through females are probably numerous.* This admirable woman resembled her father in mind, in manner, in the features and expression of her countenance, and in her form and gait. Her learning was celebrated throughout Christendom: it is seldom that literature wears a more agreeable aspect than when it becomes a bond of union between such a father and such a daughter. His eldest son, John, married Anne Crisacre, the heiress of an estate at Barnborough, near Doncaster, still held by his posterity through females.† The mansion of the Mores still subsists there. The last male descendant of sir Thomas More, was Thomas More, a jesuit, who was principal of the college of jesuits at Bruges, and died at Bath in 1795, having survived his famous order, and, according to the appearances of that time, his ancient religion; as if the family of More were one of the many ties which may be traced through the interval of two centuries and a half between the revolutions of religion and those of government.

The letters and narratives of Erasmus diffused the story of More's fate throughout Europe. Cardinal Pole bewailed it with elegance and feeling. It filled Italy, the most cultivated portion of Europe, with horror. Paulo Jovio called Henry a Phalaris, though we shall in vain look in the story of Phalaris, or of any other real or legendary tyrant, for a victim worthy of being compared to More. The English ministers throughout Europe were regarded with averted eyes as the agents of a monster. At Venice, Henry, after this deed, was deemed capable of any crimes. He was believed there to have murdered Catharine, and to be about to murder his daughter Mary.‡ The catholic zeal of Spain, and the resentment of the Spanish people against the oppression of Catharine, quickened their sympathy with More, and aggravated their detestation of Henry. Mason, the envoy at Valladolid, thought every pure Latin phrase too weak for More, and describes him by a phrase as

contrary to the rules of that language as "thrice greatest" would be to the idiom of ours. When intelligence of his death was brought to the emperor Charles V., he sent for sir T. Elliot, the English ambassador, and said to him, "My lord ambassador, we understand that the king your master has put his wise counsellor sir Thomas More to death." Elliot, abashed, made answer that he understood nothing thereof. "Well," said the emperor, "it is too true; and this we will say, that if we had been master of such a servant, we should rather have lost the best city in our dominions than have lost such a worthy counsellor." "Which matter," says Roper, in the concluding words of his beautiful narrative, "was by sir T. Elliot told to myself, my wife, to Mr. Clement and his wife, and to Mr. Heywood and his wife."§

Of all men nearly perfect, sir Thomas More had, perhaps, the clearest marks of individual character. His peculiarities, though distinguishing him from all others, were yet withheld from growing into moral faults. It is not enough to say of him that he was unaffected, that he was natural, that he was simple; so the larger part of truly great men have been. But there is something homespun in More which is common to him with scarcely any other, and which gives to all his faculties and qualities the appearance of being the native growth of the soil. The homeliness of his pleasantries purifies it from show. He walks on the scaffold clad only in his household goodness. The unrefined benignity with which he ruled his patriarchal dwelling at Chelsea enabled him to look on the axe without being disturbed by feeling hatred for the tyrant. This quality bound together his genius and learning, his eloquence and fame, with his homely and daily duties, bestowing a genuineness on all his good qualities, a dignity on the most ordinary offices of life, and an accessible familiarity on the virtues of a hero and a martyr, which silences every suspicion that his excellences were magnified.

He thus simply performed great acts, and uttered great thoughts, because they were familiar to his great soul. The charm of this inborn and homebred character seems as if it would have been taken off by polish. It is this household character which relieves our notion of him from vagueness, and divests perfection of that generality and coldness to which the attempt to paint a perfect man is so liable.

It will naturally, and very strongly, excite the regret of the good in every age, that the life of this best of men should have been in the power of him who was rarely surpassed in wickedness. But the execrable Henry was the means of drawing

* "Ter maximus ille Morus."—*Ellis*.

† Instead of Heywood, perhaps we ought to read "Heron?" In that case the three daughters of sir Thomas More would be present. Mrs. Roper was the eldest, Mrs. Clement the second and Cecilia Heron the youngest.

* One of them, Mr. James Hinton Baverstock, inserted his noble pedigree from Margaret, in 1819, in a copy of More's English Works, at this moment before me.

† Hunter's South Yorkshire, pp. 374, 375.

‡ Ellis's Letters.

forth the magnanimity, the fortitude, and the meekness of More. Had Henry been a just and merciful monarch, we should not have known the degree of excellence to which human nature is capable of ascending. Catholics ought to see in More, that mildness and candour are the true ornaments of all modes of faith. Protestants ought to be taught humility and charity from this instance of the wisest and best of men falling into, what they deem, the most fatal errors. All men, in the fierce contests of contending factions should, from such

an example, learn the wisdom to fear lest in their most hated antagonist they may strike down a *sir Thomas More*; for assuredly virtue is not so narrow as to be confined to any party; and we have, in the case of More, a signal example that the nearest approach to perfect excellence does not exempt men from mistakes which we may justly deem mischievous. It is a pregnant proof, that we should beware of hating men for their opinions, or of adopting their doctrines because we love and venerate their virtues.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

1471—1530.

THOMAS CARDINAL WOLSEY, the celebrated prime minister and favourite of Henry VIII., was born at Ipswich, in Suffolk, in 1471. According to Cavendish, his gentleman usher and biographer, he was "an honest poor man's son," under which vagueness of expression it is supposed an attempt is made to conceal the fact of his father having been a butcher.* That his father was a man at least of moderate wealth, is evident from his will, in which, among other legacies, he bequeaths "all his land and tenements" in the parish of St. Nicholas, and his "free and bond lands" in St. Stoke, to his widow; and, indeed, may be inferred from the circumstance of his son's entering the university of Oxford at a very early age. Wolsey was eminently favoured by nature in grace and beauty of person. Hence Shakspeare happily says of him, that he "was fashioned to much honour from the cradle." Of those incidents and circumstances of his early domestic life, which might throw light on the formation of his character, we unfortunately possess no information. Cavendish merely tells us, that from his childhood he was "very apt to learning;" and he himself used, in the very zenith of his fortune, to

appeal, with laudable vanity, to his university appellation of the *boy bachelor*, as the best proof of his early devotion to literature.

He was entered, most probably with a view to the church as a means of livelihood, the church being then the great ladder of ambition to men of lowly birth, of Magdalen College, Oxford, where he became a bachelor of arts at fifteen years of age, an occurrence which, as he himself told Cavendish, "was a rare thing, and seldom seen." He was also, at a very early age, elected fellow of Magdalen; and having been subsequently admitted to orders,* was appointed master of the preparatory school of his college. It is no less creditable to the head than to the heart of Wolsey that he was, from the commencement to the end of his career, imbued with a deep sense of the importance of the office of instructor of youth; and that in his school he displayed that perseverance, self-control, and unremitting vigilance, so essential to the business of education, and, it may be added, so indispensable to a penniless votary of ambition. During his residence at Magdalen College, he enjoyed the society of Erasmus, and, it is said, also of *sir T. More*.

An accident—as it turned out a fortunate one—prevented Wolsey from probably slumbering out his days in the cloisters of his alma mater. It happened that there were among his pupils three sons of Grey, marquis of Dorset (a collateral ancestor of Lady Jane Grey), who, owing to Henry's distrustfulness of the more ancient and wealthy nobility, even though they had been

* There being no direct testimony to the fact of Wolsey's father having been a butcher, a foolish controversy has been waged concerning its probability. That he was a man of humble origin,—“an honest poor man,” as Cavendish designates him,—is admitted on all hands; and it matters little what may have been his vocation, so far as the natal pretensions of his son to power and distinction are concerned. In the text we have assumed him to have been a butcher, because such was the belief of his contemporaries. He is distinctly alluded to as the butcher's dog in the satirical poem, erroneously ascribed, according to Mr. Singer (edition of Cavendish's Life,) to Skelton; and by that dyalogistic epithet, Hall tells us, the populace usually characterised him. Luther calls him a butcher's son in his Colloquies; and Polydore Vergil also speaks of his father as a butcher. That his father died in easy circumstances, as stated in the text, is evident from his will, which the reader will find copied in the Appendix to Mr. Singer's excellent edition of Cavendish.

* At the date of his father's will, 31st of September, 1496, Wolsey was 25 years of age; and as it should seem was not yet in orders. “I wyll that if Thomas my son be a prest within a yer next after my decease, than I wyll that he syng for me and my friends, be the space of a yer, and he for to have for his salary X more, and, if the seyd Thomas my son be not a prest than I wyll that another honest prest syng for me.” The expression, however, implies that Wolsey was preparing to take orders.

enemies of the house of York, then lived in rural retirement. During the Christmas holidays in 1499, Wolsey attended his "three honourable scholars" to their father's house; when he so gained upon the marquis by his fascinating powers of conversation, and by the progress which his pupils had made under his care, that that nobleman presented him to the rectory of Lymington in Somersetshire, a benefice in the gift of his family. Wolsey was in the 29th year of his age when he obtained this his first church preferment, for which he immediately relinquished his school and other collegiate appointments. Before, however, he left the university, he had given proofs of the love of literature, enterprising magnificence, and patronage of art, which were the virtues of his character; and had given occasion for the suspicion of that disregard of any quality in means except their immediate efficacy, which was his predominant and fatal vice. He was elected bursar of his college in 1498, at which time Erasmus was at Oxford; and he zealously concurred with that eminent scholar and genius (whose venal praise and dispraise of Wolsey are alike disgraceful to literature) in encouraging the study of the Greek writers, or, as it was then called, the new learning. At the same time Wolsey had erected the tower of Magdalen College chapel, known by the name of *Wolsey's Tower*, admired for the chaste simplicity and elegance of its architecture. The building of this tower involved Wolsey in pecuniary embarrassments which affected his reputation: for he is affirmed to have fraudulently applied the college funds, over which his office of bursar gave him some control, to the erection of the edifice; and is even reported to have used violent means to supply himself from the college treasury with the necessary money. The same taste for building attended and embarrassed him in every stage of his career: for no sooner was he settled in his "cure" than he set about repairing and beautifying the church and parsonage house; and to this day Esher, Christ Church college Oxford, and Hampton Court remain monuments of his wealth, love of magnificence, and genius for architecture. Never, indeed, was there a clergyman to whom the designation in the epigram—"ut donem pastor et edificem,"—would more happily apply.

Wolsey remained at the rectory of Lymington but two years, during which an incident, curious in many of its bearings, occurred, that is not unworthy of our notice. Wolsey, being of a "free and sociable temper" (we quote the *Biographia Britannica*), went with some of his neighbours to a fair in an adjacent town, where his reverence is said to have got so drunk* as to create some

disorders; for which he was punished by a sir Amyas Paulet, a neighbouring justice of the peace, with the "ignominious durance" of the public stocks of the town. This incident is interesting as illustrative of the manners of the times. The fact of a beneficed clergyman being thus held up to popular derision for an indecorum which many of his successors, even in the present day, might term an act of good fellowship, jars much with our notions of modern refinement. But it clearly shows the fruitfulness of the English soil for the seeds of the approaching Reformation; and proves that our catholic ancestors were not so priest-ridden, nor those priests so openly dissolute in their habits, as protestant zeal has repeatedly asserted. It is probable that Wolsey considered the affront to be aimed at the meanness of his birth; for, being of a temper less prone to resent injuries than contempt, he held it in angry recollection till fortune placed the offender within his power. Though prudence and magnanimity should have prevented his raking up the transaction from probable oblivion, Wolsey, on his becoming lord chancellor, sent for sir Amyas, and, sternly reprimanding him for his affront to the rector of Lymington, commanded him to remain within the bounds of the Temple during pleasure. The mode by which, after a confinement of five or six years, the unlucky justice at length mitigated the resentment of the vindictive minister is characteristic. He embellished the exterior of his residence, situate at the gate of the Middle Temple, with the arms, the hat, and other badges of distinction proper to Wolsey as a cardinal; and by this architectural offering to the haughty churchman's vanity obtained his liberty.

On leaving Lymington (the emoluments of the living of which he, however, did not resign for seven years after, having in the mean time obtained two papal dispensations for holding a plurality of benefices), Wolsey entered the service of Deane, archbishop of Canterbury, as domestic chaplain, and soon after that of sir John Nanfar, treasurer of Calais, in the same capacity. The circumstance of his being thus received into the household of the archbishop of Canterbury abundantly disproves an assertion of some of his biographers, that, overwhelmed with shame for the ill odour in which his dissolute conduct at his cure of Lymington caused him to be held, he fled from it suddenly on the death, in 1501, of his patron, the marquis of Dorset; and is, indeed, hardly reconcilable with the scandalous tradition of his inebriety which we have just noticed. Though nominally but chaplain, sir John Nanfar, owing to the infirmity of old age, soon committed to him the whole management of his office, in which Wolsey gave so much satisfaction, that on the knight's return to England, he recommended him with such earnestness to the

trical life of Wolsey, represents him as the injured party. "Wrong'd by a knight for no desert of mine."
—See Singer's edition of *Cavendish*.

* The ground for this assertion is not known, and should seem to have no earlier authority than sir John Harrington. Cavendish professes ignorance of the cause which, "Sir, by your leave, made the knight so bold to set the schoolmaster by the feet during pleasure." It may be remarked that Storer, in his me-

king, that Henry (VII.), ever willing to secure the services of men of practical ability, made him one of his chaplains.

This was the step to fortune which Wolsey had long panted for, and which he failed not speedily to improve, as it afforded full scope for the display of all those natural and acquired advantages in which he is admitted to have excelled. We have said that he was eminently favoured by nature in dignity of person and manner: he was, moreover, celebrated according to Cavendish for "a special gift of natural eloquence, with a filed tongue to pronounce the same; so that he was able with the same to persuade and allure all men to his purpose;" or, as Shakspeare phrases it, he was "exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading." But he possessed endowments still more rare and valuable. Besides his great fluency of diction and practical self-command, Wolsey had a quick and correct perception of character and of the secret springs of action, and a singular power of shaping his conduct and conversation according to circumstances. Hence his extraordinary influence over those in power with whom he came in contact, which seemed to partake of the nature of fascination, and which was not the less paramount and enduring that it was unostentatious, and seemed to but blindly follow where, in fact, it guided. With the gay, youthful, and prodigal Henry VIII., Wolsey was betimes the magnificent courtier—the frolicsome companion—the state Mentor, and the commentator on Thomas Aquinas—the grave minister, and the mirthful favourite; while with the wary and calculating founder of the Tudor dynasty he was remarkable for the laborious assiduity, business-regularity, and monotonous steadiness of his habits. Such power of self-control, combined with his splendid abilities and insinuating address, could not fail to recommend Wolsey to Henry and his ministers, particularly when it was observed (as we are informed by Cavendish) that, after celebrating mass before the king, "he spent not forth the day in vain idleness, but gave his attendance upon those whom he thought to bear most rule in the council, to be most in favour with the king,"—chiefly upon Fox, bishop of Winchester, the most influential of Henry's ministers, and sir Thomas Lovell*, master of the wards, both of whom early appreciated and proclaimed the value of the chaplain's civil services. To these statesmen Wolsey was indebted for all that a man of his abilities and ambition required—an opportunity of evincing his zeal and address in the king's immediate service. The circumstances of the occasion on which he was thus employed, though

well known to the readers of history, are worthy of being quoted with some fulness, as they were always referred to by Wolsey himself as the incident which opened the way to his subsequent greatness.

Henry was at the time negotiating his intended marriage with Margaret, duchess dowager of Savoy, the emperor Maximilian's only daughter; and it was necessary to employ a person of great address to adjust with the emperor in person some delicate points connected with the marriage. Fox and Lovell joined in earnestly recommending Wolsey as the fittest person for the commission. "The king, giving ear unto them, and being a prince of excellent judgment and modesty, commanded them to bring his chaplain, whom they so much commended, before his grace's presence. At whose repair thither, to prove the wit of his chaplain, the king fell in communication with him, in matters of weight and gravity: and perceiving his wit to be very fine, thought him sufficient to be put in trust and authority with this embassy; and commanded him to prepare himself for this enterprise and journey, and for his depeche to repair to his grace, and his trusty counsellors aforesaid, of whom he should receive his commission and instructions; by means whereof," continues Cavendish, "he had then a due occasion to repair from time to time to the king's presence, who perceived him more and more to be a very wise man, and of a good entendment."

Wolsey, having thus satisfied the wary monarch of his competency, despatched his commission with a celerity which, notwithstanding the extraordinarily increased facilities of modern conveyance, may perhaps still be considered great, if not surprising. He left the king at Richmond at four o'clock on Sunday, went to Gravesend from London by water that evening in less than three hours, thence posted it to Dover, where he arrived next morning as the passage-boat was about to sail. By it he was conveyed over to Calais before noon, whence he got to Bruges, where Maximilian was staying, by Tuesday morning. Wolsey obtained an immediate audience of the emperor, and pressed that his return might be expedited. He received his answer late in the evening, started from Bruges next morning, and arrived in Richmond the same night. On Thursday morning he attended at court, and threw himself at the king's feet. Henry, supposing he had protracted his departure, was displeased at seeing him, and began to reprove him for the dilatory execution of his orders: on which Wolsey, to the king's great surprise, presenting his letters of credence, replied, "If it may please your highness, I have already been with the emperor, and despatched your affairs, I trust to your grace's contentation."—"But on second thoughts," said the king, "I found that somewhat was omitted in your orders, and have sent a messenger after you with fuller instructions."—"Yes, forsooth, sire," quoth Wolsey, "I encountered him yesterday by the way; and, hav-

* Wolsey had not only the address and good qualities necessary to the acquisition of such friends, but also retained them to the last. The affection of bishop Fox is apparent in the last letter which he wrote to him; and sir Thomas Lovell's esteem was manifested at the close of his life: for he leaves him in his will "a standing cup of gold, and one hundred marks in gold."—*Singer's Notes*.

ing no understanding by your grace's letter of your pleasure therein, have notwithstanding been so bold, upon mine own discretion (perceiving that matter to be very necessary in that behalf), to despatch the same. And, forasmuch as I have exceeded your grace's commission, I most humbly require your gracious remission and pardon."* The king, pleased with the whole transaction, gave Wolsey his royal thanks, "for his good and speedy exploit," and commanded him to attend after dinner; when, says his biographer, he reported his embassy to the king in council with such a graceful deportment, and so eloquent language, that he received the utmost applause; all declaring him to be a person of such capacity and diligence that he deserved to be further employed. Henceforth Wolsey was regarded as on the road to power and fortune, being very soon after installed in the deanery of Lincoln, then the most valuable benefice under a bishopric; to which were added the prebends of Stowe, Walton, and Brinwald. The death of Henry at this time (1509) alone prevented his receiving further marks of the royal favour.

Wolsey's introduction to the new king, Henry VIII., then in the bloom and promise of his youth, is usually attributed to his patron bishop Fox's jealousy of his rival, the earl of Surrey, the late king's high treasurer. It is said that the prelate, observing that lord Surrey had totally eclipsed him in favour, introduced Wolsey to the young prince, with the hope that he might rival Surrey in those arts which win and secure the attachment of the youthful heart, and yet be content to act in the cabinet a part subordinate to Fox himself. But he knew little of the workings of Wolsey's proud and aspiring mind when he calculated upon his resting satisfied in a subordinate capacity, while there existed the remotest possibility of his reaching a higher. In a very short time, by his extraordinary address, he not only supplanted Surrey in the royal favour, but also his patron Fox in the youthful monarch's trust and confidence. On the accession of Henry he was appointed king's almoner, an office which kept him in constant attendance upon the person of the monarch in his hours of relaxation, and which thereby enabled him to acquire such an ascendancy over the mind of Henry as was attributed to necromancy, and lasted for many years the wonder of Europe. Within a year after Henry's mounting the throne, he presented his almoner with the splendid mansion and gardens of his father's ravenous but too faithful minister Empson (who had just been most

illegally attainted at the shrine of popularity), which adjoined his own palace of Bridewell, in Fleet Street; and appointed him rector of Turrington, in Exeter, canon of Windsor, registrar and soon after chancellor of the order of the Garter, reporter of the proceedings in the star-chamber, and member of the privy council: the prebend of Bugthorp and deaneries of York and Hereford were added next year.

The means by which Wolsey acquired and retained his extraordinary ascendancy over Henry are such as might be inferred from his quick insight into character, and power of assimilating his discourse and actions accordingly. The language of Cavendish on this point is unusually graphic:—

"In whom the king conceived such a loving fantasy, and in especial for that he was the most earnest and readiest among all the council to advance the king's only will and pleasure, without any respect to the case: the king, therefore, perceived him to be a meet instrument for the accomplishment of his devised will and pleasure, called him more near unto him, and esteemed him so highly, that his estimation and favour put all other ancient counsellors out of their accustomed favour that they were in before; insomuch that the king committed all his will and pleasure unto his disposition and order. Who wrought so all his matters, that *all his endeavour was only to satisfy the king's mind; knowing right well, that it was the very vein and right course to bring him to high promotion.* The king was young and lusty, disposed all to mirth and pleasure, and to follow his desire and appetite, nothing minding to travail in the busy affairs of this realm: the which the almoner perceiving very well, took upon him, therefore, to disburden the king of so weighty a charge and troublesome business; putting the king in comfort that he shall not need to spare any time of his pleasure for any business that necessarily happens in the council, as long as he being there, and having the king's authority and commandment, doubted not to see all things sufficiently furnished and perfected; the which would first make the king privy to all such matters as should pass through their hands, before he would proceed to the finishing or determining of the same, whose mind and pleasure he would fulfil and follow to the uttermost, wherewith the king was wonderly pleased. And whereas the other ancient counsellors would, according to the office of good counsellors, divers times persuade the king to have sometime an intercourse in to the council, there to hear what was done in weighty matters, the which pleased the king nothing at all, for he loved nothing worse than to be constrained to do any thing contrary to his royal will and pleasure; and that knew the almoner very well, having a secret intelligence of the king's natural inclination, and so fast as the other counsellors advised the king to leave his pleasures and to attend to the affairs of his realm, so busily did the almoner persuade him to the contrary; which

* In his metrical life of Wolsey, Storer thus speaks of this expedition:—

"The Argonautic vessel never pass'd
With swifter course along the Colchian main,
Than my small bark, with fair and speedy blast,
Convey'd me forth, and re-convey'd again:
Thrice had Arcturus driven his restless wain,
And heaven's bright lamp the day had thrice revived,
From first departure till I last arrived."

delighted him much, and caused him to have the greater affection and love to the almoner."

Henry, owing to his father's jealous care to remove him from the inclination and means of acquiring a knowledge of public business, had spent his youth in the pursuits of literature and scholastic theology, and had acquired a relish for both. In Wolsey he found at once a fellow-student and a master, who encouraged his propensity with a "most filed tongue and ornate eloquence." Henry was prone to frolic, and the usual excesses and amusements of youth and high spirits, and found in his reverend expounder of the subtleties of the Thomists, not a check nor a restraint, but one who took the lead in every entertainment, who sported*, jested, sang, and even danced, unmindful or regardless of the decorum sought for in a clergyman. No doubt this unbecoming pliancy of conduct would, as it eventually did in the king's more adult years, lessen his respect for his favourite; but youth is unsuspicious and confiding, and easily won and deceived by the flattery of apparent sympathy. Wolsey, moreover, was too good a judge of human nature to suppose that Henry's vigorous understanding would be content to while away his time between court revels and Thomas Aquinas; and therefore, in the intervals of amusement, introduced business, and warily insinuated those maxims of conduct which he was desirous his master should adopt. He observed to him, that while he intrusted his affairs to his father's counsellors, he had indeed the advantage of employing men of wisdom and experience, but men who owed not their promotion to his own personal favour, and who scarcely thought themselves accountable to him for the exercise of their authority; that by the factions, and cabals, and jealousies, which had long prevailed among them, they more obstructed the advancement of his affairs than they promoted it by the knowledge which age and practice had conferred upon them; that while he thought proper to pass his time in those pleasures to which his age and royal fortune invited him, and in those studies which would in time enable him to sway the sceptre with absolute authority, his best system of government would be to intrust his authority into the hands of some one person, who was the creature of his will, and who could entertain no view but that of promoting his service; and that if the minister had also the same relish for pleasure with himself, and the same taste for literature, he could more easily, at intervals, account

to him for his whole conduct, and introduce his master gradually into the knowledge of public business; and thus, without tedious restraint or application, initiate him in the science of government.* The bait took; Henry, without perceiving his design, entered into all his views, and Wolsey became sole and absolute minister, with a more uncontrolled authority than any other British subject has ever possessed. This happened in 1512, three years after the accession of Henry.

The public life of Wolsey from this time properly belongs to general history; or, rather, we should perhaps be more correct in saying, that the history of England from the year 1512 to 1529 is nothing more than the history of Wolsey's insatiable ambition. He soon constituted himself the sole avenue to Henry's favour, and suitors of every rank found it expedient to ensure his mediation by flattery and presents, which showered in on him so fast, that, says Cavendish, "he wanted nothing either to please his fantasy or to enrich his coffers, fortune so smiled upon him." The two rival ministers, Surrey, then duke of Norfolk, and Fox, who perceived too late that the servant whom

* Hume's History of England, on the authority of Lord Herbert and Polydore Vergil. The historian is too partial to Wolsey's memory.

† So early as 1513, the queen (Catharine) corresponded with him confidentially. "Maister Almouer, for the payne ye take remembering to write to me so often, I thank you for it whal my hert." In 1514, Mary, the sister of Henry, then queen of France, addresses her "lovyng frend the archebisshop of Yorke," to use his influence with the king to permit lady Guileford to reside with her in France. The letter written to Wolsey by Mary on her becoming a widow is worth quoting at length.

"My naame good Lord, I recommend me to you (sometimes written *you*) and thanking you for yor kynde and lovyng letter, dysyryng you of yor good contenance and good lessones that you hath gyffen to me; my lord, I pray you as my trust ys in you, for to remember me to the king my brother, for sowche causes and bepynes as I have for to do; for as now I have no nother to put my trust in but the kyng my brother and you. And as yt shall ples the kyng my brother and hys counsell, I wil be hordered. And so I pray you, my lord, to show hys grace, seyng that the kyng (Louis XII.) my howsbande ys departed to God, of whos sole God pardon. And wher as you avyse me that I shulde macke no promas, my lord, I trust the kyng my brother and you wole not reckon in me soche chylhode. I trust I have so hordered my selfe so sens that I came better, and so I trust to conteneu. Yff there be any thyng that I may do for you, I wolde be glad for to do yt in thys partes. I shal be glade to do yt for you. No more to you at this time but Jesus preserve you.

"Wretten at Pares, the x day of January, 1515,

"By your lovyng

"frende MARY,

"Queene of France."

"To my Lorde of Yorke.

In the same tone of respect and confidence Margaret, queen of Scotland, Henry's eldest sister, writes,—
"My lorde, I thynke ryght longe vyhil I speke vyth you; for next the kyng's grace my most trust is in you, and you may doo me most good of any."—*Ellis's Historical Letters*, First Series, vol. i.

* "He (Wolsey) came unto the king and waited upon him, and was no man so obsequious and serviceable, and in all games and sports the first and next at hand, and as a captain to courage others, and a gay finder out of new pastimes to obtain favour with all. He spied out the nature and disposition of the king's playfellows, and of all that were great, and whom he spied meet for his purpose him he flattered and made faithful with great purposes."—*Tyndale, Prac. Prel.* To the same effect writes Polydore Vergil.—*See Turner's Modern History of England.*

he had advanced had become his master, quailed before his ascendancy. The former, not long after, finding that the king's extravagance far outran his revenue, was glad to resign his office of treasurer, and retire from public life. Wolsey immediately took upon himself the vacant office, and, by the most arbitrary aggressions of authority, contrived to supply his master with the means of indulging his prodigality and love of magnificence. Fox too withdrew from court, and thought it prudent to confine himself for the remainder of his days to the care of his diocese. Brandon, the duke of Suffolk, who was married to Henry's sister, "affected also to live in privacy," from disgust at Wolsey's ascendancy. Thus was he left, without a rival, to enjoy the whole power and favour of his sovereign.

It would, however, be an error to impute all this upstart ascendancy to the influence of Wolsey's personal character. Much of it was owing to the political circumstances to which the recent changes in the succession to the throne gave birth. The Tudor dynasty was an usurpation: its founder was an upstart, and therefore regarded with a jealous eye by such of the ancient and more wealthy nobility as had escaped the slaughter of the wars of the Roses. Hence it was the constant purpose—like congenial with the temper, and suitable to the policy, of the princes of the house of Tudor—to restrain the ascendancy, and as much as possible destroy the political influence, of the ancient nobility. As might be expected from the sordid calculating disposition of the first and ablest of these princes, Henry VII. employed, as the chief means to this end, fine and confiscation; by which he at once gratified his ruling passion of avarice, and impoverished and intimidated those great families, of whose restless ambition, hereditary affection to the house of York, or jealousy of his usurped title, he was distrustful. The more arrogant and impetuous, and therefore less cautious and dissembling, temper of his son and successor, made him hesitate less in shedding the blood of his highest and most illustriously descended nobles; and we find that towards the close of his sanguinary reign his jealousy of every great man became so ferocious, that not all the services to the Tudor family of the house of Howard, nor the ties of blood, nor the strong feelings of friendship, could save the life of the high-minded earl of Surrey, whose only crime was the possession of those talents and virtues which have secured him the admiration of posterity; and that nought but the timely death of the tyrant himself snatched from the same scaffold the father of that accomplished nobleman, the duke of Norfolk, notwithstanding his long-tried loyalty, numerous personal claims upon the gratitude of his sovereign, and, what perhaps should have availed him more, his ignominious servitude to that sovereign's will. A natural result of this policy of depressing the nobles was the placing the management of public

affairs in the hands of those who had no other recommendation to the monarch's favour than their abilities and devoted zeal in his service. To princes so greedy of absolute power as those of the house of Tudor, and so consequently jealous of all who might prove obstacles to their attainment of it, no ministers could be more agreeable than those who were the mere creatures of their will, and who, as such, would not for their own sakes entertain any design not tending to promote the views of him or her to whom they felt they were wholly indebted for their political, and, as it might happen, even natural existence. Previously to the era of the Reformation, such ministers were usually furnished from the ranks of the clergy, who held in their own hands the learning of the times, and who were themselves drawn, without distinction of birth, from all classes of the community.

The church, as we before remarked, was in those days what the bar is at present, the ladder by which the lowly born might ascend to political eminence; of which state of things a more remarkable instance need not be quoted than the fact of sir Thomas More's being distinguished as the first layman who for centuries had filled the office of chancellor. Hence the facilities to Wolsey's elevation, which show that his humble origin was by no means a bar to his advancement.

It is not possible to furnish a consistent narrative of Wolsey's life without touching upon those great political events of the early part of the 16th century which more properly belong to the historian. A rapid glance must, however, suffice.

At the accession of Henry VIII. Italy was the centre of all the wars and negotiations of the European princes; and the great object of these wars and negotiations was the preserving what was then, for the first time, clearly understood—the balance of power between the great monarchies. Never did this balance seem better secured, nor the general tranquillity more likely to be long maintained, than when Julius II., the most warlike and enterprising of the successors of St. Peter, united the kings of Europe against the republic of Venice by the League of Cambray. Having humbled that proud republic, the ambitious pontiff next directed his energies to the nobler design of freeing Italy from the yoke of the barbarians—the title by which all foreigners were then designated by the Italians.

The expelling the French out of their new conquest of Milan was the first object of his ambition; and for that purpose he solicited the military aid of England, by sending Henry a sacred rose, perfumed with musk, with a letter stating that it had been blessed by his own hands, and anointed with holy oil; and by holding out hopes to him that the title of *Most Christian King*, considered the most precious jewel in the crown of France, should be the reward of his services. Julius obtain

ed in Henry a willing ally; for he was then in the bright morning of his youth,—anguine, inexperienced, sincere, chivalrous, and inspired at the same time with an earnest zeal to protect the pope against the “sacrilegious aggression” of the king of France, and to assert his own claims upon that kingdom; and thus indulge the national enmity of his subjects, and his own passion for military renown. War having been duly declared against Louis, Henry, surrounded by the martial portion of his subjects, who were eager to display their valour on a foreign soil*, and thus emulate the fame of their ancestors’ continental victories, and attended by Wolsey, as victualler of the forces, set sail from Dover in June, 1512. The victory of Guinette, better known by the name of the “battle of spurs,” and the successful sieges of Terouenne and Tournay, though of little utility to England, gratified the warlike ardour of its monarch and his subjects, and confirmed the idea entertained of his power by the contemporary princes of Europe. The first opportunity that presented itself during the campaign of rewarding his favourite was eagerly embraced by Henry. When Tournay had surrendered to his arms, he found the bishopric not entirely filled up. The bishop had lately died; a new one had been elected by the chapter, but not installed. The king bestowed the administration of the see on Wolsey, and put him in immediate possession of its revenues. The new pastor immediately tendered, on the part of his flock, an oath of allegiance to the king of England. On his return to England, the see of Lincoln, just vacant by the death of bishop Smith, was added to Wolsey’s honours and revenues.

Wolsey’s talents, as he rose in power, unfolded themselves in all their native splendour and versatility; but in a still greater degree did prosperity devolve and mature the vices of his character. Each step in his ascent to power seemed but to swell his arrogance, while each addition to his large revenues but made him more rapacious. Scarcely was the ceremony of his consecration at Lincoln over than he laid hold of the goods belonging to his predecessor; and Cavendish tells us, that he has frequently seen, with shame, some of the stolen furniture of the late bishop in the house of his master. As might be supposed, such conduct, aggravated by his haughty deportment, made him many enemies†; but their ill-will was

* Machiavel remarks upon this invasion, that, “though England had had no wars for thirty years before, and had neither officers nor soldiers who had ever seen a battle, they ventured to attack a kingdom where the officers were excellent, and the soldiers very good, and who had been trained up for several years together in the Italian wars.”—*His. Liv. quoted by Mr. Turner.*

† Erasmus speaks of him as “non passim comis aut faciliis.” In a letter published in Fiddle’s Collection from a sir T. Allen, a priest to the earl of Shrewsbury, we have a striking instance of his haughty insolence of deportment. “I delivered your letter with

construed as envy of his sudden elevation, or as an insolent reflection upon the discrimination of the king, and served, in either case, but to rivet him faster in Henry’s confidence. Wolsey himself was too well acquainted with the king’s temper, and, as we have before observed, too artful, not to conceal the absolute ascendant he had acquired; and while he secretly directed all public councils, he ever pretended a blind submission to the will and authority of his sovereign. In the same year that he was promoted to the see of Lincoln, Bambridge, archbishop of York, died, and the vacant see was at once made over to Wolsey. Nor was he content with the honour of the archbishopric of York; for, besides the rich see of Tournay, he farmed on his own terms the bishoprics of Bath, Worcester, and Hereford, filled by foreigners, who gladly compounded for the indulgence of residing abroad, by yielding up a large share of their English incomes. He held in commendam the abbey of St. Albans and many other church preferments, and was even allowed to unite with the see of York, first, that of Durham, and next that of Winchester. Even this is not the list of his new sources of wealth and influence. Wolsey was promoted to the archbishopric of York in October, 1514. In the ensuing September he was, with a view to purchasing his influence with the king, created a cardinal by pope Leo X.; and in three months after, upon the resignation of archbishop Norham, made lord high chancellor of England. “In fact,” says the historian, “there seemed to be no end to his acquisitions.” Neither was his influence nor were his revenues, great as they were, confined to these numerous and munificent proofs of the favour of his sovereign. He was courted with incredible attention and obsequiousness by the great monarchs of Europe who sought the friendship and alliance of the court of England.* The youthful,

the examination to my lord cardinal at Guildford, when he commanded me to wait on him to the court. I followed him to the court, and there gave attendance, and could have no answer. Upon Friday last he came thence to Hampton Court, where he lieth. The morrow after I besought his grace that I might know his pleasure. I could have no answer. Upon Monday last, as he walked in the park at Hampton, I besought his grace I might know if he would command me any service. He was not content with me that I spoke to him. The Sunday before I delivered the letter which R. Leid brought. I can have no answer to neither of the letters; so that who shall be suitor to him may have no business but to attend upon his pleasure. He that shall do so has needful to be a wiser man than I am. I had rather your lordship commanded me to Rome than deliver him letters and bring answer to the same. When he walks in the park, he will suffer no servant to come nigh unto him, but commands them away as far as one may well shoot an arrow.”—*Fiddle’s Lord Herbert’s Life of Henry VIII.*

* Even the doge of Venice addressed him as an integral portion of the royal power. See Fiddle. And Bellay speaks as an eye-witness, when he tells us that “in all things the cardinal was honoured like the king’s person, and sat always at his right hand. In all places where the king’s arms were put the car-

enterprising, and chivalrous Francis I., and his great rival the emperor Charles V., vied with each other by bribes and flattery to work upon his growing avarice and ambition. The former employed Bonivet, the most skilful of his courtiers, to win him over to his interest; and, besides settling on him a yearly pension of 12,000 livres, laboured with incessant assiduity to secure his friendship by every mark of respect and confidence, and by every possible expression of regard, bestowing on him, in all his letters, the honourable appellations of father, tutor, and governor. Charles, on the other hand, soon after his accession to the throne of Castile, sought to ingratiate himself with Wolsey, by settling on him a pension of 3000 livres; to which he added 7000 ducats more on his visit to England, for the purpose of detaching his "good friend" and his "most dear friend" (as he designated the cardinal) from the interests of Francis.

Great as was the revenue which Wolsey derived from these exorbitant acquisitions, it did not keep pace with the magnificence of his household, and the ostentatious state and pomp with which, under colour of exacting respect to religion and the legal tribunals, he supported his dignity as cardinal and lord chancellor. His domestic establishments were on a royal scale, his train consisting of not less than 500 servants*, of whom many, according to the usage of the times, were knights and gentlemen, and sons of noblemen. Three great tables were daily laid out in the cardinal's hall for this numerous retinue, each presided over by a dignitary bearing a white staff of office. Conformably with the custom of the age, many of the nobility placed their children in his family as a place of education; and, for the purpose of winning his favour, allowed them to act as his servants. They boarded, however, at a separate table, then called the "mess of lords," and had numerous menials to attend them; the earl of Derby and lord Henry Percy (the lover of Anne Boleyn) having five each, and the other young noble inmates not less than two. The kitchen of the cardinal was on the same magnificent scale, being ruled over by a master cook, "who went about daily in garments of damask satin, wearing a chain of gold round his neck," as an emblem of his authority and importance. There was a regular master of the horse presiding over the stable department, with a suitable revenue of

dinal's had the same rank, so that in every honour they were equal." *Mem.* v. 18. p. 42. quoted by Turner. But it was reserved for the university of Oxford to outstrip all precedent in its base obsequiousness, by repeatedly addressing Wolsey as "your majesty." "*Consultissima tua majestas;—reverendissima majestas;—inaudita majestatis tunc benignitas;—vestra illa sublimis et longe reverendissima majestas.*"

* Lord Burghley, in a state paper to queen Elizabeth about favourites, says of Wolsey, that he had a family equal to that of a great prince. There were in it, he says, one earl, nine barons, and about a thousand knights. Burnet gives the same number; but we follow Cavendish in the text.

yeomen, grooms, sumpter-men, muleteers, saddlers, and farriers. The barges, gardens, larder, scalding-house, wafery, bakehouse, scullery, buttery, pantry, ewery, chandlery, cellar, laundry, and wardrobe of beds, had each their distinct grooms, yeomen, and pages, in suitable numbers. The personal servants of the cardinal amounted to forty-six, and formed, with his chaplains and attendants upon the ceremony of the mass, a body of not less than 143 persons. His procession in public was still more imposing, and more indicative of that love of the externals, and parade of the trappings of dignity, "the tailor's heraldry," as it has been quaintly characterised, remarkable in men of lowly origin. It would appear to have been his aim to dazzle the eyes of the populace by the gorgeous lustre of his garments, and the splen did costly embroidery of his equipage and liveries, and thereby reconcile them to his newly acquired but unlimited authority. He was the first clergyman in England that wore silk and gold, not only on his habit, but also on his saddles and the trappings of his horses. A priest, the tallest and most comely he could find, carried before him a pillar of silver, on whose top was placed a cross: but not satisfied with this parade, to which he thought himself entitled as cardinal, he provided another priest of equal stature and beauty, who marched along, bearing the cross of York* even in the diocese of Canterbury.† It is in allusion to this circumstance that Cavendish, in his metrical piece of autobiography, makes Wolsey say:—

"My crossis twayne of silver, long and greate,
That dayly before me were carried hyghe,
Upon great horses, openly in the streett;
And massie pillers gloryouse to the eye.
With pollaxes gylt, that no man durst come nyghe
My presence, I was so pryncely to behold;
Rydyng on my mule trapped in silver and in golde."

The ceremony of "high mass," so imposingly magnificent at this day in catholic countries, was performed by Wolsey in a style of splendour which astonished even in that age of pomp and ceremony. His attendants were bishops and abbots; and such was his haughtiness, that, says Hall, "he made dukes and earls to serve him with wine, and to hold the bason and the lavatories,"—offices which catholic superstition rendered honourable, if not sacred.

His daily procession to the court of chancery was equally ostentatious, and jarring with our

* The people, in that spirit which so much accelerated the Reformation, on this occasion made merry with the cardinal's ostentation; saying, they were now sensible that not less than two crucifixes would be sufficient for the expiation of his sins and offences.

† Mr. Hume and others err in supposing that Wolsey's taking precedence of the archbishop of Canterbury was an usurpation dictated by his arrogance. As cardinal, he had the right of usage to precede him; the point having been mooted in the case of a cardinal Kemp, also archbishop of York, preceding the then archbishop of Canterbury, and decided by the pope in favour of the cardinal.

modern notions of the deportment becoming a judge and a clergyman. The reader, accustomed to the plain attire and dignified simplicity of bearing of our Eldons and Broughams and Tenderdens, as they wend their way, generally on foot, to Westminster Hall, and unattended, will be amused by the contrast afforded by Wolsey's love of pageantry. We shall quote the narrative of Cavendish, for its minute and graphic fidelity:—

"Now will I declare unto you his order in going to Westminster Hall, daily, in the term season. First, before his coming out of his privy chamber, he heard most commonly every day two masses in his privy closet; and there then said his daily service with his chaplain: and as I heard his chaplain say, being a man of credence and of excellent learning, that the cardinal, what business or weighty matters soever he had in the day, he never went to his bed with any part of his divine service unsaid, yea, not so much as one collect; wherein I doubt not but he deceived the opinion of divers persons. And after mass he would return in his privy chamber again, and being advertised of the furniture of his chambers without, with noblemen, gentlemen, and other persons, would issue out into them, appareled all in red, in the habit of a cardinal; which was either of fine scarlet, or else of crimson satin, taffety, damask, or caffu, the best that he could get for money; and upon his head a round pillion, with a noble of black velvet set to the same in the inner side; he had also a tippet of fine sables about his neck; holding in his hand a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar, and other confections against the pestilent airs; the which he most commonly smelt unto, passing among the press, or else when he was pestered with many suitors. There was also borne before him, first, the great seal of England, and then his cardinal's hat, by a nobleman or some worthy gentleman, right solemnly, barehead. And as soon as he was entered into his chamber of presence, where there was attending his coming to await upon him to Westminster Hall, as well noblemen and other worthy gentlemen, as noblemen and gentlemen of his own family; thus passing forth with two great crosses of silver borne before him; with also two great pillars of silver, and his pursuivant at arms with a great mace of silver gilt. Then his gentlemen ushers cried, and said, "On, my lords and masters, on before; make way for my lord's grace!" Thus passed he down from his chamber through the hall; and when he came to the hall door, there was attendant for him his mule, trapped all together in crimson velvet, and gilt stirrups. When he was mounted, with his cross bearers, and pillar bearers, also upon great horses trapped with [fine] scarlet. Then marched he forward, with his train and furniture in manner as I have declared, having about him four footmen, with gilt pollaxes in their hands;

and thus he went until he came to Westminster Hall door. And there alighted, and went after this manner, up through the hall into the chancery; howbeit he would most commonly stay awhile at a bar, made for him, a little beneath the chancery [on the right hand], and there commune some time with the judges, and some time with other persons. And that done he would repair into the chancery, sitting there till eleven of the clock, hearing suitors, and determining of divers matters. And from thence he would divers times go into the star-chamber, as occasion did serve; where he spared neither high nor low, but judged every estate according to their merits and deserts."

Cavendish, whose style warms when he has a pageant to describe, next proceeds to give us an account of the mode in which the "king's majesty" was wont to amuse himself at the mansion of the cardinal. The passage is curiously illustrative of the chivalrous manner of the monarch and the age:—

"And when it pleased the king's majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship. Such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation, as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth, with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort, and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames, or damsels, meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time, with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the king suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold and fine crimson satin panned, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of vianomy; their hairs, and beards, either of fine gold wire, or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torch bearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with visors, and clothed all in satin, of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand, that he came by water to the water gate, without any noise; where, against his coming, were laid charged many chambers, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlewomen to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet; under this sort: First, ye shall perceive that the tables were set in the chamber of presence, banquet-wise covered, my lord cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate, and there having his service all alone; and then was there set a lady and nobleman, or a gentleman and gentlewoman, throughout all

the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made and joined as it were but one table. All which order and device was done and devised by the lord Sands, lord chamberlain to the king; and also by sir Henry Guilford, comptroller to the king. Then immediately after this great shot of guns, the cardinal desired the lord chamberlain, and comptroller, to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again, and showed him, that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. With that, quoth the cardinal, 'I shall desire you, because ye can speak French, to take the pains to go down into the hall to encounter and to receive them, according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages sitting merrily at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare and pastime.' Then [they] went incontinent down into the hall, where they received them with twenty new torches, and conveyed them up into the chamber, with such a number of drums and fifes as I have seldom seen together at one time in any masque. At their arrival into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the cardinal where he sat, saluting him very reverently; to whom the lord chamberlain for them said, 'Sir, for as much as they be strangers, and can speak no English, they have desired me to declare unto your grace thus: they, having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, under the supportation of your good grace, but to repair hither to view as well their incomparable beauty, as for to accompany them at mumchance, and then after to dance with them, and so to have of them acquaintance. And, sir, they furthermore require of your grace licence to accomplish the cause of their repair.' To whom the cardinal answered that he was very well contented they should so do. Then the maskers went first and saluted all the dames as they sat, and then returned to the most worthiest, and there opened a cup full of gold, with crowns, and other pieces of coin, to whom they set divers pieces to cast at. Thus in this manner perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen, and to some they lost, and of some they won. And thus done, they returned unto the cardinal, with great reverence, pouring down all the crowns in the cup, which was about two hundred crowns. 'At all,' quoth the cardinal, and so cast the dice, and won them all at a cast; whereat was great joy made. Then quoth the cardinal to my lord chamberlain, 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'show them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some noble man, whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew

him, surrender my place according to my duty.' Then spake my lord chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my lord cardinal's mind, and they rounding him again in the ear, my lord chamberlain said to my lord cardinal, 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.' With that the cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last, quoth he, 'Mo seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.' And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was sir Edward Neville, a comely knight of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person in that mask than any other. The king, hearing and perceiving the cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor, and master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The cardinal afterwards desired his highness to take the place of estate, to whom the king answered, that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him; and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence, the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the tables spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the king and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled.—Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices, subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the king, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled."

In 1516, Leo X. despatched cardinal Campeggio to England, as his legate, for the purpose of procuring a title from the clergy to the prosecuting the war against the Turks, the great enemy of the Christian name. The pride of Wolsey took alarm at this appointment: he could brook no brother near the throne. As representative of the pope, the legate was armed with almost absolute authority over the clergy in the country of his mission. The idea that any one invested with greater ecclesiastical power than himself should openly exercise that power in England, was therefore equally offensive to Wolsey's pride and vanity;

and accordingly, through his means, Campeggio was delayed on his route in Paris, till the pope had also formally invested himself with the legatine authority. Having obtained this new dignity, Wolsey made an extraordinary display of the state and parade to which he was so much addicted. He affected a rank superior to any ever claimed by a churchman in England, not excepting the haughty Thomas à Becket; and celebrated mass after the manner of the pope as sovereign pontiff. Warham, the archbishop of Canterbury, having at this time written him a letter in which he subscribed himself, in the usual phraseology of clergymen, "your loving brother," Wolsey complained of his presumption in thus challenging an equality with "the lord cardinal legate."* Warham, when informed of the offence which he had thus unintentionally given, made light of the matter, and said, "Know ye not that this man is drunk with too much prosperity?"

But the humble deportment, plain habits, and narrow income of the Italian cardinal ill suited with the pomp and parade which his colleague considered essential to the dignity of the legatine office. Wolsey therefore despatched a quantity of scarlet cloth, richly embroidered, of which Campeggio's attendants are represented to have stood in great need, for the purpose of enabling them to make a showy appearance. He also sent twelve mules with baggage, to swell the Italian cardinal's train. An accident which occurred on this occasion throws curious, indeed ludicrous, light upon Wolsey's vanity. The chests of which the baggage was composed were supposed to contain the jewellery, plate, and costly garments of the Italian legate; but, unhappily for the credit of Campeggio, one of the mules fell, and the coffer which it carried being burst open by the fall, old habiliments, and pieces of broken bread and meat, put into the chest as ballast, were exposed to the laughter of the spectators. It is not improbable that prudence induced Wolsey to thus shun the reflections which the contrast of his own ostentatious magnificence with his colleague's plainness of appearance must naturally have given birth to; though it is much more in keeping with his temper—fond of pomp, and too arrogant to be calculating—to ascribe the transaction wholly to the workings of vanity.† Such conduct strangely

contrasts with the vigour and intellect evinced in his able administration of affairs both at home and abroad; but is by no means inconsistent with what we know of the workings of human nature, as they manifest themselves even in the strongest minds. If not generated, it was much fostered by the genius of the catholic worship—so imposing from its numerous ceremonies, magnificent processions, and rigid enforcement of respect to rank. One effect of it, however, was, to render Wolsey an object of odium to the nation at large, and to lessen his master in the eyes of all Europe.

Wolsey had now attained a height of grandeur, power, and wealth, far beyond that ever before or since reached by an English subject; and it might be supposed, would confine his future exertions to retaining himself securely in his lofty station. But ambition, like the air we breathe, expands as we ascend above the ordinary level of humanity, and continues, at a rapidly increasing ratio, to enlarge its dimensions, till its victim reaches a region—a moral Mont Blanc—cold, barren, and cut off from human sympathies, where he perishes heart-frozen, and unmourned of his fellows. So it was with Wolsey. There was one, and but one step higher, which he possibly could reach, and to it were all his thoughts and aspirations henceforth directed with a feverish and concentrated energy. A change now comes over the spirit of the "foreign relations" of England. From this period till the death of Wolsey, their history is but the narrative of the schemes

Westminster Abbey. When it had reached the abbey, it "was placed in state on a table, with tapers round it, before an empty suit, and the greatest duke of the land was compelled to make a curtsy to it."—Tyndal, quoted by Wordsworth, *Ecc. Biog.* The hat appears to have acted a very distinguished part in all the cardinal's processions and state exhibitions, and conducted itself, we presume, with becoming dignity and discretion.

* "Erasmus observes (Ep. 1161.), that Wolsey 'visibly reigned more truly than the king.' He was uniformly addressed by foreign powers as a sort of monarch. Thus Dr. Taylor writes, that Francis would not perform any part of the treaty of Madrid without 'the king and cardinal's advice'; and that the papal and Venetian ambassadors told him, 'they had letters from the pope to give thanks to the king and cardinal for furthering the holy league.' His own language, indeed, implied the co-equal power; hence the well-known phrase, one of the charges against him on his fall,—the king and I. Thus writing, in 1524, to Pace and others, Wolsey says, 'His highness and I give unto you hearty thanks.' 'Neither the king's highness nor I will advise him.' 'Much it is to the king's and my comfort.' 'The king's highness and I abide daily knowledge.' 'Arrived here the archbishop of Capua, whom the king's highness and I like.' 'The king's highness and I be always of the same mind that the emperor is.' 'The king's highness and I gave my own lodging and chambers to him.'—Turner, from *MS. Letters in the British Museum*.

We take leave once for all to state here, that our quotations from letters to and from Wolsey are, unless otherwise specified, taken from the original MS. in the British Museum.

* The importance which Wolsey attached to his office of legate is evident from what he says to Cavendish on his fall:—"My authority and dignity legatine is gone, wherein consisted all my high honour."

† This would appear the more probable from the ludicrous anxiety displayed by Wolsey in the escorting of his cardinal's hat to England. He seems to have had lofty notions of the dignity of this "hat," and was chagrined by the pope's having forwarded it to him "in a varlet's budget." The "varlet" was, therefore, detained in France till his appearance was, at the cardinal's expense, made more worthy of the treasure of which he was the ignoble guardian. On its landing, "the hat" was met by a great procession at Blackheath, and conducted in solemn triumph to

and struggles—tortuous, wily, and double dealing—for the chair of St. Peter of an aspiring mind, which, unsatisfied with the absolute rule of a great empire, felt all it had achieved valueless while there was one station of still more extensive authority filled by another.

Francis I. had offended Wolsey by his tardiness in silencing a claimant upon the revenues of the see of Tournay, who for some time had been troublesome to the cardinal; and well knew that, till he had regained his favour, he could have no hope of the alliance of England in his wars with the emperor. His ambassador, accordingly, was desired to express his master's deep regret, that, by mistakes and misapprehensions, he had been so unfortunate as to lose the friendship of one whom he so valued as the cardinal; and that nothing could afford him more unfeigned pleasure than to convince his eminence of the respect and admiration which he entertained for him. Francis confirmed the favourable impression which these advances made, by consulting Wolsey on his most secret and difficult affairs, and receiving his opinions with implicit deference as those of an oracle of wisdom. By thus paying flattering homage to Wolsey's vanity, and by the grant of the large pension of which we have already made mention, Henry was persuaded to yield Tournay to France, to conclude a treaty of marriage between his daughter Mary and the dauphin; that city, for the sake of appearance, being laid down as part of the princess's dowry. We have the assertion of one (Polydore Virgil) who was malevolently disposed towards Wolsey, and whose evidence therefore should be received with suspicion, that Wolsey moreover negotiated with the French king for the delivery of Calais; but was dissuaded, by the general unpopularity of the proposition, from bringing it formally before the council.

Through the influence of Wolsey, Henry consented to an interview with the French monarch, who trusted to an address, the fascination of which was owned by all that approached him, to win the friendship and confidence of his English "dear brother." The particulars of this celebrated interview at the *field of the cloth of gold*,—

"When those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Ardres,"—

are too well known to be now recapitulated. It was sought with avidity by the two youthful, handsome, and chivalrous princes, as an occasion of displaying their magnificence and knightly accomplishments; and by the cardinal as one for exhibiting, in the presence of two courts, his riches, splendour, and unbounded influence over both monarchs. So far as Francis was concerned, Wolsey had no other immediate design in this display of his influence than its publicity; his friendly offices had been secretly anticipated by the French king's great rival, the emperor Charles; so that the impression which Francis's winning manners, and the generous confidence with which

he treated Henry, and the congeniality of their dispositions, must have made on the English monarch, was soon effaced by the treacherous artifices of his favourite. To explain this deceitful conduct, it should be premised, that of the two great factions or influences in the college of cardinals, the French and the imperial, the latter was much the preponderating; and it had been promised to Wolsey (Francis had before assured him of his) in the interval between the appointment and the holding of the interview at Ardres. When Charles found that he could not prevent the meeting of the two monarchs, he applied himself, with his usual finesse, to counteracting its probable effects; and, by a master-stroke of policy, secured Wolsey's friendship, by placing him in immediate possession of the revenues of the sees of Badajoz and Placentia in Castile, and promising him his most zealous aid in procuring the papal dignity. Henry was at Canterbury, on his way to France, when the emperor, to the surprise of every body in the nation (except Wolsey, who had secretly planned the visit), landed at Dover; and in the short space of four days had the address to make Henry believe favourably of his character and intentions, and promise to visit him in the Low Countries, after he had taken leave of the French king.

War, as had been anticipated, was soon declared between Francis and the emperor, and both parties earnestly courted the alliance of England. Henry at first affected the office of mediator; but, entirely estranged from the interests of France by the artifices of Wolsey, who, bent on the triple crown, was ready to sacrifice every consideration to ensure the imperial influence in the next conclave, he took advantage of the first pretext to join his arms to those of the emperor. The war which was now waged against France with more steadiness than the other foreign wars of Henry, but with as little regard to his own and his people's interests, only terminated with the captivity of Francis at the memorable battle of Pavia. It ended as it had begun, in subserviency to the cardinal's passions and ambition of the popedom, which were the sole actuating principle, as far as he was concerned, of the subsequent alliance with France, and declaration of hostilities against Charles.

The first trial of the sincerity of the emperor's friendship took place in 1522, on the election of a successor to Leo X., who died, in the vigour of his age, in the preceding December. It is not easy to determine the degree of the faithlessness of Charles's promises to Wolsey of his zealous influence in the conclave in his favour. The result, and our knowledge of Charles's skill in the art of dissimulation, and readiness to employ the most immoral means to the attainment of his end, would induce us to believe that his promises were given without the remotest intention of fulfilling them; while the fact of Wolsey's having received twenty votes in his favour (twenty-six would have sufficed) would go far to show that the emperor's let-

ter* to his ambassador at Rome, enjoining him to urge the cardinals to elect Wolsey to the papal chair, was not written in a spirit of entire faithlessness. Be this, however, as it may, after a struggle of unusual duration, the imperial influence in the conclave prevailed, and cardinal Adrian, the emperor's tutor, was raised to the popedom under the title of Adrian VI.

The resentment which the pride of Wolsey, mortified by this disappointment of his hopes, was likely to engender was dreaded by Charles, who knew full well that his alliance with England depended wholly on his standing well in the good graces of its haughty minister. To prevent, therefore, the loss of so powerful an ally, he visited England for the second time, shortly after Adrian had been elected, and, after augmenting his pension, renewed his promise of aiding the cardinal's pretensions to the popedom at the next vacancy; an event which, from Adrian's extreme age and infirmities, both knew could not be far distant. Wolsey thought it prudent to stifle his resentment, and endeavour, by new services, to ensure the imperial interest in the next conclave. Pope Adrian died in about a year and a half after his election, and Wolsey again entered the lists with his characteristic zeal and increased hopes of success. At his request, Henry wrote to the emperor, reminding him of his promises, and urging him to fulfil them as he valued his friendship; the English ambassadors and agents at Rome being at the same time instructed to spare, among the members of the sacred college, neither bribes nor promises. But Charles again deceived him; and cardinal de' Medici, with the support of the imperial party, was elected pope, under the title of Clement VII. From that hour his study was how he could revenge himself on the emperor: a close alliance was soon after entered into with France, and war declared by England against her recent imperial ally.

While Wolsey was thus pursuing his ambitious schemes for the attainment of the papal dignity, and moved kings and nations like so many chess pawns in hostility against each other, according to his views of his own personal aggrandisement, his administration at home was conducted with great firmness and ability, but with an arbitrariness alien from the genius of the constitution. The continental wars and alliances in which Henry was more constantly involved than any of his immediate predecessors, joined with his own lavish habits of expenditure, rendered his demands upon his subjects' money oppressively urgent and frequent; the immense treasure left him by his

father being so rapidly dissipated that he had recourse to his parliament for assistance in the very first year of his reign. We have already mentioned the trying circumstances in which Wolsey's arrogance induced him to take upon himself the difficult duties of lord treasurer on the resignation of the duke of Norfolk, who too well knew, as the cardinal soon experienced, that oppressive taxation was the only grievance which the people of England, during the reign of the first two Tudors, complained of and openly resisted. So extremely tenacious were they of their money, that the same people who saw arbitrary outrages on their national privileges pass without remonstrance, and who saw innocent men of all ranks led to the scaffold without a murmur, actually broke out twice in rebellion against the king's commissioners for levying loans and benevolences.

Wolsey, nothing daunted by this temper of the public mind, proceeded to raise money by loans, impositions, benevolences, and every other form of exaction. His first act was one of great prudence: he applied himself to the ascertaining the capability of the people to bear taxation, and for this purpose caused a general survey to be made of the whole kingdom; or, to speak in modern parliamentary language, he caused returns of the number of men, their ages, profession, capital, revenue, and clear income in England and Wales, to be minutely and accurately made out. These returns afforded a very cheering picture of the opulence of the kingdom, and induced him to issue privy seals, demanding particular sums, by way of "loans" (a mode of taxation, though irregular and despotic, not without precedent) from the more wealthy. The success of this measure misled Henry in the next year, 1523, to publish an edict for a general tax, also called a "loan," from his subjects, by which he levied five shillings in the pound from the clergy, and two shillings from the laity. A parliament and a convocation were summoned soon after in 1524. With the hope of inducing the commons to imitate the example of the clergy, Wolsey first addressed himself to the convocation, over whom his legatine authority had made him irresistible, and demanded the entire half of the ecclesiastical revenues to be levied in five years, at the rate of two shillings in the pound during that time. There was an appearance of opposition; but he promptly overawed it, haughtily reprimanding the refractory members, and decanting on the general wealth and luxury of the clergy and of the nation at large, "as though he had repined," says the Chronicler, "or disclaimed that any man should fare well or be well clothed but himself."

Elated by his success in the convocation, Wolsey came down to the commons, and in the same imperious tone demanded 800,000*l.* (equal, all things considered, to from seven to eight millions of our present coin) to be raised in four years by a tax of one fifth (four shillings in the pound) on

* This letter, written in Latin, is still preserved in the British Museum, (MS. Vitell. book iv. p. 222.) as well as another to Wolsey, also from the emperor, apprising him of its contents, written in French, from Ghent.—MS. Galba. b. vii. p. 160.

† On this occasion Wolsey received a bribe of 100,000 crowns from Francis, under the pretence of arrears due on the Tournay pension.

the lands and goods of the kingdom. The tax was in amount beyond all precedent, being alleged to exceed the entire current coin of the realm, and met with such successful resistance, that a committee was sent to remonstrate with the cardinal, and to beg him to reduce his demand one half. Wolsey rudely dismissed the committee, and came down to intimidate the house into granting the original sum. The circumstances of his reception by sir Thomas More, then speaker, have been narrated elsewhere in this volume by a master pen, and have been justly commented upon as a remarkable instance of the spirit of freedom which, under abject language, lurked in the minds of the commons of England. The house presented an unusual scene in those arbitrary times; for, though composed chiefly of the courtiers and officers of the crown, the matter was debated, "and beaten for fifteen or sixteen days together," and "was the greatest and sorest hold in the lower house that ever was seen."* About three fourths of the original demand was ultimately voted, to be paid by instalments in four years: but Wolsey, greatly dissatisfied and displeased with this imperfect obedience, compelled the people to pay up the whole subsidy at once, and did not summon a parliament for seven years after.

Even these exorbitant demands and levies did not satisfy the rapacity which the profuse magnificence of the monarch and the ambition of his minister generated. The very next year (1525) after this affair with the commons, commissioners were appointed to demand the one sixth part of every man's substance, payable in money, plate, or jewels, according to the valuation of property taken in 1522. This was the most audacious attempt that had been made since the reign of Edward III. to levy a general imposition without consent of parliament, and, if successful, would necessarily destroy the free character of the English constitution; for, if taxes could be raised by the simple edict of the executive, the great use and privilege of the representative branch of the government would necessarily be dispensed with, and parliament only required to give a legislative sanction to the other encroachments of a despotic king or minister on the rights of the people. "But the courage and love of freedom natural to the English commons," says an able modern writer, "speaking in the hoarse voice of tumult, though very ill supported by their superiors, preserved us in so great a peril."

Wolsey's deportment was in perfect keeping with this most arbitrary measure: he made the demand in person of the mayor and chief citizens of London, and upon their remonstrating told them very plainly, that "it were the better that they should suffer indigence than that the king at this time should lack; and therefore," added he, "beware, and resist not, nor ruffle not in this case;

for it may fortune to cost some of you their heads."

The mayor asked permission to consult the common council before he should declare himself; but the cardinal peremptorily refused him; and, in order to prevent the effect of an united opposition, required that he and all the aldermen should separately confer with himself about the matter.

But there is a limit to the most passive submission, particularly in the present instance, when the great sore of public feeling—illegal and oppressive taxation—was tented to the quick. The people gave vent to their discontent in murmurs, complaints, and opposition to the commissioners; and a serious insurrection, that threatened to become general, broke out in the "butcher dog's" (so the insurgents contemptuously termed him) native county. The proud tempers of Wolsey and his master were overawed by this menacing spirit of the "licentious populace," and letters were speedily despatched to all the counties, declaring that the king meant not to employ force in levying his late imposition, and that he would take nothing from his "loving subjects," but by way of voluntary benevolence. A general pardon was granted to the contumacious rebels, their guilt being prudently imputed, after the manner of Shake speare's Apothecary's—to poverty, and not want of inclination to do better. The odium of the entire transaction, as usual, fell upon the minister, whom all parties, rich and poor, united in denouncing as the subverter of their laws and liberties; while the clemency of the pardon, by an illusion, which (like other theoretical anomalies in the constitution) on the whole "works well" in practice, was ascribed wholly to the benign affection of the sovereign.

It might, perhaps, be supposed, that, however unpopular was Wolsey's civil administration, his rapacity and arbitrary innovations would not extend to the body of which he was a member, and that his church government would be marked by so much of the *esprit du corps* as to ensure him at least against the ill-will of his ecclesiastical brethren. But the contrary was the fact: the clergy feared and hated him with the acrimony of their profession; and curses, not loud but deep, followed

* This head chopping mode of raising supplies appears to have been in particular esteem with the king during his reign. While the opposition of the commons to the former imposition lasted, Henry sent for a Mr. Edward Montague, who had considerable influence in the house, and said—"Ho, man, will they not suffer my bill to pass?" and laying his hand on Montague's head, who was then on his knees before him, "Get my bill passed by to-morrow, or else to-morrow this head of yours will be off." The bill was passed, and Mr. Montague's head was permitted to remain in its ordinary position.

† Warham, the archbishop of Canterbury, in a letter to Wolsey on these discontents of the populace, observes, that "he would that the time had suffered that this practising with the people for so great sums might have been spared till the cuckoo time and the hot weather (at which time good brains be most busy) had been overpassed." This is a specimen of the physiological wisdom of our ancestors.

* Ellis's Letters illustrative of English History.

† Hallam, Constitutional History of England.

his wake from the poorer monks whom he had expelled from their dwellings, and whose revenues he had applied to the indulgence of his own vanity and love of magnificence;—and from the more wealthy secular and professed priests and dignitaries whom he had compelled to compromise by large sums of money for such charges as he pleased to allege against them, and upon whom he had attempted every means of reform, but the purest and most efficacious, that of example.

We have seen that he was joined in the legatine authority with Campeggio, a part of whose duty it was to enquire into the condition of the monasteries throughout England. Wolsey meditated great designs in this legatine visitation of the religious houses, which, however, he wished should be felt as the effects of his own undivided authority. At his instance, Henry applied to the pope to have Campeggio recalled, and Wolsey instituted alone in the legatine power. Leo X. accordingly issued a bull, constituting the English cardinal legate a *latere*, with the unusual privilege of dispensing with all church laws for one year. He purchased at very high prices renewals of this bull from Leo and his successor, and was finally invested with the legatine authority, and appointed the pope's vicar-general in England for life by Clement VII. His first act as pope (which he was to all intents and purposes) in England, was the erecting an office which he called the legatine court; the authority of which, invested as he was now with all power ecclesiastical as well as civil, was really unbounded: by it he assumed a kind of inquisitorial jurisdiction over the clergy*, and even over the laity, unknown in this country; for he not only directed enquiries into all offences against good morals, which were not cognizable by the law, but actually extended his office of censor to levities of conduct and matters of conscience. The immoralities springing from the wealth and ignorance of the clergy were the constant themes of his denouncement, considered at the time the more audacious and offensive, from the contrast afforded by his own expensive and dissolute habits.† The

* He caused returns of the number of churches, monasteries, and religious houses, with their revenues, &c., in the kingdom, to be made out. From these returns there appear to have been 9407 churches in England in the time of Wolsey. In the time of bishop Gibson (Charles II.) there were not more than 9282. "I know not," says that prelate, "how this difference should arise, unless it be that some were demolished in the last age, and that chapels parochial were omitted."

† Wolsey's face was scarred by disease, consequent upon his illicit amours, to a degree that affected the sight of one of his eyes. Hence all likenesses of him are in profile. He left one illegitimate son, Thomas Winter, whom he educated at great cost in Paris, and presented with eleven livings. One article of his impeachment charges him with having compelled a sir John Henley to resign a farm belonging to a convent at Chester, in favour of the man who had married the mother of two other of his illegitimate children. But such profligate libertinism was not unusual in those times in clergymen.

monks and other members of religious houses were, from the more open libertinism of the lives of many of them, particularly obnoxious to this most oppressive tribunal, and were compelled to purchase an indemnity from time to time by the payment of large sums of money.

Not content with this authority, and the great emoluments derived from it, Wolsey assumed the whole power of nominating to whatever priories or benefices he pleased, without regard to the right of election in the monks, and of patronage in the nobility and gentry; and, moreover, usurped the fees and jurisdiction of the prerogative and bishops' courts, particularly in the cases, the most profitable, of wills and testaments. But Wolsey's designs for the reformation of the clergy were not limited to the fines and punishments of his legatine inquisition. He clearly saw that the inevitable effects of the corruption and ignorance of the ecclesiastical body would be fatal to religion, unless some bold and effectual steps were taken to correct them; and therefore, says Burnet, "intended to visit all the monasteries of England, that, so discovering their corruptions, he might the better justify the design he had to suppress most of them, and convert them into bishoprics, cathedrals, collegiate churches, and colleges." A bull was obtained from Rome to carry this design into effect; but Wolsey was, according to the same author, "diverted from making any use of it, by some, who advised him rather to suppress monasteries by the pope's authority than proceed in a method which would raise great hatred against himself, cast foul aspersions on religious orders, and give the enemies of the church great advantages against it; yet," observes the bishop, "he had communicated his design to the king; and his secretary Thomas Cromwell, understanding it, was thereby instructed how to proceed afterwards, when they went about the total suppression of the monasteries."

But Wolsey was not altogether "diverted" from his design, nor was he induced to relinquish its prosecution in its entire extent by the motives with which Burnet alleges him to have been actuated. With a courage worthy of his high ambition and extraordinary fortune, he in two years dissolved forty-one of the lesser monasteries; and was only restrained in his course by a friendly admonition from the king, to avoid giving future occasion to the "mumbings" and "murmurings" which his innovations had given birth to among the poorer classes, who were strongly attached to the monastic institutions, from the shelter afforded by them against the extreme ills of poverty, and from their being the only means of advancement to persons of lowly origin. Wolsey thus established the precedent, which

"The majestic lord,
Who broke the bonds of Rome,"

a few years after so extensively acted upon, and

which so much favoured the spread of the reformation in England.

The use to which Wolsey applied the funds of the dissolved monasteries sheds a bright lustre upon his character, and goes far to atone for the arbitrary means which he employed to attain so excellent an end. The revenues and endowments of the monastery of St. Frideswide, the wealthiest and most considerable of the proscribed institutions, were appropriated to the formation of a "college of secular priests," still in existence as Christ Church college, Oxford *, and the revenues of the rest were employed with equal zeal in the same noble design of diffusing the means of learning. Through his aid, also, lectures were read at Oxford on theology, civil law, physic, philosophy, mathematics, Greek, rhetoric, and humanity, by the most eminent scholars and masters of that day, many of whom being foreigners were induced to come into England by his reputation as a munificent patron of literature. Ipswich, his native town, tasted largely of his bounty and zeal in the cause of education. He established a school, and made arrangements for a college there; and penned himself a Latin preface to Lilly's Grammar (then just published), which he particularly desired should be used in his foundation. We shall quote a portion—the opening part—of this preface, as it is the only effort of Wolsey's pen, not connected with state transactions or his private affairs, that has come down to us. The royalty of its style is characteristic.

"Thomas, Cardinal of York, to the masters of Ipswich School, greeting.

"We imagine nobody can be ignorant of the care, study, and industry of mind, with which we have hitherto directed our labours, not for our own private interest, but that of our country, and all our citizens, which we have very much at heart, and in which particular we shall deem ourselves to have been most amply gratified, if by any Divine blessing we shall improve the minds of the people. Wherefore, being filled with the utmost zeal to promote learning and piety in our native place, which she claims of us as a certain right, we have founded a Latin school, no ways inelegant, as a testimony of our chief regard for them. But as it would be imperfect to erect a school, however magnificent, unless attended by learned masters, we have every way studied to give the government thereof to chosen and approved teachers, under whose tuition British youth may by degrees, from their earliest years, imbibe both morals and letters; well knowing that the hopes of the republic arise from their minds being then formed aright; and that the same may more happily and speedily be brought to bear, we have taken all manner of care

that you should have such books as are most necessary for the instruction of them.

"In this our new school, whereof ye are masters, ye must teach the boys by turns, and diligently exercise them in the rudiments and method of learning, that they may afterwards be advanced to the most elegant literature and the best of morals. To this purpose, if ye labour with equal care to our satisfaction, ye shall not only deserve our great favour for your pains, but make it also happy for your successors. Fare ye well.*

"From our palace, A. D. 1528. Kal. Sept."

The deep interest which Wolsey took in the instruction of youth is, as we before remarked, the bright feature of his character, shedding a lustre alike on his heart and intellect. No man seems to have been more aware of the influence of external circumstances, of apparently the most trifling nature, in tinging and moulding the plastic mind of children, as, indeed, no man excelled him in knowledge of the reflex influence which circumstances in general have on human opinions and actions. He superintended with the most assiduous attention the education of his godson, the earl of Richmond (natural son of the king), and in his own hand-writing drew up a plan of the household and domestic arrangements, in which the minutest particulars were noted, of that young nobleman, on his entering the sixth year of his age. He also superintended the domestic education of the princess Mary; and, in the height of his power and ambition, stooped to determine whether or not the princess should have "spice plates and a ship of silver for the almes dishe," and if a "trumpet and rebeks" were a fitting toy for her pastime hours "at the solempne fest of Christmas." He is but little read in the philosophy of the human heart, and holds but little sympathy with the labours of a Locke and a Fenelon, who does not admire these proofs of the loftiest wisdom, and as such of the loftiest benevolence. Would that Wolsey had not wasted his fine talents in the mad dreams of ambition, but had applied them to the improvement of the social elements of human happiness! How much more would he thus have benefited mankind, and how much more would he have contributed to his own peace of mind, and to his honourable claims upon the gratitude and admiration of posterity!

The spirit of rigid and minute detail which we have been just noticing, and which, like his love of the trappings and ceremony of office, was fostered, if not generated, by the genius of the catholic worship, is seen in his bills for the improvement of trade,—a subject to which he gave great attention,—and for amending the various processes of the law, which, as lord chancellor,

* "Ever witness for him

Those twins of learning that he raised in you, Ipswich and Oxford!"

See Griffiths, of Wolsey, in Shakspeare's "Henry VIII."

* See an Essay on a System of Classical Instruction, (London, John Taylor, 1829.) for the remainder of this interesting letter, in which Wolsey lays down the course of studies to be pursued in his school with singular professional minuteness.

he, alone then had the right of bringing before parliament. The great truth (beginning at length to be known by legislators and other men "wise in their generation"), that all that trade wants to thrive, is to be let alone, was not known for centuries after the time of Wolsey; therefore we need not be surprised to find that the restrictive, and protective, and prohibitive principles, in all their perfection, are those by which he was actuated, and, as a consequence, that he injured the general commerce of the country much more than he benefited particular "interests." The very number and minuteness, however, of those bills and restrictions entitle him to our praise, evincing as they do a statesmanlike view of the importance of trade far beyond his age, though they betray a common ignorance of the best mode of promoting it. Some of those restrictions were of a ludicrously oppressive nature, particularly from the minute rigidity with which he caused them to be enforced. Acts had been passed regulating the rates of wages of labourers, the hours of meals and rest, and, with a view probably to encourage some domestic manufacture, specifying the apparel of the "operative" classes, to be worn under penalty and forfeiture. This petty legislation, as might naturally be expected, proved highly unpopular. At Rochester the just indignation of the populace burst forth on seeing a man pilloried for merely wearing a "ryven" shirt instead of a texture prescribed by act of parliament. Wolsey was too stiff-necked to abate a jot of any restriction, however minute or vexatious, once it had received the sanction of the legislature, and therefore rigidly enforced those oppressive and useless statutes; he himself, "observing one day an elderly man in an old crimson jacket, adorned with various broaches, with his own hands took from him the prohibited dress," by way of example to his commissioners.

We possess the most unquestionable authority of the ability and general impartiality of the cardinal's administration in the court of chancery, in which he "spared neither high nor low, but judged every estate according to their merits and deserts." Sir Thomas More thus writes to his friend Erasmus:—"The archbishop of Canterbury" (Warham, whom historians and biographers, including Cavendish himself, erroneously represent to have resigned the seals from disgust at Wolsey's towering ascendancy) "has at length resigned the office of chancellor; which burthen, as you know, he had strenuously endeavoured to lay down for some years; and, the long-wished for retreat being now attained, he enjoys a most pleasant recess in his studies, with the agreeable reflection of having acquitted himself so honourably in that high station. The cardinal of York succeeds him, who discharges the duties of that post so admirably as to surpass the hopes of all, notwithstanding the great opinion of his other eminent qualities, and, which is more rare, to give pleasure and satisfaction after so excellent a predecessor." We

need not say more on the ability of Wolsey's chancellorship, and will only add, on the subject of his legal administration, that he instituted the most salutary regulations for the prevention and punishment of perjury and highway robbery, then very common crimes; that he also established courts for protecting the poor against the oppression of the rich; and that his ingenuity and influence were sedulously applied during his entire career to rendering the laws intelligible, simple, cheap, and respected. So far his country was his debtor.

It was during the administration of Wolsey that Martin Luther sounded the tocsin of religious freedom in Germany, by which the usurped authority of the bishops of Rome was shaken to its foundation. The tide of the reformation had not, however, yet flowed into England, where the public mind was perhaps still more fitted for its reception; so that the cardinal was not called on to adopt any very decided measures in obedience to his master's purpose either of forwarding or retarding it. It is probable that he conceived the conduct of Luther merely as that of a temporary schismatic, whose bold insolence would abate as its novelty faded, and as the selfish passions which were mixed up with its birth yielded to the influence of time and expostulation.—The features of the reformation were not revealed in all their brightness, depth, and breadth, even to its authors, or, more properly speaking, its immediate instruments, for years after the death of Wolsey; so that it is not to be wondered at that he viewed the "affair" of the professor of Wittenberg with the pope, concerning the sale of indulgences and the amount of the authority of the papal see, for a long time, with something of the indifference of a passing incident. He was himself very much inclined for "a reformation of the head and members" of the church, as appears from his approval of the instructions to the English representatives at the council of Lateran*; and from his anxiety to correct the ignorance and licentious habits of the inferior clergy. But throwing off the yoke of the Roman see, toiling as he was with feverish ambition for the chair of St. Peter, was an end that he never for a moment could contemplate, and would resist with all his energy.

Our readers are aware that Henry won the title of the "Defender of the Faith" from the pope, as the reward of his book against the "blasphemous, atheistical, and sacrilegious" tenets of Luther.—Though it should seem that Wolsey had no share in the composition of the work, yet we learn, from Roper's Life of Sir Thomas More, that that most excellent man was over-ruled by him, in his advice to Henry, to omit, or at least to qualify, that por-

* This council was summoned in 1511, by Julius II., to counteract the effect of the antagonist council of Pisa. The English representatives are enjoined to seek "pro bono universalis ecclesie Catholice, et pro reformatione ejus, tam in capite quam in membris."—*Rymer*, 325

tion in which the papal supremacy is asserted; and the cardinal's own letter to the pope, which accompanied a copy of the work, shows his anxiety to have it inferred that Henry's zeal against Luther was mainly instigated by his minister. He could not, however, even though personally inclined, remain a passive spectator of the progress of the Lutheran controversy, after his master had thus decidedly thrown down the gauntlet against the the Wittenberg professor. Accordingly he caused pope Leo's bull against Luther to be posted on every church door in England, along with the forty-two "damnable and pestiferous" errors of that great reformer; by which means, as must have been obvious, had he bestowed on the act a few moments' serious reflection, he strongly favoured the growth and spread of the "noxious briars" which it was intended to eradicate.

Neither did Luther himself perceive the advantage to the new doctrines of thus fixing them upon the attention of the public mind; for, looking only to the motive and the insult, he denounced (in his Apologetical Letter to Henry, the most extraordinary of all his extraordinary publications,) Wolsey, with his usual vehemence and coarseness, calling him "illud monstrum et publicum odium Dei et hominum, Cardinalis Eboracensis, pestis illa regni tui," &c. This abuse had the effect of sharpening Wolsey's judgment; for we find that he immediately issued a command, requiring all persons, under pain of excommunication, to deliver up every work of Luther in their possession. He also applied himself, with redoubled zeal, to the improvement of the schools and colleges throughout the kingdom; revised the statutes of the universities; took a warm interest in the success and arrangements of St. Paul's school, lately founded under the celebrated dean Colet: in fact, he seemed determined to supply the church, in the event of a combat, with its most fitting armoury—the superior morals and learning of its ministers. "Learning to learning," was his mode of religious warfare; there being nothing vindictive or sanguinary in Wolsey's character, where his personal feelings were not offended; and it should be remembered to his credit, that one article of his impeachment was his remissness in hunting and punishing heretics, as those who had adopted the tenets of Luther were then designated.

Wolsey had now for many years exercised the entire ecclesiastical and civil power of the kingdom with uncontrolled authority, and without any diminution of his master's confidence. His talents, as we before observed, had unfolded themselves as the field of their exertion had widened, while his unpopularity outran both, till it became universal. The nobility hated him for the stern iron rule by which he compelled them to obey the laws, and for monopolising with haughty ostentation the royal confidence and favour, which they considered to be their birthright. Proud of their

ancient descent, they could ill brook such impetuous sway, even from the monarch, and burned with indignation at being obliged to bow and cringe to an arrogant "butcher's boy," who set no limits to his demands on their respectful bearing. They regarded him, moreover, as the murderer of the most illustrious of their body, Stafford, the duke of Buckingham*, though the death of that nobleman was at least as much the consequence of Henry's savage jealousy of his Plantagenet blood as of the cardinal's vindictiveness. His arbitrary oppressions in the shape of loans and benevolences, and his still more arbitrary attempt to levy taxes without the aid of parliament, had earned him the resentment of the poorer classes (always prone to regard with envious hatred the conduct of men of lowly origin), and of the small band of patriots who, even in that despotic age, cherished a love of constitutional freedom. On the other hand, his undisguised contempt of the ignorance and gross habits of the mass of the clergy, and his arbitrary efforts to punish and amend both, could not fail to make him the object of resentment of a body whose ill-will is proverbially implacable, and which, in the instance of Wolsey, was the more natural, as they "thought it did not become him, whose vices were notorious and scandalous, to tax others whose faults were neither so great nor so eminent as his were."

For all these reasons, Wolsey's administration was highly unpopular, and his destruction sought after by a host of eager enemies. But till the affair of the divorce from queen Catharine, and consequent marriage with Anne Boleyn†, that is, till his will and appetite were inflamed and thwarted by delay and opposition—there appears to have been no change in the feelings of the king towards his favourite. Then, indeed, Wolsey's fall was as rapid and astounding as his rise; and then it

* Granger tells, on the authority of Dod's Church History, that Wolsey, either from vanity or insolence, washed in the basin which the duke had just before held to the king while he washed his hands; upon which the duke poured the water into the cardinal's shoes. This so provoked the haughty prelate, that he threatened to sit upon his skirts: which menace occasioned the duke's having no skirts to his coat when he next appeared in the royal presence. The king asking the reason of this singular appearance, the duke told him that it was only to disappoint the cardinal.

† The language of Cavendish on this head is amusingly characteristic of the metaphorical phraseology of the age. "Thus passed the cardinal his life and time from day to day, and year to year, in such great wealth, joy, and triumph, and glory, having always on his side the king's special favour; until Fortune, of whose favour no man is longer assured than she is disposed, began to wax something wroth with his prosperous estate, and thought she would devise a means to abate his high port; wherefore she procured Venus, the insatiate goddess, to be her instrument. To work her purpose, she brought the king in love with a gentlewoman, that, after she perceived and felt the king's good will towards her, and how diligent he was both to please her, and to grant all her requests, she wrought the cardinal much displeasure, as hereafter shall be more at large declared."

was that Henry verified a remarkable declaration of his to one who warned him of his favourite's power and munificence—"The hand that made him can destroy him when it lists." Wolsey was himself the first to perceive what his knowledge of Henry's unsteady temper, and of the precarious nature of his hold on his affections, must have often presented to his fancy in those moments of prophetic sadness which steal over us even in our most prosperous and happy hours; and probably the magnificent gift of Hampton Court to his master was the consequence of his perceiving some unconscious workings in the royal mind of jealousy of his extraordinary wealth and unsubject-like splendour. Be that as it may, the effect of the gift was to deafen the king to the complaints and insinuations that were constantly thrown out against the cardinal, and to make the latter indulge his passion for pomp and regal magnificence with more ostentation than ever.

It does not fall within our design to repeat what historians have informed us of the proceedings in the case of the divorce of queen Catharine, more than belongs to the part which Wolsey took in them, and to the manner in which they affected his fortunes. It does not appear when Henry first communicated to his minister his scruples of the legality of his marriage with his brother's widow; but they were no sooner communicated, than acknowledged to be well founded. These scruples, it is perhaps necessary to premise, were as old as "the marriage itself; a dispensation of the pope being required before it could be entered into, and the prince himself being only twelve years old when the contract was ratified. Henry VII. never intended that the contract should be permanently binding, and only employed it as a pretext for not repaying the large sum which Catherine brought as her dowry. He ordered the prince to protest against it as soon as he became of age; and charged him, on his deathbed, as his last injunction, not to fulfil an alliance so unprecedented, and so exposed to insurmountable objections. But Henry was in the height of youth and passion, and spurned all remonstrance. For eighteen years the legality of the marriage was not doubted, though indeed the legitimacy of the princess Mary, the only surviving child of this union, was objected to by the states of Castile whilst her marriage with the emperor Charles was negotiated, and by the ambassador of France when it was intended to betroth her to one of the French king's brothers.

Years, however, passed on, without any particular mention of the scruples, till what Fuller designates the "cunning chastity" of Anne Boleyn made her refuse to share Henry's bed but as his lawful wife. Queen Catherine had become old and past child-bearing; Henry, burning with a new passion, loathed her with the aversion of satiety; the scruples concerning the legality of the contract rushed to his assistance: all his

bishops, Fisher excepted, assured him, and Thomas Aquinas convinced him, that the marriage was unlawful. He communicated his conviction to Wolsey,* and that pliant minister pledged himself to "bring the matter about to his heart's content," so far as the pope was concerned. This happened in 1527, as Wolsey was about to set out on an embassy to France, to conclude a close alliance between the two crowns, and to treat for the liberation of the captive pontiff; an embassy which Cavendish with plausibility ascribes to the malice of his enemies, "in order to get him out of the king's daily presence, and to convey him out of the realm, that they might have convenient leisure and opportunity to adventure their long desired enterprise; and by the aid of their chief mistress, my lady Ann, to deprive him so unto the king in his absence, that he would be rather in his high displeasure, than in his accustomed favour; or at the least to be in less estimation with his majesty."

The cardinal conducted this embassy with even more than his usual state and magnificence, and was received every where with a respect only paid to the most powerful monarchs. His train consisted of 1200 lords and gentlemen on horseback, attired in the most costly livery.

"On his landing at Calais, he called before him all his noblemen and gentlemen into his privy chamber; where they being assembled, [he] said unto them in this wise in effect:—"I have called you hither to this intent, to declare unto you, that I considering the intelligence that ye minister unto me, and the good will that I bear you again for the same, intending to remember your diligent service hereafter, in place where ye shall receive condign thanks and rewards. And also I would show you further what authority I have received directly from the king's highness; and to instruct you somewhat of the nature of the Frenchmen; and then to inform you what reverence ye shall use unto me for the high honour of the king's majesty, and also how ye shall entertain the Frenchmen, whensoever ye shall meet at any time. First, ye shall understand that the king's majesty, upon certain weighty considerations, hath, for the more advancement of his royal dignity, assigned me in this journey to be his lieutenant-general; and what reverence belongeth to the same I will tell you. That for my part I must, by virtue of my commission of lieutenantship, assume and take

* Both the queen and her nephew, the emperor Charles, charged Wolsey with having originated the divorce indirectly through the bishop of Tarbes. "Of this trouble I may only thank you, my lord cardinal of York; for, because I have wondered at your high pride and vain glory, and *abhor your voluptuous life*, and little regard your presumptuous power and tyranny, therefore of malice you have kindled this fire and set this matter abroad, and in especial for the great malice that you bear to my nephew the emperor, because he would not satisfy your ambition and make you pope by force." *Hall*. And to the same effect Charles in *Le Grand*.

upon me, in all honours and degrees, to have all such service and reverence as to his highness' presence is meet and due: and nothing thereof to be neglected or omitted by me that to his royal estate is appurtenant. And for my part ye shall see me that I will not omit one jot thereof. Therefore, because ye shall not be ignorant in that behalf, is one of the special causes of this your assembly, willing and commanding you as ye entend my favour not to forget the same in time and place, but every of you do observe this information and instruction as ye will at my return avoid the king's indignation, but to obtain his highness' thanks, the which I will further for you as ye shall deserve.

"Now to the point of the Frenchmen's nature,—ye shall understand that their disposition is such, that they will be at the first meeting as familiar with you as they had been acquainted with you long before, and commune with you in the French tongue as though ye understood every word they spake: therefore in like manner, be ye as familiar with them again as they be with you. If they speak to you in the French tongue, speak you to them in the English tongue; for if you understand not them, they shall no more understand you.' And my lord speaking merrily to one of the gentlemen there, being a Welshman, 'Rice,' quoth he, 'speak thou Welsh to him, and I am well assured that thy Welsh shall be more diffuse to him than his French shall be to thee.' And then quoth he again to us all, 'Let all your entertainment and behaviour be according to all gentleness and humanity, that it may be reported, after your departure from thence, that ye be gentlemen of right good behaviour, and of much gentleness, and that ye be men that know your duty to your sovereign lord, and to your master, allowing much your great reverence. Thus shall ye not only obtain to yourselves great commendation and praise for the same, but also advance the honour of your prince and country. Now go your ways admonished of all these points, and prepare yourselves against to-morrow, for then we intend, God willing, to set forward.'"

Wolsey's "progress" from Calais to Amiens, where Francis awaited him, was accompanied with all the honours and privileges of royalty,—here, as a cardinal, proclaiming a day for the remission of sins—there, exercising the regal privilege of relieving confined debtors. As he was in the height of his resentment against Charles, and did not yet despair of the popedom, he concluded a most solemnly-binding compact on the part of his sovereign with the French king, and strove to win that monarch to his personal interests by all possible expedients. Among the rest, he promised to have his master's marriage with queen Catherine annulled by the pope; and the princess Renée, Francis's sister-in-law, made queen of England. Full of this project, he returned home.

* Cavendish.

He met the king in Kent, on his way to London, and entered into an explanation of his embassy, dwelling particularly on the advantages of the projected alliance with a French princess. Henry received him coldly, and told him that he did not want a French princess, for that Anne Boleyn should be his queen as soon as Wolsey's zeal had obtained the papal sanction. The cardinal was thunderstruck at this declaration, for he saw in its fulfilment his inevitable ruin. He was not ignorant of the king's passion for Anne, for, at Henry's command, he had, long before his embassy, annulled her contract with lord Percy, and had compelled that young nobleman to marry another lady; but he considered it to be the mere ebullition of lust, which would most probably end in her becoming the king's concubine. Still considering the king's resolution to be dictated by his coarser feelings, he threw himself at Henry's knees, and implored him not to persist in it, urging every topic he thought likely to affect his pride or his interest. But he might as well bay the moon as attempt to talk Henry's appetite into moderation. He was dismissed with a command to lose no time in fulfilling his promise of "bringing the affair of the divorce about to the king's satisfaction." Notwithstanding this rebuff Wolsey did not altogether abandon his French alliance, for he still trusted in the effect of delay in abating the fervour of his master's present passion, and in thereby disposing him to entertain his project with less reluctance on a future occasion. He knew, however, that, whatever should be the result of the affair with Anne Boleyn, it "would be as much as his life was worth" to procure the papal dispensation; and accordingly applied himself with extraordinary zeal to gain the pope over to his purpose.

Our readers, we take it for granted, are acquainted with the evasive conduct of Clement VII. in the matter of the divorce; with his vacillations between the "hammer and the forge," as he himself termed it—his fears to offend the emperor, whose prisoner he lately was, and his anxiety to be on good terms with the court of England; with the proceedings of the trial opened before his legates Campeggio and Wolsey (which the pen of Shakspeare has recorded in his imperishable language, and which the genius of Mrs. Siddons, and the classic taste of the Kembles, has pictured in a style worthy of that language on the memory of the fading generation); with the artful adjourning of the process to Rome; and with all the schemes employed by that subtle court to delay the adverse decision to the last moment. Wolsey was no party to these time-killing evasions. On the contrary, his letters betoken a deep and feverish anxiety to have the decretal bull issued without delay or qualification. In the letter in which he congratulates the pope on his obtaining his liberty, he urges him to despatch the king's business. "This only I will add," he says,

"that that which is desired is holy and just, and very much for the safety and quiet of the kingdom, which is most devoted to the apostolic see." He told Clement that his delaying the bull would be his certain ruin, and would endanger the obedience of the crown of England to the papal see. He wrote long and most earnest letters to the ambassadors at Rome, in which all the arguments that a most anxious mind could devise are forcibly urged to persuade the pope to grant the king's desire. He offers to take the blame of the entire proceeding "on his own soul," if there was any thing informal or "amiss" in it. He entreated Campeggio, who was sought for as the legate, "for his known tractableness," to hasten to England as he valued his own interest and his friend's safety. In another letter Wolsey writes, "For my part, I would expose any thing to my life, yea, life itself, rather than see the inconveniences that may ensue upon disappointing of the king's desires."

But all this zeal availed him not: the friends of Anne were his implacable enemies; and she was easily led to believe that the delay of her marriage* was wholly owing to his predilection for another alliance. This being a crime which the female heart never forgives, she lost no opportunity of poisoning the ear of her royal lover against his favourite. On the other hand, the friends of the queen regarded him as the prime mover and originator of the whole proceeding, unmindful of the king's solemn declaration to the contrary, and sought his destruction with all the virulence of in-

sulted honour, sharpened by revenge. It was suggested to Henry, that all the crosses and evasions with which the pope had so long thwarted his matrimonial designs were but the cardinal's artifices to change his purpose, by wearing out his hopes of its being successful. Irritated almost to madness by the obstacles which papal chicanery had placed in the way of the gratification of his passion, he gave a willing ear to the suggestion, and vented his long-suppressed indignation upon the cardinal. The high opinion which he had so long entertained of Wolsey's capacity now only contributed to inflame his new feeling against him, and to hasten his downfall. He would not believe that the cardinal could fail if his fidelity went along with his zeal, and therefore thought that he must have been "juggling all this time in the business."

But the blow did not fall instantly, though Wolsey knew it was now inevitable. At the close of the legatine court one day, Henry ordered the cardinal to attend him at the palace of Bridewell adjoining. For an hour the indignant sovereign showered on the head of the devoted minister the most vehement abuse for the delay that had taken place in the business. Wolsey in vain attempted to justify his conduct. The king abruptly dismissed him, and the cardinal sought the respite of his own palace at Westminster. The bishop of Carlisle, who entered the barge with him at Blackfriars, remarked that "it was a very hot day." "Yes," replied Wolsey, "and if you had been as much chafed as I have been within this hour, you would indeed say it was very hot."

Oppressed, exhausted, and heart-broken, the cardinal immediately went to bed on arriving at his residence (York-house, now Whitehall palace), but was almost as soon compelled to return to Bridewell, by the king's command, requiring the immediate interposition of the legates with the queen, then at the palace. He had here to encounter the mortifying taunts and vituperation of the enraged princess, upon whom he could make no favourable impression. Another interview with Henry to communicate the unsuccessful issue of his interposition finished this day's anxiety. A few days after Campeggio abruptly adjourned the court to October, without coming to any decision.

Nothing could exceed the surprise and indignation of the king at this proceeding. The whole court complained of the delay, and pressed the legates to give sentence. Campeggio said he could not till October. "Upon which the lords spake very high: and the duke of Suffolk, with great commotion, swore 'by the mass, that he saw it was true which had been commonly said, that never cardinal yet did good in England;' and so all the temporal lords went away in a fury, leaving the legates, Wolsey in particular, in no small perplexity." Wolsey, against whom Suffolk's declaration was wholly aimed, from this learned that

* The reader will, we are sure, be gratified by perusing the following naïve letter from Anne Boleyn to Wolsey concerning the dispensation for her marriage:—

"My Lord,
"In my most humble wise that my poor heart can think, I do thank your grace for your kind letter, and for your rich and goodly present, the which I shall never be able to deserve without your help: of the which I have hitherto had so great plenty, that all the days of my life I am most bound of all creatures, next the king's grace, to love and serve your grace: of the which I beseech you never to doubt that ever I shall vary from this thought as long as any breath is in my body. And as touching your grace's trouble with the sweat [this allusion to the "sweating sickness" shows the letter to have been written in 1528], I thank our Lord that them that I desired and prayed for are escaped, and that is the king and you; not doubting but that God has preserved you both for great causes, known only of his high wisdom. And as for the coming of the legate, I desire that much, and if it be God's pleasure, I pray him to send this matter shortly to a good end, and then I trust, my lord, to recompense part of your great pains. In the which I must require you in the mean time to accept my good will, in the stead of the power, the which must proceed partly from you, as our lord knoweth; to whom I beseech to send you long life, with continuance in honour. Written with the hand of her that is most bound to be,

"Your most humble and obedient servant,

"ANNE BOLEYN."

The reader will find many other equally interesting letters of Anne, and the other parties engaged in the divorce, in Burnet

the courtiers clearly saw that his fall was at hand. Nothing more, however, happened at this time, for the king immediately left town on a progress with his mistress.

The two cardinals waited on Henry at Grafton in Northamptonshire. Wolsey's pride and hopes received here their fatal blow, for the courtiers who attended the king no longer disguised their insolence and resentment, and knowing his disgrace to have been fixed upon, actually "laid many great wagers that his majesty would not speak with the lord cardinal." His mortifications did not end here. On reaching the entrance of the court, Campeggio was immediately conducted to an apartment prepared for him, and Wolsey, with dismay, heard that no order for his accommodation had been issued. The delicate and most considerate courtesy of sir Henry Norris, a young and favoured attendant of the king (who was not long afterwards executed for an alleged criminality with Anne Boleyn) in some degree relieved him from the embarrassments of his situation. The knight begged Wolsey to accept of his apartment, affecting to ascribe the manifest neglect of the cardinal to the limited arrangements of the king's present residence.

From Norris, Wolsey soon learned what was known at court of Henry's estrangement from his minister. A ray of sunshine, however, for a moment lit up Wolsey's fortunes. The cardinal was bidden to the royal presence, and was received courteously, even kindly. The presence of the man who had so long maintained an ascendancy over his affections, and in whom he had reposed such unlimited confidence, melted the stubborn heart of Henry, who ever acted in obedience to the passing impulse. He raised Wolsey from his kneeling posture, and leading him by the hand to the recess of a window, conversed with him long and earnestly. From the expressions, however, which reached the ear of Cavendish it should seem that Henry was accusing him of some deception in his conduct as minister. "How can that be? is not this your own hand?" said the king, plucking out of his bosom a letter or writing, and showing him the same. Wolsey was then dismissed to dinner, with the promise of another interview on the morrow. That interview, however, was not granted; for Anne Boleyn, who was urged by her uncle the duke of Norfolk, and her own inclination, to employ all her influence to prevent their enemy's return to favour, had engaged the amorous monarch in a sylvan excursion in a neighbouring park, and Wolsey never afterwards saw his royal master.

Scarcely had Campeggio separated from his colleague than his baggage was examined, Henry suspecting that Wolsey was transmitting through him the means of providing for himself abroad, in the event of his escaping from the kingdom. But a provision for a future day had never once crossed the cardinal's mind through his whole career: rapacity was in him a means of which lavish magni-

ficence, and not griping avarice, was the sole end.

On his return to London, he opened the court of chancery with his wonted parade. It was his last exercise of the high functions of lord chancellor. The next morning he was waited on by the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and the great seal demanded from him. He refused to deliver it up on a mere verbal order, and without a formal letter to that effect from the king's own hand. He probably expected that the reflection which attends the act of writing, and delay in the execution of a design, would induce Henry to soften, if not altogether revoke, his order. He was disappointed: on the following day the two dukes bore away the insignia of his office, first presenting him with their master's written authority. He was at the same time commanded to give up York palace, built by himself on the property of the see of York, and to reside in Esher, adjoining Hampton Court, another palace, also built by him, belonging to the bishopric of Winchester.

Wolsey having taken a farewell survey of the costly furniture of his princely mansion, which exceeded in splendour any thing ever seen before in England (an inventory of it is still preserved in the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum,) set out on his way to Esher. He was rowed in his barge to Putney, where his mules and horses awaited him. An incident occurred on this journey which is calculated to excite our disgust at his meanness; not the less so, perhaps, when his former overbearing haughtiness of deportment presents itself to our recollection. Not, indeed, that there is any thing inconsistent or unusual in this mixture of inordinate pride and base abjectness of nature. They are both the offspring of selfishness and hollowness of heart,—

"Proud men are base, to compass their desire;
They lowest crouch, that highest do aspire."

Scarcely had he proceeded on his mule, when sir Henry Norris rode up to him, and hailed him with the glad tidings, that "the king commanded his grace to be of good cheer, for that he was as much in his favour as he had ever been." These "good and comfortable" words were accompanied by a well-known ring, which Henry sent him as a certain token of his favour. Wolsey was a first overpowered by the extravagance of his transports of joy. He prostrated himself "on his knees in the mire," and with the wildest gestures of gratitude invoked the blessings of heaven on his royal master. The young knight, amazed at this abasement of the haughty prelate, knelt down beside him, and besought him to give credence to his message. But the other, almost choked with emotion, could only ejaculate his broken thanks to his God and his king; showing thereby, observes Burnet, how mean a soul he had, and that, as he himself afterwards acknowledged, "he preferred the king's favour to God Almighty's." On parting, he gave Norris a piece of the "real

holy cross," which he wore round his neck, as a token of his friendship. "Gentle Norris! if I were lord of a realm, the one half thereof were an insufficient reward to give you for your pains and right comfortable news. But, master Norris, consider with me that I have nothing left me but my clothes on my back; therefore I desire you to take this small reward of my hand." To the king he sent many messages of devotion; and recollecting, after taking leave of the knight, that Henry prized a favourite fool he had in his household, he recalled Norris, and bade the menial accompany him to the king; but the poor attached creature could with difficulty be compelled into his new service, and not till the cardinal had ordered six of his stoutest yeomen to enforce him;—a striking instance, says the chronicler, of his total regardlessness of the consequences to others of his attaining his end—self, (in this case, a forgetfulness, to say the least of it, of the lacerated feelings of affection of a poor creature who was all feeling,) even in affliction.

Wolsey spent some weeks at Esher, a prey to his fears and mortified ambition. As might be expected, the world, that had paid him such abject court in his prosperity, deserted him in this fatal reverse of his fortune. Wolsey was not himself prepared for what he conceived to be base ingratitude: it surprised and depressed him; and the same pride, unsupported by true dignity of character, which made him be vainly elated with his recent grandeur, made him now doubly sensitive to the humiliations of adversity. Under any circumstances he would be unfit for solitude: the glory more even than the power annexed to high station, and the gaze of the multitude being the breath of his nostrils; the calm contentment of private life was to him a sound of no meaning. What, then, must have been his feelings in this first hour of his misery?

—"Now the thought

Both of lost happiness (?) and lasting pain
Torments him."

Baffled in all the schemes of his ambition; disgraced before his rivals; abandoned by the world, and forsaken by his royal master!—his heart was not yet sufficiently chastened by affliction to seek for consolation in its only true source—religion; but still clung with the despair of a lover to the hope of the royal mercy. His letter to Gardiner, whom he had the merit of bringing forward from obscurity, and who, excepting his other secretary, Cromwell, of all his followers, alone retained grateful respect for their benefactor in his fallen fortunes, bespeak the agony of his feelings. They are usually subscribed, "With a rude hand and sorrowful heart, T. Card^l. Ebor. miserimus," and are scarcely legible, from the excitement under which they seem to have been written.

But the cup was not yet filled to the brim: other crosses and sorrows were necessary to wean Wolsey from worldly ambition, and these were speedily inflicted on him. An information was

filed against him by the attorney-general, for having, contrary to a statute of Richard II., called the Statute of Provisors, exercised legatine authority in England, and having procured bulls from Rome in that capacity. Wolsey confessed the indictment; but pleaded usage and ignorance of the statute, and threw himself on the king's mercy. Nothing could be more unjust and tyrannical than the prosecution of what Henry had himself all along openly sanctioned. The clergy at large were implicated in the information, and were compelled to purchase an indemnity with sums of money. Sentence was at once pronounced against the cardinal: he was declared to have incurred the penalties of a *præmunire*; that is, "that he was out of the king's protection, his lands and goods forfeited, and that his person might be committed to custody."

This harsh treatment produced its usual effects on the public mind: the sight of fallen greatness, which, far more than that of fallen virtue, wins the sympathy of the multitude, converted the resentment and envy of the people into compassion, and even kindness of feeling. The sentence, however, was not persisted in. Henry granted his prostrate ex-minister a free pardon, and reinstated him in the sees of York and Winchester. A wreck (to the value of 6374*l*.) of his immense property was restored to him soon after.

This brief kindness of the king was but the last flickering of his better feelings towards the cardinal. He had already promised Anne Boleyn that he would never see him more, and Wolsey knew too well that his address in personal conference was the only chance he had of regaining his master's favour. Henry found that he could do without him, both as a companion and as a minister; and, with the capricious selfishness of his temper, "whistled" him down the winds for ever. Immediately before he was forgiven the penalties of the "præmunire," he had ordered him to be indicted in the star-chamber,—a court which he himself had restored*, as a curb on the nobility,—for high treason. By that court he was handed over to the vengeance of parliament, and there formally attainted of high treason, in a bill containing

* Sir Thomas Smith (in his commonwealth of England), secretary of state under Edward VI. and Elizabeth, informs us that the court of star-chamber "took augmentation and authority at the time that Cardinal Wolsey was chancellor of England, who of some was thought to have first devised that court, because that he, after some intermission by negligence of time, augmented the authority of it. The measure," he continues, "was marvellous necessary to repress the insolence of the noblemen and gentlemen of the north parts of England, who, being far from the king and the seat of justice, made almost, as it were, an ordinary war among themselves, and made their force their law, binding themselves, with their tenants and servants, to do or revenge injury one against another, as they listed."

On the antiquity of the star-chamber see the introductory volume of Brodie's History of the British Empire, and the first volume of Hallam's Constitutional History of England.

forty-four articles of impeachment. His gross arbitrary outrages upon the constitution were wholly overlooked in this attainder; for these were not the offences a parliament of Henry dared to punish, or that would incur his resentment; and the charges are chiefly against the abuses of his legatine authority, and his haughty deportment in the council. He was charged with having been the first to receive letters from the king's ministers abroad (a curious charge against a prime minister!); with having named himself along with the king, as if he had been his fellow (the *ego et rex meus* charge, which only betrays its framer's ignorance of the Latin idiom); with having whispered in the king's ear, whilst he laboured under a particular disease; with consuming too much time with a fair tale in the council; with allowing no opposition, and overwhelming it with "his accustomed words," so that the members were better hold their peace than speak; with having greatly overshadowed, for a long season, the king's honour; and with many other offences equally indicative of his prosecutors' malevolence, and of the impression which his pride and haughtiness had made on his contemporaries. The bill flew through the lords, by whom the cardinal was hated to a man; and was thrown out of the commons, as the reader of history is aware, through the zeal, eloquence, and honourable exertions of Cromwell. It was after the failure of this parliamentary impeachment that he was prosecuted, as we have narrated, under the Statute of Provisors.

One honourable trait in the character of Wolsey, which should have atoned for much of his sufferings, was brought into relief by the privations which he now endured at Esher—his affability and kindness to his servants and followers. Unable to pay them the usual stipend, he begged of them to provide themselves with a new master till fortune should have proved more auspicious. With tears most of them refused to leave "so kind a master" in his adversity. In this emergency, Cromwell suggested an expedient, of which he set the first example. He proposed a subscription among the chaplains and others whom the cardinal had provided with livings. A common fund was immediately subscribed, which enabled him to pay off most of the arrears of his domestics' wages. This incident speaks volumes in favour of Cromwell's heart, and of his benefactor's natural disposition.

The health of Wolsey at length began to sink under his anxieties and privations, and the king was informed of his condition. Henry immediately sent his own physician to attend upon him. It was soon clear to Dr. Butt, (the physician's name) that unless he could "minister to a mind diseased," his skill would be fruitless; and he accordingly informed the king that the sunshine of the royal countenance would tend more to restore the patient than all the drugs in his dominions.

"How doth yonder man, have you seen him?"—"Yea, sir," quoth he.—"How do you like him?" quoth the king.—"Forsooth, sir," quoth he, "if you will have him dead, I warrant your grace he will be dead within these four days, if he receive no comfort from you shortly, and mistress Anne."—"Marry," quoth the king, "God forbid that he should die. I pray you, good master Buttes, go again unto him, and do your cure upon him; for I would not lose him for twenty thousand pounds."—"Then must your grace," quoth master Buttes, "send him first some comfortable message, as shortly as is possible."—"Even so will I," quoth the king, "by you. And therefore make speed to him again, and ye shall deliver him from me this ring for a token of our good will and favour towards him (in the which ring was engraved the king's visage within a ruby, as lively counterfeit as was possible to be devised.) This ring he knoweth very well; for he gave me the same; and tell him, that I am not offended with him in my heart nothing at all, and that shall he perceive, and God send him life, very shortly. Therefore bid him be of good cheer, and pluck up his heart, and take no despair. And I charge you come not from him, until ye have brought him out of all danger of death." And then spake he to mistress Anne, saying, "Good sweetheart, I pray you at this my instance, as ye love us, to send the cardinal a token with comfortable words; and in so doing ye shall do us a loving pleasure." She being not minded to disobey the king's earnest request, whatsoever she intended in her heart towards the cardinal; took incontinent her tablet of gold hanging at her girdle, and delivered it to master Buttes, with very gentle and comfortable words and commendations to the cardinal. And thus master Buttes departed, and made speedy return to Asher, to my lord cardinal; after whom the king sent doctor Clement, doctor Wotton, and doctor Cromer the Scot, to consult and assist master Buttes for my lord's health."

The influence of these cheering messages had very soon a salutary effect on the cardinal's indisposition. He was also allowed, for change of scene, to reside in the palace of Richmond, which the king gave him, in return for his magnificent present of Hampton Court, and some of his furniture and other property was returned to him. This was the last gleam of Henry's kindness for his favourite.

His enemies, however, were apprehensive of the possible consequences of his proximity to the royal residence, and therefore obtained an order for him to repair to his see of York, which he had never once visited since his consecration. The cardinal, accordingly, by slow journeys, proceeded to his archbishopric, and sojourned at Southwell, near Newark, while Cawood castle, the archiepiscopal palace, was undergoing repair. For the first time in his life, Wolsey now conducted himself in a manner worthy of a Christian clergyman.

and gave to church dignitaries "a right good example how they might win men's hearts." He interested himself deeply in the concerns of the poor, reconciled their dissensions, and healed their resentments; and enforced the preaching of sermons adapted in their tone to their wants and feelings. To the gentry he was courteous and hospitable; to the lower classes kind and charitable; and, as a just consequence, reaped the invariable reward of such conduct, in the love and gratitude of the one, and the unfeigned respect and esteem of the other. This popularity hastened, if it did not occasion, his final ruin.

The cardinal was preparing for his installation on the morrow. About noon, just after he had himself dined, a tumult was heard in the hall of Caewood castle. He was informed by a domestic, that the hall was filled by the armed retainers of the earl of Northumberland, his former pupil, and of sir Walter Walshe, one of the gentlemen of the king's privy chamber, and that the tumult was occasioned by his porter's refusing to give up to the earl the keys of the castle, which he demanded in the king's name. The cardinal affected to consider the visit as one of hospitality, and meeting his supposed guests on the great stairs, chided them for taking him by surprise. The table was ordered to be replenished with such provisions as the castle afforded. The earl, confounded, and perhaps awed by his former habits of reverence, at length made himself up to say, in a faint and trembling voice, "My lord, I arrest you of high treason." The cruelty of this last attack was too much for the shattered frame of the cardinal—it killed him.

The narrative of Cavendish, who stayed with his master till his last moments, from this point to the conclusion, is full of deep moral pathos. Before Wolsey set out for his trial, he was kept in close confinement in his own castle; and Cavendish alone was admitted to hold communication with him. The cardinal, on seeing him, fell into a passion of tears, which, says he, "would have caused the flintiest heart to have relented and burst for sorrow." His progress to Doncaster bore testimony to the excellence of his brief archiepiscopal administration: his domestics, and the poor along the road, shed tears as he approached; and on their knees invoked blessings on his head, and vengeance on his enemies. He was so weak and spirit-broken, that he was obliged to rest eighteen days at Sheffield-park, where he was most humanely treated by its owner, the earl of Shrewsbury. He was there informed that sir William Kingston, the constable of the Tower, was coming to conduct him to London. On hearing the name of "Kingston" Wolsey was overcome by grief and consternation; for his mind, weakened by disease and calamity, and imbued with a portion of the superstitious spirit of the age, instantly saw in the name the fulfilment of a prophecy, that he should end his days near "Kingston;" on which account he never would pass through the town of Kingston,

that lay between London and his residence at Esher.

The remainder of his story is quickly told. By great care he was brought to the abbey of Leicester, which he entered by torch-light, observing, with a true presentiment, to the abbot and monks, who received him with great reverence, "Father abbot, I am come hither to lay my bones among you." He was immediately placed in bed, whence he never rose. His death was expected that night; but he rallied in the morning, and foretold, with the prophetic accuracy of the dying, that he should expire at eight o'clock that evening.

"Upon Monday in the morning, as I stood by his bed-side, about eight of the clock, the windows being close shut, having wax lights burning upon the cupboard, I beheld him, as me seemed, drawing fast to his end. He perceiving my shadow upon the wall by his bed-side, asked who was there? 'Sir, I am here,' quoth I.—'How do you?' quoth he to me.—'Very well, sir,' quoth I, 'if I might see your grace well.'—'What is it of the clock?' said he to me.—'Forsooth, sir,' said I, 'it is past eight of the clock in the morning.'—'Eight of the clock?' quoth he, 'that cannot be;' rehearsing divers times, 'eight of the clock, eight of the clock; nay, nay;' quoth he at last, 'it cannot be eight of the clock: for by eight of the clock ye shall lose your master: for my time draweth near that I must depart out of this world.' With that master doctor Palmes, a worshipful gentleman, being his chaplain and ghostly father, standing by, bade me secretly demand of him if he would be shriven, and to be in a readiness towards God, whatsoever should chance. At whose desire I asked him that question. 'What have you to do to ask me any such question?' quoth he, and began to be very angry with me for my presumption; until at the last master doctor took my part, and talked with him in Latin, and so pacified him."

Kingston entered, and bade him good morning. "I tarry, master Kingston, but the will and pleasure of God, to render unto him my simple soul into his divine hand." After a pause, and after having explained the fatal nature of his disease, dysentery, he addressed himself again to Kingston as follows:—

"'Master Kingston, my disease is such that I cannot live; I have had some experience' in my disease, and thus it is: I have a flux with a continual fever; the nature whereof is this, that if there be no alteration with me of the same within eight days, then must either ensue excretion of the entrails, or frenzy, or else present death; and the best thereof is death. And as I suppose, this is the eighth day: and if ye see in me no alteration, then there is no remedy (although I may live a day or twaine) but death, which is the best remedy of the three.'—'Nay, sir, in good faith,' quoth master Kingston, 'you be in such dolor and pensiveness, doubting that thing that indeed ye need not to fear, which maketh you much worse than

ye should be.'—'Well, well, master Kingston,' quoth he, 'I see the matter against me how it is framed; but if I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit, this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I have had to do him service; only to satisfy his vain pleasure, not regarding my godly duty. Wherefore I pray you, with all my heart, to have me most humbly commended unto his royal majesty; beseeching him in my behalf to call to his most gracious remembrance all matters proceeding between him and me from the beginning of the world unto this day, and the progress of the same: and most chiefly in the weighty matter yet depending (meaning the matter newly began between him and good queen Katherine); then shall his conscience declare, whether I have offended him or no. He is sure a prince of a royal courage, and hath a princely heart; and rather than he will either miss or want any part of his will or appetite, he will put the loss of one half of his realm in danger. For I assure you I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber on my knees, the space of an hour or two, to persuade him from his will and appetite: but I could never bring to pass to dissuade him therefrom. Therefore, master Kingston, if it chance hereafter, you to be one of his privy council, as for your wisdom and other qualities ye are meet to be, I warn you to be well advised and assured what matter ye put in his head, for ye shall never put it out again.

"And say furthermore, that I request his grace, in God's name, that he have a vigilant eye to depress this new pernicious sect of Lutherans, that it do not increase within his dominions through his negligence, in such a sort, as that he shall be fain at length to put harness upon his back to subdue them; as the king of Bohemia who had good game, to see his rude commons (then infected with Wickliffe's heresies) to spoil and murder the spiritual men and religious persons of his realm; the which fled to the king and his nobles for succour against their frantic rage; of whom they could get no help of defence or refuge, but (they) laughed them to scorn, having good game at their spoil and consumption, not regarding their duties nor their own defence.—

"Master Kingston, farewell. I can no more, but wish all things to have good success. My time draweth on fast. I may not tarry with you. And forget not, I pray you, what I have said and charged you withal: for when I am dead, ye shall peradventure remember my words much better.' And even with these words he began to draw his speech at length, and his tongue to fail; his eyes being set in his head, whose sight failed him. Then we began to put him in remembrance of Christ's passion; and sent for the abbot of the

place to aneal him, who came with all speed, and ministered unto him all the service to the same belonging; and caused also the guard to stand by, both to hear him talk before his death, and also to witness of the same; and incontinent the clock struck eight, at which time he gave up the ghost, and thus departed he this present life."

He expired, as he had predicted, as the clock struck eight, on the 28th of November, 1530, in the 60th year of his age.

It is not easy, such is the force of the compassion that the sight of the sufferings of fallen greatness awakes in our bosoms, to regain the calm impartiality which the dignity and use of biography, and the interests of truth and justice, require. But our task of reprobation is rendered the less difficult, by having been in a great degree anticipated; for we have endeavoured to hold up Wolsey to the moral gaze of the reader as a man selfish, vain-glorious, mean, haughty, and inordinately ambitious; as a statesman, arbitrary, self-centred, and unprincipled; and as a churchman, arrogant and dissolute. It remains, therefore, but to direct the reader's attention to the merits and less unfavourable points of Wolsey's character, and to those circumstances which may be deemed palliative of his vices and failings.

The ends which Wolsey had in view throughout his career were many of them laudable, and few of them blamable: so that, if we consider them only without taking the means he employed into account, we shall arrive at the conclusion that he is well entitled to the admiration of posterity. On the other hand, he was ever regardless of the means through whose agency he attained, or might attain, the object of his ambition; so that if our estimate of his claims to our favourable suffrages be determined by them alone, without looking to the end he may have had in view, his memory will be justly regarded with detestation. In the outset of his career, we saw him fraudulently apply the funds of his college to a use different from that for which they were intended; but then, it might be said, his end was to adorn and dignify that college by ornamenting its chapel with a tower. He simulated and dissimulated, and fawned himself into power; but then he was urged by the infirmity of noble minds, ambition, and would wield that power advantageously for his country. He involved England in constant war, regardless of its interests, and of the real grandeur of his master; but then his end was the popedom, and, like the cardinal Amboise, he persuaded himself that when he had reached that summit of his ambition, he would promote the welfare of his native country, and evince his gratitude to his sovereign. He oppressed and pillaged the poorer and defenceless monks; but it was only to encourage literature and check immorality. He was rapacious, but not to hoard; profuse, but only in order that he might support the dignity becoming his station. Arbitrary laws checked the freedom of the lower or

* The reader will perceive how closely Shakspeare has adhered to the text of the chronicler. But this fidelity is characteristic of all his historical plays.

ders in the most ordinary occurrences of life; but the end was public order, and their own good. And if he levied heavy loans and benevolences, and imposed taxes without the consent of parliament, it was to prevent his great designs for the general weal from being abandoned before their beneficial results were made manifest.

In this spirit have his more zealous admirers endeavoured to vindicate his conduct, forgetful that the same sort of reasoning would furnish an apology for the foulest outrages upon the rights of a free people that are recorded in history. The best apology that can be offered for the personal vices of Wolsey was his lowly origin and defective moral education, and consequent absence of true dignity of character. To these may be ascribed his love of ostentatious pomp, and vindictiveness* in his prosperity, his meanness in the reverse of his fortunes, and the absence of the

—“High disdain from sense of injured merit,”
and of the

“Unconquerable will,
And courage never to submit or yield,”
which have flung somewhat of the glory of the
“Archangel ruined” over the fall of the haughty
Stratford.

* His treatment of sir Amias Paulet, and his allowing his resentment to aid in causing the death of Buckingham, are in themselves examples of the vindictiveness of Wolsey's temper. But there are others of a still more ignoble cast, such as the unrelenting rigour with which he persecuted the poet-laureate Shelton, for inditing of some stupid satirical lines on the cardinal's birth and pompous bearing, and his imprisonment of one John Roo, the author of a “disguising” enacted by the young lawyers of Gray's Inn, which, though written upwards of twenty years, gave offence to Wolsey by its allusion to state affairs.

The best apology for the arbitrariness of his government is the disposition of his master, who, relieved by his death from one that “kneeled before him for three hours together, to persuade him from his will and appetite,” became daily more ferocious, tyrannical, and blood-thirsty, affording a striking contrast in favour of Wolsey's ascendancy and administration. Had the cardinal had the inestimable advantage of a sound moral education, and, as a consequence, had his ambition been directed by a spirit more worthy of the true dignity of human nature, his labours might have conferred incalculable benefits on his country; for he lived in an age which his enlightened views far outstepped, and which presented an ample and fruitful soil for the employment of his various and splendid abilities. To him, however, England is indebted for the first notion of a vigorous police—of a simple and regular administration of justice. The superiority of her navy also is much indebted to his sagacity in directing the attention of Henry VIII. to the “empire of the sea;” and, notwithstanding his questionable principles of economy, his name should be held in respect as one of the earliest cultivators of our commercial pre-eminence. In him literature and learned men ever found a generous and a munificent patron; and the College of Physicians to this day bears testimony to his well-intentioned zeal in the improvement of medical science, and through it of the general well-being.

To conclude, had the moral man been less defective, Wolsey might have been regarded as a benefactor of his species; as it is, regard to truth compels us to say, in the words of his biographer —“Here is the end and fall of pride and arrogance.”

CRANMER.

1489—1555.

THOMAS CRANMER, the first archbishop of Canterbury that “made a defection from the papal chair,” was the son of a gentleman of “right ancient family” in Nottinghamshire, and was born in Aslacton, in that county, on the 2d of July, 1489. He received his early education at what we may call the grammar-school of his native village, under a “rude and severe parish clerk, of whom he learned little, and endured much;” a circumstance that may help to explain to us much of the timid flexibility of his character in after-life. At the age of fourteen he was entered of Jesus College, Cambridge, of which he in time became a fellow, and

* Strype's Memorials of T. Cranmer, which we have chiefly followed in the text.

where he continued for sixteen years, a laborious student in the learning usually taught in the universities, and in the classic and sacred literature, which, by means of the lately invented art of printing, and the zeal of Erasmus, were just then making their way into our schools and colleges. Though he had devoted three years of this course of reading to the study of the Scriptures, it should seem that he was not originally intended for the church; for he is said to have excelled in the more profane accomplishments of a gentleman of that age, such as hunting and hawking; and he forfeited his fellowship by marrying shortly after he had taken his degree of master of arts. The Reformation had not yet received such countenance

in England—where the celibacy of the clergy was, long after its adoption, more or less strictly insisted upon—as to admit of the marriage of an ecclesiastic; nor did Cranmer possess the boldness of temper necessary to him who, unsupported by wealth or family influence, would take the lead in setting established rules and usages at defiance. The death of his wife, however, within a year after his marriage, enabled him to resume his fellowship; he having, in the interim, filled the common lectureship of Magdalen, then Buckingham, college,—an office not incompatible with the state of wedlock. From this period he appears to have directed his views towards the church as a profession, encouraged, no doubt, by his deservedly high university reputation. In 1523 he received the degree of doctor in divinity; and soon after was appointed to the theological lectureship of his own college, and examiner of candidates for holy orders. The gentle affability of his manners, his moderation and disinterestedness, and the extent of his erudition, made Cranmer to be universally esteemed by all whom his new offices brought him in contact with; and he probably might have spent the remainder of his life in the privacy of his college—more congenial with his own retiring and studious disposition than the bustle and excitement of those momentous events which have made him a subject of history—but for one of those accidents which occur in the career of every man who rises eminently above his fellows.

In 1529 the “sweating sickness” having broken out in Cambridge, Cranmer retired to Waltham Abbey in Essex, to the house of a Mr. Cressy, whose sons were his pupils at the university. It happened that the king, Henry VIII.,—then returning from a progress which he had made accompanied by Anne Boleyn, soon after the adjournment of the legatine commission on the matter of the divorce to Rome,—at this time spent a night at Waltham. His suite, as usual, was billeted in the different houses in the neighbourhood by the customary authorities; his secretary, Gardiner, and his almoner, Fox, being allotted to Mr. Cressy’s residence, where they met Cranmer at supper. The conversation turned upon the then absorbing topic of public conversation, the king’s divorce, and Cranmer was pressed for his opinion. He replied, that it appeared to him the better and speedier mode, both to appease the king’s conscience and to compel the pope into acquiescence would be to take the opinion of the learned of Europe on the main question—“Whether a man may marry his brother’s wife or no?” by the authority of the Scriptures and the canon law. If the divines of the several universities throughout Christendom approved of the king’s marriage with Catharine, his remorse would of course cease: if, on the other hand, they viewed the matter in the same light with Henry, and declared the marriage null and void, the pope would find it difficult to refuse the solicitation of so great a monarch,

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and must needs give judgment in his favour. Henry was delighted with the proposal on its being next day communicated to him, and sent eagerly for Cranmer to come to court, observing, in his usual coarse appositeness of expression, “The man has got the sow by the right ear.” This favourable impression was confirmed by the proofs of good sense and learning which Cranmer gave in his conference with the king on the feasibility of the plan which he had proposed to Waltham. He was commanded to put his arguments in favour of the divorce in writing; appointed one of the royal chaplains; and placed in the family of Thomas earl of Wiltshire, father of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn. He was now considered a “rising churchman,” and as the probable successor to the influence and grandeur of Wolsey, then in the first stage of his fall.

Having finished his treatise on the divorce, which is mainly directed against the pope’s power of granting a dispensation for the marriage of Henry with his brother’s widow, Cranmer was employed by the king as the most fitting instrument to carry his own scheme into effect.—The opinion of the learned on the main question of the divorce which he had recommended was ordered to be taken under his own inspection. He began his mission at his own university, but met with indifferent success, chiefly, according to Burnet, because his Lutheran bias was there best known: “besides that, Anne Boleyn had, in the duchess of Alençon’s court (who inclined to the reformation), received such impressions as made them fear that her greatness and Cranmer’s preferment would encourage heresy, to which the universities were furiously averse; and therefore they did resist all conclusions that might promote the divorce.” He, however, met with better success in his consultations with the divines of France, Italy, and Germany, a majority of whom, by the force of his arguments and of those of the other agents in the embassy, and not improbably by bribes and promises when fair means would not avail, was induced to give an opinion favourable to the king’s wishes.

Armed thus with the authority of the most learned men of the age, Henry sought the papal sanction for his intended divorce. The earl of Wiltshire, attended by Cranmer and a council of divines, was deputed to lay before the “Holy Father” the opinion of the chief universities of Europe in his master’s favour, and to present to him a letter from the principal English nobility, recommending their sovereign’s cause to his friendly decision, and threatening him with the loss of the allegiance of England to the see of Rome in the event of his refusal. At the same time Cranmer had his treatise against the validity of the marriage with Catharine presented to the pontiff, and offered to maintain its tenets, by fair argument, openly before the papal council against all comers; a proof of his zeal and boldness, to

which he was mainly indebted for his promotion soon afterwards to the see of Canterbury.

Nothing could be more inopportune, both as to time and place, to Clement than this embassy. He had just been with the emperor at Bologna, successfully treating for the restoration of those possessions, part of the patrimony of St. Peter, which had been held by the imperial troops since the memorable sack of Rome. Fear as well as policy forbade his exciting the anger of Charles, whose pride made him indignantly hostile to the intended outrage upon the honour of his family. On the other hand, he was well disposed towards Henry; and but for his terror of the emperor's arms, would gladly have adopted any expedient that might relieve both from their anxiety and embarrassments. As it was, he received the ambassadors most graciously, and promised to act as favourably in their master's affair as his conscience would permit. Cranmer he complimented by appointing him his penitentiary for England and Ireland. The ambassadors next proceeded to explain their business personally to the emperor, but were still more unsuccessful. Charles's anger burst forth at the sight of the father of her whom he conceived to be the immediate cause of his aunt's intended degradation. To Cranmer alone would he pay the least attention, haughtily imposing silence on the earl of Wiltshire. "Stop, sir," said he; "allow your colleagues to speak;—you are a party in the cause." Through his threats and influence, Clement soon after issued an inhibitory brief on the whole proceedings; the proximate occasion, as the reader is aware, of the overthrow of the papal supremacy in England.

Cranmer did not return to England with the earl of Wiltshire, but proceeded to Germany, where he resided for nearly two years, endeavouring to convince the Lutheran divines of the nullity of the king's marriage with his brother's widow; and conducting embassies with the elector of Saxony and other protestant princes. But he seems to have made but a slight impression on those theologians; chiefly, it is said, because they had strong doubts of the purity of Henry's motives, and of the sincerity of his alleged scruples. They, however, were more successful in imbuing him with their principles of religion, and in preparing him for the sacred office of head of the protestant church of England. Though a spark of the flame which Luther and the other reformers had kindled in Saxony and Switzerland had reached him in his cloister at Cambridge, prompting him to make the Holy Volume the standard and the source, the beginning and the end, of his faith; it was to his conferences at this time with the German divines, particularly Oslander and Bucer, that he was indebted (not at once, but by degrees,) for a rule of belief, scriptural in its basis, and unalloyed by papal superstition.

The reputation of Cranmer would have been more pure and unquestioned, had the first decided

proof of his conviction of the scriptural validity of the religious tenets and practices of the reformers been one less involving his personal gratification. As a catholic clergyman,—he was archdeacon of Taunton,—he was bound by a vow of celibacy; and though the study of the gospel soon taught him that this obligation was unwarranted, as being unscriptural, he should not have violated it without an explicit renouncement of all allegiance to the see of Rome. But the permission to marry seems to have been the great lure to many of the clergy at this time to adopt the principles of the reformation, and to have been eagerly embraced by them as a compensation for the loss of their extravagant wealth and privileges. Cranmer married a kinswoman of his friend Oslander; an act of rebellion to the papal jurisdiction, which, being unavowed, exposed him in the sequel to many unworthy shifts and equivocations. The first of these was consequent upon his consecration as archbishop of Canterbury.

While Cranmer was advocating the king's divorce to the German divines, and fitting himself to be the guardian of the reformation in his native country, it was notified to him that the judgment or the partiality of his sovereign had appointed him to the metropolitan see of England, then vacant by the death of archbishop Warham. Many circumstances united in recommending him thus signally to the favour of Henry; none, perhaps, more influentially than his zeal and boldness in maintaining the royal cause at Rome and in the continental universities, and the friendship of Anne Boleyn and her family. The first announcement, however, of his new dignity alarmed more than it gratified him. By his marriage he had, to all intents and purposes, rebelled against the pope's authority; and yet, as the king had not yet determined on severing for ever the English connection with Rome, as archbishop of Canterbury, he should solicit the usual bulls of consecration, and take the usual oath of canonical obedience to the chair of St. Peter; acts, moreover, implying an observance of his vow of celibacy. He hesitated: he perhaps resolved upon declining the proffered honour.

—"He would be great;
Was not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What he would highly,
'That would be holily."

He knew that to announce his marriage to Henry would be fatal to his election; for that monarch continued till his last breath to enforce the observance of clerical celibacy with the stake and halter. On the other hand, rebel as he was in heart and deed to the usurped authority of the bishops of Rome, how could he reconcile it to his conscience to swear canonical obedience to that authority, and thereby proclaim either the nullity of his marriage or the violation of his vow? In this dilemma he had recourse to an artifice, which, as bishop Burnet justly remarks, "agreed better with the maxims of canonists and casuists than

with Cranmer's sincerity and integrity;" namely, a protest made in the Chapter House of St. Stephen, before four "*authentica persona, et testibus fide dignis*," before consecration,—in the absence and without the knowledge of the party most interested,—that he did not intend, by his oath to the pope, "to restrain himself from any thing to which he was bound by his duty to God or the king, or from taking any part in any reformation of the English church which he might judge to be required." Having, in an inner apartment, made this protestation, he was publicly consecrated, took the oath of canonical obedience, and received the papal pallium. The title of archbishop of Canterbury was changed, after Henry had assumed to himself the ecclesiastical supremacy, to that of primate and metropolitan of all England.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the moral character of this transaction. If such a protest be invested with any validity, oaths cease to bind, and truth and sincerity in the affairs of life are no longer attainable. It cannot be alleged, in palliation of this first deviation from the strict path or rectitude, that it was the unavoidable result of circumstances; for Cranmer was not, and could not, be forced into the archiepiscopal chair; and therefore voluntarily entailed upon himself all the moral consequences of his elevation. The truth is, want of firmness was the "vicious mole" in Cranmer's character. He was from nature virtuously inclined and candid; but he would be great, and could not resist the opportunity. Such conduct produced its inevitable results: it destroyed that consciousness of inflexible dignity of purpose which is at once the offspring and the safeguard of moral integrity. Cranmer felt that he could not stand erect in the independence of an uncompromising spirit before his sovereign, and was thereby reduced into an unworthy compliance with all the caprices and vicious mandates of that sovereign's will. Hence the equivocations and shifts, and even persecutions, in which he was made most unwillingly instrumental during the remainder of Henry's reign. And thus—

— "The stamp of one defect —
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star —
His virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo)
Shall, in the general censure, take corruption,
From that particular fault."

Henry had, at the instigation of Cromwell, on the failure of his hopes of obtaining the papal sanction for his divorce, renounced all allegiance to the see of Rome, and constituted himself supreme head of the church of England. It was, therefore, truly gratifying to him to possess a primate so much after his own heart—so far as renouncing the pontifical authority was concerned—as Cranmer. He now resolved to make the new archbishop, in virtue of his ecclesiastical office, pronounce the marriage of Catharine null, and that which he had lately concluded in private with Anne Boleyn valid; and the issue of the

former illegitimate, and that of the latter, as a matter of course, to be lawfully begotten in wedlock. A convocation was then sitting upon the two main questions involved in the intended divorce. Cranmer took his seat as head of the ecclesiastical body in England, and demanded the votes. The result was favourable to the king by large majorities. The archbishop then craved the royal permission to examine and determine the great cause of the divorce; stating that his conscience impelled him to the step, to avoid the evils of a scandalous marriage, and of a consequently doubtful succession. Henry, with farcical solemnity, made a virtue of acceding to the request; at the same time reminding the primate that he was nothing more than the principal minister belonging to the spiritual jurisdiction of the crown, and that the sovereign had no superior on earth, and was not subject to the laws of any earthly creature. The subsequent proceedings, as narrated by our historians, are well known. We shall, therefore, merely quote Cranmer's own account of them, in a letter (published by Mr. Ellis in the first series of his historical collection), to the English ambassador at the court of Charles, which, besides being less known to the general reader, contains other interesting particulars.

After some prefatory complimentary remarks, he goes on:—"And fyrste as towchynge the small determynacion and concludynge of the matter of devorse betwene my lady Kateren and the kyngs grace, whyche said matter after the convocacion in that behalfe hadde determyned, and agreed accordynge to the former consent of the vniversities, yt was thought convenient by the kyng and his leardyng counsell that I shoulde repayre vnto Dunstable, whyche ys within iij myles vnto Ampell, where the said lady Kateren kepeth her howse, and there to call her before me, to hear the fynall sentence in this said mateir. Notwithstanding she would not att all obey thereunto, for whan she was by doctour Lee cited to appear by a daye, she utterly refused the same, sayinge that inasmoche as her cause was before the pope she would have none other judge; and therefore would not take me for her judge. Nevertheless the vynth day of Maye, according to the said appointment, I came vnto Dunstable, my lorde of Lyncolne beyng assistant vnto me, and my lorde of Wynechester, &c. with diuerse other lernyd in the lawe beyng counsellours in the lawe for the king's parte: and soe these at our commynge kept a courte for the apperance of the said lady Kateren, when were examyned certeyn witnes whyche testified that she was lawfully cited and called to appere, whome for fawte of apperance was declared contumax; procedynge in the said cause agaynste her in *penam contumacium*, as the processe of the lawe thereunto belongeth; whyche contynued xv dayes after our cummyng thither. And the morrow after Assension daye I gave finall sentence therein, howe that it was indispensable for the pope to lycense

any such marriages." The archbishop next proceeds to give an account of queen Anne's coronation, but at too great length for our pages. With respect to his having been present at her marriage, which Mr. Hume, on the authority of lord Herbert, erroneously asserts, he says, "But now, sir, you may nott ymagyn that this coronacion was before her marriage; for she was married muche about Sainte Paule's daye last, as the condicion thereof dothe well appere by reason she ys nowe somewhat bygg with chylde. Notwithstanding yt hath byn reported thorowte a greate parte of the realme that I married her; whyche was playnly false, for I myself knewe not thereof a fortynight after yt was donne."

The remainder of this letter is curious, as showing the cool indifference with which a constitutionally humane man of the 16th century consigns to the stake his fellow-creatures for doctrines which, it is to be hoped for the honour of human nature, he then did not believe, but for the denial of which he in the next reign doomed others to the same horrible punishment. "Other newyes have we none notable," he says, "but that one Fryth, whycho was in the Tower in pryson, was appointed by the kyng's grace to be examyned before me, my lordes of London, Wynchester, and Suffolke, my lord chancellour, and my lorde of Wyltshere, whose opynion was so notably erroneouse, that we culde not dyspache hym, but was fayne to leve hym to the determynacion of his ordinarye, whyche ys the bishop of London. His said opynyon ys of suche nature that he thoughte it nat necessary to be beleued as an article of our faythe, that there ys the very corporell presence of Christe within the oste and sacramente of the alter, and holdeth of this poynte muste (much) after the opynion of Oecolampodius. And suerly I myself sent for hym iij or iiij times, to perswade him to leve that his imaginacion, but for all that we coulde do therein he woulde not applye to any counsaile, notwithstandinge nowe he ys at a fynale ende with all examinacions; for my lorde of London hath the gyven sentence, and delyuered hym to the secular power, where he looketh euery daye to goo unto the fyre. And there is also condempned with hym one Andrew, a taylour, for the self same opynion." The reader, perhaps, need not be reminded that both these unfortunate men went "unto the fyre."

Henry had now been three years wedded to Anne Boleyn, with as much of domestic felicity as his brutal nature could permit his enjoying. During that time the "new learning" (as the reformation doctrines were then designated) had been silently diffusing itself, chiefly by means of the influence indirectly exercised in its favour, at the instigation of Cranmer and Latimer, by the young queen. Cranmer had been an inmate of the family of the earl of Wiltshire, and had there an opportunity of acquainting himself with Ann Boleyn's virtues and disposition, and of strengthening the

predilection for the Lutheran doctrines which she had early acquired from the celebrated Margaret de Valois. In annulling the king's former marriage, and pronouncing the validity of his present, the archbishop felt he was advancing the cause of the reformation. But Henry had now conceived a new passion; his affections for Anne had been effaced by the charms of Jane Seymour: the former, therefore, must be got rid of, to make way on the throne for her rival. A trial took place, and, as a matter of course in this reign of base obsequiousness to the most cruelly selfish of tyrants, guilty or innocent, conviction and execution soon followed.

Cranmer had been staying at the archiepiscopal palace at Croydon when Anne was arrested. The next day he received the royal mandate to repair immediately to Lambeth, with an injunction not to approach the presence till he was expressly desired. The message produced the effect for which it was intended: it intimidated him, and thereby rendered him the more pliant instrument of the king's pleasure. A letter which he addressed to Henry the day after his being commanded to confine himself to his palace will best explain his conduct and feelings. We shall give it entire, as an elaborate painting of his mind, and because it has been the subject of much contrariety of opinion: those who admire his character appealing to it as a proof of his chivalrous fidelity and courage; those who do not, as a striking testimony of his time-serving timidity. Probably the reader will arrive at the conclusion that it neither deserves all the praises of the one, nor all the censures of the other; and that its chief merit is its cautious ingenuity. We quote from Burnet.

"Pleaseth it your most noble grace to be advertised, that at your grace's commandment by Mr. secretary's letters, written in your grace's name, I came to Lambeth yesterday, and do there remain to know your grace's farther pleasure. And forasmuch as, without your grace's commandment, I dare not, contrary to the contents of the said letters, presume to come unto your grace's presence, nevertheless, of my most bounden duty, I can do no less than most humbly to desire your grace, by your great wisdom, and by the assistance of God's help, somewhat to suppress the deep sorrow of your grace's heart, and to take all adversities of God's hand both patiently and thankfully. I cannot deny but your grace hath great causes, many ways, of lamentable heaviness; and also that, in the wrongful estimation of the world, your grace's honour of every part is highly touched (whether the things that commonly be spoken of be true or not), that I remember not that ever Almighty God sent unto your grace any like occasion to try your grace's constancy throughout, whether your highness can be content to take of God's hand as well things displeasing as pleasant. And if he find in your most noble heart such an obedience unto his will, that your grace, without murmuring and

overmuch heaviness, do accept all adversities, not less thanking him than when all things succeed after your grace's will and pleasure, nor less procuring his glory and honour; then, I suppose your grace did never thing more acceptable unto him since your first governance of this your realm. And, moreover, your grace shall give unto him occasion to multiply and increase his graces and benefits unto your highness, as he did unto his most faithful servant Job; unto whom, after his great calamities and heaviness, for his obedient heart, and willing acceptance of God's scourge and rod, *addidit ei Dominus cuncta duplicia*.

"And if it be true that is openly reported of the queen's grace, if men had a right estimation of things, they should not esteem any part of your grace's honour to be touched thereby, but her honour only to be clearly disparaged. And I am in such a perplexity, that my mind is clean amazed: for I never had better opinion in woman than I had in her; which maketh me to think that she should not be culpable. And again, I think your highness would not have gone so far, except she had surely been culpable. Now I think that your grace best knoweth that, next unto your grace, I was most bound unto her of all creatures living. Wherefore, I most humbly beseech your grace, to suffer me in that, which both God's law, nature, and also her kindness bindeth me unto; that is, that I may, with your grace's favour, wish and pray for her, that she may declare herself inculpable and innocent. And if she be found capable, considering your grace's goodness towards her, and from what condition your grace of your only mere goodness took her, and set the crown upon her head, I repute him not your grace's faithful servant and subject, nor true unto the realm, that would not desire the offence without mercy to be punished, to the example of all other. And as I loved her not a little, for the love which I judged her to bear towards God and his gospel; so, if she be proved culpable, there is not one that loveth God and his gospel that ever will favour her, but must hate her above all other; and the more they favour the gospel, the more they will hate her: for there never was creature in our time that so much slandered the gospel. And God hath sent her this punishment, for that she feignedly hath professed this gospel in her mouth, and not in heart and deed. And though she have offended so, that she hath deserved never to be reconciled unto your grace's favour, yet Almighty God hath manifestly declared his goodness towards your grace, and never offended you. But your grace, I am sure, acknowledgeth that you have offended him. Wherefore I trust that your grace will bear no less entire favour unto the truth of the gospel than you did before: forasmuch as your grace's favour to the gospel was not led by affection unto her, but by zeal unto the truth. And thus I beseech Almighty God, whose gospel hath ordained your grace to be defended of, ever to preserve your grace from all

evil, and to give you at the end the promise of his gospel. From Lambeth, the 3d day of May."

[Cranmer had written, but not despatched this letter, when he was summoned to a conference by the lord chancellor and other peers, who stated to him the facts which, they said, could be proved against the queen. He therefore, in a postscript, added as follows] :—

"After I had written this letter unto your grace, my lord chancellor, &c., sent for me to come unto the star-chamber; and there declared unto me such things as your grace's pleasure was they should make me privy unto. For the which I am most bounden unto your grace. And what communication we had therein, I doubt not but they will make the true report thereof to your grace. I am exceedingly sorry that such faults can be proved by the queen as I heard of their relation. But I am, and ever shall be, your faithful subject.

"Your grace's

"Humble subject and chaplain,

"THOMAS CANTUARIENSIS."

The writer of this letter, it is plain, only awaits the king's commands as to the side on which he should array himself; though it is equally evident that his inclination went to assert the innocence of her to whom, next to his sovereign, he "was most bound of all creatures living." He had pronounced the divorce between Henry and Catherine, and thereby was a great instrument in destroying the papal supremacy in England. He had confirmed, by his archiepiscopal authority, the marriage of Anne; and by so doing, he was persuaded, favoured the spread of the gospel truth and pure religion. He was now commanded to declare that that marriage "was, and always had been, null and void;" and that, as a necessary consequence, his god-child, the princess Elizabeth, should be no longer reputed legitimate. He dared not hesitate. After one of those solemn mockeries of the forms of justice, designated trials, which abound in this monstrous reign, Cranmer, "having God alone before his eyes," dissolved the marriage of Henry and Anne Boleyn. A similar, but fortunately less bloody, farce was performed a very few years after, when the king wished to get rid of Anne of Cleves. In obedience to the faintly expressed wishes of her disgusted husband, the archbishop and chancellor, at the head of a deputation, humbly solicited their gracious master's permission to submit to his consideration a subject of great delicacy and importance. Henry, having, he said, "no other object in view than the glory of God, the welfare of the realm, and the triumph of truth," consented, on the condition that they would not propose any thing to him unreasonable and unjust. The subject was then cautiously broached, as arising solely from their own conscientious scruples; and, in perfect keeping with the farcical hypocrisy of the whole proceeding, the marriage was declared null and void, because "the king had been deceived by the exag-

gerated accounts of Anne's beauty, and had not given his inward assent to the contract." And yet this man was popular with the mass of his subjects, and is not without his eulogists even in the present day!

But it was not alone in the matter of wife-murder, or other civil exercises of the royal prerogative, that, during this reign, the will or caprice of the monarch was the sole law and measure. His

"*Sic volo, sic jubeo;—stet pro ratione voluntas,*"

extended even to the consciences of his subjects. By an arrogant exertion of power, not to be paralleled in the annals of oriental despotism, Henry made his own theological tenets—such as they were then, or "*hereafter might be*"—the exclusive test and standard of religious orthodoxy. From his dictum there was no appeal nor subterfuge: to question his infallibility was a crime beyond the pale of mercy; to dissent from his doctrines was to incur the extremity of punishment in this world, and, according to his infallible canonists, an eternity of torment hereafter. And his was not the age of martyrs. He had two favourite principles, or dogmata of belief, which he maintained with all the unrelenting intolerance of a theologian of the sixteenth century, and with all the jealousy of a tyrant in every age; and, we should add, with all the despotic inconsistency of his character:—these were, his ecclesiastical supremacy, and the catholic doctrine of the "real presence," as explained by himself in his controversy with Luther. By the former he attached to his person the great promoters of the "new learning," of which Cranmer and Latimer were the heads; by the latter he conciliated the adherents of the ancient worship, of which Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, one of the craftiest and ablest men of his time, was the acknowledged chief. The court and nation were pretty equally divided between these two great antagonist parties; not that their wayward and imperious master allowed any open manifestation of their differences, which might imply a freedom of opinion, and thence an undue infringement on the royal authority. He himself vibrated between them; and by alternately exciting their hopes and fears, insured to himself the most servile submission of both; for, as we before observed, this was not an age of martyrs or high-minded patriots.

The services, however, and the moderation and amiable temper of Cranmer obtained for him the largest share of the king's friendship; unhappily for himself, as it compelled him to be a chief instrument in the persecutions of that reign. These persecutions were conducted with a stern, and, if we might say of so serious a subject, with a ludicrous impartiality. To assert the papal supremacy was treason; to deny the papal doctrine of the eucharist was heresy: the one was punished by hanging; the other with the faggot. Thus papists and protestants were equally obnoxious to the law, should their zeal lead them to an open assertion of all their respective tenets. Henry, to use his own

language, could thus "snouch the stiff mump-sinus of the one (the Romanists), or the busy rump-sinus of the other (the reformers)," at pleasure. And it did please him betimes; though, owing, we have no doubt, to the moderate councils of Cranmer, not to such an extent as might be expected from his despotic and sanguinary temper. Two days after the execution of Cromwell, who first suggested to his master the policy of renouncing the papal supremacy, and who was but the too faithful minister of his will, three catholics, coupled with three protestants, were dragged on the same hurdle from the Tower to Smithfield, and there executed; the former being hanged and quartered as traitors, for denying the king's ecclesiastical pre-eminence; the latter being consumed by fire, as heretics, for questioning the royal doctrine of the eucharist.

But of all the persecutions for heresy of this reign, none excited greater interest than that of Lambert, a schoolmaster in priest's orders, for heresy,—that is, for denying the catholic doctrine of the real presence. Lambert had been imprisoned for the same offence by Cranmer's predecessor in the see of Canterbury, but had escaped punishment by that prelate's timely death. Nothing intimidated, he persisted, after his release, in the open avowal of his opinions, till having heard a sermon on the subject from Dr. Taylor, afterwards bishop of London, he presented that dignitary with an elaborately written protest, under eight heads or reasons, against the Romanist doctrine of transubstantiation. Taylor handed the paper to Dr. Barnes, who maintained the Lutheran consubstantiation theory of the eucharist; but as this differed again from the Wyclifism of Lambert, the latter was cited by Barnes to answer for his heresy before the archbishop. Cranmer, on the accused being brought before him, endeavoured to reason or to intimidate him into a recantation; but Lambert, instead of yielding, appealed from the metropolitan to the king, as head of the church. Henry eagerly embraced so favourable an opportunity for displaying his theological learning, and for asserting his ecclesiastical supremacy. A day was publicly fixed for the unusual contest; and at the appointed hour, the king appeared on his throne, with all his judges, ministers, bishops, and officers of state, to enter the lists with the schoolmaster. The proceedings are told with dramatic effect by Mr. Hume. For five hours the unfortunate Lambert had to contend with the harangues of Henry, Cranmer, Gardiner, and five other leaders of both the old and the new learning. At the end of this time he was asked by the exulting monarch whether he was "satisfied? Wilt thou live or die?" The exhausted and intimidated culprit had no reply, but that he threw himself on the royal mercy. "Thou must die then!—thou must die! for I will not be the patron of heretics," was the humane answer. Lambert met his fate with firmness; and not the least remarkable circum-

stance of his story is, that Taylor, Barnes, and Cranmer, the chief instruments in bringing him to the stake, were all three burned a few years afterwards for the very same doctrine, for which they were, moreover, *then* strongly, and perhaps not unjustly, suspected of having a predilection.

In fairness to the men of this age of persecution, it should be borne in mind that intolerance was then, and for more than a century after, the common law of Christendom. Toleration was a term scarcely heard of in theory, and wholly unknown in practice. The magistrate of the sixteenth century doubted as little the justice of consigning a heretic to the flames, as the magistrate of our own more enlightened times of sentencing the impugner of established opinions to gaol or transportation, or the utterer of a forged note to the gallows. The pretext—the prevention of crime by terror of its consequences, and the preservation of the integrity of the body corporate, by (to use the favourite metaphor of the times) “the amputation of the diseased member—” was the same in both cases, excepting indeed that the zeal of the former was incited by an additional motive derived from his religion. The conduct of men is mainly determined by the circumstances in which they are placed; among which circumstances, the opinion of contemporaries is, perhaps, the most influential. Public opinion was not outraged by the dreadful punishments inflicted on those from whom the odious charge of heresy repelled the current of public sympathy. Uniformity of theological doctrines was a phrase then synonymous with the very existence of religion itself; and those doctrines and that uniformity it was considered to be the solemn duty of the government to maintain with unrelenting vigilance. Where any relaxation of this stern discipline occurred, it was owing to temperament and animal feeling, rather than to a judicious estimate of the value of religious liberty. At all times and in every class of society are to be found individuals so constitutionally humane, so nervously apprehensive of pain in themselves, so tremblingly sympathetic with the appearance of suffering in others, that not even religious fanaticism can make them unrelentingly cruel. Whenever power is vested in the hands of such persons, a negative toleration, that is, a diminution of, or a refraining from, persecution will prevail; for the actions of individuals, it will be almost invariably found, receive their tone and colouring much more from the general temper or feelings of the heart, than from the decisions of the understanding. Philip Melancthon was a man of this class, and Reginald Pole and Tostal, and so probably were sir Thomas More and Cranmer: not so Luther, Calvin, Knox, and the other leading reformers on the one hand, nor the Gardiners or Bonners on the other. One fact should be received in palliation of all: the great truth, so pregnant with charity towards our fellow-men, *that belief is independent on the will*, was not in those times dreamt of, and

even at present is not so constantly borne in mind as the interests of humanity would dictate. Mistaking the expression of belief for the act itself, the members of each sect or party endeavoured to force the reception of what their own sincerity, by a very natural illusion, convinced them nothing but malignant obstinacy could prevent from being at once eagerly adopted; and thus intolerance was masked, even to its zealots, under the title of checking and punishing wilful error, and of advancing the cause of truth. Before, therefore, we condemn the actors in those dramas of persecution which stain the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, let us consider whether there may not possibly be some of our own laws and usages of so intolerant and sanguinary a character as to require hereafter the lenient interpretation of a more enlightened and thence more humane posterity. While we reprobate the barbarous and unchristian practices of our fathers, it might be as well for us to examine whether there is any haven of them still lurking among ourselves. Let us, in a word, take care, while we are indignantly pointing out the beams which blinded the vision of those who have preceded us in the career of human improvement, that some motes of prejudice and uncharitableness may not obstruct our own. The fires of Smithfield are certainly extinguished for ever; but is the spirit of intolerance that kindled them altogether allayed?

The abolition of the papal supremacy necessarily placed the tenure of the hierarchy on a new footing. As yet no prelate had been consecrated without the pope's bull, which bound him to recognise the see of Rome as the canonical head of the church. But this recognition had been lately declared treason; and there was no precedent for the dependency of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction on the will of the civil magistrate. Henry was much puzzled as to the course he should follow in this entirely new order of things. The arbitrariness of his temper led him to push his newly-assumed prerogative to its utmost limits; but in doing so he would be acting in the very teeth of those principles which he had vehemently maintained in his controversy with Luther. From this embarrassment he was relieved by the address and boldness of his vicar-general Cromwell, and by the pliant example of Cranmer. The body of the clergy maintained that the church had inherited from her divine founder a power undervived from, and uncontrollable by, the civil authority, to preach and administer the sacraments, and enforce her own discipline by her own weapons and influence. Cranmer, on the other hand, contended, somewhat strangely, when we recollect that he was then Archbishop of Canterbury, that the king alone, having the need of spiritual as well as civil officers, had the right to appoint them. In the time of the apostles, he added, the people appointed, “because they had no Christian king;” but occasionally accepted such as might be recommended by

the apostles "of their own voluntary will, and not for any superiority that the apostles had over them:" in the appointment of bishops and priests, as in that of civil officers, some ceremonies are to be used, "not of necessity, but for good order and seemly fashion:" nevertheless, "he who is appointed bishop or priest needeth no consecration by the scripture, for the election or appointment thereto is sufficient."—"This," he says, with his usual caution, "is mine opinion and sentence at this present; which, nevertheless, I do not temerarily define, but refer the judgment thereof to your majesty."

But Cromwell, in whom as vicar-general the king's ecclesiastical jurisdiction was vested, was not content with the silent or rather implied submission of the clergy which the archbishop's influence had induced. At the suggestion of two of his creatures, he adopted an expedient, by which the obedience of the church dignitaries would be pushed to the quick. In the plenitude of his authority, as the king's ecclesiastical minister, he suspended the power of all the prelates and ordinaries in the realm, on the ground of a general visitation about to be made by the "supreme head of the church." Those bishops and priests who had claimed an authority by divine right would thus be compelled to produce their proofs; or, if they did not resign their offices, to acknowledge the crown to be the sole origin of spiritual jurisdiction, by petitioning it for the restoration of their usual authority. As might be expected from his Erastian tenets, Cranmer led the way, and submitted with becoming humility. This example was followed by the clergy, to whom he had addressed, as metropolitan, a circular letter on the subject; and, after a month's suspension, each bishop received a separate commission from the king "to do whatever belonged to the office of bishop" during the royal pleasure. The reason assigned for granting the indulgence added to its degradation. It was stated in the commission restoring the episcopal power, not that the government of bishops was necessary for the church, but that the king's vicar-general, on account of the multiplicity of business with which he was loaded, could not properly attend to every thing in person (in *sua persona expediendum non sufficet**), and therefore should be provided with as-

sistance, to guard against the inconveniences of delay and interruption."

But Cranmer well knew that the mere assuming of the ecclesiastical supremacy by the crown would little advantage the cause of pure religion so long as those strong holds of the Romish superstition, the monasteries and priories, continued in existence. He accordingly with zeal seconded the counsels of Cromwell for their suppression. The proposal was greedily snatched at by Henry, to whom it opened the prospect of inexhaustible wealth, as well as an ample field for the exercise of power. His courtiers, ministers, and the lords of his council eagerly joined in the chase; for the spoils of the clergy promised a rich harvest to their rapacity, having been held out as the probable reward of their zeal by the artful policy of the vicar-general. Spoliation and plunder thus became the order of the day: the monasteries were suppressed; their corruptions and crimes exposed to public odium: and their funds and lands applied to transforming the hungry minions that spanieled a tyrant's heels into the founders of still flourishing, wealthy, and noble families. But such an application, though in the end, perhaps, one of the most prudent that could have been adopted, was very different from that contemplated by Cranmer. That prelate saw with pain and dismay Henry contenting himself with the slaughter of the carcass, which he left as booty, to his followers to fatten upon. He knew that those spoliators were perfectly indifferent to every thing but their own aggrandisement; and that for them the principles of the reformation would have no charms, unless their profession were accompanied by an increase of wealth and worldly distinction. Never yet did the world witness a crew more despicably rapacious than the courtiers of Henry VIII. It was, therefore, with deep regret that Cranmer beheld the alienation of the church property in a manner so different from that which he had recommended, and which Henry had promised to act upon. He proposed that on the new endowments a certain number of cathedrals should be erected, and that in every cathedral there should be provision made for readers of divinity, Greek, and Hebrew; and for "a great number of students to be both exercised in the daily worship of God, and trained up in study and devotion, whom the bishop might transplant out of this nursery into all parts of his diocese." We cannot but lament with the archbishop, that his excellent design had been abandoned for such an unworthy use as gorging the reptiles of a palace; though we are well aware of the benefits which have emerged from a beginning of so little promise.

The measure to the effecting of which the influence of the archbishop was next directed was one of still greater importance to our religion. To the

The bishop erroneously insinuates that Bonner only received this humilifyingly couched licence:—it was the general form.

* The commission may be seen in Burnet's records to the first volume of his History of the Reformation, under the title, "Licentia Regia concessa Domino episcopo ad exercendam jurisdictionem episcopalem." The passage referred to in the text runs thus:—"Quia tamen ipse Thomas Cromwell nostris et hujus regni Angliæ tot et tam arduis negotiis adeo præpeditus existit, quod ad omnem jurisdictionem nobis, uti Supreme Capite hujusmodi competentem, ubique, locorum infra hoc regnum nostrum præfatum, in his que moram commode non patiuntur, aut sine nostro subditorum injuria diffundi non possunt, in sua persona expediendum non sufficet. Nos tuis in hac parte supplicationibus humilibus inclinati, et nostrorum subditorum commodis consulere cupientes. Tibi vice nostras," &c.

immortal honour of Cranmer be it stated that he was the first to place the Bible in the hands of the laity of England; an act which will atone for a thousand instances of his pusillanimity, and which will ever recommend his name to our gratitude. Henry had promised on the suppression of Tyndal's version of the Old and New Testament in 1530, that he would provide a new translation by the "joint labour of great, learned, and catholic persons." Cranmer, during his residence in Germany, had witnessed the extraordinary success which the reformers derived from the diffusion of the sacred volume, and had resolved upon its introduction into his native country. Scarcely was he installed, therefore, in the see of Canterbury in 1533, than he reminded the king of his promise; and by his repeated importunity in person, and by inducing the convocation to petition and Cromwell to support the prayer, he at length obtained the royal injunction to have the Bible (Mathew's edition) placed in all parish churches, with the liberty to every man to read it at pleasure, "provided he did not disturb the preacher in his sermon, nor the officiating clergyman during service." In two years after (in 1539) the indulgence was extended from the church to private houses under some restrictions: care being at the same time taken, with the characteristic jealousy of the Tudors, to inform the people that the liberty which they enjoyed was not a right to which they possessed any claim, but a favour granted "of the royal liberality and goodness."

Thus was the way cleared for the reformation in England. By abolishing the papal supremacy and making the crown the source of all ecclesiastical authority, the clergy were stripped of the power of resisting the further innovations of the sovereign, and made wholly dependent on his will. By the suppression of the monasteries they were, moreover, deprived of the means of appealing to the prejudices of the people, unless in the dangerous character of rebels. By distributing the church possessions among his courtiers and gentry, Henry bound them to the new order of things by the ties of property, hope, fear, and gratitude; and by disseminating the Bible among the middle classes, he prepared them for the reception of gospel truth, by enabling them, of themselves, to distinguish between it and papal error. The favour of the working classes and lower orders was not yet directly appealed to.

While these important proceedings were in progress, two events occurred productive of much uneasiness to Cranmer,—the fall and execution of Cromwell, on a charge of treason, and the beheading of Queen Catherine Howard for incontinency. With the vicar-general Cranmer had been in habits of the closest confidence and friendship, and had, as we have seen, used his influence in aid of the protestant doctrines. Cromwell was not at heart a friend of the reformation; but, being hated and despised by the adherents to the old worship, he

was thrown, by a spirit of revenge, among the leaders of the new learning. During his official career, Cranmer's councils were, by his support, made paramount in the cabinet, and the religious tenets of the court approximated more and more to those of the Lutheran reformers. But after this fall, as the archbishop had foreseen, the opinions of Henry, acted upon by Gardiner and the other Romanist ministers, retrograded to the doctrines of the treatise by which he had won the title of "Defender of the Faith." It was, therefore, with dismay that Cranmer heard of his friend's arrest and impeachment; for he had a true presentiment of its consequences to religion, which augmented the anguish of personal sorrow. He wrote to the king on the subject, and dwelt much on the fallen minister's zeal and diligence in his service, "and in discovering all plots as soon as they were made: that he had always loved the king above all things, and served him with great fidelity and success: that he thought no king of England ever had such a servant: upon that account he had loved him, as one that loved the king above all others. But," he adds, with his usual timidity and caution, "if he was a traitor, he was glad it was discovered. But he prayed God earnestly to send the king such a counsellor in his stead, who could and would serve him as he had done."* Knowing the danger as well as inutility of attempting to arrest the hand of Henry once raised in vengeance, he prudently avoided all allusion to the particular charge on which Cromwell had been arrested, and confined himself to a recapitulation of his former services. Having thus indulged his better feelings, he went along with the stream, and voted for the second and the third reading of the bill of attainder without trial, of which atrocious instrument of despotism by a kind of retributive justice, Cromwell was the first victim, as he had been the first inventor. Though there was much base ingratitude and cruelty on the part of his master in the fate of Cromwell, it was with justice but little lamented by the nation at large; for even his ignominious death could not allay the recollection that he had been at all times the artful counsellor and willing instrument of that master's tyranny against others.

The king was on one of his progresses, accompanied by his young queen, Catherine Howard, when one Lascelles waited on Cranmer, and acquainted him with facts, on the authority of his sister, a servant in the Norfolk family, which tainted the honour of the royal bed. The information could only excite regret and terror. It is painful to a humane mind to be the instrument of another's disgrace or misery; and yet the archbishop

* "This letter," says Burnet, "shows both the firmness of Cranmer's friendship, and that he had a great soul, not turned by the change of men's fortunes to like or dislike them as they stood or declined from their greatness."—The letter, the reader will probably think, far less shows Cranmer's firmness or greatness of soul than the bishop's remarks evince the wish to invest him with them.

op felt that his loyalty as well as his safety would be compromised, and might be endangered, by his keeping the secret to his own bosom. He communicated the matter to the chancellor and others of the council; and they agreed with him, that though it might be equally dangerous to conceal as to discover it to the king, the latter course would, under all circumstances, be the most prudent. As the subject was one of great delicacy, Cranmer broke it to the unsuspecting husband in a long letter, in which the manner in which the information was obtained is stated with anxious minuteness, lest it should be inferred that he was a seeker of scandal or a spy upon the proceedings of the palace. An enquiry was the result of this painful intelligence: incontinency before marriage was proved against the Lady Catherine, and criminality after inferred. The opportunity of shedding blood was too tempting and feasible to be resisted: on the 13th February, 1542, she was beheaded on Tower hill, asserting her conjugal fidelity, while she confessed her maiden delinquencies.

It would be needless to enquire what share Cranmer had in framing and sanctioning the "Institution" and the "Erudition" of "a Christian Man," or whether the "bloody" law of the six articles was wholly owing to the intrigues of Gardiner and the Romanist party. During Henry's reign, the royal standard of orthodoxy would have been received by the clergy of the new learning, even though it were still more popish in its doctrine; and by the clergy of the old learning, even though it had issued from the protestant league of Smalcald. He was infallible in his own estimation, and what was more, possessed the will and the power to prove himself so in that of others. The "Institution," and the "Erudition," which was known by the name of the king's book, are chiefly remarkable for the ultra-catholicism of their theology, and for the earnestness with which they inculcate the doctrine of passive obedience.* They were the standard of orthodoxy till the accession of Edward VI., when the reformation party became possessed of the management of affairs, and all persons were compelled to subscribe to them.

The statute of the six articles was, however, still more trying to the feeling and conscience of the friends of pure religion, particularly to Cranmer, who employed all his address, and a degree of boldness that was unusual to him, to have it softened down, if not defeated. One of those articles, indeed, touched him to the quick: it declared the marriages of priests to be invalid, and compelled such per-

sons in orders as might have been living with their wives to repudiate them, making subsequent cohabitation felony. The reader is aware, that during his residence in Germany, Cranmer had married a kinswoman of Osiander, a Lutheran divine. He never publicly avowed his marriage, as the canon which imposed celibacy on the priesthood had not been abrogated, and the king was well known to be averse from his clergy entering into a state of wedlock. His wife, however, lived with him in private, and bore him several children. His first opposition to the atrocious statute, which he knew would bear on him with such terrible severity, was made in the committee of spiritual peers, whose labours terminated in the framing of the six articles. That committee he divided for eleven days on every article, till Henry grew so impatient, that he came down in person, and awed the prelates (excepting the bishop of Salisbury, who "continueth a lewd fool,") by his "goodlie learning" into unanimity. As the danger came nearer, Cranmer's efforts and ingenuity to avert it were doubled; and at last he ventured to submit his reasons in writing to the "superior judgment of the king's grace," against the obnoxious articles, particularly that which insisted on the celibacy of the clergy. On this sore point he suggested the expediency of a royal declaration, that would be equivalent to a suspension of that part of the statute, till the lawfulness of the marriage of priests should be debated in the universities, on the hazardous condition, that, if judgment were given against his opinion, its advocates should suffer death; if in its favour, that the canonical prohibition, and the article founded on it, should be no longer enforced, and that the matter should be left in future to every man's own conscience.* Henry bore patiently with this unusual contradiction to his will, but remained inexorable. Cranmer next induced Melancthon to write the king a long letter, for the purpose of subduing his obstinacy; but also without avail. Henry was rooted to his

* The delivery of the MS. treatise, containing the archbishop's objections to the six articles, was accompanied by a ludicrous accident, illustrative of the customs of the times. The bearer of it, Cranmer's secretary, "must needs go to the Southwark side of the river, in a wherry, to look on a bear-baiting that was near the river, where the king was in person. They that were in the boat leaped out, and left the poor secretary alone there. But the bear got into the boat, with the dogs about her, and sunk it." The secretary and the treatise were, however, saved from drowning.

Our modern notions are startled by the fact of the king's joining a rabble rout at a bear-bait; but even the court ladies took part in those cruel "amusements." Bear-baiting was the Virgin Queen's favourite pastime: with it she treated her most distinguished visitors; and it was an important ingredient in the fare which she received in return, on her progresses. There were not less than twelve bears killed for her amusement at Kenilworth, at her now immortal visit there. When Shakespeare became the proprietor of the Globe theatre in Southwark, the performances were forbidden on those days in which the "game of bear-baiting, and like pastimes, which are maintained for her majesty's pleasure," was practised.

* A sermon of Cranmer is quoted by Strype, in which it is inculcated, "that though the magistrates be evil and very tyrants against the commonwealth, and enemies to Christ's religion, yet ye subjects must obey in all worldly things as the Christians do under the truth, and ought so to do, as long as he commandeth them not to do against God." The same doctrine was preached by the Romanist party, as may be seen in Gardiner's *De Vera Obedientia*.

purpose; and the archbishop saw with dismay, that his marriage was rendered void in law, and that death might be the penalty of his continuing to harbour his wife and children. Having despatched them in haste to their friends in Germany, and written a dutiful apology to the king for his presumption in for a moment differing in opinion from him, Cranmer artfully revived a design of a conference between the English and continental divines, that had been agitated for the last few years in the council. After what had passed, to persist in calling in question any of the articles might have cost him his head; but he wisely conceived that foreigners might with safety impugn them under the appearance of advocating their own doctrines; and that the king might thus be induced to relax from his obstinacy. The conference was accordingly held; but Henry was not diverted a tittle from his opinions; and till his death Cranmer was obliged to keep his wife and children on the Continent, without daring to avow the validity of his marriage.

The slippery footing on which the law of celibacy placed Cranmer with respect to his further efforts for the advancement of the reformation, made him confine himself very much to the immediate business of his see during the remainder of this reign. The court, as usual, was divided by the overt intrigues of the two great religious parties who struggled for the king's favour, and who looked up to Gardiner, and the Duke of Norfolk, and the archbishop and the Seymours, as their leaders. As the question at issue was now mixed up with polemics, it need scarcely be added, that each antagonist regarded the other with intense and implacable hatred. Many attempts were made to deprive Cranmer of the loyal countenance; but Henry had too much confidence in his loyalty, and too grateful a recollection of his many delicate services, to be affected either by the insinuations or complaints of those whom he knew to be the archbishop's personal enemies. The prebendaries of Canterbury brought a charge against him, but were themselves arraigned, some imprisoned, and all obliged to beg the accused prelate's pardon. The member for Bedfordshire had the boldness, in the house of commons, to accuse Cranmer of heresy; but the king sent the "varlet" a peremptory message, that if he did not immediately acknowledge his error, he should be made an example to his fellows. On another occasion, Henry had consented to the committal of the archbishop; but, on reflection, changed his mind, and sent him a ring as a testimony of his unaltered friendship. The readers of Shakespeare are aware of the subsequent incidents: Cranmer was bidden to the council, at the door of which "the primate of all England was kept waiting an hour among the footmen and servants," according to the testimony of an eye-witness: the king unexpectedly appeared among them: Cranmer produced the ring, and there followed "a wonderful con-

fusion." The king commanded them to be reconciled to the archbishop, whom "he protested by the faith he owed to God,—laying his hand on his breast,—that if a prince could be obliged by his subjects, he was by the primate; and that he took him to be the most faithful subject he had, and a person to whom he was most beholden." With this striking proof of the sovereign's affection for the archbishop, the overt malice of his enemies ceased till the reign of Mary.

Cranmer attended his royal patron in his last moments. Being asked if he wished to confer with any clergyman, now that he was on the approach of death, Henry answered, "Only with Cranmer, and not with him as yet. I will first repose myself a little (he could not bear the thought of dying), and as I find myself I will determine." When the archbishop arrived, he found him speechless, but not altogether insensible. He asked him to give him some intimation of his reliance on the merits of his Redemer. The king grasped his hand strongly, bowed his head, and expired.* By his will Cranmer was appointed one of the council of regency during the minority of the young Edward.

The usual consequences of a despotic reign manifested themselves immediately on the death of Henry. So long as he lived, the firm pressure of his iron hand had, as we have seen, enforced a level monotony of obedience. That removed, a recoil took place in the public mind that was felt at once in our civil and ecclesiastical institutions. Scarcely had his remains been consigned to the tomb, when his more sanguinary laws were abrogated, his anomalous treason and felonies effaced from the statute book, and his proclamations stripped of their legislative validity. The king's book, "The Erudition of a Christian Man," ceased to be the standard of religious orthodoxy; for the young prince and his two uncles, and Cranmer, his most influential counsellors, were strongly imbued with the spirit of Protestantism, and had determined on separating still further the Church of England from the Catholic worship. But these beneficial changes were but the bright morning of a cloudy day: the public mind was in a state of high excitement, and restless ambition renewed its outrages against law and reason. An oligarchy, with its factious concomitants, succeeded to a despotism: one successful monopolist of the power which Henry, by his will, had equally devolved upon a council of regency, of not less than sixteen persons, followed another to the scaffold; to-day the protector signed the death-warrant of his own brother, to-morrow he shares that brother's fate; a no

* It has been truly observed by Clarendon, that, except in the matter of the papal supremacy, Henry lived and died a sturdy catholic. Besides receiving the sacrament according to the rites and interpretation of the Roman Catholic church, he willed a sum of money for masses for his soul, perhaps thinking it prudent to be on the safe side on the purgatory doctrine.

distant day sees Dudley, the successful usurper of the young monarch's prerogatives, atoning with his life for his lawless presumption. All this while, however, it is consoling to observe that the doctrines of the reformation were, under the vigilant care of Cranmer, advancing with a certain, because steady and moderate, progress; and, by the close of the short reign of Edward the Sixth, had become so deeply rooted in the affections of the more enlightened, wealthy, and thence influential classes, that they have to this day continued the inalienable patrimony of the English people. A brief exposition of the principles by which the archbishop and his associates were guided, in effecting this great religious revolution, will, besides being more suitable to our design than a mere chronological narrative of each proceeding in which Cranmer was engaged in the interval between the death of Henry and the accession of Mary, we should hope, impress the reader with a due conviction of their wisdom and moderation. Cranmer's first step was to petition the new king for a licence to continue in the exercise of his ecclesiastical jurisdiction, on the ground that, as his archiepiscopal authority was derived solely from the crown, it necessarily expired with the death of the granting monarch. The example of the metropolitan was, as a matter of course, followed by the other prelates; and their dependence on, and their obedience to, the will of the executive by this means revived and strengthened.

Having thus precluded the evil consequences of refractory colleagues, the archbishop next established a royal visitation, chiefly for the purpose of enforcing his Book of Homilies, just then composed, and Erasmus's paraphrase of the New Testament, to be read after mass in every church on Sundays and holidays. The object was to familiarise the people with the language and injunctions of the Gospel delivered in the vernacular tongue, and by that means to make the introduction of more striking changes in the ancient practices and worship, which he was then maturing in his own bosom, less abrupt and repugnant to established prejudices. "The greatest part of the ignorant commons" (we quote Burnet, vol. ii. p. 35.) "seemed to consider their priests as a sort of people who had such a secret trick of saving their souls as mountebanks pretend in the cure of diseases; and that there was nothing to be done but to leave themselves in their hands, and the business could not miscarry. This was the chief basis and support of all that superstition which was so prevalent in the nation. The other extreme was of some corrupt gospeller, who thought if they magnified Christ much, and depended on his merits and intercession, they could not perish, which way soever they led their lives. In the Homilies, therefore, especial care was taken to rectify both these errors." Between these two extremes Cranmer steered with great address and moderation; on the one hand, dwell-

ing on the boundless merits of Christ's sufferings; on the other, insisting that, to partake of them, repentance and purity of heart were indispensably necessary. The catholic ceremonies were left untouched, and only the more gross superstitions, such as driving out the devil by sprinkling holy water and lighting consecrated candles, animated upon and forbidden. The use of images was not yet discouraged, their worship alone being prohibited,* as contrary to the mandates of Scripture.

Having thus cautiously felt his way, the primate proceeded to lop off, by little and little, the superstitious excrescences that had disfigured for so many ages the purity and simplicity of the Christian worship, and to engraft gradually in their stead those doctrines and ceremonies which are still the boast of the church of England. Orders were issued to all the bishops to abolish, in their respective dioceses, the custom of bearing candles on Candlemas-day, of receiving ashes on Ash Wednesday, and of carrying palms on Palm Sunday; and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was commanded to be thenceforth administered in both kinds, and in the English language. The mass[†] was, at the same time, celebrated as usual in Latin; and care was taken to guard against offensive comments on the catholic belief of the real presence in the eucharist.

A great progress was thus unobtrusively and unresistingly made in favour of the new doctrines, and Cranmer so far emboldened to proceed with his other projected innovations. Aware of the deep root which the ancient worship had taken in the minds of the large majority of the people, clergy as well as laity, and of the firm hold which the catholic discipline had in the two universities, he encouraged by all means in his power the influx of foreign divines and professors into England. They were assured of a hospitable asylum in his own palace till otherwise provided for; and were only called upon, in return, to aid by their knowledge and eloquence the common cause of the reformation. Among the divines and preachers who, in consequence of this tempting invitation, flocked to the archiepiscopal residence at Lambeth, the most distinguished for their learning, ability, and zeal, were the celebrated John Knox, and Bucer and Peter Martyr, at the time heads of the church and university of Strasburg. Knox was appointed one of the royal chaplains, and was licensed and encouraged to preach every where throughout the kingdom, having had the honesty to refuse a benefice; "because," says Strype, "many things were worthy of reformation in England without the reformation, whereof no minister did

* "Among Cranmer's papers I have seen several arguments for a moderate use of images." Burnet, ii. p. 13.

† Cranmer celebrated a high mass for the repose of the soul of Francis I., who died a few months after Henry.

or could discharge his conscience before God." Bucer, who was remarkable among theologians for a sort of metaphysical acuteness,—or rather, for a scholastic and disingenuous * subtlety,—was appointed to lecture on divinity in Cambridge; while his friend, Peter Martyr, an honest and bolder man, was elected to the theological chair of the other university. By these able and learned men, the continental doctrines of the eucharist, free will, and justification were taught to the rising generation of churchmen in England.

A catechism "for the singular Profit and Instruction of Children and Young People," was Cranmer's next measure. In this "easy, but most useful work,"† the archbishop strongly leans to the ancient doctrines; he teaches the catholic theory of the body and blood of Christ in the eucharist; "exhorts much to confessions, and the people's dealing with their pastors about their consciences;" and, contrary to his precepts in the former reign, maintains the divine institution of priests and bishops. A much more important work soon followed—the Book of Common Prayer, compiled chiefly from the Romish ritual, which is in the main similar to that in use at the present hour, and which almost immediately received the sanction of Edward and his parliament. The church of England having now by law its own liturgy, rites, and ceremonies, and its separation from the papal communion being thence legislatively consummated, it only remained for Cranmer to win for that liturgy the sympathy and support of public opinion. In his conduct in this delicate affair, as we have premised, we shall find much reason to admire his discretion, excellent common sense, and knowledge of the springs of human action.

It may be stated as a general rule, that it is essential to the permanent success of religious, not less than of political, revolutions, that they be effected with rapidity; that is, that the promulgation of the new doctrines be so much in accord with the public aspirations of the time being,—however undefined, vague, or indeterminate these may appear,—that they may seem to be but their echo. Wycliffism was stifled in its birth by the ræphitic exhalations which for centuries had polluted the religious atmosphere of England; in other words, it was not responded to by public sympathy, it was too much in the van of the general intelligence, it breathed no congenial atmosphere. On the other hand, it cannot fail to strike the philosophic observer, that the very fact of theological innovations spreading rapidly among a

rude people, is a positive proof that reason had little or no share in their reception. The progress of truths, which now appear to be a part of our very being, was for a time slow and gradual. They were first discussed and adopted by a few as valuable accessions to their knowledge. The circle of diffusion becomes in time wider and wider: they are now received by many because they are the opinions of those whom they look up to; by others, from imitation; by some, because long familiarity makes their evidence appear intuitive. Their reception thus in time grows universal, and seems, like the acquired perceptions of vision, to be a primary law of our nature. But this slowness and gradualness is, it is evident, incompatible with the essential rapidity of a great religious revolution, like that which gives such celebrity to the reigns of Henry and his immediate successors. Generations would perish without participating in the benefits of the reformation, if they were not at once made glaringly manifest to the dullest apprehensions of the people, instead of relying on the intrinsic truth of its principles and their consequent general, but too tardy, diffusion. This fact could not escape the sagacity of the friends of the new doctrines. The question then for them was—to facilitate the progress of those doctrines, by presenting them as tangibly as possible to the common sense of the nation; while the errors and absurdities of the old worship were no less forcibly exposed to what may be designated the *sensuous* understanding of the vulgar. To men so illiterate as our fathers at this time, it would be a vain waste of breath to endeavour to win them to the protestant tenets by controversial sermons on their Gospel purity, or by tracts proving with learned logic the antisciptural basis of the faith in which they had been bred up. They should be first made to *see and feel* the truth of the one, and *see and feel* the corruptions of the other. The Horatian remark, that—

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures;
Quam que sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quam
Ipse sibi tradit spectator."

applies universally; and the success which attended the labours of Cranmer and his associates proves their having acted upon it. The principle thus asserted by the poet pervades all their measures, and indeed almost all the proceedings of the promoters of the English reformation.

In the former reign, as we have all read, great exertions were successfully made in exposing to the senses of the multitude the pretended miracles and pious impostures of the clergy. The miraculous crucifix, the "Rood of Grace," as it was called, which had attracted generations of pilgrims to Boxley in Kent, and which had proved one of the most lucrative of the monkish inventions, was taken to pieces at St. Paul's cross, and the several springs and wheels by which the head, mouth, and eyes of the image were made to move miraculously, according to the payment of the votaries, ex-

* Bucer thought that, for avoiding contention, and for maintaining peace and quietness in the church, somewhat more *ambiguous words* should be used, that might have a respect to both persuasions concerning the presence. But Martyr was of another judgment, and affected to speak of the Sacrament with all plainness and perspicuity. *Strype*, ii. 120.

† Burnet, who says the catechism was first made in Latin by another, but revived in translation by Cranmer.

posed to the public gaze, touch, and ridicule. "There was a huge image of our Lady at Worcester that was had in great reverence," it having performed an orthodox number of marvellous cures of both soul and body. It was stripped before the people, and found to be the statue of a bishop, "the which caused huge laughter to the beholders thereon." Another famous imposture was discovered at Hales, in Gloucestershire; a phial containing the blood of Christ, taken from his body at Jerusalem. Its miraculous nature was shown by its becoming invisible to any one in a state of mortal sin, and continuing so till the criminal had expiated his offences by masses and offerings. The sacred blood was discovered to have been the blood of a duck, which was weekly killed in private for the purpose by two monks in the secret of the cheat; and the visibility of the fluid was found to depend on turning the phial, one side of which was transparent, the other opaque. When rich pilgrims arrived, they were sure to be shown the dark side; and, "having drained them of all that they brought with them, then they consoled them by turning the clear side outward, who upon that went home very well satisfied with their journey, and the expense they had been at."^{*}

By these exposures to the eye and touch of the multitude, the feeling of fraud and corruption in their religious institutions was insensibly reduced, and the public mind prepared for the reception of newer and purer doctrines. To diminish still more the reverence of the people for the ancient worship, plays and farces were frequently performed in the churches, of which the invariable subject was the vices of the clergy, and the absurdities of the established superstitions. The effect of this great engine of ridicule would appear incredible to a modern frequenter of the drama. A semi-malicious relish of all jests at the expense of the great and the reverend is a part of our national character, and was, in this case, the more freely encouraged by the friends of the reformation, because the less ceremonial character of the protestant service exempted it from the caricatures by which the pageants and mummeries of the catholic worship were held up to public laughter. Thus we see the sensuous character of the religion of the church of Rome, by which she bound to herself, during centuries of intellectual darkness, the allegiance of the Christian world, tended ultimately to her degradation and downfall.

Bearing steadily in mind the principle which we have endeavoured to explain, Cranmer proceeded in his great undertaking. He knew that it was essential to the reasonable and unmysterious character of the new religion that its service should be expressed in the mother-tongue of its adherents; and yet he knew—such is the force of superstitious association—that the very fact of the mass being celebrated in an unknown dialect

impressed the vulgar with a sense of mysterious awe, which, by a natural illusion, was extended to the officiating priesthood. His conduct in this difficulty displayed his good sense and moderation. He framed his new English liturgy out of materials furnished by the Roman ritual. Its elevated piety and simplicity recommended it to the friends of pure religion; while its being but a translation, in the mother-tongue, of the daily service of their altar, could not fail to attract to it the enlightened members of the catholic communion. In either case, the senses were made ministrant to his purpose.

A broad mark of *sensible* distinction being thus drawn between the new and old worship, without inducing the alarm of a radical difference, Cranmer next enlisted the pride of the multitude on his side, by proclaiming their private judgment to be the ultimate appeal in all scriptural controversy. Not that he ever intended to consult their decisions, for he was too well aware of their incompetency to come to any; but he knew that the permission of every man to freely exercise his "private judgment" in the meaning of the Scriptures, could not fail to alienate him from a religion which denied that indulgence, and to make him, on the other hand, a friend to the system of belief, which granted it as a matter of right. In point of fact, the reformers were at this time to the full as intolerant as the catholics in their interpretations of the sacred volume; but employed different, though much less consistent, means of ensuring a conformity with their own comments and opinions. All, therefore, who fancied they were exercising their private judgment, when they were probably only marshalling one set of prejudices in array against another, favoured the new doctrines.

The Scriptures being now the inheritance of every man, and the right of exercising the private judgment in their interpretation being promulgated as a religious obligation, the next step for the promoters of the reformation naturally was the sweeping away all those ceremonies and dogmas of the Roman worship which were not sanctioned by the letter or the spirit of the inspired writings. The Virgin, consequently, was deprived of her divine honours; most of the saints were cashiered or superannuated; and the terra incognita of purgatory expunged from the map of true religion, as unknown to the propheta, and repugnant to the doctrine of justification. The practice of confession was left to the opinion of each "private judgment" on its efficacy, and very soon fell into disuse.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper can present itself to the candid mind but under two interpretations,—either that of the church of Rome, with all its absurdities; or that of the Zuinglian divines, with its apparent contradictions to the letter of the Gospel. Endless attempts, however, were for nearly a century made to hit off a kind of middle term which might embrace the two op-

^{*} Burnet, ii. l. 313.

posing doctrines; and it was not till an ocean of blood and ink had been spilt that the Zuinglian version became a part of the English liturgy.

Though the reformation was now consummated, its great fosterer's labours were not at an end. The statute imposing celibacy on the clergy was yet unrepealed: his wife and children were still exiles. The marriage of ecclesiastics was highly unpalatable to parliament and the nation; so much so, indeed, that had not Cranmer's private feelings been deeply involved in the issue, it is very doubtful whether the liberty of entering into a state of wedlock would be even now enjoyed by the priesthood. It certainly would not have been granted in the reign of Elizabeth, or in that of her successor; and would not have been thought of in the cabinet of Mary.

In the preamble to the first bill which, at the instigation of the archbishop, was brought into parliament to repeal so much of the law of the Six Articles as prohibited the marriage of the clergy, the intended indulgence was spoken of as an "ignominious and tolerated evil;" and perpetual continence was recommended, as becoming the spiritual character of a ministry which could not be too much relieved from worldly embarrassments in the performance of its duties. Cranmer, however, persevered; and, after much opposition, a subsequent bill received the sanction of the legislature, and liberty to marry became the right of protestant churchmen.

It would have been well for Cranmer's reputation had he confined himself exclusively to the duties of his prelacy, and had not lent the weight of his name, as patriarch of the church of England, to the designs of factious ambition. "But even the good men of those days," says a late writer* on them, "were strange beings." Where blood and life are or may be involved in the result, the canon law prohibits clergymen from having any share in the transaction; nevertheless, such was the archbishop's unfortunate facility of compliance with the requests of another,—the brother of the criminal,—that he signed the warrant for the admiral Seymour's execution, and influenced Latimer to justify the deed in a sermon before the boy monarch. Seymour no doubt merited his fate; but the minister of a religion of peace and mercy should not have been, in any way, his executioner.

A measure still more questionable, of which Cranmer was the chief agent, was the harsh treatment of those prelates who adhered to the ancient forms of worship. The reader need hardly be reminded of the imprisonment and deprivations of Bonner, then bishop of London, and Gardiner, bishop of Winchester. The unnecessary (to use the mildest phrase) oppression of those vindictive men only created justifying precedents for retali-

ating in kind when circumstances afterwards possessed them with the power. Without intimidating them, it generated the will and the motive to persecute in return, and taught the benevolent the melancholy truth, that the difference between the prelates of the old and the new church was less one of intolerance of spirit, than of verbal faith and outward worship.

But these were but slight blemishes compared with the flagitious persecutions for heresy which stain the reputation of Cranmer. It might have been fairly expected from men who had taken the lead in asserting the liberty of thinking with an unfettered conscience on religion, and who had boldly opposed the right of private judgment to the authority of ages, that they at least would respect that right, and that liberty, when exercised by others. Above all men, a repugnance to the shedding of blood for points of faith should have been manifested by Cranmer; for he had seen the innocent led to the scaffold, and had in the former reign assisted in consigning to the flames the fearless asserter of doctrines which he now himself heartily espoused. But this, as we have before observed, was an age of religious bigotry, and even the benevolent Cranmer partook of its persecuting spirit. In the third year of Edward's reign, in 1549, a commission was appointed of which the archbishop was head, to "search after all anabaptists, heretics, and condemners of the Common Prayer," and to hand them over to the secular power in the event of their failing previously to reclaim them. Many abjured their errors rather than become martyrs, and carried faggots to St. Paul's cross in the usual manner of penitent heretics. "But," says Burnet (*Hist. Reformation*, vol. ii. p. 146.), "there was another of these extreme obstinates, Joan Bocher, commonly called Joan of Kent. She denied that Christ was truly incarnate of the Virgin, whose flesh being sinful, he could take none of it; but the Word, by the consent of the inward man in the Virgin, took flesh of her: these were her words. They took much pains about her, and had many conferences with her; but she was so extravagantly conceited in her own notions, that she rejected all they said with scorn. Whereupon she was adjudged an obstinate heretic, and so left to the secular power. This sentence being returned to the council, the good king was moved to sign a warrant for burning her, but could not be prevailed on to do it; he thought it a piece of cruelty, too like that which they had condemned in papists, to burn any for their consciences. And, in a long discourse he had with sir J. Chick, he seemed much confirmed in that opinion. Cranmer was therefore employed to persuade him to sign the warrant." (What an office for an aged prelate to a child!) "He argued from the law of Moses, by which blasphemers were to be stoned: he told the king he made a great difference between errors in other points of divinity and those which were directed against

* Turner's *Modern History of England*, a valuable depository of curious facts and reasonings.

the apostles' creed; that these were impieties against God, which a prince, as being God's deputy, ought to punish, as the king's deputies were obliged to punish offences against the king's person. These reasons did rather silence than satisfy the young king, who still thought it a hard thing (as in truth it was) to proceed so severely in such cases; so he set his hand to the warrant with tears in his eyes, saying to Cranmer, that if he did wrong, since it was in submission to his authority, he should answer for it to God." This declaration of the young monarch so alarmed the archbishop that he had the woman brought to his house, "to see if he and Ridley could persuade her;" but she only replied with jeers and taunts at their inconsistencies. "It is a goodly matter," said she to Cranmer, as he was on the point of passing sentence on her, "to consider your ignorance. It was not long ago you burned Anne Arken for a piece of bread, and yet came yourself soon after to believe and profess the same doctrine for which you burned her; and now, forsooth, you will needs burn me for a piece of flesh, and in the end you will come to believe this also, when you have read the Scriptures and understand them." This almost irresistible appeal only irritated the prelate: he delivered sentence against her as an obstinate heretic, and she was burned soon after. A few days later Von Parris, a Dutchman, was also consigned to the flames for Arianism.

Such was the conduct, so monstrously inconsistent, of the great patriarchs of the reformation. Blinded by religious zeal, and the intolerant spirit of the age, they could not see that they were furnishing the adherents to the ancient faith with a rich armoury of weapons of persecution. It did not strike them, that if Joan Bocher and Von Parris were guilty in freely exercising their private judgment in interpreting the Scriptures, all their ecclesiastical innovations, and the reformation itself, must *à fortiori*, be denounced as the most audacious and deliberate criminality. But, it cannot be too often repeated, these were times of unparalleled changes, great excitement, and intolerance. A mighty concussion had shaken society to its foundation, and the moral and intellectual man had not yet reasserted himself in his native equanimity and clear-sightedness. Men should, we again remind the reader, be judged by the standard of their own age alone; as there is no man but in a great degree takes his colouring of conduct from the habits of his contemporaries and immediate predecessors. We are the creatures of circumstance and imitation; and imitation, says Bacon, is a globe of precepts. The progress of truth and improvement is imperceptible in short periods: so that the habits of thought and action, the religious belief, the political predictions and aversions, and opinions of men and books of the passing events, differ but a shade here and there from those of the past generations; and that again runs, like the colours of the rainbow,

insensibly into the preceding. No one link of the chain of being, therefore, stands out prominently in advance of its neighbouring one in either moral or intellectual improvement; and though individuals may, in the closet, promulgate doctrines that far outstrip the general intelligence, they must wait till that intelligence has grown up to them before these doctrines become principles of action. In the mean while, their conduct in life assimilates itself to that of their fellow men, however theoretically inconsistent with their private speculations.

A great moral lesson should be the inference from these remarks—charity towards the holder of opinions different from our own, and a hesitation to condemn too harshly the actions and usages of other times and circumstances. We teach our children to loathe the very name of "bloody queen Mary;" but we forget, at the same time, to inform them, that that princess possessed virtues which, in circumstances more favourable to their growth than those by which she was surrounded from her cradle, would have made her a theme for our warmest eulogies. We teach them to justly reprobate the name of Bonner, without informing them, that if that dark-minded prelate had lived in our days, his zeal would be confined to an intolerant speech from the bench of bishops, or a declamatory pamphlet, or angry charge against his religious opponents; and that it is not improbable, that, if some of the ecclesiastical dignitaries of our own times had been his contemporaries, their conduct would not have been less intolerant. We have all read with indignation of the burning of Servetus: we have all seen the ashes of the poet Byron refused a resting place in Westminster Abbey. No doubt the honour of religion was the sole source of the latter ungracious act; but did Calvin only indulge a passion for torturing a fellow-creature? Change the time, the place, the circumstances, and would—or rather say, could—the stern reformer of Geneva in the nineteenth century evince his disapprobation of heterodoxy more pointedly? In a word, then, let us judge charitably of our persecuting fathers; and while reprobating and avoiding their faults, let us bless Providence that we have been permitted to live in a country and an age of civil and religious liberty.

The court of the well-taught clever boy who now held the sceptre had been for some time a scene of contentions between the Dudley and Seymour factions. Cranmer was an adherent to the interest of the protector; for to him was he indebted for the aid of the government in erecting the new system of public worship. There was a something, moreover, of congeniality of disposition in the two men that tinged their official intercourse with the warmth of private friendship. Both were well-intentioned and kind-hearted: Somerset, not less than the archbishop, wanted that firmness and decision of character so necessary in times of danger and trouble to men in high station. It was, therefore, with regret that Cranmer saw his patron

led to the scaffold, and his rival, Northumberland, in possession of the young monarch's confidence. "On the 22d of January, 1552," writes Edward in his journal, "the duke of Somerset had his head cut off upon Tower Hill, between eight and nine in the morning." This duke of Somerset, whose execution is thus so coldly and briefly noticed, the reader is aware, was the youthful journalist's favourite uncle.

Edward had inherited a delicate constitution from his mother, and with it that precociousness of talent sometimes considered as indicative of a short career. His illness was now advancing rapidly to its fatal termination. On the 11th of June, 1553, Montague, chief justice of the Common Pleas, with two of the puisne judges, and the attorney and solicitor general, received a summons to attend the council at the palace of Greenwich. On their arrival the dying monarch informed them, that his anxiety for the welfare of his subjects had induced him to change the order of succession laid down by his royal father; that he had seriously weighed the danger the kingdom might be exposed to if his sister Mary, with her popish predilections, should succeed to the throne, and the danger that might follow to the laws and religion of the country if either of the princesses married a stranger to both. The law officers were then ordered to draw up a legal instrument, declaring his cousin, the lady Jane Dudley, daughter of Grey, duke of Suffolk, and wife of a son of Northumberland, the prime originator of the whole proceeding, heir to the crown. After many delays and expostulations on the part of the chief justice and his colleagues, and reprimands and threats from the king and Northumberland, the instrument establishing a new order of succession was legally executed. On the 21st of June it was signed by the chancellor, the archbishop, judges, and the leading nobility. Cranmer at first refused the sanction of his name to the deed, and argued zealously against it at the council and in private. "I never liked it," he says, in his letter to queen Mary, "nor any thing grieved me so much as your grace's brother did; and if by any means it had been to have hindered the making of that will, I should have done it." He yielded ultimately to Edward's personal entreaties. "So at length I was required by the king's majesty himself to set my hand to his will, saying, that he trusted that I alone would not be more repugnant to his will than the rest of the council were; which words surely grieved my heart very sore, and so I granted him to subscribe his will, and to follow the same." On the 6th of July the youthful monarch expired.

The nine-days' reign of the young, beautiful, and all-accomplished pupil of Roger Ascham, lady Jane Dudley, followed, with its fatal consequences to its innocent victim and guilty author. For the designing and unprincipled Northumberland there can be no pity; he justly died the death of a traitor; but who that reads the artless narra-

tive of the puppet-queen, but must lament that she should have been the ill-fated tool of her father-in-law's ambition. Cranmer adhered faithfully to her interests to the last hour, though, as we have seen, he had embraced them with reluctance.

From Mary the archbishop could hope but for little mercy: all that was dark and resentful in her story was associated with his name. It was he that annulled her mother's marriage, and had declared herself illegitimate; he was the subverter of her religion, and the head of the new system of worship that had been raised in its stead; and he had joined in a conspiracy to snatch the crown from her brow, and was one of the last to abandon the fortunes of her competitor: a deep sense of private wrong, therefore, united with religious zeal in visiting his offences with the heaviest punishment. But the blow did not fall all at once: it was deemed prudent to wait till the new queen had become firmly seated on her throne.

King Edward was buried on the 8th of August, on which occasion Cranmer officiated according to the protestant ritual. He was next day ordered to confine himself to the archiepiscopal palace of Lambeth, and to furnish the council with an inventory of his moveable possessions. He was joined in his retirement by Peter Martyr, who had fled from Oxford, where the reformed doctrines had not even yet taken root, and who confirmed the fears of the archbishop, that their joint labours in establishing a scriptural system of worship would be unproductive during the reign of the present monarch. Cranmer conducted himself with great humility; so much so, indeed, as to induce his enemies to give out "that he was ready to submit himself in all things" to the will of the council. To add to his anxiety, it was communicated to him that mass had been performed in Canterbury cathedral with his alleged consent and permission. The honest zeal of Peter Martyr felt indignant at the imputation, and, by his advice, Cranmer gave it a public denial. The declaration which he drew up on this occasion does honour, by its boldness, to his courage and sincerity. It stated, "that as the devil had at all times set on his instruments by lies to defame the servants of God, so he was now more than ordinarily busy. For whereas king Henry had begun the correcting the abuses of the mass, which his son had brought to a further perfection; and so the Lord's Supper was restored to its first institution, and was celebrated according to the pattern of the primitive church: now the devil, intending to bring the mass again into its room, as being his own invention, had stirred up some to give out that it had been set up in Canterbury by him, the said Cranmer's, order; and it was said, that he had undertaken to sing mass to the queen's majesty, both at king Edward's funeral at St. Paul's and other places; and though, for these twenty years, he had despised all such errors and false reports of him as were spread abroad, yet he now thought it not

fit to lie under such misrepresentations; therefore he protests to all the world that the mass was not set up at Canterbury by him, the said Cranmer's, order, but that a fawning hypocritical monk had done it without his knowledge; and for what he was said to have undertaken to the queen, her majesty knew well how false that was, offering, if he might obtain her leave for it, to maintain that every thing in the communion service that was set out by their most innocent and good king Edward was according to Christ's institution, and the practice of the apostles and the ancient church for many ages, to which the mass was contrary, being full of errors and abuses; and although Peter Martyr was by some called an ignorant man, he with him, or other four or five such as he could choose, would be ready to defend, not only their Book of Common Prayer and the other rites of their service, but the whole doctrines and order of religion set forth by the late king as more pure and more agreeable to the word of God than any sort of religion that had been in England for a thousand years before it, provided that things should be judged by the Scriptures, and that the reasonings on both sides should be faithfully written down.*

On the 8th, Cranmer was summoned to answer for it before the council. On the 13th, "after a long and serious debate," he was committed to the Tower, for matters of treason against the queen, and for dispersing of seditious bills. He was attainted in the ensuing parliament of treason, and the fruits of his archbishoprick sequestered. The charge of treason was, however, forgiven or abandoned, it being determined that he should be proceeded against for heresy alone.

The rebellion of Wyatt produced the usual effect of unsuccessful insurrection; it strengthened the power of the crown, and removed the obstacle of public inertia to its favourite measures. With its suppression began those burnings and persecutions which have entailed upon this reign the lasting odium of posterity. It was now resolved to proceed to extremities with Cranmer and the other leaders of the reformation. From the Tower, where they had been confined for the last seven months, the archbishop, Latimer, and Ridley were conducted to Oxford, there to hold a public disputation with the catholic theologians on the great points of difference between the two churches. The catholic was then the religion of the sovereign: of course the moderator in the disputation decided in favour of the divines of the state worship; Cranmer and his associates were declared to be vanquished and contumacious, and the hall resounded with the cries of "Vincit veritas." It was in vain that they declared to the council that they had been silenced by noise, and

not by argument; and that they appealed to the judgment of the Almighty from the decision of the moderator. The council hearkened not to their prayer, and left them to their fate. Two days after the decision against them they were brought before the commissioners, and asked whether they would subscribe to the ancient worship. They unanimously refused, and were condemned as obstinate heretics. The usual formalities of the papal code in heretical prosecutions were gone through. Cranmer was cited as an archbishop to appear before the pope within the canonical period (eighty days) laid down on such occasions, and at the expiration of the eighty days was delivered over to the secular power. He was accused of blasphemy and heresy for his writings against the Roman worship, of perjury for violating his oath of canonical obedience, and of incontinency for having married after his vow of celibacy; and was declared to be contumacious for not having (and he was a prisoner all the time) appeared at Rome, according to the letter of the citation. He was now in hourly expectation of his fate—the rather as Gardiner and Bonner, whom he had treated with great harshness in the late reign, were the queen's most influential counsellors. From them he could expect no favour: the implacable hatred of polemical antagonists being, in both, inflamed by the recollection of personal oppression. Had the archbishop been at this time led to the scaffold,—such was the resigned firmness of his mind,—his name would have probably been spared the stain of his subsequent recantations.

Hitherto Cranmer had displayed unremittent courage in his sufferings, and was prepared to prove his sincerity by his death. But with delay and suspense came vague hopes, and a damping of zeal and courage. From the window of his cell, he had seen his friends and fellow-labourers in the vineyard, Ridley and Latimer, led to execution.

The excruciating torments which they were made to endure shook his resolution. Hopes were held out to him that his life might be spared if he relented from his obstinacy; he wavered, and expressed a wish to have a conference with the legate. This fit of irresolution, however, soon passed over; and having expressed his regret for his weakness, he wrote a long letter to the queen in defence of the protestant doctrines. But Gardiner was well acquainted with that want of firmness which was the blemish of the archbishop's character, and knew that, having once hesitated, it was highly probable he would hesitate again. Cranmer was accordingly told to prepare himself for his speedy execution. The intelligence had its intended effect; his spirit was broken by confinement, his

in all my life. For albeit there was one appoynted to dispute agaynste me, yet errey man spak hys mynde, and brought forth what hym liked, without order; and such hast was made that no answer coude be suffered to be given."

* Burnet.—This bold declaration was publicly read in Cheapside and elsewhere on the 5th of September.

† Cranmer, in his letter to the council, says, "I never knewe nor hearde of a more confused disputacyon

courage gave way, and death by burning presented itself to his imagination with all its features of horror. Six instruments of recantation still bear witness to his "human infirmity." Thus—

—"The base drachm
Doth all the noble substance often dout
To his own scandal."

and thus the one defect of Cranmer's mind led to acts which his frequent heroism scarcely atoned for. He now feigned himself a reconvert to the Catholic doctrines, and for six weeks openly condemned the "errors of Luther and Zuinglius, acknowledged the pope's supremacy, the seven sacraments, the corporal presence in the eucharist, purgatory, prayer for departed souls, the invocation of saints, to which was added his being sorry for his former errors; and concluded, exhorting all that had been deceived by his example or doctrines to return to the unity of the church, and protesting that he had signed his recantation willingly, only for the discharge of his conscience."*

Fortunately for the reputation of Cranmer, these humiliating recantations were not rewarded by a pardon. To Ridley and Latimer life had been offered on their renouncing their "heresies;" but it was decided in the council that no recantation should save the archbishop. His political offences, it was said, might be overlooked; but his offences against religion required that he should suffer for the sake of example. A writ for his execution was accordingly despatched to Oxford, and a day fixed. But Cranmer with his firmness lost his dignity of mind. With the hope of still averting his fate, he signed another document, in which he declared he was not actuated by fear or favour, and that his former recantation was made unsolicitedly, for the ease of his own conscience and the instruction of others. A letter to cardinal Pole,—he knew he need not address Gardiner—accompanied this document, in which he begged that prelate's influence to obtain him a few days' respite, in order that he might give the world a still more convincing proof of his repentance. The respite was granted; and Cranmer, in a sixth confession, declared that he had been a greater persecutor of the church than Paul, and that he wished, like that apostle, to make amends. He could not rebuild what he had destroyed; but as the penitent thief on the cross by the testimony of his lips obtained mercy, so he trusted that he by the offering of his lips should move the clemency of the Almighty. He was an offender beyond the pale of temporal or eternal mercy; he had blasphemed the sacrament, and had deprived men of the benefit of the eucharist. To conclude, he entreated for forgiveness from the pope and the king and queen, and pity from all Christians.

Fortunately, we repeat, for Cranmer's fame, his

* Burnet, ii. 2. The reader will see six recantations, quoted at length, in Todd's life of Cranmer, just published.

offence against the honour of Mary's birth had made her inexorably resolved on his execution. Had he been then pardoned, and permitted to eke out his existence in obscurity, his name would now be a by-word synonymous with all that is loathsome in hypocrisy, cowardice, and apostasy. He would have been so degraded in his own eyes, that he could never have ventured again to present himself to that church of which he was the founder, but from which the fear of death had made him apostatise. Again, we repeat, his reputation is indebted to the profound hatred of the queen, who, unmoved by his cries for mercy, and his expressions of deep remorse, desired the law to take its course.

The 21st of March was the day fixed for his execution. To the last moment, Cranmer clung to the hope of mercy; and was astounded when a Spanish friar announced to him, on the fatal morning, that his hours were numbered, and that he should prepare himself for his last earthly trial. The friar then handed to him a paper, to be read at the stake as a dying testimony of his repentance. It was a summary of his recantations. Cranmer signed it; and having transcribed it, kept a copy for his own use. When the friar had departed he altered his copy, and made it equivalent to a disavowal of all his former abjurations and denials. At the usual hour the procession set forward: it halted at the church of St. Mary, where the last sermon was preached by a Dr. Cole. The archbishop stood on a platform opposite to the pulpit, according to an eye-witness (quoted by Strype), "the very image of sorrow." Remorse for his recent unworthy conduct had taken entire possession of his soul. His face was bathed in tears, and expressed "great inward confusion;" and his eyes were sometimes lifted up to heaven, now fixed downward on earth, "as one ashamed of himself." The sermon having been concluded, the preacher called on Cranmer to declare his faith. The archbishop then took out his paper: all were prepared for a repetition of his recantations, the rather as the merits of his conversion had been dwelt upon by Dr. Cole in his sermon. He was heard with profound attention, till he "spoke to that which, he said, troubled his conscience more than any thing he had ever done in his whole life; which was the subscribing a paper contrary to the truth, and against his conscience, out of fear of death and love of life; and when he came to the fire, he was resolved that that hand that had signed it should burn first." He then repeated, that his former opinions on the papal usurpation, and on the eucharist, were those he died in. "Upon this there was a wonderful confusion in the assembly." Lord Williams called to him to remember himself, and play the Christian. "I do," replied Cranmer, with tears: "it is now too late to dissemble; I must now speak the truth. I have been hitherto a hater of falsehood and a lover of simplicity, and never before

this time have I dissembled." He was immediately led to the stage which had been erected for his execution, opposite Baliol College, where he put off his clothes in haste, and standing in his shirt, and without shoes, was fastened with a chain to the stake. Some of the crowd urged him to declare in favour of his former recantations. He answered, showing his hand, "This is the hand that wrote it, and therefore it shall suffer punishment." Fire being applied to him, he stretched out his right hand into the flame, and held it there unmoved (except that once with it he wiped his face) till it was consumed, crying with a loud voice, "This hand hath offended—this unworthy right hand." At last, the fire getting up, he soon expired, never stirring or crying out all the while, only keeping his eyes fixed on heaven, and repeating more than once, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" Cranmer thus perished, in the 67th year of his age.

It is hardly necessary to offer additional remarks on the character of Cranmer, as, we persuade ourselves, its leading features have been sufficiently displayed to the reader in the course of our narrative. His contemporaries unite in attributing to him all the virtues that adorn a private station. He was humble and affectionately kind to the poor, ever attentive to their wants, ever happy in relieving them. To the rich and powerful he is also represented as uniformly courteous and respectful, equally remote from obsequiousness and, what has been considered as not unusual in men of his rank, episcopal arrogance. In the mildness and yielding gentleness of his temper, and in the "vicious feeblenesses" to which the excess of those excellent qualities invariably leads, he very much resembled Philip Melancthon. Like that amiable man, too, he wanted the enthusiastic confidence in the goodness of his cause which spurs the aid of unworthy expedients, and fearlessly pursues its straightforward course in all times and seasons. But here the resemblance ends.

Cranmer possessed neither the genius nor the learning of the German theologian; and though naturally as candid and truth-loving, did not exhibit the same ingenuous buoyancy in troubled waters. The truth is, the very virtues of his character united with its defects in unfitting him for high stations in times like those which it was his fate to live in.

He was constitutionally wedded to peace and quietness; and wanting, as we have seen, firmness and decision of purpose, and the higher and sterner elements of moral greatness, was too glad to embrace repose from toil and danger upon almost any terms. Hence we may conclude that, had his lot been confined to private life, his conduct would have been unexceptionably amiable, and himself universally respected; and hence we may also affirm, that under no circumstances could he have been a great man. As it is, we pity much more than we condemn him, and willingly shut our eyes on his defects and errors, when we recollect his cruel death, and his services in aid of the reformation. These it is that have snatched his name from oblivion, or from indifference, perhaps contempt, and that, in the teeth of mutually admitted facts, have kept alive a controversy on the real merits of his character. By our own zealots he is held up to our admiration, as the most glorious and faultless martyr of the Church of England; by the Romanists, his name is branded with every epithet of meanness and inconsistency: as if, in this most absurd logomachy, the character of the reformation, or the gospel purity of the rival creeds, were to be determined, or for a moment affected, by the conduct of individuals; and as if it was not among the most wonderful of the dispensations of Providence, which "out of evil seeks to bring forth good," that it has sometimes been pleased to employ the guiltiest instruments in effecting its highest and holiest purposes.

WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH.

1520—1598.

WILLIAM CECIL*, descended from an ancient and respectable family, was born at Bourne in Lincolnshire, in the year 1520.† Both his father and grandfather held honourable appointments under Henry VIII. His father was master of the robes; an office, in that age, of considerable distinction. During his early education, his progress either exhibited nothing remarkable, or has been overlook-

ed by his biographers, amidst the splendour of his succeeding transactions; for we are merely informed, that he received the first rudiments of learning at the grammar schools of Grantham and Stamford.* But at St. John's college, Cambridge, to which he was removed in the fifteenth year of his age, he gave strong indications of the qualities calculated to raise him to future eminence. He suffered no irregularity to interrupt his pursuits; and seemed resolute to excel his fellow-students,

* This life is taken by permission from Macdarian's British Statesmen.

† Lord Burleigh's Diary, in the British Museum, Harleian MS No. 46.

* Life of William Lord Burghley, by one of his domestics, edited by Collins in 1732, p. 6.

by the certain means of incessant application. That he might daily devote several hours to study, without any hazard of interruption, he made an agreement with the bell-ringer to be called up every morning at four o'clock. The strength of his constitution, however, did not correspond with the ardour of his mind; for, in consequence of much sitting, without proper intervals of exercise, he contracted a painful humour in his legs; and though subsequently cured of this distemper, his physicians considered it as a principal cause of that inveterate gout which embittered the latter part of his life.*

His indefatigable industry soon led to a proficiency which drew on him the particular notice of his teachers. The master of the college encouraged his perseverance by occasional presents, but his ambition seems to have required no such stimulant. He began, at sixteen, to put in practice the methods then usual of acquiring literary celebrity, by delivering a public lecture. His first topic was the logic of the schools; but, three years afterwards, he ventured to comment on the Greek language, which had hitherto been cultivated with more eagerness than success. He was afterwards ambitious of excelling as a general scholar; and successively directed his industry to the various branches of literature then cultivated at the university.†

When he was supposed to have laid a sufficient foundation of useful knowledge, he was removed from the university to Gray's Inn, where he applied himself to the study of the law, with the same method and industry as he had observed at Cambridge. He found leisure also for several collateral pursuits: the antiquities of the kingdom, and more especially the pedigrees and fortunes of the most distinguished families, occupied much of his attention; and such was his progress in these pursuits, that no man of his time was accounted a more complete adept in heraldry.§ This species of information, had he adhered to the destination for the bar, might have been of little utility; but, in his career of a statesman, it often proved of essential advantage. His practice was to record with his pen every thing worthy of notice which occurred to him either in reading or observation, arranging this information in the most methodical manner,—a singular example of diligence, which is authenticated to posterity by collections of his manuscripts, still preserved in many public and private libraries. While, from this practice, he derived, besides other advantages, an uncommon facility in committing his thoughts to writing, he neglected not to cultivate an accomplishment still more essential to his intended profession,—a ready and graceful enunciation. By frequenting various companies, and entering into free discussion, he

learnt to express himself with ease and confidence; while the extent of his information, and the soundness of his judgment, prevented his fluency from degenerating into declamation.

These acquisitions, united to a singular industry, must have raised him, at an early period, to great eminence in his profession, had not an incident, which introduced him to the notice of Henry VIII., soon diverted his attention to a different career. Cecil, having accidentally met, in the presence chamber, with two Irish priests, who had come to court in the train of O'Neil, their chieftain, happened to enter into an argument with them on the pope's supremacy, of which they were zealous abettors; and, by his superior knowledge and fluency, so baffled his antagonists, that they began to vent their uneasy feelings in violent expressions. This contest was conducted in Latin; and the particulars of it having been reported to Henry, the monarch, pleased with this indication of talents, and still more with the successful refutation of the pope's supremacy, desired to see the young man; and, in the course of a long conversation, conceived so favourable an opinion of his abilities, that he resolved to take him into his service, and directed his father (the master of the robes) to find out an office which might suit him. As no suitable situation happened to be vacant at the time, his father pitched on the reversion of the *custos brevium* in the Common Pleas, which was readily granted.*

From the time of this introduction at court, which happened within the first year of his attendance at Gray's Inn, and in the twenty-second year of his age, though Cecil still continued his application to the law, his mind appears to have been more intently fixed on political advancement. A very prudent and honourable alliance, which he this year contracted by marriage, proved an effectual channel to future preferment. Introduced by his father-in-law, sir John Cheke, a man of great respectability and influence, to the earl of Hertford, maternal uncle to the young prince Edward, and afterwards better known as duke of Somerset, he was enabled to cultivate a connection which, in a few years, elevated him to the highest offices.†

About the commencement of the reign of Edward VI. he succeeded to his office of *custos brevium*, which brought him a revenue of 240*l.* a year, equal to more than 1000*l.* in the present age. While this accession to his fortune placed him in comparative affluence, and enabled him to prosecute his plans more at ease, a new family connection, which he formed about the same time, opened to him the fairest access to royal patronage. His first wife having died in the second year of their marriage, leaving him a son, he now married a daughter of sir Anthony Cook, the director of the

* Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 6.

† Fuller's History of the University of Cambridge, p. 95.

‡ Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 7.

§ Bacon's Works, vol. iv. p. 358. edit. 1740.

* Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 9.

† Camden's Annal. Eliz. p. 774.

young king's studies, a gentleman who derived from his situation an influence confirmed by his talents and virtue.* Few men have more directly accelerated their rise by matrimonial alliances than Cecil; yet such were the excellent qualities of his lady, that we might consider his attachment to her the result rather of personal affection, than of a view to political advancement.

His preferment under the new reign was not neglected by Somerset, to whose friendship he was recommended by various circumstances. While his talents and consummate application rendered him most useful to any one placed at the head of affairs, his decided attachment to the reformation gave him at this period a particular claim to public trusts. The protector, eager to extend his popularity by accelerating those changes in religion, which were now so generally desired, committed the departments of government to the hands of such as were known to be firm advocates of the reformation; and, on this occasion, he created Cecil master of the requests,—an appointment of trust and distinction.†

In the latter part of the same year, the young statesman attended his patron in the expedition against Scotland, and was present at the battle of Pinkie, where the arms of England proved so decisively victorious. Here he very narrowly escaped destruction: a friend, observing a cannon directly pointed at him, pushed him out of its line, and, in the very act, had his own arm unfortunately shattered by the ball.‡ Cecil, with his usual diligence, wrote an account of this expedition. On his returning home, he enjoyed various advantages for prosecuting his views at court, and his talents were well calculated to second his opportunities. The insight into the characters of those around him, which he derived from careful habits of observation, enabled him to suit his behaviour to persons and circumstances; and the prudent reserve of his conversation, joined to a perfect command of temper, preserved him from those imprudences which so often bar the way to promotion. He applied himself to gain the entire confidence of Somerset; and having unrestrained access to the young prince, both from the friendship of the protector, and the situation of his father-in-law, he quickly acquired the esteem and attachment of Edward. Somerset readily listened to the solicitations of his nephew in behalf of their mutual favourite, and, in the following year, promoted Cecil to the office of secretary of state.§

With a rapidity proportioned to his merits and his address, Cecil had now attained one of the highest stations in the government; but his continuance on this envied height depended so much on the conduct of others, that the most consummate prudence on his part could not render him secure. He, also, was drawn along in the fall of his patron,

which took place in little more than a year. Somerset appears to have been one of those unfortunate men, whose errors proceeded rather from weakness than from vice, and whose good intentions are perpetually counteracted by a lamentable imprudence. Ambitious, rather than qualified to govern, he had taken advantage of his popularity to engross, in his own person, the whole powers of the council of regency, to which Henry, by his will, had intrusted the government; and though he showed no inclination to abuse his authority, yet he displayed his ascendancy with an offensive ostentation. A profusion and magnificence, which might have served to increase his influence, contributed, by his imprudent management, to ruin the popularity which he so fondly courted. While he too eagerly grasped at wealth to support his expenses, a fortune which he suddenly amassed made his integrity suspected; and, on his pulling down several churches to procure more splendid materials for erecting his palace, the act was reprobated as sacrilege, and his impiety regarded with horror. Even the best intended measures often became, in his unskilful hands, the source of new calamities. By his rash and ill concerted attempts to redress the grievances of the common people, he not only provoked the nobility, but led the inflamed minds of the people themselves into excesses, which he was afterwards obliged to repress by severe military executions. His popularity at length became so much reduced, that the other members of the council of regency, whom he had stripped of their just authority, ventured to attempt his overthrow; and, by a well planned conspiracy, succeeded in committing him and his principal adherents to the Tower.

The chief actor in this plot against Somerset was the earl of Warwick, son to Dudley, the infamous tool of Henry VII.'s extortions. Warwick inherited all the avarice and faithlessness of his father; and being possessed of talents both for peace and war, he procured the patronage of Henry VIII., who could readily overlook hereditary taint contracted in executing the mandates of tyranny. By the favour of that monarch, Dudley was successively raised to the rank of nobility, created an admiral, and appointed a member of the council of regency. Yet, inflamed with an ambition which no subordinate honours could satiate, he looked on the minority of Edward as a favourable opportunity for engrossing the chief direction of the government; and only delayed his attempts until the increasing unpopularity of Somerset, to which he contributed by every art, should ensure their accomplishment. Succeeding, by the conspiracy which he had planned, to the power, though not to the title, of the protector, he surrounded the young king with his creatures, compelled the council to submit to his dictates, and proceeded to secure his ascendancy by new acquisitions of fortune and rank. The last earl of Northumberland having died without issue, and his brother

* Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 9.

† Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 10.

‡ Ibid.

§ Lord Burghley's Diary.

having been attained, the title was now extinct, and the estate vested in the crown. Warwick procured a grant of these large possessions, and made himself be created duke of Northumberland.

The views of this new ruler did not long prove adverse to Cecil; for, after having been detained in the Tower about three months, he was discharged, and again found himself on the road to fortune. Northumberland, though awed by the previous popularity of Somerset, entertained little apprehension of his talents, and justly calculated that his partisans might be weaned by new prospects from their attachment to so feeble a leader. In Cecil he perceived the double advantage of influence over the young king, and of an uninterrupted application to business, while others wasted their time in cabals and intrigues. Aware, also, that with Cecil ambition was a predominant principle, while his prudence was such as to divert him from all dangerous schemes, Northumberland might expect that this statesman would be faithful to those immediately possessed of power, and would prefer the prospect of present aggrandisement to the forlorn generosity of adhering to the ruined fortunes of Somerset. But whatever were the views of Northumberland, Cecil was, by his means, again appointed secretary of state; and, receiving the honour of knighthood, was admitted into the privy council.*

This sudden release and subsequent elevation, by the enemy of his old patron, have exposed the motives of Cecil to suspicion. It has been alleged, that he had a secret understanding with Northumberland even before the fall of Somerset, and that his new preferment was the reward of his treachery. But while no grounds are produced for these accusations, the events which they are adduced to explain seem otherwise sufficiently accounted for. In joining Northumberland, Cecil abandoned none of his principles; for the same measures, both in regard to religion and politics, were now pursued, as under the protector: and if his conduct, in uniting with the decided enemy of his patron, be thought little consistent with honour or generosity, he only acted a part which Somerset himself speedily imitated. Northumberland, having completed the degradation of his rival, by extorting from him a public confession that he had been guilty of rashness, folly, and indiscretion, accounted him now so little formidable, that he ventured to affect the praise of generosity, by restoring him, not only to liberty, but to his seat in the council. Somerset, as mean in adversity as ostentatious in his better fortune, gladly accepted the boon; and, after all the indignities which he had undergone, consented to give his daughter, lady Jane Seymour, in marriage to lord Dudley, the son of his adversary.

But the ambition of Northumberland, and the

indiscretion of Somerset, soon converted their external appearances of amity into more fatal dissensions. Although the late protector, by his imprudence and want of spirit, had become much degraded in the public estimation, yet, in the day of his humiliation, the envy once felt towards him subsided into a better feeling; while the pride and ambition of his rival failed not to excite considerable odium. His reviving popularity awakened the jealousy of Northumberland, and his indiscretion, ere long, afforded a pretext for his destruction. While the mortifications which he had experienced could not fail to rankle in his bosom, his crafty antagonist endeavoured to goad him on to some rash and criminal enterprise. The creatures of Northumberland, who gained his confidence to precipitate his ruin, first inflamed his resentment, and then caught his hasty expressions of revenge; they suggested to him plans of insurrection, for assassinating Northumberland, and then disclosed them as accusations against him. When a sufficient number of such charges had been accumulated, Somerset was suddenly arrested; tried before a jury of peers, among whom were Northumberland and some of his principal enemies; found guilty of a capital crime; and led, along with several of his friends, to the scaffold.

The part which Cecil acted, during these renewed calamities of his early patron, seems more reconcilable to prudence than to gratitude. It is said, that when Somerset, some time before his arrest, sent for him, and communicated to him his apprehensions, the secretary, instead of suggesting any means to avoid his impending danger, coldly replied, "That if he was innocent, he might trust to that; and if he were otherwise, he could only pity him."* Pity, indeed, if he really felt it, was all that he bestowed; for it does not appear that he interposed, either publicly or privately, to avert the destruction of his former patron. And when we consider the character of Somerset, we must allow that such an interposition would have been as imprudent as it was likely to be unavailing. The weakness and irresolution of this nobleman were such, that no dependence could be placed on his executing any scheme proposed for his safety; and as he was surrounded by spies who insinuated themselves into his confidence, any beneficial intelligence communicated to him, could scarcely have failed to reach his inveterate adversary. In these circumstances, Cecil, by attempting the preservation of Somerset, would have incurred an imminent hazard of sharing in his destruction. Without benefiting his patron, he would probably have lost his fortune, his liberty, or his life; leaving behind him only the praise of unsuccessful generosity.

But whether we respect his prudence, or censure his ingratitude on this occasion, we cannot but applaud his conduct as a minister. While the

* King Edward's Journal. Stow's Annals.
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* King Edward's Journal.

court of England teemed with cabals, which occupied the incessant attention of the other public men, the secretary was diligently employed in executing his official duties, and in devising schemes for the discharge of the public debt, or the improvement of commerce. There still remains a complete statement of the king's debts in the month of February, 1551, printed from a manuscript drawn up by Cecil, and which must have comprehended the whole of the public responsibility at that period, since neither the debts nor the revenues of the king were as yet separated from those of the nation.*

An important change, effected about this time in the commerce of London, is also attributed to his counsels. The carrying trade of the north of Europe, and of England in particular, had hitherto been engrossed, almost exclusively, by the merchants of the Hanse Towns. As the foreign intercourse, conducted through this channel, was found particularly productive to the revenue, it became an object with our monarchs to promote it to the utmost; and with this view, Henry III. induced a company of these merchants to settle in England, by the lure of a patent containing various privileges, exempting them from the heavy duties paid by other aliens, and placing them nearly on a footing with natives. This corporation was called, from their place of residence, the merchants of the Steel-yard, and effectually excluded all rivals from a competition—other foreigners by their exclusive privileges, and the English by their superior capital and skill. They continued, accordingly, from the time of their settlement, to engross nearly the whole continental trade of England. Their commerce was advantageous to the natives, as it opened a market to their produce, and induced them to devote their labour and capital to agriculture and manufactures; but it was attended, in the eye of the public, with various disadvantages. The gains of each individual, who partook of this monopoly, were apparently greater than those of the natives engaged in agriculture, manufactures, or internal commerce; and the collective wealth of these foreign merchants was doubly conspicuous from their residence in one spot. The jealousy of the English was strongly excited. They complained that the natives had but toil for their portion, while strangers ran away with all the profit. Besides these imaginary evils, this mode of carrying on trade was attended with some real disadvantages. As it was chiefly conducted by foreign vessels and foreign seamen, it afforded little accession to the maritime strength of the country; a circumstance which, on the breaking out of a war, was felt as a serious evil. Moreover, these merchants, on realising a fortune, were apt to depart, and transfer to their own country that capital which, in the hands of natives, would have improved the soil, and ac-

celerated the industry of this realm. The native merchants had often remonstrated against the privileges of these foreigners; but Cecil seems to have been the first minister who effectually attended to their complaints. In consequence of his representations to the council, the merchants of the Steel-yard were deprived of their charter, and subjected to the same impositions as other aliens.*

From this measure, as it was speedily followed by a large increase of the shipping and foreign commerce of England, Cecil has derived much reputation; yet, it is but too indicative of the unacquaintance of the age with the principles of trade. To abrogate the monopoly was a measure of evident propriety, in as much as, like all monopolies, it tended to limit the extent of commercial dealings, obliging our countrymen to sell their commodities somewhat lower, and to pay for foreign articles somewhat higher than they would have done had the competition been open. But, in what way ought this irregularity to have been remedied? Not merely by cancelling the privileges of the Steel-yard merchants, and subjecting them to the same extra duties as other aliens, but by putting all merchants, natives or foreign, on a footing of equality. Such a measure would, it may be alleged, have retarded the rise of the native merchants, inferior as they then were to foreigners in capital and experience: but in this, as in all other cases, the course which industry and capital would of themselves have taken, would have been the most advantageous to all parties. Our merchants, confining themselves for a season to the inland trade, it would have expanded more promptly, when our foreign trade absorbed little of our pecuniary means; and the latter also would have fallen eventually into their hands, in consequence not of acts of exclusion, but of the various advantages possessed by natives over foreigners.

But had Cecil, or any other statesman in that age, attempted to admit foreigners on the footing of natives, he would have been represented by public clamour as aggravating the evil which he professed to remedy. The disadvantages under which Cecil laboured are apparent in the fate of another project, which he entertained for the benefit of commerce. As the means of conveying mercantile intelligence were in former times extremely defective, and the regulations for levying the revenue were very imperfect, it was usual to fix by law a staple or regular market, for the chief commodities of a country, and oblige all its inhabitants to convey them thither for sale. Foreign merchants might thus reckon on a regular market, and government had the best opportunity of levying its imposts both on exports and imports. The staple of our wool, and other chief articles of exportation, was fixed by an early act of parliament in certain towns of England, but was afterwards,

* See this paper in Strype's Memorials of Edward VI., book ii.

* Hayward's Life and Reign of Edward VI.

in the reign of Edward III., wholly removed to Calais, which at that period came into our possession.* It was thence transferred to the flourishing but distant port of Antwerp, where it still remained in the reign of Edward VI. Cecil, perceiving the infinite disadvantages to which the exportation of England was subjected by this regulation, proposed to abolish the staple at Antwerp, and, as a far more desirable substitute, to open two free ports in England; one at Southampton, and another at Hull. A paper is still extant, containing the whole of this scheme clearly digested, exhibiting the arguments in its favour, and refuting the objections by which it might be opposed. But his colleagues in office were too little advanced in commercial knowledge, and too much engrossed with state intrigues, to perceive the advantages or concur in the execution of this project.

Cecil, in the mean time, did not neglect to cultivate the attachment of the young king. That prince, whose diligence, knowledge, and discretion, far exceeded his years, seems to have been particularly delighted with a man so eminently distinguished for these qualities. The secretary was admitted into his inmost confidence, and was supposed to have had no small share in the productions ostensibly attributed to Edward. It is said that the princess Mary, on receiving a letter from her brother, exhorting her to abjure the errors of popery, could not help exclaiming as she read it, "Ah! Mr. Cecil's pen has taken great pains here." Yet he never employed his ascendancy over the young prince to procure extravagant grants, after the example which had been set by Somerset, Northumberland, and the other courtiers. Aware that a fortune accumulated by such means always exposed the possessor to envy, and might probably, in these unsettled times, be the cause of his destruction, he preferred the slower but more secure method of acquiring wealth by the economical management of his regular salaries. By his appointment as chancellor of the order of the garter, his income now received an addition of a hundred marks a year; and it appears that, after his father's decease, he also held the post of master of the robes.†

Soon after this accession of honour and emolument, he found himself exposed, by his official situation, to dangers which all his prudence seemed insufficient to avert. The young king, who, by the extraordinary virtues and accomplishments of his early youth, had taught the nation to look forward with fond expectation to his more mature years, began to exhibit indubitable symptoms of a rapid decline. Amidst the alarm which this unexpected calamity diffused, the ambitious Northumberland began to meditate more daring plans for the confirmation of his power, and even undertook

to fix the succession to the crown in his own family. Four females stood next in the order of inheritance: Mary and Elizabeth, daughters of Henry VIII.; Mary queen of Scots, grand-daughter of Henry's eldest sister; and the duchess of Suffolk, daughter of his second sister. The title of the last, although evidently posterior to the others, Northumberland resolved to enforce as preferable to the whole. He represented to Edward that his two half-sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, having been declared illegitimate by act of parliament, were forever debarred from the succession; that the queen of Scots, having been passed over in his father's will, was also to be considered as excluded; and that, even had this objection not existed, she ought to be prevented from reducing England as well as Scotland to a province of France,—an event which, unless prevented by her exclusion, her marriage with the dauphin rendered inevitable. Availing himself of the king's attachment to the protestant religion, he depicted the dangers to which it would be exposed, if such bigoted catholics as either of the Marys ascended the throne; and as this objection did not apply to Edward's favourite sister Elizabeth, who had been educated in the principles of the reformation, he urged that it was impossible to devise any pretext for excluding one sister, without excluding both. The prince, enfeebled by disease, and surrounded by the creatures of Northumberland, was at length overcome by his arguments and importunities, and consented to fix the succession in the duchess of Suffolk, who was willing to wave her title in favour of her daughter, the lady Jane Grey. To complete this artful scheme, Northumberland now procured the lady Jane in marriage to his fourth son, lord Guilford Dudley, and enjoyed the prospect of continuing to manage the affairs of the kingdom at his pleasure, and of transmitting the kingdom to his posterity.

For this alteration in the succession to the throne, Northumberland obtained from the prince a patent, and required that it should be signed by all the members of the privy council; a concession which the dread of his vengeance extorted, even from those most averse to the transaction. Cecil, among the rest, affixed his name to the patent; but whether from inclination or compulsion has been disputed. While he is charged by some with having been very active in the enterprises of the duke, and with having assisted in drawing up the instrument for altering the succession*, he himself, in a memorial which he afterwards drew up in his justification, asserts that both threats and promises were employed in vain to extort his concurrence in the attempt; that he refused to subscribe the patent as a privy councillor; and that he was at length only prevailed on, by the king's earnest entreaty, to write his name as witness to the royal signature. The character of Cecil leaves us, indeed, no room

* 27 Edward III. cap. vii.

† See a letter to him from sir Edward Dymocke, in Lodge's Illustrations of British History, vol. i. p. 185.

* Hayward, vol. ii. p. 237.

to suspect that he entered into the views of Northumberland farther than his own immediate safety required. He might have been sufficiently willing, had a fair opportunity offered, to set aside Mary, the next heiress, from whose bigoted attachment to popery he had nothing to hope, and every thing to apprehend. But the reasons which might have led him to oppose Mary would have induced him to support Elizabeth; and he knew that the objections against the title of lady Jane were too weighty to be removed by the patent of a minor on his death-bed. Although parliament, with whom the ultimate right of confirming or altering the order of succession was acknowledged to reside, had enabled Henry VIII. to dispose of the crown by will, yet, as it had not empowered Edward to alter this disposition, his patent could not confer a legal title till ratified by a new act of the legislature. But amidst the general indignation excited by the ambition and rapacity of Northumberland, was such a sanction likely to be obtained? or, if obtained, to ensure a general acquiescence? Influenced by such considerations, Cecil seems to have withdrawn himself, as far as personal safety would allow, from an enterprise originating in extravagant ambition, and likely to terminate in the ruin of its abettors. It is said, that when he found the project in agitation, he made such a disposition of his effects as might give them the best chance of security, in the event of his being imprisoned, or obliged to quit the kingdom.*

On the death of Edward, Cecil found himself, along with the rest of the privy council, in the power of Northumberland; but perceiving that total failure was soon to overtake the illegal measures of that infatuated nobleman, he resolutely refused to draw up the proclamation declaring the title of lady Jane, or to write in its vindication; and the duke was not then in a situation to punish his disobedience. Soon afterwards he found means, along with the other privy councillors, to escape, and join Mary, who had already been proclaimed queen, and who was pleased to receive him very graciously. As he knew that, among her partisans, he had many enemies, and that they had already made some unsuccessful attempts to prejudice her against him, he took advantage of her present favourable disposition, to obtain a general pardon for whatever might have been culpable in his past conduct; and, with this indemnity, he determined for the present to retire from public affairs. Mary, acquainted with his sagacity and great talents for business, was desirous to retain him in her service, and tendered to him the appointment which he had hitherto held; but, as the change of his religion was an indispensable condition, he could not be prevailed on to accept these offers.† He was attached firmly and conscientiously to the reformed church; but had his religious principles been less sincere, prudence might have withheld him from

embarking in the new government. The bigotry of Mary, and the violence of her prime minister, bishop Gardiner, made it easy to foresee that the restoration of the catholic religion would be attempted by fire and sword; and in the conflict between the zeal of the court, and the resistance of the great majority of the nation, it was impossible not to anticipate sanguinary executions and dangerous convulsions. Cecil appears to have adopted the resolution of keeping aloof from the cabals of either party, and of cultivating the private friendship of some of the new ministers, without giving any sanction to their public measures. By this means he both provided for his own safety, and was enabled to give occasional support to the cause which he favoured, without exciting the jealousy and resentment of the government.

The court soon became divided into two factions, of which the one urged the extirpation of heretics by fire and sword, while the other, confiding in the ultimate success of what they deemed the true religion, were of opinion that these violent methods would only harden the minds of men against it. Of these parties, the former was ruled by bishop Gardiner, a man very indifferent about religion, but naturally of a severe and violent temper, and exasperated, by some injuries, against the protestants: while the moderate party was headed by cardinal Pole, a man extremely devoted to his religious tenets, but too politic, if not too humane, to attempt their propagation by violence. Expecting the safety of the protestants chiefly from the ascendancy of the cardinal's counsels, Cecil attached himself warmly to his interests. He had procured himself to be nominated one of the honorary mission which had been sent by the court to invite over this prelate, who resided in Italy at the time of Mary's accession; and he appears to have exerted himself successfully in acquiring his confidence, since we find him, in the following year, attending Pole on an embassy to the continent.

It soon, however, became necessary for Cecil to take a more open part in defence of the protestants. The parliament having been induced, by the intrigues of Gardiner, and the bribes which he scattered among the members, to revive the old sanguinary laws against heretics, the court proceeded to carry them into execution with the most unrelenting cruelty. Bishops, venerable for age and virtue, were burnt in their own dioceses, and women are said to have been thrown, in the agonies of childbirth, into the midst of the flames.‡ Nothing could exceed the horror of the cruelties perpetrated, or the frivolity of the accusations on which the sufferers were condemned. Arrested on mere suspicion, and without having made any open profession of their creed, they were allowed only the alternative of signing a list of religious

* Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 11.

* Burnet's Hist. of Reform. vol. ii. p. 235.

† Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 11.

‡ Burnet, vol. iii. p. 264, from an account of these transactions written or corrected by Cecil.

articles presented to them, or of being committed to the flames. All the established forms of law were now abandoned, and the prosecution of heretics intrusted by the crown to a set of commissioners, whose unlimited powers to try and condemn any one on whom their suspicions might happen to alight, took away the protection of innocence, and rendered the subjects the sport of caprice or malignity.

A general horror and indignation were the natural consequences of these cruelties; and in the new parliament, which was summoned to meet in 1555, the court was made to feel the preponderancy of the protestant interest, and the futility of its sanguinary proceedings. Notwithstanding the manifest danger of opposition, several measures proposed by government were vehemently resisted by the commons, and some wholly rejected. They were with difficulty prevailed on to pass an act enabling the queen to restore to the church merely those tenths, first-fruits, and impropriations, which remained in the hands of the crown; and could be induced to grant a portion only of the supplies demanded, though by no means exorbitant. They threw out two bills relative to religion;—one for incapacitating such as were remiss in the prosecution of heretics from being justices of the peace, and another for confiscating the estates of those who had quitted the kingdom on the score of religion.*

In this opposition to the measures of the court, Cecil, who had been chosen, without solicitation, one of the members for Lincolnshire, bore a distinguished part; and the rejection of the bill for confiscating the estates of the exiles is, in particular, attributed to the force of his eloquence. This manly conduct exposed him to considerable danger, and he was once called before the privy council; but while the others involved in the same accusation with him were sent to the Tower, he succeeded in obtaining a hearing before he should be committed, and made such a satisfactory defence as procured his immediate acquittal.† The discretion of his conduct had, indeed, softened the rancour of his religious opponents, and procured him many friends among the catholics, though convinced of his decided attachment to the protestant cause. The light in which his opposition in this parliament appeared to himself, we learn from the diary which he has left behind him:—"On the 21st of October," says he, "the parliament met at Westminster, and I discharged my duty, as a member, with some danger; for although I had been elected against my inclination, yet I uttered my sentiments freely. I incurred much displeasure by this conduct; but it was better to obey God than men." Having, in the next parliament, been again chosen to represent the county of Lincoln, he maintained the cause of the persecuted protestants with the same discreet but undeviating resolution.

While Cecil, by the reserve and moderation of his conduct, escaped the suspicion of the court, he was privately turning his views towards those changes in the government, which he foresaw would soon take place. It was every day more apparent that the princess Elizabeth would ascend the throne, and that her elevation would not be long deferred. No prospect now remained that Mary would leave offspring behind her, and the distempers of her mind and body seemed rapidly to subdue her constitution. While a dropsy, which she had at first mistaken for pregnancy, and aggravated by improper treatment, daily impaired her strength, the bad success of all her schemes for the restoration of popery, the general hatred excited by her cruelties, the loss of Calais, which was attributed to her negligence, the cold return which Philip made to her ardent attachment, and the resolution which he had formed of settling in Spain, and abandoning her for ever, all preyed on her mind, and hastened her decay. Yet though, in this state of things, Cecil had every inducement to cultivate the favour of Elizabeth, it was only by incurring the most imminent danger, that, surrounded as she was by the spies of Mary, any communication could be held with her. By uniting, however, dexterity and circumspection with a cool intrepidity, he found means to open and maintain a private correspondence; and often conveyed to her such intelligence as enabled her to avoid the snares of her suspicious and vindictive sister.

The interval of leisure, which he at present enjoyed, he seems to have diligently spent in digesting plans for that order of things which he anticipated in the new reign; and so well had he matured his ideas, that he was enabled to present Elizabeth, on the very day of her accession, with a memorial, pointing out those affairs which required instant despatch. Mindful of the favours which she had received in her adversity, and gratified to find a counsellor already prepared to give activity to her government, Elizabeth hastened to reward and secure his services. He was the first person sworn of her privy council, and was at the same time created secretary of state.*

From this time forward, Cecil may be considered as the first minister of Elizabeth, and the principal adviser of her measures. As he knew that on her life depended both his prospects and his safety, since Mary queen of Scots, the next heir, was a catholic, entirely directed by her bigoted relatives of the house of Guise, his attachment was sincere, and his exertions zealous. Elizabeth, possessed of penetration to perceive, and judgment to appreciate, his talents, rested with peculiar confidence on his fidelity and tried abilities. Her passions, her prejudices, her caprice, made her frequently act in opposition to his sentiments, but none of her ministers or favourites was so generally consulted; and his cool, deliberate, weighty reasonings,

* Burnet, vol. ii. p. 322.

† Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 13.

* Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 13.

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often obtained, from her better judgment, concessions to which her inclinations were extremely averse. As it would be tedious to follow the labours of Cecil in an administration of forty years, we must now relinquish the narrative form, and attempt an outline of his policy, under a few general heads, taking as our text the grand questions which engaged the solicitude of the queen and her minister in that age of dissension and danger. This will lead us to examine his policy in regard to religion; his civil policy or administration of home affairs; his foreign policy,—towards the Low Countries, Spain, France, Scotland, and Mary queen of Scots.

The measures relative to religion were those which most incessantly harassed him during his administration, and which required the greatest caution and management, because his sentiments corresponded ill with the inclinations of his sovereign. At the commencement of the reign of Edward VI., the more gross absurdities of the Romish Church, which his father had forcibly retained, were abolished; and a more rational worship, both in substance and form, established by law. Yet although many further changes were made in the course of this reign, by archbishop Cramer and the other heads of the church, the reformation was still considered incomplete. King Edward, in his diary, laments that he was prevented, by the opposition of the prejudiced, from restoring the primitive discipline according to his heart's desire; and in the preface to one of the service-books, published by authority, the framers observed, "that they had gone as far as they could in reforming the church, considering the times they lived in, and hoped that they who came after them would, as they might, do more."* The lamented death of Edward put a period, for the time, to the hopes of further improvement. Mary was no sooner seated on the throne, than she restored the faith and forms of the catholic church, acknowledged the supremacy of the pope, reconciled her dominions to the see of Rome, and began, by the most cruel exertions of her authority, to replunge the people into that superstition and ignorance from which they had just emerged. It was to the accession of Elizabeth, who was known to be attached to the reformed religion, that the protestants now looked forward as the period of their deliverance and triumph; and Cecil, aware that no object could be more important than to quiet the minds of men in this concern, had urged it upon that princess as the first of her cares.

But the views of the queen and her minister, with regard to the extent of the projected reformation, were far from coinciding. Cecil had learnt, from recent events both in his own and in foreign countries, how many dangers and convulsions might be avoided in religious changes, if govern-

ment wisely took the lead. He had also observed the channel towards which the current of public opinion was strongly directed. The great majority of the nation had seconded Edward and his council in their successive measures in favour of the reformed worship, and looked forward to further changes, when the successor of that prince unfortunately attempted to tear up his work from the foundation. But the extravagant cruelties of Mary, although they intimidated many into an apparent submission, aggravated the general detestation of the popish religion. The people, exasperated to behold their countrymen groaning under the torture, or expiring in the flames, now looked with horror, not only on the tenets, but on the rites, the ceremonies, the appendages, of a sanguinary church. Many Englishmen who had sought refuge in exile, having observed the tranquil and flourishing condition of states which had entirely renounced both the tenets and rites of the Romish church, hastened, on the accession of Elizabeth, to apprise their countrymen of those happy effects, and incite them to similar changes. To this state of public sentiment Cecil might be desirous to accommodate the ecclesiastical establishment of England. The favourite, and confidential adviser of Edward, he seems to have deeply imbibed the reforming spirit of that reign; and we find him acting as one of the commissioners who prepared a purer code of canon laws, which the death of the young monarch prevented from receiving the royal sanction.

But for a thorough reformation the mind of Elizabeth was by no means prepared. The superstitious tenets which her father thought proper to retain had partly insinuated themselves into her belief; while her imagination had become still more impressed with the mysterious ceremonies and splendid array of the catholic worship. She was therefore inclined to draw from the more advanced measures of her brother's reign, and would have been content with a very few changes in doctrine and form. Yet Cecil had very powerful arguments to induce her concurrence with his plans. He could represent that the voice of the nation was loudly in favour of the reformation: that the ill success of her sister, and the odium which she had incurred, proved the danger of attempting to maintain the worship of Rome: that the protestants, both at home and abroad, looked up to her as their only hope, and would prove the firmest supporters of her government: that the catholics, on the other hand, acknowledged Mary queen of Scots as the legitimate heiress of the throne, and were ready to make the most dangerous attempts in support of her title: that the more completely the minds of her subjects became alienated from the doctrines and rites of the Roman church, the more decidedly they would be united against the claims of her rival: and that it was impossible to be reconciled to Rome without giving up that supremacy in religious matters which her

* Neal's Hist. of the Puritans, vol. i. p. 73. edit. 1793.

father had accounted among his proudest titles.*

By such considerations Cecil obtained the consent of Elizabeth to the restoration of the protestant worship; but the plan which he first laid before the privy council, and afterwards before parliament, for the new establishment, did not, in its provisions, go beyond that which had been adopted at the commencement of Edward VI.'s reign.* Yet even to the moderate retrenchments thus made in the catholic worship, the queen was with difficulty reconciled; and she went so far as to declare that she would not have passed the act for these changes, had it not contained one saving clause which entitled her "to ordain and publish such further ceremonies and rules as may be for the advancement of God's glory, and edifying his church, and the reverence of Christ's holy mysteries and sacraments."†

But although Cecil exerted himself strenuously to procure reformation in the church, his cool and temperate mind was little moved by religious animosities, and was willing to tolerate the catholics, provided they engaged in no dangerous attempts against the state. The maxims on which Elizabeth and her ministers professed to found their conduct in matters of religion were, first, "that consciences are not to be forced, but to be won and reduced by the force of truth, by the aid of time, and the use of all good means of instruction and persuasion;" and, secondly, "that causes of conscience, when they exceed their bounds, and

prove to be matter of faction, lose their nature; and that sovereign princes ought distinctly to punish the practice or contempt, though coloured with the pretences of conscience and religion."‡ The first of these maxims corresponded entirely with the moderation of Cecil; and the second, although very capable of interpretations, according to the mildness or violence of the expounders, was, in his hands, a sufficiently safe principle. While the catholics, enraged at the sagacity with which he detected, and the vigour with which he counteracted, all their enterprises, charged him loudly with cruelty towards them, they still were unable to produce any instance in which his severity exceeded what the immediate security of government appeared to demand.‡

The queen still gave strong indications of an attachment to the forms of the old religion. Although prevailed on to command the more obnoxious monuments of idolatry to be removed from the churches; yet the service in her own chapel was still attended with such ceremonies and splendour, that foreigners could distinguish it from the Roman only by its being performed in English. Here the choristers appeared in their surplices, and the priests in their copes: the altar, in the midst of which stood a massy crucifix of silver, was furnished with rich plate, and two gilt candlesticks with lighted candles: the service on solemn festivals was sung not only with the sound of organs, but of cornets, sackbuts, and other musical instruments: and, that nothing might be wanting to its ancient solemnity, the ceremonies observed by the knights of the garter in their adoration towards the altar, which had been abolished by king Edward, and revived by queen Mary, were now retained.‡ As Elizabeth advanced in years, these propensities seem gradually to have increased; for, though she was obliged to guard against the catholics as her inveterate enemies, though she had been excommunicated by the pope, and lived in perpetual danger from the plots, insurrections, and invasions of his partisans, yet Cecil found considerable difficulty in

* Bacon's Works, vol. iv. p. 360. Also Knollys's Letter to Cretoy, in Burnet's History of the Reformation.

† Bacon, vol. iv. page 361, 362. In a letter, in which he replies to some applications to mitigate his rigours against the papists, Burleigh affirms that these rigours were exaggerated; that they amounted only to very gentle penalties, and were employed solely against the known and active enemies of government. "In very truth," says he, "whereof I know not to the contrary, there is no catholic persecuted to the danger of life here, but such as profess themselves, by obedience to the pope, to be no subjects to the queen. And although their outward pretence be, to be sent from the seminaries to convert people to their religion, yet, without reconciling of them from their obedience to the queen, they never give them absolution. Such in our realm as refuse to come to our churches, and yet do not discover their obedience to the queen, be taxed with fines, according to the law, without danger of their lives."—*Burck's Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 94.

‡ Neal, vol. i. p. 144.

* When we look into the arguments which Camden and Burnet have, on this occasion, put into the mouth of Cecil, we shall perceive that these historians have framed his discourse rather from his known principles and the circumstances of the times, than from any real documents. Yet it must be acknowledged, that the discourses which they attribute to him possess a verisimilitude that does not pass the licence usually permitted to historians. But Mr. Hume, although he expressly refers to these writers as his authorities, not only new-models and varies their account, but even makes Cecil speak like a fellow sceptic of the eighteenth century. According to him, the minister assures his sovereign that she may safely venture on any reformation she chooses, for "the nation had of late been so much accustomed to these revolutions, that men had lost all idea of truth and falsehood on such subjects." This representation, of which no trace is to be found in Camden or Burnet, is the more objectionable, that it is inconsistent, not only with verisimilitude, but with fact. That Cecil, so distinguished as a zealous protestant, should have spoken thus lightly of religious tenets, is as incredible as that Elizabeth, who, on several occasions, was ready to sacrifice her interests to her bigotry, should listen to such a discourse: and still more absurd is it to suppose that a minister so sagacious, and a princess so penetrating, should have so egregiously mistaken the state of men's minds, as to believe them wholly indifferent to those very changes to which so many had signalized their attachment at the stake, and all the bishops affirmed their aversion by a resignation of their benefices. The ferment of religious opinions was, perhaps, never greater than at that very period.

* Bacon's Works, vol. iv. p. 374. edit. 1740.

† Neal's Hist. of the Puritans, vol. i. p. 130.

dissuading her from bringing the state of the church nearer the old religion. It was only by a firm and spirited interposition that he could prevent her from absolutely prohibiting the marriage of the clergy; and she is said to have often repented that she had gone so far in her concessions.* When the dean of St. Paul's, in a sermon preached before her, had spoken with some disapprobation of the sign of the cross, she called aloud to him from her closet, to desist from that ungodly digression, and return to his text. On another occasion, when one of her chaplains had preached a sermon in defence of the real presence, which he would scarcely have ventured to do had not her sentiments been well understood, she openly gave him thanks for his pains and piety.† The protestants, strongly united as they were to her by every tie of interest, could not, without some murmurs and indignation, observe her predilection for the rites of their opponents.

But while Cecil found Elizabeth ready to show the catholics every indulgence which the public safety could admit, all his influence and entreaties were insufficient to procure a similar lenity for another class of her subjects. A considerable portion of the people eagerly desired a more thorough reformation than had been accomplished under king Edward; and the protestants soon became divided into those who conformed and those who would not conform to the institutions of Elizabeth. Yet, since the nonconformists, or puritans (for so they were now called from affecting a superior purity in worship and morals), differed from the adherents of the church in no point of faith, but merely in certain external forms, a few concessions on either side might have prevented the disunion. But this was not the age of mutual forbearance, and the party of the established church were ill prepared for limitations to the interference of government. They did not see that, while it was the duty of government to provide a competent number of well qualified religious teachers, and to draw up regulations for their direction in respect both to the substance and the mode of their instructions, it was equally its duty to go no further, and to beware of turning their proposed benefits into oppression, by forcing obnoxious opinions and forms on the public. Elizabeth, holding very different sentiments from these, not only prescribed peculiar forms for the religious worship of her people, but was determined that they should use no other. To these the puritans objected, because they had been previously employed in the popish worship as mystical symbols, and were associated in the minds of the people with the grossest superstition. No worldly consideration would induce them to assume what they accounted appendages of idolatry; while the queen, on her part, prepared to employ all her authority in support of the prescribed forms.

* Neal, vol. i. p. 158.

† Warner's Ecclesiast. Hist. vol. ii. p. 427.

Finding that her council, the ablest and wisest council that England ever saw, were decidedly averse to measures which threatened to involve the nation in dangerous dissensions, she resolved to effect her purpose by means of some of the bishops, particularly archbishop Parker, who readily and zealously entered into her views.* The severities to which these men now proceeded were only surpassed by the frivolity of their ostensible cause. A fervent attachment to the use of surplices, corner-caps, tippets, the cross in baptism, and the ring in marriage, were, in their eyes, the distinguishing characteristics of a Christian; and any dislike to these forms was accounted a sufficient crime to subject the most learned and pious clergyman to imprisonment and exile; or, as a mitigated punishment, to be turned out of his living, and consigned with his family to indigence. The most pernicious effects necessarily flowed from these severities: while the church was weakened by the loss of many able divines, and degraded by the introduction of men who could barely read the prayer-book and write their own names, the people began every where to collect around their expelled teachers, and to form conventicles apart from the establishment. Yet these mischievous consequences only set the queen and her bishops on framing new statutes to reach the refractory; and at length even the laity were brought within their grasp, by an act which provided that non-attendance at public worship in the parish churches should be punished with imprisonment, banishment, and, if the exile returned, with death. An arbitrary commission was appointed with full powers to bring all religious offenders to punishment; and as any resistance to the injunctions of the queen, as supreme head of the church, was at length construed into sedition and treason, many subjects of unquestioned loyalty were imprisoned, banished, and brought to ruin.

Nothing could exceed the imperious demeanour which some of the prelates, confident of royal support, now assumed. Archbishop Parker having, from a wish to display his authority, commanded one of his suffragans to suppress certain meetings which the clergy of the same neighbourhood were accustomed to hold for their mutual improvement, the privy council, who looked on these exercises as extremely beneficial, since they greatly contributed to diffuse knowledge at a period when the clergy in general were ill instructed, countermanded this injunction of the primate, and ordered that these meetings should receive every encouragement. The prelate, however, having represented to the queen the danger to which her supremacy would be exposed, if he, her vicegerent, should thus be counteracted, readily procured her direct interference in support of his authority; and the council had the mortification to find the *exercises*, as they were called, suppressed not only in one

* Neal, vol. i. 192.

diocese, but throughout the kingdom.* At one time, we find the whole council soliciting the haughty primate in vain, in behalf of clergymen distinguished for learning and piety, whom he had, on some frivolous pretext, expelled from their benefices †; at another, we find them, with as little effect, threatening him with the penalties of the law, which he had greatly exceeded in his severities.‡ At last, archbishop Parker rendered himself so obnoxious, that the queen found it prudent to allay the popular clamour by stopping short his career; but this produced very little alteration in the mind of Elizabeth; for when his successor, the moderate Grindal, refused to enforce some of her injunctions, she did not hesitate, by an extraordinary exertion of her supremacy, to suspend him from his functions, and meditated even to deprive him altogether. Whitgift, the succeeding primate, taught by this example, proceeded to severities which Parker would not have ventured to exercise, nor the queen, in the earlier part of her reign, have countenanced.

The efforts of Cecil, in an individual capacity, were equally unavailing in these days of intolerance. At first, his high office and known influence with the queen overawed the more violent prelates, and he was enabled to deliver several persons from their resentment. But when it became known that the prejudices of her majesty were too powerful to be counteracted by the united voice of her council, his remonstrances, his threats, his entreaties, in favour of the oppressed nonconformists, were treated with equal neglect. The university of Cambridge, of which he was chancellor, had, much to their honour, made a bold and manly stand in support of freedom of opinion, and he had succeeded in maintaining their privileges against the attempts of several of the bishops §; but when that learned body ventured to declare openly against corner-caps and surplices, the indignation of these prelates and the queen became so implacable, that he was obliged to abandon them to the rigorous injunctions of their adversaries.¶ Even after he had attained the highest office in the state, his solicitations in behalf of persecuted individuals, in whom he was interested, were without effect †; and his own domestic chaplain, supported by the benchers of the Temple, whose lecturer he also was, could not escape the rigour of the government party.**

Cecil, as well as the other ministers, were sometimes put on the ungrateful task of acting as the organs of the queen's mandates against the nonconformists. Perhaps it might have been more

manly to have refused this submission, and have renounced his office rather than his independence; but he knew, that, out of office, he could yield no protection whatever to the cause which he favoured; it was his policy to temporise rather than violently resist; and to procure, by temperate and persevering remonstrances, such partial changes in the measures which he disapproved, as would not have been granted to an avowed and resolute opposition. Yet, at times, the impolitic severities of the prelates induced him to assume a tone of censure and authority, in which he never indulged unless his indignation was greatly roused. Archbishop Whitgift having drawn up a long list of captious articles, which the clergy were either to answer to his satisfaction, or to be suspended, and having proceeded, by means of it, to harass those who were obnoxious to him, Cecil attempted to stop his proceedings by the following letter:—

"It may please your grace,

"I am sorry to trouble you so oft as I do, but I am more troubled myself, not only with many private petitions of sundry ministers, recommended for persons of credit, and peaceable in their ministry, who are greatly troubled by your grace and your colleagues in commission; but I am also daily charged by counsellors and public persons, with neglect of my duty, in not staying your grace's vehement proceedings against ministers, whereby papists are greatly encouraged, and the queen's safety endangered. I have read over your twenty-four articles, found in a Roman style, of great length and curiosity, to examine all manner of ministers in this time, without distinction of persons, to be executed *ex officio mero*. And I find them so curiously penned, so full of branches and circumstances, that I think the *inquisition of Spain* used not so many questions to comprehend and to trap their priests. I know you canonists can defend these with all their parties; but surely, under correction, this judicial and canonical sifting poor ministers is not to edify or reform. And, in charity, I think they ought not to answer all these nice points, except they were notorious papists or heretics. I write with the testimony of a good conscience. I desire the peace and unity of the church. I favour no sensual and wilful recusant; but I conclude, according to my simple judgment, *this kind of proceeding is too much savouring of the Romish inquisition, and is a decree rather to seek for offenders than to reform any*. It is not charitable to send poor ministers to your common register, to answer upon so many articles at one instant, without a copy of the articles or their answers. I pray your grace bear with this one (perchance) fault, that I have willed the ministers not to answer these articles except their consciences may suffer them."

To this spirited letter the archbishop returned an elaborate reply, in which he defended his proceedings; and Cecil perceiving that it was in vain

* Life of Parker, p. 461.

† Neal, vol. i. p. 373.

‡ Letter of the Lords of Council, *ibid.* p. 383.

§ Letter of the Lords of Council, Neal, vol. i. p. 195.

¶ *Ibid.* 196.

† *Ibid.* 252. 306. 319. 381. &c

** *Ibid.* 390.

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to remonstrate, only replied, "that, after reading his grace's long answer, he was not satisfied in the point of seeking, by examination, to have ministers accuse themselves, and then punish them for their own confessions; that he would not call his proceedings captious, but they were scarcely charitable." Whitgift rejoined, by sending him other papers in his own justification, and endeavoured to convince him, that if archbishops and bishops should be driven to use proofs *by witnesses only*, the execution of the law would be partial, their charges in procuring and producing witnesses intolerable, and their proceedings altogether too slow and circumscribed for extinguishing the sectaries.*

Cecil was by no means satisfied with these reasonings of the prelate, and therefore united with the rest of the council in sending him a still stronger remonstrance, in which they complained that the most diligent, learned, and zealous pastors, were deprived of their livings for a few points respecting unimportant ceremonies; while the most ignorant and notoriously profligate characters were allowed to retain their cures unmolested, provided they submitted their consciences without reserve to their superiors. That the primate might not plead ignorance of the alleged abuses, the council sent with this letter a list of names, in three columns,—one of learned and worthy ministers deprived, a second of ignorant and vicious persons continued, and a third of pluralists and non-residents. But these remonstrances, as they were not enforced by the arm of power, served only to exasperate the archbishop; and the same violent measures continued to be pursued with unremitting activity.

The ministers of Elizabeth, besides their unwillingness to occasion internal dissensions, seem to have feared that the exorbitant power entrusted to the superior clergy, for enforcing their forms, might give the protestants the undue ascendancy possessed by the church of Rome. Sir Francis Knollys, one of the ministers, in a letter to his colleague Cecil, calls some of Whitgift's ordinances *articles of inquisition, highly prejudicial to the royal prerogative.*† And, indeed, there seemed to be reasonable grounds for alarm; since some of the clergy began, after the example of the church of Rome, to give hints of a divine right, which, by a wonderful concatenation, had been transmitted to them from the very days of the apostles.‡ On the other hand, it was easy to foresee that the puritans, pushed to extremities, would begin to

question that power from which their hardships proceeded; and, becoming more exasperated against the church, would begin to associate with their earnest desire for ecclesiastical reformation an expectation of changes in the government which supported it. But the peculiar circumstances of the times prevented these dispositions, however evident, from leading, during Elizabeth's reign, to any dangerous consequences. The puritans, as well as all other protestants, fondly looked on her as their refuge against the intolerable cruelty of the catholics; and, even when they felt themselves to be the objects of her aversion, they, as well as their brethren in Scotland, entered into associations for the defence of her person and government.

In civil transactions, the moderate and cautious maxims of Cecil had a far more conspicuous ascendant. Considering as the happiest condition of a nation a state of unbroken peace, in which the people might proceed in the improvement of their circumstances by contented industry, he was the strenuous advocate of every moderate and conciliatory measure. Meriting, above almost all statesmen, the character of a safe politician, his principles of government were salutary at all times, but peculiarly fortunate in the dangerous and delicate period when he lived.

From the commencement of his administration under Elizabeth, he proceeded, as he had done during the short reign of Edward, in a gradual amelioration of the internal state of the country. One of his first measures was to reinstate the coin of the realm, which had been so much debased during the preceding reigns as to prove extremely prejudicial to trade, both at home and abroad. While the shilling, which, in the first years of Henry VIII., contained 119 grains of fine silver, was, in the latter part of his reign, reduced to forty, and, in the reign of Edward, to twenty; the money price of every thing was, by this means, both exorbitantly increased, and rendered extremely uncertain.* In transactions with foreign merchants, and even among the natives themselves, the difference between the real and nominal value of the coin was a source of endless disputes; and the popular discontents which ensued were both loud and general. Some attempts had been made to remedy the evil; but proving abortive, from the scarcity of bullion, and the want of perseverance on the part of government, the prospect of amendment was now deemed almost hopeless. Cecil, however, was strongly impressed with the great advantages which would result from a restoration of the coin; and having been convinced, from a mature consideration which he had given to the subject, even in the reign of Edward, that the preceding failures were the result of mismanagement, he prevailed on Elizabeth to com-

* Strype's Life of Whitgift, p. 160.

† Neal, vol. i. p. 444.

‡ These ideas were now promulgated by Bancroft; but Cranmer had so fully considered himself as an officer acting by the king's authority, and was so well convinced that his episcopal power ended, like that of the other officers, with the life of the monarch who conferred it, that, on the death of Henry VIII. he refused to exercise any jurisdiction, until he received a new commission from king Edward.

* Lowndes's extract from the Mint, in Locke's Essay on Coin, p. 69.

mence the undertaking without delay, and gradually, but resolutely, to proceed as her means would allow. To render the people more eager to bring the base money into the mint, its current value was reduced by proclamation; and new gold and silver coin, of the standard weight and value, being issued in exchange, the money of England, from an excessive debasement, soon became the heaviest and finest in Europe.

But the measures which the state of public affairs obliged him to pursue were not always so evidently beneficial, or so generally acceptable. Aware, however, that the nation, if convinced that the plans of government were for their advantage, would concur in them far more certainly than from a dread of authority, he was anxious to secure the public opinion, and procure obedience rather by persuasion than command. He advised Elizabeth, as the first act of her reign, to summon a parliament. Here he introduced his proposition for religious reformation, and called on the catholics to reply freely to the arguments which he advanced. In the succeeding period of the reign, however, the bold doctrines of the puritans, and the queen's exceeding aversion to any discussion which might touch her prerogative, prevented him from employing this channel for the defence of his measures; yet he seems occasionally to have adopted the practice of bringing political transactions before parliament. There is still preserved a very clear exposition of the designs of Philip II. of Spain, which he delivered on one occasion in the house of lords, and the heads of which he afterwards transmitted to the speaker, for the information of the commons.*

In the press he found a more constant and effectual method of influencing public opinion. As he never undertook any political measure without due deliberation, he concluded that the same reasons which weighed with him would weigh with the nation at large. Though involved in a vast maze of public business, he did not fail to bestow a portion of his time in justifying to the world both the measures of his government, and his own private conduct. Among the salutary effects of his political writings, it is mentioned that they contributed much to retain the people in their allegiance during the dangerous insurrections which succeeded Norfolk's first conspiracy. There are still extant several of his pieces on that occasion, in which he paints the folly and danger of the rebels, the profligate characters of their ring-leaders, and the miseries which must inevitably overtake them in the event of defeat.† To the many defamatory libels which the jesuits published, during his administration, against Elizabeth and her ministers, it was his constant practice to publish replies. He knew too well the impression made by uncontradicted calumnies, to

let them pass unexposed. Silent contempt, he perceived, might be represented as proceeding from conscious guilt; and to suppress the propagation of slanders by force, would seem to betray both an inability to refute them, and a dread of their effects. He knew that better arguments could always be found in support of truth than of falsehood, and that it was the fault of the reasoner if the cause of right did not appear to the greatest advantage. The great facility of composition, which he had acquired in the earlier period of his life, proved of infinite importance to him in these voluminous apologies.*

To diffuse information among the people, and render them capable of comprehending sound reasoning on public business, was a favourite object with Cecil. In contradiction to the absurd idea, that ignorance is the parent of good order, that men will prove the best subjects when they bestow no thought on their social relations, it was the maxim of this sagacious statesman, "that where the people were well taught, the king had ever good obedience of his subjects."† Considering the church as the grand channel for the moral as well as religious instruction of the people, he earnestly laboured to fill every ecclesiastical office with able, learned, and active teachers. To impress these sentiments on his sovereign, as well as his political colleagues, he warned them that "where there wanted a good ministry, there were ever bad people; for they that knew not how to serve God would never obey the king."‡

Fortunate had it been for the fame of Cecil, if his accommodating policy, his desire to gratify the queen without incensing the people, could always have been carried into effect by means equally praiseworthy. But Elizabeth's passion for uncontrolled power sometimes led him into measures, or at least into schemes, which would seem to indicate that his regard to public opinion arose rather from the love of tranquillity, than from concern for the liberties of the nation. Of this description were some plans which he proposed for augmenting the royal revenue, without having recourse to parliament. To this last resource Elizabeth had a peculiar aversion; and, rather than endure the disquisitions and remonstrances from which the commons could now with much difficulty be restrained, she was willing to relieve her pressing exigencies by alienating the crown lands, and entailing irremediable embarrassment on her successors. Cecil seems to have been desirous to avert these ruinous alienations, and yet anxious to gratify the queen by procuring supplies independent of the parliament. One scheme for this purpose, which he proposed in a speech to Elizabeth and her council, was to erect a court for the correction

* *Strype's Annals*, vol. iv. p. 107.

† See Camden, *Strype*, &c.

* Many of them are published in *Strype*, and many still remain in manuscript.

† *Life of William Lord Burghley*, p. 55.

‡ *Ibid.*

of all abuses, invested with a general inquisitorial authority over the whole kingdom, and empowered to punish defaults by fines for the royal exchequer. He urges the queen to the adoption of this measure by the example of her grandfather, Henry VII., who by such means greatly augmented his revenue; and recommends that the court, to render its operations more effectual, should proceed "as well by the direction and ordinary course of the laws, as by the virtue of her majesty's supreme regiment and absolute power, from whence law proceeded." From this institution he expected a greater revenue than Henry VIII. derived from the abolition of the abbeys, and all the forfeitures of ecclesiastical revenues.* Strange! that a minister who, on other occasions, so wisely regarded the popular feeling, should propose a scheme which must have revived the odious extortions of Empson and Dudley. Refined speculations on the motives of men are almost always false, or we might be induced to suppose that Cecil, on this occasion, was desirous to turn the attention of the queen from more practicable methods of procuring illegal supplies, by directing it to schemes which could never be executed.

Another financial suggestion of his was entitled to approbation, if we make due allowance for the abuses and ignorance of the age. Although it was the acknowledged prerogative of the commons that no tax should be levied on the people without their consent, yet the kings of England had found various means to elude this right. Of these, one of the most successful was to levy money under the name of a benevolence, or voluntary loan, which, however, scarcely differed in any thing from a tax. Its amount was regulated by the government, and those from whom it was demanded were obliged to comply: the lenders received no interest while it remained in the hands of the public; and the principal, if ever returned, was usually detained till a very distant period.† Yet such was the effect of a name, that people acquiesced patiently in this abuse; and the same commons, who would have taken fire at an attempt to levy a subsidy by the monarch's sole authority, were brought to countenance his no less oppressive borrowing. As the benevolences were imposed at the discretion of the officers of government,

who had also a power to accept what they chose to account a reasonable excuse, they were levied in the most partial and injurious manner. Some individuals were reduced to ruin by these exactions; while others, of equal property, were allowed to escape them altogether. Cecil, to render this practice less unfair in itself, and less severe on individuals, hazarded a proposition to raise a general loan on the people, equivalent in amount to a subsidy, and imposed according to the same proportions.*

It was with a more successful issue, and much happier example, that he strenuously recommended a rigid frugality as the only effectual means of carrying on the government, without compromising its authority, or engendering public discontents. Elizabeth had the prudence to coincide with these economical views; and she has hence deservedly acquired the reputation of husbanding her resources with the utmost skill, and making very few demands on the property of her people. Although surrounded by powerful enemies, engaged in frequent wars, obliged to disburse large sums for the support of her friends abroad, and the suppression of dangerous enterprises at home, she conducted her government at less expense, in proportion to her undertakings, than any sovereign in our history. The large debts contracted by her father and sister, with which she found the crown encumbered at her accession, amounted, it is said, to four millions,—an enormous sum in that age: yet these she quickly discharged, and, at her death, could rank her most potent allies among her debtors. The states of Holland owed her 800,000*l.*, and the king of France 450,000*l.*‡

From this strict economy, of which Cecil never lost sight, there resulted the most important advantages. As the people were not harassed with exactions, the government of Elizabeth was extremely popular, at a period when the dangerous machinations of her enemies, both at home and abroad, rendered popularity indispensable to her safety. Without illegal extortions, or contests with her parliament, she was enabled to maintain her independence, and to avoid concessions to which her haughty spirit could not submit. She was even able occasionally to acquire the praise of disinterestedness and generosity, by refusing the grants of money which were offered to her by the legislature without solicitation. By this management she so completely acquired the confidence of her subjects, that the commons, though in these days extremely tenacious of their money, voted her, without reluctance, and without annexing any conditions, much larger sums than had been granted to her predecessors. They knew that their treasures were never misapplied; that nothing was expended which could possibly be saved; and the unavoidable exigencies of the state were always acknowledged by the nation

* Strype, *Annal.* vol. iv. p. 334.

† The methods practised in levying these forced voluntary loans are developed in a curious paper of instructions from the council of Henry VIII. to the commissioners for the county of Derby, inserted in Lodge's *Illustrations*, vol. i. p. 71. The commissioners are here enjoined to employ every art that may work upon the hopes or fears of the person applied to; and if, after all, he obstinately refuses to comply, they are then ordered to swear him to secrecy in regard to what has passed, that his example may not influence others. But, occasionally, much more severe measures were resorted to against the refractory; and from a document in the same collection (vol. i. p. 82.), we find Richard Reed, an alderman of London, who refused to contribute, forcibly carried off, by the king's order, to serve as a common soldier!

* Haynes, p. 519. † D'Ewes, p. 473.

‡ Winwood, vol. i. p. 29. 54.

before the government had recourse to parliament for supplies. When we consider the temper and conduct of Elizabeth, we cannot but attribute the tranquillity of her reign, in a great measure, to this rigid frugality. Scarcely less haughty and impatient of contradiction than her father, her pretensions to absolute authority were at times even more lofty, and her usual language to her parliaments still less gracious. As the commons, however compliant in other respects, were ever ready to encounter danger, rather than surrender the public money without evident utility, or a valuable consideration, it can scarcely be doubted, that, if she had been led into embarrassments by prodigality, their resolute demands for concessions on the one hand, and her obstinate refusal to abridge her power on the other, would have terminated in civil convulsions.

In the intercourse of England with foreign nations, this economy in the management of public money was replete with equal advantage. The allies, whom it was most essential for Elizabeth to support, were often reduced to such straits for money, that the dispersion of their forces, and the utter ruin of their hopes, seemed inevitable. In these critical emergencies, she found means, either from her exchequer or her credit, to afford them a supply; and its seasonableness gave it an efficacy beyond its magnitude. But though she relieved them opportunely, she wasted none of her resources without the most evident necessity. Her policy was never to afford them any supplies of men and money, until she found that they could not otherwise defend themselves; to send them at length succours just sufficient to retrieve their circumstances; and to withdraw her forces as soon as the most imminent danger was repelled. She was liberal only when her allies were much depressed, and it was necessary to revive their drooping spirits; at other times, she required that the money which she advanced should be repaid, and even that the expenses of her armaments should be reimbursed. Most of her pecuniary assistance to Henry IV. of France was given in the form of loans; and the Dutch were obliged to put into her hands several fortified towns as security for the repayment of her advances. She thus enabled her allies to retrieve their affairs, and provided that the expenditure, of which they were to reap the chief benefit, should not become a burden to her subjects.

The frugality of Elizabeth did not escape censure; and Cecil, by whose counsels it was known to be enforced, was often reproached with sacrificing the best allies of England to his little-minded and parsimonious policy. But events fully justified his sagacity. While our allies were raised to the most vigorous exertion, and finally triumphed over their enemies, England herself, the main spring of these efforts, advanced in a progressive course of prosperity.

But it was the very sparing hand with which

he distributed the public money at home that excited against him the loudest clamours. In those days it was customary for men of rank to waste their property in attendance at court, and in an idle emulation of splendour, while they looked to the bounty of the sovereign for repairing their ruined fortunes. To the importunities of this train, who perpetually beset the court, and yet could urge no other claim than their own profusion, Cecil was inexorable. They complained that he not only refused to exert his interest in their behalf, but even hardened the queen against their solicitations.* Elizabeth, indeed, had no inclination to be prodigal of her treasures, unless when her individual predilections occasionally overcame her general parsimony. Her partial regard to the earl of Essex seems particularly to have moved her liberality; for we find, that, on his departure for the government of Ireland, she made him a present of 30,000*l.*†; and Cecil, who watched these instances of profusion with a jealous eye, computed that, from first to last, her pecuniary gifts to the earl amounted to 300,000*l.*‡;—a lavish bounty, while the annual ordinary revenues of the state did not exceed 500,000*l.*

Elizabeth, anxious to avoid dependence on her parliament, was too often persuaded to reward her courtiers with grants prejudicial to the national prosperity. Sometimes she yielded them exemptions from the penalties of the laws; sometimes she indulged them in the suppression of prosecutions; and still more frequently, she enriched them by monopolies of articles in general use. Against these abuses, which he justly termed the cankers of the commonwealth§, Cecil continually remonstrated, but too often in vain. Towards the latter end of the reign, however, the evil became so enormous as to compel a remedy; for the commons, perceiving the commerce of the nation hastening to ruin under the pressure of monopolies, became so vehement in their complaints, that Elizabeth felt the necessity of abolishing the most obnoxious.

But while Cecil was the avowed enemy of all grants to idle suitors, he anxiously desired that those who performed real services should enjoy a liberal provision. It was by his salutary regulations that the common soldiers were first clothed at the expense of government, and received their weekly allowance directly into their own hands.|| According to the previous practice, the whole pay of the corps was consigned into the hands of the superior officers, who were so little restricted, either as to the time or the amount of their distributions, that the unfortunate soldiers were sometimes absolute-

* "Madam," he was accustomed to say, "you do well to let suitors stay, for I shall tell you *bis dat qui cito dat*; if you grant them speedily, they will come again the sooner."—*Bacon's works*, vol. iii. p. 264.

† Birch's *Memoirs*, vol. ii.

‡ Nanton's *Regalia*, chap. i.

§ Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 52.

|| Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 47.

ly left to starve. The reformation of these abuses occasioned many murmurs among those whom it deprived of their unjust gains; but it infused new loyalty and vigour into the English army, at a period when foreign invasion, assisted by many internal enemies, threatened to involve the country in ruin. From a general adherence to this system, of being liberal to the servants of the public, and very parsimonious to the dependents of the court, it became a common saying, that "the queen paid liberally, though she rewarded sparingly."

Cecil was raised to the office of lord high treasurer in the eleventh year of his administration. In this high station, while he punished with severity all oppression in the collection of the revenue, he gave strict orders that no one should be allowed to escape from his just proportion of the public taxes. All undue lenity of this sort to one individual, he considered a direct injustice to another; since the deficiency must have been made up by new exactions on the more honourable contributors. From this strict impartiality, and from his improved arrangements, the receipts of the treasury, from the same sources, experienced a great amelioration. The abuse, which then prevailed, of ministers retaining in their hands, and receiving interest on, considerable sums of the public money, he endeavoured to check by never issuing the smallest payment without an express warrant from the queen. Of the purity which he required in others, he himself set an example; for he never imitated the usual practice of other treasurers, in occasionally borrowing from the exchequer for private purposes; and he was almost the only one of Elizabeth's ministers who, at his death, owed nothing to the public. This strict attention to the interests of the exchequer is the more commendable, as it proceeded from a desire to diminish the burdens of the people. So averse was he to all new impositions on the subjects, that he would never allow the tenants of the crown lands to be harassed by a rise of rents, or turned out to make room for higher bidders; and it was his excellent saying, "that he never cared to see the treasury swell like a disordered spleen, when the other parts of the constitution were in a consumption."^{*}

From the same considerations with his love of economy arose his steady attachment to pacific measures. Instructed both by history and by observation, that war was the great means of wasting the resources of nations, he firmly resisted the efforts of those rash and ambitious spirits, who perpetually endeavoured to plunge the nation into hostilities, with the view of advancing their own reputation and fortunes. He had ever on his lips the salutary maxims, "that war is soon kindled, but peace very hardly procured; that war is the

curse and peace the blessing of God upon a nation; and that a realm gains more by one year's peace than by ten years' war."^{*} By these pacific counsels, the queen, from the soundness of her understanding and her aversion to expense, was usually swayed. On a few occasions, a longing for military glory, or a leaning to some favourite counsellors, who were men of more ambition than discretion, caused her to disregard the dissuasions of Cecil; but more serious reflection seldom failed to dispel her illusion.

The wisdom of Cecil, in adhering resolutely to a pacific system, deserves the more applause, as the condition of Europe at that period was calculated to tempt an English minister into extensive wars. While Scotland and France were torn by intestine convulsions, and the rebels often enabled to overpower the sovereign, the Low Countries, which had revolted against Philip, seemed determined to endure the last extremities rather than again submit to his dominion. England alone enjoyed internal tranquillity; and, by uniting with the insurgents of either country, might have acquired both a large addition of territory, and such other concessions as may be wrested from a weaker power. But Cecil well knew that conquests were not the true road to national aggrandisement; and that his country would suffer more in her resources and real strength, from an extensive and protracted war, than she could gain from its most successful results.

Yet, though the strenuous advocate of a pacific policy, his forbearance did not arise from timidity, nor his parsimony from a contracted mind. Against the dangers which threatened the kingdom, he prepared with firmness and activity; and when the public interests required it, he could advise a large expenditure and extensive armaments. When the prospect of the Spanish invasion filled the nation with just alarm, he drew up plans of defence; and, by his serene and collected demeanour, seconded his courageous mistress in diffusing general confidence and intrepidity.† His conduct with respect to the allies and enemies of his country forms so important a part of his transactions, and exhibits a system of foreign policy so much more extensive and refined than had hitherto been acted upon in England, as to demand a more particular examination.

From the early part of the sixteenth century, the political transactions of Europe had gradually been assuming a more systematic form; and a sort of balance of power was at length established among the principal nations. Henry VIII. boasted of holding this balance; but he held it with so unsteady a hand, and his measures were so much the result of momentary passion, that his influence in foreign transactions was far from adequate to his comparative power. During the reign of Edward,

^{*} Camden, Annal. Eliz. Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 53.

^{*} Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 70.

† Camden, Annal. Eliz. p. 582.

VI. England was prevented, by her internal factions, from giving much attention to external affairs; and, by the marriage of Mary with Philip, was sunk for a time into little else than a province of the overgrown Spanish monarchy. But under Elizabeth, various circumstances occurred to alter the aspect of affairs; and England, from the wisdom with which her government availed itself of her advantages, obtained an extraordinary ascendancy in the public transactions of Europe.

Of these circumstances the most important arose from the general change which, at this period, was taking place in religious sentiments. The commencement of the reformation has been noticed in the life of sir Thomas More, and since that time the new principles had spread through almost every country of Europe. The Roman hierarchy attempted to extinguish them by the aid of secular authority; but the reformers, after suffering incredible oppressions, began to defend their freedom of opinion by force of arms. Elizabeth, the greatest sovereign of Europe who had embraced the new faith, was, from her situation, placed at the head of the protestant cause. Exposed thus to the inveterate resentment of the catholics, her protection was relied on by the reformed with the more confidence, as they knew the adherents of the pope to be less her enemies than their own. The foreign policy of Cecil was adapted to this state of things. He knew that the English catholics, who still formed a powerful body in the nation, were secretly encouraged and urged to dangerous insurrections by the foreign princes of their persuasion. He also knew that these princes were eager to seize an opportunity of uniting their forces to wrest the sceptre from Elizabeth; and that they had already begun to form extensive leagues for that purpose. The most effectual means to avert these dangers was, he concluded, to support the protestants in their opposition to their catholic sovereigns, who would thus be sufficiently occupied at home, and have neither the leisure nor the power to turn their arms against England.

We are first to consider the application of this plan of policy to the Spanish empire. Philip, at that time the most wealthy and powerful monarch of Europe, was actuated both by inordinate ambition and by a gloomy and unrelenting bigotry. By standing forth as the champion of Rome, and labouring to exterminate the protestants by fire and sword, he expected to acquire such a body of adherents in every country of Europe, as might pave his way to universal dominion. To a prince with such views, Elizabeth, who stood at the head of the protestant interest, was necessarily the most marked object of enmity: yet there were circumstances which induced him, in the first period of her reign, to postpone his hostile schemes, and even to appear as her supporter. At first, he entertained hopes, by gaining her hand, to effect the darling plan, which his union with her sister

had failed to realise, of attaching England to the Spanish monarchy. Even after this hope was gone, the marriage of Mary queen of Scots with Francis II., which threatened, if Elizabeth should be overwhelmed by her enemies, to reduce England as well as Scotland under the dominion of France, rendered him desirous to support her against their attempts. But when freed from these apprehensions by the death of Francis, he began to put in practice the enterprises suggested by his schemes of aggrandisement. He still wore the mask of friendship, but he was from that time forward wholly occupied with the extirpation of heresy, and with projects to deprive its great protectress of her throne and her life.

Cecil was, from the first, aware of the real disposition and views of Philip. He perceived that if, by any contingency, the circumstances which rendered a show of friendship towards Elizabeth subservient to that prince's interest should be removed, she would have every thing to dread from his ambition and bigotry. Yet even after the course of events had rendered this dissimulation unnecessary, and the king of Spain had begun to throw off the mask, the prudent minister of England still advised his mistress to temporise, and, as long as possible, to avoid open hostilities; when her power should be more firmly established, her finances improved, and her forces augmented, then, he showed her, would be the proper period to undertake the contest: in the mean time, it was her policy to dissimulate her resentment at the faithlessness of Philip, to meet his advances as if she believed them sincere, and to send an embassy into Spain to settle, by negotiation, any occasional quarrels that might arise.*

These cautious suggestions of Cecil, which the queen had the wisdom to follow, were loudly disclaimed against by his political rivals, as resulting from a weak and timid disposition, calculated to compromise the glory of his country, and to degrade its government in the eyes of foreigners. The aids in men, money, and ammunition, which, at the same period, he counselled to be sent to the French protestants, excited reproaches no less importunate, but of an opposite nature; for he, who had just been branded as weak and timid, was now accused of rashness and a disregard to the public safety. Such is the justice of faction!

In pursuance of his ambitious projects, Philip had resolved to deprive his subjects in the Low Countries of their ancient privileges, to bring them completely under the yoke of despotism, and at the same time to extirpate that heresy which, in conjunction with the principles of civil liberty, had already begun to flourish among them. For this purpose he sent thither a body of veteran Spaniards, commanded by the duke of Alva; an experienced officer, but a gloomy bigot, in whose bosom long habits of tyranny seemed to have ex-

* Camden, p. 70.

tinguished every feeling of humanity. His arrival in the Netherlands was marked by the most wanton barbarities. Confiscation, imprisonment, and exile, were accounted mild punishments; few, who had once the misfortune to become objects of suspicion, escaped torture or death; and the victims, whom malice pointed out to the jealous instruments of the tyrant, were often, without any form of accusation or trial, committed to the flames. Such was the barbarity of this man, that, besides the slaughters perpetrated by his soldiers, he boasted, with a savage joy, on leaving the Netherlands, that, during his government there, he had delivered eighteen thousand of these obstinate heretics into the hands of the executioner.*

The unfortunate Flemings quitted their native country in crowds, fled to England, the only state in Europe where they could depend on effectual protection; and Elizabeth, cordially receiving them, was enabled, with their assistance, to enrich her dominions by several valuable manufactures which had hitherto been chiefly confined to the Netherlands. Nor was it long till an opportunity occurred of rendering an indirect assistance to their miserable country. Philip, having contracted with some Genoese merchants to transport into Flanders a sum of four hundred thousand crowns for the use of his troops, who were almost in a state of mutiny for the want of pay, the vessels on board of which this treasure was conveyed, happening to be attacked in the channel by some privateers belonging to the French Hugonots, took refuge in the ports of Plymouth and Southampton. Here it was given out, both by the captains of the vessels and the Spanish ambassador, that their cargoes were the property of the king of Spain; but Cecil, who had always the best means of procuring intelligence, found out that the money, in fact, did not belong to Philip, that the Genoese merchants had not yet fulfilled their contract, and were, in consequence, the proprietors of the treasure. On this discovery, he entreated the queen not to neglect so favourable an opportunity of striking a decisive blow against the Spanish power in Flanders. By taking the money as a loan, and by giving security for its repayment, he argued that she might satisfy the Genoese, while the measure would effectually wound the interests of Spain, without any direct hostility. With this advice Elizabeth complied, and the event demonstrated its sagacity. While the duke of Alva, thrown into the greatest embarrassment by the loss of his expected supplies, was obliged, to prevent an immediate mutiny among his troops, to make the most severe exactions from the inhabitants; the tyrannical manner in which they were levied, stretched the patience of the people to the utmost, and prepared their minds for the most desperate resistance.†

* Grotius, lib. ii.

† Camden, *Annal. Eliz.* Nanton's *Fragmenta Regalia*. Bentivoglio, part i. lib. v.

This transaction, which produced irreparable evils to the Spanish power in the Low Countries, gave rise to some temporary hostilities between Spain and England. The duke of Alva seized the persons and goods of the English merchants in the Netherlands, and Elizabeth retaliated on the merchants of Flanders and Spain. But as Philip had not yet matured his schemes for taking effectual vengeance on England, and as his antagonist did not consider the time arrived for a final rupture with him, these differences were settled by negotiation, and the merchants on both sides indemnified. Elizabeth even yielded so far to the remonstrances of Philip, as to refuse the Flemish refugees admittance for the future into her dominions; but this act of complaisance was followed by very unexpected consequences. These sufferers, finding no place of refuge from their enemies, returned, in despair, to their own coasts, seized the seaport of the Brille; and, being soon joined by crowds of their persecuted countrymen, reared the standard of revolt throughout Holland and Zealand. A solemn league between these two provinces, never again to submit to the tyranny of Spain, now laid the corner-stone of Dutch independence. The stand which the talents of their general, the prince of Orange, united with their own desperate valour, enabled them to make against this mighty monarchy, far exceeded the general expectation. It was not till after a long siege and great loss that the duke of Alva succeeded in taking Haarlem; and he was finally compelled to abandon his attempts on Alkmaar. The duke was recalled; but the veteran forces of Spain, supported by her great resources, still pressed severely on the Hollanders, who seemed about to sink under the unequal contest. In this emergency their eyes were turned to their only remaining hope,—an embassy which they had sent to Elizabeth, imploring her protection, and offering her in return the immediate possession and sovereignty of their country.

A valuable accession of maritime territory, as well as an opportunity of immediately enfeebling her capital enemy, presented very powerful temptations. But many weighty objections naturally occurred to her sagacious counsellors. It was apparent that, to accept the proffered sovereignty, would involve her in immediate hostilities with Philip; that he would be enabled to throw on her the reproach of aggression and injustice; that, as these provinces had applied to her merely from the insufficiency of their own resources, it was probable that she would have to sustain the great burden of the contest; that, from the exhausted state in which, even if ultimately successful, they would naturally be left by the war, their revenues could not speedily repair the waste of her resources which their defence must occasion; but that, as against the immense power of Philip their success was very doubtful, a present and certain loss would be incurred for distant and pre-

carious advantages. Nor were the more remote evils less to be apprehended, since the possession of a continental territory would necessarily involve England in many disputes and wars, from which her insular situation seemed designed to exempt her. The influence of these considerations on the mind of Elizabeth was increased by her unwillingness to abet subjects in resistance to their monarch. Her ideas of sovereign power were, indeed, scarcely less lofty than those of Philip; and the depression of a dangerous enemy seemed too dearly purchased by an example of successful rebellion. She refused the proffered sovereignty, but she endeavoured to soften the disappointment to the provinces by promising to mediate between them and Philip.

Her attempts at conciliation were, as might have been foreseen, ineffectual; but the circumstances of the Hollanders soon afterwards experienced an alteration which justified a corresponding change in the policy of England. The other provinces of the Netherlands, abused beyond endurance by the horrible excesses of the Spanish troops, had, with the single exception of Luxembourg, risen in arms, and formed a common league to resist foreign tyranny. The strength of the confederacy was now sufficient to give it a fair prospect of success, and the English government resolved to assist the provinces without delay. A sum of money was sent over for the immediate payment of their troops; and a treaty of mutual defence afterwards concluded with them, on the prudential and frugal system which Cecil continually enforced. The queen stipulated to assist the Hollanders with five thousand foot and a thousand horse, but this reinforcement was to be at their charge; to lend them a hundred thousand pounds, but to receive, in return, the bond of several towns in the Low Countries for its repayment within the year. It was also agreed that, in the event of her being attacked, the provinces should assist her with a force equal to that which she now sent for their protection; that all quarrels among themselves should be referred to her arbitration; that her general should sit as a member in the council of the states, and should be made acquainted with all deliberations concerning peace and war.* By this treaty the queen raised the courage of the United Provinces at a critical juncture, effectually weakened her capital enemy, and avoided any considerable waste of her own resources.

But the independence of this noble republic was not to be accomplished without a new succession of difficulties and dangers. By the uncommon talents of the prince of Parma, who now commanded against the states, and the assassination of their illustrious leader, the prince of Orange, they were again reduced to the most desperate condition. Again they sent a solemn embassy to implore the assistance of Elizabeth,

and again proffered their sovereignty as the price of protection. The reasons which formerly induced her to decline this offer still led her to the same determination; but, as the enmity of Philip was daily becoming more apparent, and the success of the states more essential to her security, it was her evident policy to render them more effectual assistance. In a new treaty, she agreed to aid them with an army of five thousand foot and one thousand horse, to be paid by herself during the war; but, not forgetting the maxims of prudence amidst her liberality, she stipulated that the whole of her expenses should be repaid after the conclusion of hostilities; that the castle of Rammekens, with Flushing and the Brille, should, in the mean time, be placed in her hands as security; that her general, and two others of her appointment, should be admitted into the council of the states; and that neither of the contracting parties should make a separate peace. The reinforcements stipulated by this treaty were speedily sent over, under the command of the Earl of Leicester.* The appointment of this incapable and arrogant officer is said to have been the only step, in the transactions relative to the Low Countries, that was taken in opposition to the counsels of Cecil.† It was also the only circumstance that led to unprosperous events, and impaired the efficacy of the English succours.

Although the United Provinces, in their struggle for freedom, encountered many disasters, still their persevering courage, aided by some favourable incidents, gradually began to gain on their enemies. From a habit of successful resistance, they learned to look on the power of Spain, and the chances of war, with less apprehension: the active spirit excited among them began to display itself in commercial enterprises, which quickly augmented their resources. A powerful diversion was also produced in their favour by Henry the Fourth of France, who, after having subdued his internal enemies, now began to retaliate the many hostile acts of Philip in the days of his adversity. Perceiving this favourable change in the circumstances of the states, which rendered them in less immediate want of assistance from England, Cecil, always averse to waste the blood and treasure of the nation in superfluous efforts, began to remind the queen that it was now time to diminish her disbursements in behalf of her allies. To this suggestion she readily hearkened; and, that the limitation of her intended retrenchments might appear a favour, she desired her ambassador to demand the immediate repayment of all her loans and expenses. Against this unexpected requisition, with which they were wholly unable to comply, the states, in much consternation, remonstrated; and, after many supplications, prevailed on the queen to be satisfied with more moderate conditions. By

* Camden, *Annal. Eliz.* p. 507.

* Camden, *Annal. Eliz.* p. 508.

† Leicester's Commonwealth, p. 195.

a new treaty, they engaged to relieve her immediately from the expense of their English auxiliaries; to pay her annually a small part of their debt; to assist her, in case it should be requisite, with a stipulated number of ships; to conclude peace only with her concurrence; and, in lieu of all her demands against them, to pay her, after the conclusion of peace with Spain, an annual sum of one hundred thousand pounds for four years. Until all these conditions should be fulfilled, the cautionary towns were to remain in her hands. On her part, it was merely stipulated, that she should assist them, during the war, with a body of four thousand English auxiliaries, which, however, were to be paid by the states.*

Before the termination of his political career, Cecil had the satisfaction to conclude another treaty, in which still more favourable conditions were procured for England. The states agreed to fix the amount of their debt at eight hundred thousand pounds; to pay one half of this sum during the war, at the rate of thirty thousand pounds a year; to assist Elizabeth with a fleet equal to her own, if a convenient opportunity should occur of attacking Spain by sea; and to send a force of five thousand foot and five hundred horse to her defence, if either England, or Jersey, or Scilly, or the Isle of Wight, should be invaded by the Spaniards. They farther agreed that, so long as England should continue the war with Spain, they should pay the garrisons of the cautionary towns, — a stipulation by which this country was at once freed from an annual charge of an hundred and twenty thousand pounds.†

The first avowed assistance which England rendered to the United Provinces was the signal for open hostilities with Spain; and Philip, to gratify at once his revenge and ambition, attempted, by means of his famous armada, to achieve the entire conquest of England. But as the failure of this immense armament, and various successful attacks on the fleets and harbours of Spain, gave the English a superiority at sea, Philip, finding his losses increase as his hopes diminished, showed a disposition to make peace on reasonable terms. This favourable opportunity of entering into negotiation Cecil now strongly urged the queen to seize; for although the war continued to be very successful and very honourable, yet he felt the wounds which it inflicted, under every appearance of advantage. By their captures from the Spaniards, a few individuals were enriched, and Elizabeth generally took care to have her full share in these successful adventures; still the royal treasury was exhausted by the expenses of the war, and the reluctant queen frequently forced to replenish it by applying to parliament.

The war, however, was continued, because it offered temptations which neither the queen nor

the people were able to resist. The scarcity of the precious metals rendered their value in these days extravagant; and the rich freights transported from the New World to Spain presented the most powerful excitement to avarice. Stimulated by these, sir Francis Drake had, even before the commencement of open hostilities with Spain, begun his depredations on her commerce; and by the treasures which he brought home, as well as the accounts which he circulated, inflamed the avidity of his countrymen. Against these piratical acts the Spaniards vehemently remonstrated; but Elizabeth accepted of an entertainment and a handsome present from Drake, and gave the Spanish ambassador very little satisfaction. Encouraged by the countenance of their sovereign, and at length authorised by an open declaration of war, English privateers swarmed around the Spanish coast, both in Europe and America. These enterprises became the usual adventure of the times, by which the rich expected to increase their wealth, and the prodigal to repair their fortunes. In the event of a rich prize, Elizabeth was not forgotten; nor did she ever refuse to gratify the captors by graciously accepting their presents. These exploits were usually undertaken in partnership, and a vessel or two were sometimes furnished by her majesty; a speculation which seldom failed to turn to the benefit of the treasury, as the queen's portion of the booty, by means of duties, presents, and various other allowances, generally proved much greater than her share in the equipment. An adventure of sir Walter Raleigh having proved very successful, that experienced courtier humbly entreated the queen, who had borne a tenth part in the expense, to accept one half of the booty, in lieu of all demands. In these enterprises many, indeed, lost both their fortunes and their lives; but the successful adventurers alone attracted the public notice, and this lottery continued to prove irresistibly tempting.

It is probable that Cecil, who attended so much to the progress of national industry and wealth, perceived many bad consequences from this mode of warfare. The attention of the nation was withdrawn from manufactures and commerce; the capital and enterprise, which would otherwise have remained to the useful arts, were wasted on schemes of hazard. The people, neglecting those employments from which alone solid and general opulence can be derived, were in danger of acquiring the habits and calculations of pirates. But there were other and more generous passions which rendered the court and the people unwilling to hearken to the representations of Cecil. Although Spain was at that time the most powerful nation in Europe, the English, with vessels far inferior, had harassed her mightiest fleet, captured her richest convoys, and even burnt her ships in her principal harbours. These successes, obtained by courage and skill over a haughty enemy, greatly elevated the spirits of our countrymen; and the

* Camden, Annal. Eliz. p. 586.

† Rymer's Fœdera, vol. xvi. p. 340.

glory of the English arms became a triumphant theme in every mouth. To pursue this gallant course, to follow up these blows by new achievements, to lay the pride of Spain prostrate at their feet, were the expressions which resounded throughout the nation.

Into these sentiments Elizabeth cordially entered; for, with all the soundness of her understanding, love of fame was a predominant passion in her breast, and nothing could exceed her desire of being admired, whether for the imagined charms of her person, or the heroic exploits of her subjects. In the present question, the influence of vanity was confirmed by a more tender sentiment. The young earl of Essex had now succeeded to that place in her affections which had formerly been held by the earl of Leicester. No quality which could captivate seemed to be wanting in this young nobleman. A person uncommonly handsome derived new graces from manners easy, frank, and popular; and such was the ascendancy of these external advantages, united to a nature liberal and ardent, that he had the rare fortune of being no less the idol of the people than the favourite of the sovereign. Yet these shining qualities were accompanied by defects which rendered him particularly unfit for the management of public affairs. Impatient, passionate, and wilful, he was so jealous of his honour, as to be inflamed by even an imaginary insult; so greedy of fame, that every successful rival appeared an enemy; so fond of military glory, that no considerations of policy could restrain him from precipitating his country into a war where he might earn distinction; and yet so unfit, from imprudence and heat, for conducting military operations, that no enterprise could safely be trusted to his hands. He had acquired some reputation in the Spanish war, and eagerly panted for more; he stood forward, therefore, as the vehement opposer of Cecil's propositions for peace; and his influence over the queen's affections, joined to the other considerations which we have mentioned, was sufficient to counteract the intentions of the minister.

Cecil was no less interested for the glory of his country than Essex; but while he felt how much security depends on political reputation, he perceived the folly of attempting to render a nation glorious by wasting her resources, or great by reducing her to imbecility. He knew that, with the substance, the shadow must disappear; that if the resources of an empire are exhausted, the reputation founded on them must soon vanish. Averse to the waste of public property, and detesting the wanton effusion of human blood, he could not, without indignation, see both sovereign and people led away by the same passions as Essex, and surrendering the reins of their understandings to the delusions of a heated brain. On one occasion, when the question of peace and war was debated in council, Essex proceeded, as usual, to declaim in favour of continuing hostilities; urging that the

Spaniards, being a subtle people, ambitious of extending their dominion, implacable enemies to England, bigoted adherents of the pope, and professing that no faith was to be observed with heretics, were incapable of maintaining the relations of peace. Cecil, who felt that, if such arguments prevailed, the sword would never be sheathed, could not help indignantly exclaiming, in the midst of this harangue, "that the speaker seemed intent on nothing but blood and slaughter." At the close of the debate, perceiving that his reasoning was of no avail against the impulses of passion, he pulled out a common prayer-book from his pocket, and pointed in silence to the words, "Men of blood shall not live half their days."* He felt that time and experience could alone dispel the delusion; still he endeavoured to accelerate that desirable event, by the publication of a tract, containing his arguments for peace; these, though disregarded by the multitude, were too distinct and forcible not to impress the reflecting and moderate.†

In the policy pursued by England towards France, as the passions of men were less interested, the councils of Cecil were followed, with little deviation. During the short and feeble reign of Francis II. the duke of Guise, with his four brothers, uncles to Mary queen of Scots, had obtained a complete ascendancy in the French government. Powerful from the influence of their house, and dignified by their alliance with the royal family, their talents, joined to a restless, daring ambition, overpowered their antagonists, and reduced their monarch to a mere instrument in their hands. The recapture of Calais from England, which the duke had unexpectedly effected, procured him unrivalled popularity; while his standing forth as the leader of the catholics against the Hugonots, gave him unlimited sway over the most numerous portion of the people. As the champion of his faith, he prepared to enforce its adoption with fire and sword, and to exterminate protestantism throughout France. The leaders of the Hugonots flew to arms; but, from their inadequate resources, they were quickly reduced to extremities, and, in despair, applied to Elizabeth for succour. Her compliance was enforced by the most evident interest, as the ambitious Guise aspired to place his niece Mary on the throne of England as well as of Scotland. A supply of men and money was accordingly sent without delay.

Throughout all the measures of Elizabeth towards the French Hugonots, we perceive the cautious and frugal policy of Cecil. He was of opinion that the French protestants should, from time to time, be furnished with such supplies as might enable them to make head against their enemies; but that it would be folly to embroil his country farther than this object required. France and Eng-

† Camden, p. 608.

‡ Ibid.

land had long regarded each other as dangerous rivals; and he understood human nature too well, to suppose that a change of religion in the government would alter these sentiments. A French sovereign, whether popish or protestant, would, he knew, be almost equally dangerous to England; and he deemed it extreme folly in this country to waste her resources in procuring a decided ascendancy to either the insurgent or the royalist faction.

Such were the maxims which guided the conduct of Elizabeth during the French civil wars. When the Hugonots were almost driven to despair in the minority of Charles IX., she furnished them with some money and troops; but a part of the money was advanced by way of loan; and, in return, she obliged her allies to put Havre de Grace into her hands, as a pledge that Calais should be restored to the English crown. When the young duke of Guise, at a subsequent period, had begun to emulate the enterprises of his father, and had reduced the protestants to extreme distress, she again revived their spirits by timely assistance; but it consisted merely in exciting the protestant German princes to their support; in lending them a sum of money, for which the jewels of the queen of Navarre were deposited with her in pledge; and in permitting a hundred gentlemen volunteers to pass over into France, where they fought at their own charge.*

The massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which the court of France butchered such multitudes of their unsuspecting protestant subjects, naturally excited the horror of all the protestant states of Europe. The English, fired with indignation, eagerly expected to see their government stand forward to avenge the rights of religion and humanity; and so earnest were the nobility and gentry in the cause, that they offered to levy an army of 20,000 foot and 10,000 horse, to transport them to France, and maintain them at their own expense.† But Elizabeth, instructed by her wise counsellors, perceived too well the consequences of such a crusade, to second the hasty resentment of her subjects. She was aware that an attack on France, to be effectual, would require such a waste of resources as must enfeeble the nation, and render abortive all the frugal measures of her reign; that Charles and Philip, from a similarity of malignant passions, had formed a close union; that, against such a combination, the success of her utmost efforts in behalf of the French protestants was, at best, very doubtful; that the only certain effect of an attack on France would be to exasperate that nation, and exhaust her own, and thus render Charles and Philip both more eager and more able to accomplish her destruction. But while she prudently dissembled her indignation till a more favourable opportunity, by her secret pecuniary aids to the Hugonots she enabled them again to take

the field against Charles, and to procure from his successor, Henry III., conditions comparatively favourable.*

When the gallant king of Navarre was afterwards called to the throne of France, she openly assisted him against that formidable league of the catholics, which threatened ruin to them both. The apprehended desertion of his Swiss and German auxiliaries she prevented by a gift of 22,000*l.*, a greater sum, as he declared, than he had ever before seen; and she added a reinforcement of 4000 men, to whose valour he owed some important successes. A body of Spanish forces having been introduced into Britany, she furnished 3000 men to hasten the expulsion of these dangerous neighbours; but stipulated that her charges should be repaid her in a twelvemonth, or as soon as the enemy was expelled.‡ She afterwards sent another reinforcement of 4000 men to effect this object, which proved of great difficulty. Finally, she formed an alliance with the French king, in which it was agreed that they should make no peace with Philip but by common consent; that she should assist Henry with a reinforcement of 4000 men; and that he, in return, should refund her charges in a twelvemonth, employ a body of troops in aid of her forces in expelling the Spaniards from Britany, and consign into her hands a seaport of that province for a retreat to the English.‡ On various occasions she advanced him sums to the amount of 100,000*l.*, but always in the form of a loan; and when, at length, he began to acquire a decided superiority over his enemies, her succours became more sparing as his exigencies became less pressing.

While Elizabeth thus avoided a waste of her resources, her aid was so efficient, that Henry IV. gratefully attributed his triumph to her assistance. A more liberal distribution of her succours would often have been agreeable to him, yet, as he could not but admire a conduct so wise, and dictated by maxims so congenial to his own, he continued her steady and sincere friend to the end of her life.

* Camden, p. 452.

† Camden, p. 561. When we compare these diminutive aids with the immense armaments sent to the assistance of allies in the present times, we may be surprised to hear Burleigh extolling the liberality of Elizabeth on this occasion, as something altogether extraordinary. Alluding, in a letter to our envoy in France, to this body of auxiliaries under sir John Norris, he adds, "and besides that, her majesty hath presently sent away certain of her ships of war under the charge of sir Henry Palmer, with the number of a thousand men or thereabouts, to serve upon the coast of Bretagne, against the Spaniards and against the Leaguers, thereby her majesty's charges grow daily so great, as the French king hath great cause to acknowledge her majesty's goodness towards him, beyond all other friendships that he hath in the world. And therefore you may do well, when you find opportunity, to notify these so great charges both of her majesty and of her realm, as we may hereafter find thankfulness both in the king and in his subjects." Birch's Memoirs of Eliz. vol. i. p. 66.

‡ Rymer, vol. xvi.

* Camden, p. 423. † Digges, p. 335.

Accustomed as we have been, in the present age, to see vast expeditions undertaken against our continental enemies, and vast subsidies thrown, without reflection, into the hands of our allies; we may be apt to look on this policy of Elizabeth's government as timid and ungenerous. Yet, with an expense of men and money almost too trifling to be perceptible, it procured, for England, advantages greater perhaps than would have resulted from mighty armaments and lavish disbursements. Her protestant allies were not alarmed by the overwhelming succours of an ancient enemy, nor rendered odious in the sight of their countrymen by a too evident dependence on a foreign power. The French people were not roused to any general combination against her, from the apprehension of passing under her yoke, or sustaining the dismemberment of their territory.

The policy which the English government pursued with respect to Scotland, led to some of the most questionable incidents of Elizabeth's reign. That country, narrow and thinly peopled as it was, required the incessant attention of its southern neighbour. England, divided from the rest of the world by stormy seas, on which her own fleets now began to ride triumphant, could not be assailed without the most imminent hazard. As a foreign enemy, surrounded by an uncertain element and annoyed by her fleets, which might eventually cut off both his supplies and his retreat, could hope for safety only from her entire subjugation; the preparations requisite for such an enterprise would be too vast to be long concealed, and too protracted to be completed before her plans for defence should be matured. But against Scotland she was aided by no such bulwark: in that country stood an array of combatants, dexterous in regular warfare, and separated from her only by a fordable river, or an imaginary line; they might assemble and invade her in force, before the news of their approach should reach the seat of government. Even if her hasty levies should succeed in repelling the incursion, still the enemy might retire to his own country, loaded with booty, and secure from pursuit; while the loss of a battle might expose all her northern counties to devastation.

These, the permanent dangers from an enemy in the north, were at this time increased by circumstances of great importance. Since Mary, the youthful queen of Scotland, had espoused the heir apparent to the throne of France, the counsels and energies of both these countries were under the control of her ambitious maternal uncles, the princes of Lorraine. The enterprises which these daring leaders had planned, led them to exert the whole of their power in attempting to dethrone Elizabeth. They had founded their plans on standing forth as the champions of the church, and leaders of the catholic league; while the power of Elizabeth formed the great bulwark of the protestants. Nor did their means seem in-

adequate to the mighty undertaking of subverting her throne, and acquiring the uncontrolled sway of the three kingdoms. The title of their niece, Mary, to the throne of England was accounted preferable to that of Elizabeth by all good catholics, who held the marriage of Henry with Catharine to be indissoluble, unless by the authority of the pope. The portion of the English people which still adhered to the Romish communion was considerable, while the favourers of the Reformation in Scotland seemed as yet no ways formidable. If heresy could there be checked in the bud, and the whole Scottish nation rendered the partisans of their cause, the princes of Lorraine had grounds for expectations by no means chimerical. From France, from Spain, and the other countries which abetted the catholic league, they might hope to pour into Scotland such a body of disciplined troops, as, uniting with the natives, and entering England on her defenceless side, should disperse the raw levies of Elizabeth, and place their niece on her throne.

These intentions were manifested by the first movements in the gigantic plan. No sooner was the death of Mary of England announced in France, than the queen of Scots and her husband endeavoured to keep alive the hopes of their partizans by assuming the arms and title of king and queen of England. This parade proved rather injurious than useful to the projects of the house of Guise, by discovering their designs, and putting their enemies on their guard; but more energetic measures were, in conformity to their council adopted by their sister, the queen dowager and regent of Scotland. That princess, naturally moderate and politic, had hitherto pursued a system so mild and conciliating, as had, in a great measure, lulled the dangerous dissensions of her country. Now, however, from an undue subserviency to the designs of her brothers, the fatal error of her character, she began to attempt the extirpation of protestantism, by mingling a cruelty which should have shocked her humanity, with a faithlessness from which her moral feelings ought to have revolted. The sufferers at length betook themselves to arms; but the vigour and dexterity of the regent, supported by a body of veteran French troops, soon compelled them to implore assistance from the common protectress of the Reformation.

There were certain circumstances which rendered Elizabeth much less forward in their support than her interests seemed to demand. The principles of the Scottish protestants, especially in regard to the form of worship, went far beyond her ideas of reformation; and the strong tincture of republicanism which appeared in their politics rendered them, in her eyes, suspected and dangerous. To abet rebellious subjects, is always a delicate undertaking for sovereigns; but in a country so closely connected with her own, by vicinity, language, and manners, it seemed most

unsafe to encourage the supporters of those civil and religious principles, which, at home, all her authority was employed to suppress.* To these dissuasives, her love of economy gave additional force; since it was manifest that the necessities of the Scots would require considerable supplies, while their poverty left her no hope of reimbursement.

It was, we are informed, by the representations of Cecil that she at length permitted these considerations to give way to others still more urgent and important. Two papers, written with his own hand, and still preserved, contain the reasonings in which he explained to the queen and her council the propriety and necessity of interfering in the affairs of Scotland.† Setting out with the principle that every society has a right to provide for its security both against present and future dangers, and to turn against its enemies the means employed by them for its annoyance, he proceeds to show, that the safety of England could be secured only by sending powerful and immediate assistance to the Scottish protestants. Elizabeth felt the force of these arguments; but her first succours, consisting in some small remittances of money, were so inadequate, as to produce no effect in favour of her friends. Afterwards, however, when Scotland could not otherwise be rescued from entire subjugation by her enemies, she formed with the protestants a league offensive and defensive; sent a powerful fleet to guard the Forth against reinforcements from France, and, by the aid of a land force, enabled the Scots to drive the French from the field, and besiege them in their last refuge at Leith.

This timely and vigorous effort, in support of the Scottish protestants, led to a treaty in which Cecil and Dr. Wotton, the plenipotentiaries of Elizabeth, partly from their talents, partly from the desperate situation of their enemies, procured the most advantageous terms for their allies. The Scottish parliament, of which the great majority now adhered to the reformed faith, obtained almost the whole direction of public affairs. It was stipulated, that this assembly should meet and act with the same full powers as if formally convoked by the sovereign: that, during the absence of their young queen, the administration should be vested in twelve commissioners, of which the queen should select seven, and the parliament five, out of twenty-four persons named by the parliament: that, without the consent of this assembly, neither war should be declared nor peace concluded: that the French troops should be immediately removed to their own country, and the fortresses of Leith and Dunbar, then in their possession, demolished: that in future no foreign troops should be introduced, and no fort erected, without the permission of parliament: that no foreigner should

hereafter be advanced to any place of trust or dignity in the kingdom: and that there should be a general act of amnesty for those who had opposed the measures of government. The security of the protestant faith was fully provided for by an article which left all matters respecting religion to the decision of parliament.*

The politic moderation of Elizabeth and her ministers was conspicuous in the articles stipulated for England. The English forces as well as the French were to be withdrawn from Scotland; former treaties were renewed, and the only additional article was, that the right of Elizabeth to the English throne should be formally acknowledged, Mary and her husband ceasing, from thenceforward, to assume the title or bear the arms of England. Elizabeth had indeed enjoined her plenipotentiaries to demand 500,000 crowns, and the restitution of Calais, as a compensation for the indignity already offered to her, by the assumption of her arms and title: but these conditions, to which the French commissioners had no power to agree, were at length referred to future discussion.†

At so small an expense, and with an exertion so trivial, compared to the magnitude of the object, did the English government, by its vigour and sagacity, succeed in giving a complete ascendancy to its protestant allies in Scotland. And when the catholic religion was abolished, and the reformed established by law, that country, instead of affording particular facilities to the enemies of Elizabeth, became a new bulwark to her throne.

The return of Mary to Scotland, and her assumption of the reins of government, led to plans of policy, in which the passions of Elizabeth interfered so much with the dictates of her understanding, and the counsels of her ministers, that we are bewildered amidst the effects of an irresolution, duplicity, and contradiction, which her usual systematic procedure does not prepare us to expect. The unfortunate Mary undertook the administration of her kingdom in circumstances where the sagacity of experience and the coolness of age could scarcely have conducted to a successful issue the delicate interests committed to youth and indiscretion. Her subjects, still in the ferment of a religious revolution, entertained violent prejudices against their sovereign. It was fresh in their recollection, that the cruel persecutions from which they had just escaped were carried on at the instigation of Mary's uncles, and under the authority of her mother; and they knew that plans were concerted by the house of Guise for the final extirpation of the protestant religion. Unfortunately they had too strong reasons to suspect that their queen, devoted to popery and to the will of her uncles, would not scruple to concur in the most dangerous designs. Stimulated by these consi-

* Elizabeth's Letter to the Earl of Bedford, in Appendix, No. XIII. to Robertson's Scotland.

† Burnet, vol. iii. Appendix.

* Keith, 137. Rymer, vol. xv. p. 593.

† See Letter of Elizabeth to Cecil and Wotton, in Lodge's Illustrations of British History, vol. i. p. 338.

derations, they scrutinised every step of her conduct with the most jealous : care and as the rudeness of manners in that age had been heightened by the convulsions and dangers of a revolution, they treated her with a harshness, which, in her eyes, might well appear indignity to a sovereign, and brutality to a woman.

Mary, educated in the polished, gay, and arbitrary court of France, was equally shocked with the coarseness of the Scots, the moroseness of their manners, and the republican principles which they had imbibed with their new religion. Nor were her more serious thoughts less outraged than her taste. While scarcely allowed to exercise, in her private chapel, those rites to which she was fondly attached, she daily heard them treated with insulting contumely, and herself reproached as a deluded and desperate idolatress. With a spirit too high and with passions too lively to submit to such mortification, or to win the confidence of her people by a train of prudent and conciliating measures, she endeavoured, in the conversation and amusements of a few favourite domestics, to recall her former scenes of enjoyment, and to lose the recollection of her present hardships. But, by a peculiar infelicity, the attachments of Mary were more fatal to her happiness than even her aversions ; and the unworthy objects on whom her affection was successively fixed proved the principal means of precipitating her ruin. By her choice of a youth whose head and heart were no less defective than his external appearance was captivating, a catholic in his creed, and a libertine in his morals, she shocked the pious, and alienated the wise* ; and when her infatuated fondness was soon succeeded by unconquerable aversion, the change was attributed, not to the return of reason, but the fickleness of passion. The confidence and familiarity with which she distinguished an unworthy minion seemed to argue a strange depravity of taste ; which her enemies readily accounted for by supposing a still stranger depravity of morals. But when, in opposition to the united voice of her subjects, to all laws divine and human, she bestowed her affections on the murderer of her husband, screened him from the vengeance of outraged justice, and made him the partaker of her bed and her authority, the indignation of her subjects could no longer be kept within the bounds of allegiance. They took up arms against her, formally deposed her from the sovereignty, and finally compelled her to seek for refuge in England.

During these transactions, the interference of the English government was hesitating, indecisive, and contradictory. The confidential ministers of Elizabeth, strongly tinctured with the religious opinions of the Scottish reformers, and looking on the ascendancy of Mary as the chief source of danger to their government, appear to have been unanimously of opinion that the Scottish protes-

stants ought to be supported ; and their queen, if not dethroned, at least involved in perpetual difficulties. Had Elizabeth consulted merely her personal feelings towards Mary, her measures would have been no less hostile than the counsels of her ministers. Her resentment against a competitor who had assumed her title, and affected to consider her birth as illegitimate, was aggravated by hatred of a rival who eclipsed her in those personal charms of which she was no less tenacious than of her sovereignty. The animosity thus fostered in her breast became apparent on various occasions. When Mary, on her return from France to her own dominions, solicited a safe-conduct from Elizabeth, this request, although a mere matter of complaisance, was refused by the latter, with an ill-humour which seemed to indicate very unfriendly intentions.* In the same manner, every overture for the marriage of the Scottish queen was industriously counteracted by her jealous neighbour ; and when Darnley at length became the object of her choice, Elizabeth reproached her with this marriage, as with a crime against herself and her government. Nor did Mary take any measures to conciliate a rival whom she looked on as the usurper of her rights, and the enemy of her person and religion. She refused to ratify that article of the treaty of Edinburgh by which she was bound to renounce her claims to the English throne ; and she occasionally expressed her indignation, with more frankness than prudence, against the ill-concealed malignity of Elizabeth.†

Yet, notwithstanding her personal animosity to Mary, the queen of England was far from entering cordially into the views of the Scottish protestants. Their tenets, both civil and religious, so nearly allied to those of her own puritans, were the object of her decided aversion ; their ascendancy was the last means by which she wished the humiliation of her rival. The imprudent attachments, and the consequent unpopularity and ignominy of the Scottish queen, probably afforded her more satisfaction than regret ; and it appears that her ambassadors, of themselves well inclined to the task, were encouraged in fomenting the dissensions between the court and the people of Scotland. But when the "Congregation" proceeded to try their sovereign for the crimes of which she was accused, and to deprive her of her throne and her liberty in consequence of their own award, the high monarchical sentiments of Elizabeth were alarmed. She sternly demanded an explanation of their presumptuous conduct ; and as their republican justification was even more offensive to her than their measures, she endeavoured by threats to procure the release and restoration of their sovereign. She seems even to have formed the resolution of attempting this object by force of arms, in opposition to the strenuous remonstrances of Cecil and her other ministers, who represent-

* See Letter from Randolph to Leicester, in Appendix XI. to Robertson's Scotland.

* See Appendix VI. to Robertson's Scotland.
† Keith, App. 159.

ed the danger of employing her arms to crush her most useful friends, and reinstate her mortal enemy. So thoroughly were the Scottish protestants convinced of her alienation from their interests, that they refused her ambassador admittance to their captive queen, and prepared to support themselves by other alliances. Already had their overtures been favourably received by the French, who made no scruple of abandoning Mary, provided they could maintain their ascendancy in Scotland; and the English resident had repeatedly warned his court of this danger, inevitable, unless Elizabeth should alter her conduct towards the Scottish protestants.*

The escape of Mary from confinement, and her subsequent retreat into England, produced a new course of policy on the part of Elizabeth. Her confidential ministers, more alive to the supposed interests of their country and religion than to the dictates of generosity, seem to have been unanimously of opinion, that the Scottish queen, instead of being aided by Elizabeth against her subjects, should, under specious pretences, be detained in a lasting captivity.† Her enmity to the protestant religion, and to Elizabeth, they considered implacable; and were she restored by the arms of England to her throne, she would not, they thought, scruple to turn her regained authority against her benefactors. On the other hand, her detention would give the English government a complete control over the affairs of Scotland; for the Scottish protestants would not fail to respect her will while she had their queen in her hands, and could punish them by restoring an exasperated sovereign to their throne. Nor did they see how these advantages could be attained by a procedure less harsh than the captivity of Mary. To refuse her an asylum would be replete with danger: that high-spirited princess would not fail to raise France and Spain in her cause; to procure from their willing ambition large forces for her restoration; and, stimulated both by ancient and recent animosities, to employ her recovered power in hostility to England.

These representations produced a powerful impression on Elizabeth, confirmed as they were by certain peculiarities in the situation of her rival, which admitted of severe measures being taken against her, without compromising the cause of sovereigns, or exciting general indignation against herself. Mary was accused of a crime horrible to mankind,—participation in the murder of her husband; and her marriage with his reputed murderer

had impressed a belief of her guilt, not easily to be effaced. While she laboured under the general indignation, her detention would be applauded by many, and warmly resented by none. On the other hand, the throne, if upheld as a sanctuary for such crimes, would become odious in the eyes of all; and Elizabeth, in supporting such a tenet, would weaken her own authority while she outraged the feelings of mankind.

These considerations made Elizabeth determine to detain the Scottish queen, not as a royal guest, who had come to claim her protection, but as a prisoner brought by happy accident into her power. From this commencement her hatred to Mary progressively increased by a variety of causes. Conscious that the detention of Mary was a new source of resentment, the commission of the injury became a cause for its aggravation. Deriving from the ill-advised concessions and subsequent retractions of the Scottish queen, a semblance of right to judge in her cause, and a colour for assuming her guilt as undeniable, both she and her people came gradually to regard the captive less as a sovereign princess than as a criminal subject of England. The mind of Elizabeth was perpetually agitated by the apprehension of her prisoner's escape, and more than once by the discovery of conspiracies, which Mary incautiously countenanced. All these proved new incentives to her hatred, and prompted her to a measure from which her tenderness for the rights of sovereigns would at first have made her revolt with horror.

From the letters and the conduct of Elizabeth in regard to Mary, we perceive that she aimed at two irreconcilable objects. She longed for the destruction of her dangerous prisoner, and she no less earnestly desired to have it accomplished without her apparent concurrence or connivance. She seems to have long hoped that Mary would sink under the rigours of her confinement, or fall a sacrifice to the discontent of her keeper. The earl of Shrewsbury, to whose custody she was intrusted, was subjected to great restraint and privation. Although entirely devoted to Elizabeth, and sufficiently willing to deprive Mary of every enjoyment*, his disposition was rendered still more narrow and intractable, by the severe and ungenerous usage which he experienced from his sovereign. The allowances which he received for the maintenance of the queen of Scots were so inadequate, that the deficiency impaired his private fortune; and after many years of this unprofitable charge, when he at length expected some signal mark of royal bounty, to his inexpressible astonishment and mortification, he received an order from court by which his appointments, instead of being increased, were diminished one half.† When the retrenchments, which this strange piece of econo-

* See a Letter from sir Nicholas Throgmorton to Cecil, in Appendix XXI. to Robertson's Scotland. Also from the same to queen Elizabeth, *ibid*.

† Lodge, vol. ii. p. 4, 5. A remarkable letter from the Earl of Sussex to Cecil, written so early after the flight of Mary as the 22d of October, 1568, and containing an urgent exhortation to that very policy which was afterwards pursued with regard to her, is inserted in the Appendix. Also the deliberations of Cecil on the same subject.

* See Shrewsbury's letter to lord Burghley, in Lodge, vol. ii. p. 68.

† Letters from Shrewsbury to lord Burghley, in Lodge, vol. ii. p. 244, 270, 272.

my naturally led him to make in the diet and accommodations of Mary, were complained of by the French ambassador, Shrewsbury received a letter from court, expressing the displeasure of his queen in strong terms, but containing no intimation that his former allowances would be restored.*

Other circumstances concurred to make Shrewsbury dissatisfied with his charge. As his whole time and attention were occupied in watching over his prisoner, his private affairs were neglected; and his tenants, in various parts of the country, taking advantage of his situation, contrived to evade his claims, by involving him in troublesome lawsuits.† If he ventured on an excursion from the residence of Mary, he was sure to be reminded, by a severe reprimand, of his duty.§ If a friend happened to pay him a visit, a letter full of insinuations showed him that the jealousy of his sovereign was roused. At length, by a strange excess of severity, his very children were not permitted to visit him; and he was almost reduced to despair, when his earnest entreaties, seconded by the friendship of Cecil, and some of the other ministers, procured his release from an intolerable bondage.||

To sir Amias Paulet, one of the gentlemen to whom the royal prisoner was afterwards committed, Elizabeth seems to have given a much more explicit intimation of her wishes. Paulet had entered into the royal association for bringing to punishment all pretenders to the throne who should attempt her life; and she seemed to expect that he would rid her of her enemy, without subjecting her to the necessity, which she so earnestly wished to avoid, of actually signing the death warrant.¶ This gentleman refused to be her instrument in so base a deed, which she would have both disavowed and punished; and no other course remained but to authorise the execution of the sentence against Mary: but Elizabeth affected the utmost reluctance to a step which her parliament and people, who heartily hated and dreaded the queen of Scots, so earnestly pressed. To such a length were her hopes of deceiving mankind by this duplicity carried, that, even after having deliberately signed the warrant, and delivered it to Davison, her secretary of state, she pretended, on hearing that it was actually executed, the utmost astonishment, grief, and indignation. Loudly accusing the secretary of having surreptitiously sent off the warrant, in direct opposition to her inclination, she caused the unfortunate man to be subjected, on this charge, to a heavy fine, which she levied, to his utter ruin.

* Letter from Leicester to Shrewsbury, *ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 253.

† Letter from the earl of Shrewsbury, *ibid.*, p. 275.

‡ *Ibid.*

§ Letter from Shrewsbury to the queen, *ibid.*, p. 246.

|| Letter from Shrewsbury to lord Burghley, *ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 247. Letter from the same, p. 248.

¶ Secretary Davison's Apology, in Camden's *Annals*, p. 545.

If the part which Cecil bore in these transactions has brought censure on his memory, it brought no less unhappiness on his mind. His opinion respecting the queen of Scots, and the manner of her treatment, coincided with those of his colleagues in office. While he looked on her as the most dangerous enemy of his sovereign and his religion, he considered her liberty, and even her life, as scarcely compatible with the safety of either. Yet her confinement freed him neither from anxiety nor danger; his vigilance was incessantly occupied in counteracting the plots of her partisans, which aimed to involve himself and queen in one destruction. Mary even proved a source of disquietude to him, in a way which he could least have expected. Having, from motives of humanity obtained Elizabeth's reluctant consent that the captive queen, whose health had suffered much from confinement, should be carried to Buxton Wells for her recovery*, he happened, during her stay there, to visit the same place for the relief of his own complaints. His jealous sovereign, connecting this accidental meeting with his frequent applications to mitigate the severities practised against Mary (for he was averse to all unnecessary harshness), conceived the strange suspicion that he had a private understanding with the queen of Scots, and had repaired to Buxton for the purpose of maturing some treacherous project.† Nor was this chimerical surmise the transient apprehension of a moment. On his return to court, he was charged by Elizabeth with this imaginary intrigue, in terms most injurious to his tried fidelity; and he found it prudent to decline a match between his daughter and the son of the earl of Shrewsbury, the keeper of Mary, and the supposed agent in their secret negotiations.‡

But while thus strangely suspected by Elizabeth, Cecil was, above all others, obnoxious to the partisans of Mary. Having been the chief means of discovering and overthrowing the conspiracies of Norfolk, he was reproached as the cause of that popular nobleman's death; though the repetition of the duke's treasonable attempts, after he had once been pardoned, seemed to render him no fit object of royal clemency. To consider Cecil as his private enemy seems altogether unfair. He was instrumental in procuring the pardon of Norfolk after his first offence; he endeavoured, by salutary counsels, to dissuade him from the prosecution of his pernicious schemes; and, in some of his writings, which still remain, he laments the infatuation of his grace, which rendered all good subjects his public enemies, however they might respect his private virtues.§ Yet the whole odium of Norfolk's death was thrown on him; and the

* Letter from Cecil to Shrewsbury, in Lodge, vol. ii. p. 111.

† *Ibid.* p. 130.

‡ *Ibid.*

§ Camden, p. 255. Lloyd's *State Worthies*, p. 540. Burleigh's *Meditation on the Reign of Elizabeth*, &c.

general reproach was countenanced by the unblushing duplicity of Elizabeth. That princess, though she had authorized the execution without any reluctance, was anxious to have it believed that she had only yielded to the importunities of Cecil. The minister was, for some time after, treated as a person who had deluded her into an act repugnant to her nature; and he was not received again into her presence and favour until she thought that appearances were sufficiently satisfied. But he had yet to connect a private and deeper affliction with the fate of Norfolk. One of Cecil's daughters was unfortunately married to a profligate husband, the earl of Oxford: that young nobleman, much attached to Norfolk, threatened his father-in-law, that unless he would undertake to procure the duke's pardon, he would do all in his power to ruin his daughter. This threat he executed with inhuman punctuality: and after having deserted her bed, and squandered his fortune in the most abandoned courses, he brought, by a train of barbarous usage, his innocent victim to an untimely grave.*

The selfish Elizabeth felt no remorse in attempting to load Cecil with the odium of the execution of Mary, as well as of Norfolk. He appears to have had no greater share in advising it than the other ministers: but as he was accounted a principal enemy of the queen of Scots, Elizabeth judged that an imputation against him would be most readily received; and, with this ungenerous view, she banished him from her presence, and treated him with all the harshness due to an unfaithful counsellor. Cecil appears, on this occasion, to have been seriously alarmed; ministers were not, in that age, protected against the crown, and the misfortunes of secretary Davison, then passing before his eyes, proved to him that, if Elizabeth should account a further sacrifice necessary for her purposes, little was to be expected either from her justice or gratitude. But, as the sincerity of her indignation had been testified sufficiently for political purposes by the ruin of Davison, and as the services of Cecil were too useful to be dispensed with, she suffered herself to be at length mollified, and received him again into favour.†

We have now taken a survey of the part acted by Cecil in regard to religion, to domestic and to foreign policy. A striking characteristic, and one hardly ever possessed to an equal degree by other statesmen, was a uniformity in his plans, the result of a mind always cool and deliberate, seldom blinded by prejudice, and never precipitated by passion. On some occasions we may dissent from his opinion, and in a few we may suspect the qualities of his heart; but, in general, we must allow that the measures which Elizabeth pursued in opposition to his sentiments were the

chief defects of her government; while those which she adopted in conformity to his counsels produced the boasted prosperity and glory of her reign.

It has long since been observed, that the most successful statesman is scarcely an object of envy; that his pre-eminence is dearly purchased by unceasing disquietudes, and that his honours are an inadequate compensation for his mortifications and dangers. While nations, like individuals, are liable to be agitated by violent passions, and misled by false views of interest, the advocate of moderation and peace is often the object of popular reproach. Such was not unfrequently the case of Cecil. So wildly were the minds of men possessed with the prospect of military glory and Mexican gold, that his opposition to the continuance of the Spanish war subjected him even to personal danger from the populace. The more violent among the clergy, because he attempted to restrain their persecuting spirit, reviled him as a puritan in disguise, as a secret enemy to the church; while the more zealous dissenters were no less suspicious of his endeavours to persuade them into conformity. From his supposed influence in public affairs, the enemies of government were also his personal enemies. The friends of Mary queen of Scots, and the partisans of the popish religion, regarded him as their capital foe; and not satisfied with incessantly defaming him by libels, they attempted more than once to take him off by assassination. In one of these attempts, for which two assassins were executed, the Spanish ambassador was suspected to have been concerned, and was, in consequence, ordered to depart the kingdom.

His influence with Elizabeth exposed him to equal hatred from the majority of the courtiers. The earl of Leicester was at the head of all the intrigues against him, and made, on one occasion, a bold effort to accomplish his ruin. In concert with the principal courtiers, he planned that Cecil should be unexpectedly accused before the privy council, arrested without the knowledge of the queen, and immediately sent to the Tower. When thus removed from the queen's presence, abundance of accusations, it was imagined, might be procured to elicit her consent to his trial and condemnation.* This plot had nearly reached its accomplishment, and Cecil was resisting his accusers in the privy council with very little effect, when Elizabeth, who had been privately informed of the design, suddenly entered the room, and addressed, to the astonished counsellors, one of those appalling reprimands which were more distinguished for vigour than delicacy.†

As a compensation for these disquietudes, and a recompense for his services, we should not be surprised to find Cecil loaded with the favours of

* Dugdale's Baronage, vol. ii. p. 169.

† *Strype's Annals*, vol. iii. p. 370.

* *Life of William Lord Burghley*, p. 19.

† *Camden's Annals Eliz.*

his sovereign. But that princess was proverbially frugal of her rewards. Her love of economy was frequently carried to a blameable excess, and her confidential ministers abridged of the means to serve her with advantage. There remain various letters of sir Francis Walsingham, complaining of his being wholly unable, on his scanty appointments, to support his establishment, though very inadequate to his quality of his ambassador in France.* Other ministers had equal reason for complaint; and there were many more fortunes spent than made in her service. In the distribution of honours her frugality was no less conspicuous, and could be ascribed only to sound policy, uninfluenced by meaner motives. Aware that titles, unless accounted indicative of real merit in those on whom they were bestowed, would cease to confer distinction, she distributed them with a careful and sparing hand; and the honours of the earl of Leicester afford perhaps a solitary instance, in her reign, of a title acquired without desert. A title from Elizabeth was consequently a real reward, and was deemed an adequate retribution for the most important services.

If Cecil was better rewarded than the other ministers, we must own that his claims were greater; and we shall find that the favours which he received were neither hastily bestowed, nor carried beyond his merits. In consequence of his efforts in repressing the rebellion which attended the duke of Norfolk's first conspiracy, he was created a baron, the highest title he ever attained. The other favours which he received, consisting in official situations, could hardly be denominated rewards, since they brought him additional business, which he executed with punctuality and diligence. After concluding the treaty of Edinburgh, he was appointed master of the wards, an office in virtue of which he had to preside in the court of wards, and to determine a variety of questions between the sovereign and the subject. Eleven years afterwards, lord Burleigh (such was his new title) was raised to the office of lord high treasurer, which, along with great dignity, brought him an immense addition of complicated business. An accumulation of offices in the hands of one man naturally led to much envy, and was certainly a very blameable precedent; but the fidelity and ability with which he executed their duties must, in his case, alleviate the censure of posterity.

Lord Burleigh continued minister during a period of unexampled length, and in an age when men in office were exposed to the rudest assaults of faction and intrigue. To investigate the means by which he maintained his station cannot fail to be instructive, devoid as they were of the craft and subtlety so frequently connected with the name of politician. The arts to which he owed his success were not less honourable than skilful, and would

have raised him to influence and reputation in the walks of private life. For nothing was he more remarkable than for his unremitting diligence and scrupulous punctuality. Whatever the engagements of others, whether the pursuit of pleasure or the cabals of the court, Burleigh was always found at his post, intensely occupied with the duties of office and the cares of government. A young courtier of those times, while describing the intrigues with which all around him were busied, observes, "My lord treasurer, even after the old manner, dealeth with matters of state only, and beareth himself very uprightly."^{*} The degree of his industry may be estimated from its effects, which were altogether wonderful. As principal secretary of state, and for a considerable time as sole secretary, he managed a great proportion of the public business, both foreign and domestic: he conducted negotiations, planned expeditions, watched over the machinations of internal enemies, employed private sources of intelligence, assisted at the deliberations of the privy council and parliament, and wrote many tracts on the state of affairs. When created lord high treasurer, his concern with the general affairs of government continued, while he had, moreover, to attend to the receipts and disbursements of the nation, to devise means for replenishing the treasury, and to sit occasionally in the court of Exchequer, as judge between the people and the officers of the revenue. As master of the court of wards, he had much judicial occupation during term; for his equitable decisions brought before him an unusual accumulation of suits. Nor did he neglect those numerous petitions with which he was perpetually importuned, some demanding the reward of services, others imploring the redress of injuries; and, amidst all these avocations, his private affairs were managed with the same precision as those of the state.

All this load of business he was enabled, by assiduous application and exact method, to despatch without either hurry or confusion. In conformity to his favourite maxim, that "the shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once," he finished each branch of business before he proceeded to another, and never left a thing undone with the view of recurring to it at a period of more leisure. In the courts where he presided, he despatched as many causes in one term as his predecessors in a twelvemonth.† When pressed with an accumulation of affairs, which frequently happened, he rather chose to encroach on the moderate intervals usually allowed to his meals and his sleep, than to omit any part of his task. Even when labouring under pain, and in danger of increasing his malady, he frequently caused himself to be carried to his office for the despatch of business. An eye-witness assures us that, during a

* Letter from Gilbert Talbot to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in Lodge, vol. ii. p. 100.

† Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 21.

‡ Hælian MSS. in British Museum, No. 260.

period of twenty-four years, he never saw him idle for half an hour together*; and if he had no particular task to execute, which rarely happened, he would still busy himself in reading, writing, or meditating.† By incessant practice, he acquired a facility and despatch which seemed altogether wonderful to idle courtiers; it proved of incalculable advantage to government, and to himself it gave a decided superiority over his less industrious rivals.

Next to his unequalled diligence and punctuality we are to rank his invincible reserve, whenever reserve was necessary. While he avoided that system of deception by which statesmen have so often undertaken to gain their ends, he succeeded in concealing his real views, by the mere maintenance of a guarded secrecy. Perfectly impenetrable to the dexterous agents who were employed to sound him, his unaltered countenance and unembarrassed motions afforded no means to divine the impressions produced on him by any communications. Equally hopeless was the attempt to arrive at his political secrets by procuring access to his most intimate friends; for he had no confidants.‡ “Attempts,” he said, “are most likely to succeed when planned deliberately, carried secretly, and executed speedily.”§

The resolution with which he could persevere in his reserve was remarkably exemplified in his silence with respect to the succession to the throne. Three rival families at that time claimed this splendid inheritance,—the houses of Suffolk and Hastings, and the royal line of Scotland: the title of either might have been rendered preferable by an act of parliament. But Burleigh saw the danger of declaring in favour of one or other. All were at present restrained from improper attempts by their expectations; but if the intentions of the queen were once known, the disappointed families might be apt to embrace those violent measures from which alone they could then hope for success. He determined, therefore, to maintain a profound silence on this delicate question; and the queen, probably in consequence of his counsels, adopted and persevered in the same resolution, in spite of all the remonstrances with which she was assailed. The parliament often attempted to force a disclosure of her sentiments, and she and her minister found much difficulty in eluding their importunities; yet Burleigh carried his opinion with him to the grave, and Elizabeth disclosed hers only on her death-bed.

No statesman was ever more distinguished for self-command and moderation. Collected, calm, and energetic in the most critical emergencies, he bore adversity without any signs of dejection, and prosperity without any apparent elevation.¶ Yet his coolness had in it nothing repulsive; and his

self-command was chiefly exerted in repressing angry emotions. In council, he was always the strenuous advocate of moderate and conciliating measures*; and it was his particular boast that, notwithstanding the extent of his private as well as his public transactions, he had never sued nor been sued by any man.† He bore the attacks of his opponents without any appearance of resentment; and, in due season, embraced opportunities to promote their interest. When the earl of Leicester, who had always thwarted his measures, and often calumniated his character, at length fell under the queen's displeasure, Burleigh successfully exerted himself to prevent his total loss of favour.‡ Nor did he hesitate to form a cordial reconciliation with sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who had long been one of his most dangerous enemies, and who had desisted from his practices only when he found Burleigh's power too firmly established to be shaken. Although Essex was his avowed and turbulent opponent, yet, when Elizabeth refused some just claim of that nobleman, the lord treasurer supported his cause with so much firmness, that the enraged queen at length bestowed on him some of those vehement epithets by which she made her courtiers feel her displeasure.§ It was observed that he never spoke harshly of his enemies, nor embraced any opportunity of revenge; and as he was no less on his guard to avoid every undue bias from affection, it became a general remark that he was a better enemy than a friend.¶ “I entertain,” he said, “malice against no individual whatever; and I thank God that I never retired to rest out of charity with any man.”¶¶

Burleigh possessed great discernment in selecting, and great zeal in recommending, men of talent for public employments. He seemed resolved that England should be distinguished above all nations for the integrity of her judges, the piety of her divines, and the sagacity of her ambassadors.** It was he who discovered and brought into office sir Francis Walsingham, so much distinguished among the ministers of Elizabeth for acuteness of penetration, extensive knowledge of public affairs, and profound acquaintance with human nature. The department of foreign affairs was long almost exclusively under the management of Burleigh; and there is perhaps no period in the History of England in which her intercourse with other countries was committed to such able hands, and in which her ambassadors confessedly excelled those of other nations in diplomatic talents. By this attention to merit and neglect of interest, the

* “Win hearts,” he was accustomed to say to the queen, “and you have their hands and purses.” *Rushworth's Collections*, vol. i. p. 469.

† Bacon's Works, vol. iv. p. 372.

‡ Letter of Lord Burghley in the Earl of Hardwicke's Miscellaneous State Papers, vol. i. p. 329.

§ Burch's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 147.

¶ Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 59.

¶¶ Ibid.

** Ibid. p. 46, 55.

* Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 24.

† Ibid. p. 65.

‡ Ibid. p. 64.

§ Ibid. p. 69.

¶ Ibid. p. 30.

treasurer naturally incurred much obloquy from those whom his penetration caused him to neglect: the nobility, in particular, expressed high displeasure at the preference so often given to commons, and seemed to think that offices which they could not execute, like honours which they had not earned, should be entailed on them and their descendants.

Cecil was never the advocate of compulsory or arbitrary measures. Open discussion, far from being attended with danger, was, in his opinion, the most effectual and innocent means of expending the fury of faction: a forced silence seemed to him only to concentrate and aggravate popular resentment. In the courts where he presided, he never gave a judgment without explaining the grounds on which he proceeded*: in matters of state, he refused to give his opinion, unless where he might bring forward and debate the reasons on which it was founded.† His influence was thus increased by all the weight of reason, and he omitted no precaution to give it the sanction of impartiality. The solicitations of those who presumed most on his favour, from the ties of kindred or familiar acquaintance, he received with such coldness that they were carefully avoided by those who knew him best, and never by any one repeated. If the cause of his friends were tried before him, he gave them rigid justice; if they sought preferment in the state, he did not obstruct their claims of merit: but he would listen to no application where partiality might blind his judgment, or blemish his integrity.‡

In that age, the eyes of mankind were more strongly dazzled than at present by the splendour of rank; and a statesman was more likely to promote his views by attentions to the great. Yet, with Burleigh, the poor received equal measure with the wealthy, and had their suits as patiently heard, and as speedily determined. Each day in term, it was customary for him to receive from fifty to sixty petitions, all of which he commonly perused and weighed in the course of the evening or night, and was prepared to return an answer next morning, on his way to Westminster Hall. As soon as the petitioner mentioned his name, Burleigh found no difficulty in recollecting his business, and in delivering a reply. When at length confined to his bed by age and infirmities, and no longer able to attend at the courts, he directed that all petitions should be sent to him under seal; and as all were opened in the order in which they arrived, and answers immediately dictated, the lowest petitioner received his reply with the same despatch as the highest.§

The early and complete intelligence which Burleigh possessed with regard to secret transactions, both at home and abroad, was spoken of

with wonder by his contemporaries, and enabled him to adopt the promptest measures for counteracting all hostile attempts. At a period when invasion from abroad, and conspiracy at home, agitated by artful intriguers and desperate bigots, it was no season to await, in careless slumber, the development of events: but while we admire the extent and happy effects of his intelligence, we must hesitate to applaud the methods by which it was occasionally procured, and consider them as excusable only from the necessity of his situation. Obligated to maintain a number of spies, to reward informers, and to bribe accomplices to betray their associates, he might be condemned for resorting to nefarious arts, had they not been indispensable to the public safety, at a period when assassinations were so common, and when the doctrines of mental reservation, and of keeping no faith with heretics, were general tenets among the enemies of the government.

Burleigh, by adhering inflexibly to the rule of living within his means, escaped those pecuniary embarrassments which often beset his less considerate colleagues. His income, considerable at an early age, became progressively increased by additional offices, and occasionally by the mercantile adventures which in these days were usual among men of rank and fortune. It is a curious fact, that he invested large sums in the purchase of lead, for the purpose of re-sale.* Still he was exempt not only from corruption, but from selfishness: for an avaricious man would have made more by his offices in seven years than he made in forty; and the splendour of his expenses was fully proportioned to his wealth and station.† So far, indeed, did he carry his disinterestedness, as never to raise his rents nor displace his tenants. As the lands were let when he bought them, so they still remained; and some of his tenants continued to enjoy for 20*l.* a year what might have been leased for 200*l.*‡

The magnificence of his mode of life is to be ascribed partly to policy, but more to the manners of the age, which, as we have seen in the case of the modest and unambitious More, made the expense of the great consist chiefly in a number of retainers. Burleigh had four places of residence, at each of which he maintained an establishment, his family and suite amounting to nearly a hundred persons. His domestic expenses at his house in London were calculated at forty or fifty pounds a week when he was present, and about thirty in his absence; princely allowances, when we consider the value of money at that period. His stables cost him a thousand marks a year; his servants were remarked for the richness of their liveries. Retaining an appendage of ancient magnificence, which had now been given up, unless by

* Ibid. p. 33.

† Ibid. p. 68.

‡ Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 58.

§ Ibid. p. 22, 23.

* Letter from Gilbert Talbot to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in Lodge, vol. ii. p. 211.

† Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 43.

‡ Ibid. p. 54. 55.

a few noblemen of the first rank and fortune, he kept a regular table, with a certain number of covers for gentlemen, and two others for persons of inferior condition. These, always open, were served alike whether he was present or absent; and, in correspondence with this proud hospitality, he had around him many young persons of distinction, who acted as his retainers, and lived in his family. Promotion was not yet attainable by open competition; the house of a minister was the grand preparatory school; and Burleigh was under Elizabeth what cardinal Morton had been under Henry VII. Among the retainers of Burleigh, there could, we are told, be reckoned, at one time, twenty young gentlemen, each of whom possessed, or was likely to possess, an income of 1000*l*.; and among his household officers there were persons who had property to the amount of 10,000*l*.^{*} His houses were not large, but his equipage and furniture were splendid; his plate is reported to have amounted to 14,000 pounds in weight, and about 40,000*l*. in value. His public entertainments corresponded with this magnificence. It was customary for Elizabeth to receive sumptuous entertainments from her principal nobility and ministers; and, on these instances of condescension, Burleigh omitted nothing which could show his sense of the honour conferred on him by his royal guest. Besides the short private visits which she often paid him, he entertained her in a formal manner twelve different times, with festivities which lasted several weeks, and on each occasion cost him two or three thousand pounds. His seat at Theobalds, during her stay, exhibited a succession of plays, sports, and splendid devices; and here she received foreign ambassadors, at the expense of her treasurer, in as royal state as at any of her palaces.[†] This magnificence, doubtless, acquired him a considerable ascendancy both at court and among the people; but it was attended with much envy, and often brought him vexation. At his death, he left, besides his plate and furniture, 11,000*l*. in money, and 4000*l*. a year in lands, of which he had received only a small portion by inheritance.[‡]

We come next to the interesting topic of his conduct towards Elizabeth, and the deportment of her majesty in return. He was often heard to say, that he thought there never was a woman so wise in all respects as Elizabeth; that she knew the state of her own and foreign countries better than all her counsellors; that, in the most difficult deliberations, she would surprise the wisest by the

superiority of her expedients.* His services, both before and after her elevation to the throne, were of the most important nature; for, besides his great qualities as a minister, his vigilance had repeatedly preserved her life, while his fidelity had endangered his own.

These services were sincerely felt by Elizabeth: with a magnanimity not always to be found among princes, she freely acknowledged her obligations, and demonstrated her gratitude by attentions which, from a sovereign, were the most flattering of rewards. Interesting herself in his domestic concerns, and entering into the joys and sorrows of his family, we find her at one time standing sponsor for one of his children, and at another hastening in person to enquire for his daughter in a sudden illness. In promoting the marriage of his son with a lady of rank and fortune, she also took an active part, and visited the lady in behalf of the suitor. Although extremely jealous of her real authority, Elizabeth had too much sense as well as policy to impede her service by unmeaning forms. When the treasurer, in the latter part of his life, was much afflicted with the gout, the queen always made him sit down in her presence with some obliging expression, "My lord," she would say, "we make use of you, not for your bad legs, but for your good head." When the severity of his illness rendered him unable to quit his apartment, she repaired thither with her council to enjoy the benefit of his advice; and when his disease assumed a dangerous aspect, she appeared in person among the anxious enquirers for his health.[‡]

Her majesty was, however, far from being always so accommodating; and it often required no small degree of patience to bear the effects of her violent passions and unreasonable caprice. The manners of that age were much less refined than those of the present; yet, even then, it appeared no ordinary breach of decorum in a queen to load her attendants with the coarsest epithets, or to vent her indignation in blows. The style of gallantry with which she encouraged her courtiers to approach her, both cherished this overbearing temper, and made her excesses be received rather as the ill-humour of a mistress than the affronts of a sovereign. It was customary for her statesmen and warriors to pretend not only loyalty to her throne, but ardent attachment to her person; and in some of Raleigh's letters, we find her addressed, at the age of sixty, with all the enthusiastic raptures of a fond lover.[§] To feign a dangerous distemper arising from the influence of her charms was deemed an effectual passport to her favour; and when she appeared displeased, the forlorn courtier took to his bed in a paroxysm of amorous despondency, and breathed out his

* Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 40. The writer of the treatise from which these particulars are taken was himself one of lord Burghley's retainers, and an eye-witness of all these circumstances.

† Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 37—41. These protracted visits of Elizabeth to her principal courtiers seem to have had in view economy as well as popularity. She had no objection to honour her subjects by her presence, and she accounted it fair that they should pay for this honour.

‡ Ibid. p. 44.

* Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 71.

† Birch's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 294. 123. Lloyd's *State Worthies*.

‡ Cayley's *Life of Raleigh*, p. 127. 134. 4to. edit.

tender melancholy in signs and protestations. We find Leicester, and some other ministers, endeavouring to introduce one Dyer to her favour; and the means which they employed was, to persuade her that a consumption, from which the young man had with difficulty recovered, was brought on by the despair with which she had inspired him.* Essex, having on one occasion fallen under her displeasure, became exceedingly ill, and could be restored to health only by her sending him some broth, with kind wishes for his recovery. Raleigh, hearing of these attentions to his political rival, got sick in his turn, and received no benefit from any medicine till the same sovereign remedy was applied. With courtiers who submitted to act the part of sensitive admirers, Elizabeth found herself under no restraint: she expected from them the most unlimited compliance, and if they proved refractory, she gave herself up to all the fury of passion, and loaded them with opprobrious epithets.

Burleigh, by uniformly approaching her with the dignified demeanour of a grave and reserved counsellor, was far less liable to such indignities. Yet even on him she sometimes vented her chagrin; and, in moments of sudden violence, seemed to forget his age, his character, and his station. On one occasion, when, in opposition to her wish, he persisted in a resolution to quit the court a few days for the benefit of his health, she petulantly called him a froward old fool; and when he ventured, as already has been mentioned, to maintain some claim of the earl of Essex, which she had determined to disallow, she wrathfully reproached him as a miscreant and a coward who deserted her cause.† As he had generally to perform the disagreeable task of announcing to her any untoward accidents in the course of her affairs, he was exposed to the first ebullitions of her chagrin; and so much, we are told, did the unprosperous event of her plans for the tranquillisation of Ireland, in 1594, irritate her mind, that she severely reproached her aged minister even while he laboured under sickness.§ But it was not only hasty bursts of passion that he had to dread: we have seen that, on particular occasions, she chose to execute her designs under a veil of consummate hypocrisy; and made no scruple to shield herself from public reproach by affecting resentment against her ministers for the very acts which had given her the highest gratification. Fortunately for Burleigh, she found means to satisfy appearances, without carrying her injustice to him beyond some temporary indignities.

These mortifications were aggravated by the obstinacy with which she occasionally opposed his

designs. While certain counsellors, from attractions of person and manner, acquired at times an undue influence over her, some of her passions and prejudices were too powerful to be counteracted by his cool and rational suggestions; and it is alleged that she more than once rejected his counsels, merely to prove to him that his ascendancy over her was not absolute.

The even temper of Burleigh enabled him to suffer many of these disgusts with apparent calmness; yet at times they exceeded his endurance. A very few years after the accession of Elizabeth, we find him already desiring to quit a station in which his toil and mortification were so great.* As he advanced in life, his increasing bodily infirmities, and some domestic misfortunes which affected him very deeply, made such causes of chagrin more poignant; and he frequently solicited the queen to accept of his resignation. But that princess, though too impetuous to refrain from giving offence, could not endure to be deprived of the zeal, industry, and wisdom on which she had so long relied with the most prosperous issue; and his resignation was a theme to which she could never be brought to listen. Laying aside the stateliness of the queen, she undertook to alter his purpose and dispel his chagrin, by assuming the playfulness of the woman. Their still remain several of her letters, in which she so artfully mingles strokes of gratitude and attachment with railery, that it is no wonder the old statesman should have been moved by these indications of warm interest from his sovereign.†

The private life of Burleigh may be discussed in a short compass. Hurried along, from an early period of life, amidst affairs too complicated not to require his utmost industry, too important not to engage all his attention, he had very little leisure for domestic enjoyments. His hours of relaxation were few, seldom exceeding what was necessary for the refreshment of nature; and if he at any time indulged in a greater cessation from his public labours, it was chiefly when his bodily infirmities demanded such an intermission with a call not to be refused.

The principal scene of his amusements was his seat at Theobalds, near London, whither he fled with eagerness to enjoy the short intervals of leisure which he could snatch from public affairs. In these days the buildings had not extended so far; the house was surrounded with gardens, on which he had expended large sums of money, which were laid out under his own direction, with taste and magnificence. Here he was often seen riding up and down the walks on his mule, enjoying the progress of his improvements, or overlooking those who amused themselves by shooting with arrows or playing at bowls; but he never joined in these

* Letter of Gilbert Talbot to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in Lodge, vol. ii. p. 101.

† Birch's Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth, vol. i. p. 445.

‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 148.

§ Ibid. vol. i. p. 169.

* Letter in Hardwicke's Miscellaneous State Papers, vol. i. p. 170.

† Strype's Annals, vol. iv. p. 77.

or any other diversions. The weakness of his constitution, and more especially the distempers of his feet and legs, disqualified him for active sports, even if he had been led to them by inclination: but his mind seems to have been so thoroughly engrossed by important business, that he had as little relish as leisure for amusements; nor did he play at any of those games with which the less busy endeavour to relieve the languor of existence.*

His principal and favourite recreation was reading. Books were to him what cards are to a great portion of the world—his frequent and most valued resource. They frequently interfered with the exercise necessary to his health; for when he got home to take a morning's ride, if he found a book which pleased him, he willingly postponed his excursion.† Nor was he insensible to the pleasures of domestic society and exhilarating conversation. At his table, in the company of a few select friends, or of his children and kinsmen, whom he always loved to see around him, he appeared to throw all his cares aside, and to yield himself up to unrestrained enjoyment. Whatever fatigue or anxiety, in the course of the day, his mind might have experienced from the pressure of public affairs, every uneasy circumstance seemed at these periods to be forgotten. His countenance was cheerful, his conversation lively; and those who saw him only in these short intervals of relaxation would have imagined that pleasure was the business of his life. As the mildness of his demeanour towards all ranks, in the intercourse of public life, procured him many friends, the frankness and familiarity which he displayed in his private circle gave a relish to his society. His conversation often sparkled with wit and gaiety, and his observations were generally not less pleasant than shrewd. The topics discussed at his table were various; literary conversation was preferred, politics were always avoided.‡ The magnificent style in which he lived, the number of his attendants, and the concourse of persons of distinction, seem, at first, adverse to the freedom of his social entertainments. But Burleigh was accustomed to live in a crowd; and few of his visitors were so exalted above him by rank that he could not with grace relax himself in their presence.

A share in conversation was the chief pleasure which he enjoyed at table; for he was distinguished for temperance in an age when that virtue was

not common. He ate sparingly, partook of few dishes, never drank above thrice at a meal, and very seldom of wine. Although the dinner hour in that age was not later than twelve or one o'clock, it was not uncommon with him to refrain from supper.* The gout, with which he was grievously tormented in the latter part of his life, probably contributed to render him more cautiously abstemious: if his temperance failed to banish this uneasy guest, he never at least encouraged its stay by rich wines and strong spices.†

Nor was the private life of Burleigh destitute of nobler virtues. At a period when the poor had so few resources for their industry, and when many willing to work were reduced to want, a portion of his ample fortune was benevolently appropriated to their necessities. His certain and regular alms amounted to 500*l.* a year, besides farther and large disbursements on extraordinary occasions. Part was employed, under proper superintendence, in affording relief to poor prisoners, or in releasing honest debtors; the rest was confided to the management of certain parishes for the use of their most destitute inhabitants. From the low state of husbandry at that period, and the very limited intercourse between nations, one bad season was sufficient to subject a kingdom to the miseries of famine; corn, in certain districts, was sold at the most exorbitant prices, and rendered as inaccessible to the poorer classes as if none had existed in the country. In such times of scarcity, then of frequent occurrence, and attended with consequences revolting to humanity, it was usual for Burleigh to buy up large quantities of corn, which he sold at low prices to the poor in the neighbourhood of his different seats; and by this well-judged assistance, relieved their necessities without relaxing their industry.‡

The mind of Burleigh appears to have been strongly tinged with piety. Placed amidst dangers which his utmost vigilance could not always avoid, and from which he often escaped by unexpected accidents, his views were naturally extended to that Power on whose will depended the duration of his life. His faith had been endeared to him by persecution; his piety was exalted by the sacrifice of his interest to religion. Regular in his attendance on public worship, and in the performance of his private devotions, he strove, both by example and influence, to inspire his family and connections with religious sentiments. During the greatest pressure of business, it was his custom, morning and evening, to attend prayers at the queen's chapel. When his increasing infirmities rendered him no longer able to go abroad, he caused a cushion to be laid by his bedside, and on his knees performed his devotions at the same regular hours. Unable at length to kneel, or to endure the fatigue of reading, he caused the prayers

* Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 61.

† Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 63, 64. It is curious to hear the peevishness with which learning is often cried down, even by those who derive from it the principal pleasures of their life. Though Burleigh found nearly all his recreation in books, in a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury, he wishes that noblemen's son "all the good education that may be mete to teach him to fear God, love his natural father, and to know his friends, without any curiosity of human learning, which, without the fear of God, doth great hurt to all youth in this time and age."—*Lodge* vol. ii. p. 133.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 62, 63.

* Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 62, 63.

† *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 82.

‡ Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 38, 42.

to be read aloud to him as he lay on his bed.* "I will trust," he said, "no man if he be not of sound religion; for he that is false to God can never be true to man."† The strictness of his morals was in correspondence with his piety, and both had a powerful effect in confirming his fortitude in times of peril. At the awful period when Philip was preparing his armada, and when the utter destruction of the English government was confidently expected abroad, and greatly dreaded at home, Burleigh was uniformly collected and resolute; and when the mighty preparations of the Spaniards were spoken of in his presence with apprehension, he replied with firmness, "They shall do no more than God will suffer them."‡

In his intercourse with his family and dependants, this grave statesman was kind and condescending. In his leisure moments he delighted in sporting with his children, forbearing, however, such indications of intemperate fondness as might have rendered them regardless of his authority, and ready to give the rein to their caprices. In his old age no scene so much delighted him as to have his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, collected around his table, and testifying their happiness by their good-humour and cheerfulness.§ While his eldest son passed into the rank of hereditary nobility, it was to his second son, Robert, that Burleigh turned an-anxious eye as the heir of his talents and influence. Now where his pains fruitlessly bestowed: || Robert displayed abilities worthy of his father; and after rising, during his lifetime, to considerable trusts and employments in the state, succeeded him, under James I., as prime minister, under the title of earl of Salisbury. The care with which Burleigh watched over the interests of this son appears from a series of prudential advices arranged in ten divisions, which he drew up for his use.¶

For the improvement of his children, as well as for his own domestic happiness, Burleigh was chiefly indebted to his wife, the daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, a lady highly distinguished for her mental accomplishments. The plan of female education, which the example of Sir Thomas More had rendered popular, continued to be pursued among the superior classes of the community. The learned languages, which, in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign, still contained every thing elegant in literature, formed an indispensable branch of a fashionable education; and many young ladies of rank could not only translate the authors of Greece and Rome, but even compose in Greek and Latin with considerable elegance.

* Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 56.

† Ibid. p. 68.

‡ Ibid. p. 30.

§ Ib d. p. 60, 61.

|| Bacon's Works, vol. i. p. 376.

¶ This tract has been transmitted to posterity; and as it affords so many characteristic traits of its author, it is inserted, for the information and entertainment of the reader, in the Appendix.

Sir Anthony Cook, a man eminent for his literary acquirements, and on that account appointed tutor to Edward VI., bestowed the most careful education on his five daughters; and all of them rewarded his exertions, by becoming not only proficient in literature, but distinguished for their excellent demeanour as mothers of families. Lady Burleigh was adorned with every quality which could excite love and esteem; and many instances are recorded of her piety and beneficence. She had accompanied her husband through all the vicissitudes of his fortunes; and an affectionate union of forty-three years rendered the loss of her the severest calamity of his life. The despondency caused to him by this irreparable calamity produced a desire to renounce public business, so irksome in that state of his feelings, and to devote the remainder of his life to retirement and meditation. But Elizabeth was too sensible of the vast importance of his counsels. She peremptorily rejected the resignation which he tendered, yet softened her refusal with those arts which she knew so well to employ.

But though Burleigh continued to apply himself with undiminished vigour to public business, his happiness had sustained a loss which nothing could repair. In his wife he had been deprived of a companion whose society long habit had rendered essential to his enjoyment; while the increasing severity of the gout, with other infirmities of age, aggravated the distress of his mind by the pains of his body. By no trait had he hitherto been more remarkable than by the unruffled calmness of his temper. The serenity of his countenance seemed to indicate a tranquillity so confirmed as to be incapable of interruption; and an eye-witness informs us that, for thirty years together, he was seldom seen moved with joy in prosperity, or with sorrow in adversity.* But in the latter years of his life this consummate self-command began to forsake him. Business became more irksome as strength decreased, and the success with which his antagonists thwarted his pacific counsels gave him infinite pain, as they seemed likely to undo all the national advantages which it had been the labour of his life to procure. His temper now became so unfortunately altered, that he, who had been so eminent for coolness, sometimes gave way to passion, in opposition to every dictate of discretion.† In a conversation with M. Fouquierolles, an envoy from Henry IV., something which occurred so transported him, with passion, that he broke out into the most vehement invectives against that monarch.‡ His intercourse with his servants, which had been uniformly placid and cheerful, was now frequently interrupted by sudden bursts of peevishness: but on such occasions, he immediate-

* Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 43

† Birch's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 165.

‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 328.

ly recollected himself; appeared sensible of the injustice of injuring those who could not retaliate; and endeavoured, by assuming a peculiar complacency in his words and looks, or by studiously devising some acts of kindness, to make reparation for the pain which he had unadvisedly caused.*

Various indications of declining health now began to assail the aged statesman. Still he continued assiduous at his post, and laboured to rescue his countrymen from those delusive hopes of military glory and plunder, in pursuit of which they threatened to exhaust all their solid resources. The last public measure which he accomplished was the conclusion of an advantageous treaty with Holland: and he closed his long and useful labours in the council with an earnest but ineffectual effort to persuade them to negotiate with Spain. He died on the 4th of August, 1598, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, having held the station of prime minister of England for the long period of forty years, and assisted in the conduct of public affairs for upwards of half a century. His death-bed was surrounded by friends whom he esteemed, by children for whose future welfare he had provided, by servants devoted to him from a long interchange of good offices; and he expired with the utmost serenity and composure.†

The death of Burleigh was a cause of general sorrow. Elizabeth deeply lamented the loss of a minister in whose exertions she had found security and success during her whole reign: and the clouds which overhung the close of her career must often have renewed her regret for the want of her wise and faithful counsellor. A minister who opposes the multitude in the pursuit of an object on which their heated imaginations have fixed, is sure, at the moment, to be exposed to reproach. Such was the situation of Burleigh at the period of his death. In the face of popular clamour, he continued to deprecate a war which was no longer necessary for the public safety, and which wasted the wealth of the nation to gratify the pride or avarice of individuals. The earl of Essex, who still stood at the head of his antagonists, was the idol of the people; and they fondly contrasted the high spirit, the love of glory, the courageous sentiments of this young nobleman with what they termed the cold, cautious, illiberal policy of the aged Burleigh. Yet his death caused more regret than satisfaction, even among the unthinking multitude. They felt themselves deprived of a guardian, under whose vigilant protection they had long reposed and prospered; and there remained no statesman of equal experience to guide their affairs, at a time when the decay of Elizabeth, and a disputed succession, threatened the nation with many calamities. The lapse of time has long since removed those circumstances which elevated

the hopes and inflamed the passions of his contemporaries; the merits of Burleigh have been more justly estimated; and posterity seems to concur in recognising him as the wisest minister of England.

APPENDIX.

*The Earl of Sussex to Sir William Cecil.**

"Good Mr. Secretary,

"Upon your request and promise, made in your letter of the 16th, I will write to you what by any means I conceive in this great matter; although the greatness of the cause, in respect of the person whose it is, the inconsistency and subtleness of the people with whom we deal, and the little account made always of my simple judgment, give me good occasion of silence. And, therefore, (unless it be to the queen's majesty, from whom I would not wish any thought of my heart to be hidden,) I look for a performance of my promise.

"The matter must at length take end, either by finding the Scottish queen guilty of the crimes that are objected against her, or by some manner of composition with a show of saving her honour. The first, I think, will hardly be attempted, for two causes. The one, for that if her adverse party accuse her of the murder, by producing of her letters, she will deny them, and accuse the most of them of manifest consent to the murder, hardly to be denied; so as, upon the trial on both sides, her proofs will judicially fall best out, it is thought. The other, for that their young king is of tender and weak years, and state of body; and if God should call him, and their queen were judicially defaced and dishonoured, and her son, in respect of her wickedness, admitted to the crown, Hamilton upon his death should succeed; which, as Murray's faction utterly detest, so, after her public defamation, they dare not, to avoid Hamilton, receive her again, for fear of revenge. And therefore, to avoid these great perils, they surely intend, so far as I can by any means discover, to labour a composition, wherein Lyddington was a dealer here, hath, by means, dealt with the Scottish queen, and will also, I think, deal there. And to that end I believe you will shortly hear of Melvil there, who, I think, is the instrument between Murray, Lyddington, and their queen, to work this composition; whereunto I think surely both parties do incline, although diversely affected for private respects.

"The earl of Murray and his faction work that their queen would now willingly surrender to her son, after the example of Navarre; and procure the confirming of the regency in Murray; and

* This letter was written a few months after Mary's confinement in England; and the writer was, at the time, employed as one of the commissioners at York, to investigate the charges against her.

* Life of William Lord Burghley, p. 49.

† Ibid. p. 63.

therewith admit Hamilton and his faction to place of council, according to their states; and to remain in England herself, with her dowry of France: whereunto, I think, they would add a portion out of Scotland. And if she would agree to this, I think they would not only forbear to touch her in honour, but also deliver to her all matters that they have to charge her, and denounce her clear by parliament, and therewith put her in hope, not only to receive her again to her royal estate if her son die, but also, upon some proof of the forgetting of her displeasure, to procure in short time that she may be restored in her son's life, and he to give place to her for life: and if she will not surrender, it is thought Murray will allow of her restitution and abode in England, so as he may continue regent. The Hamiltons seek that the young king's authority should be disannulled; the hurts done on either side recompensed; and the queen restored to her crown, and to remain in Scotland. And yet, in respect of her misgovernment, they are contented that she should be governed by a council of the nobility of that realm, to be appointed here; in which council there should be no superior in authority or place appointed, but that every nobleman should hold his place according to his state; and that the queen's majesty should compose all differences from time to time amongst them. And to avoid all difference and peril, their queen should have certain houses of no force; and a portion to maintain her estate: and the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dunbar, and other principal forts of the realm, to be delivered into the hands of upright noblemen, that leaned to no faction, to be sworn to hold them in sort to be prescribed; and that the whole nobility of Scotland should swear amity, and should testify the same under their hands and seals: and that the queen's majesty should take assurance for performance; and have the bringing up of the young prince in England, by nobility of England or Scotland, at her appointment. And, so as this might take effect, I think they might easily be induced to consent their queen should also remain in England, and have her dowry out of France and a portion out of Scotland, to maintain her state and her son's, in places to be appointed by the queen's majesty.

"Thus do you see how these two factions, for their private causes, toss between them the crown and public affairs of Scotland, and how near they be to agree if their private causes were not, and care neither for the mother nor the child (as I think, before God,) but to serve their own turns. Neither will Murray like of any order whereby he should not be regent styled; nor Hamilton of any order whereby he should not be as great, or greater in government than Murray. So as the government is presently the matter, whatsoever they say was heretofore the cause; and, therefore, it will be good we forgot not our part in this tragedy.

"The opinion for the title to the crown, after the

death of their queen and her son, is diversely carried, as the parties be affected to these two factions. The Hamiltons affirm the duke of Châtelherault to be the next heir by the laws. The other faction say that the young king, by his coronation and mother's surrender, is rightfully invested of the crown of Scotland; whereby his next heir in blood is, by the laws, next heir also to the crown; and thereby the duke avoided. The fear of this decree maketh Hamilton to withstand the king's title, for the surety of his own, and the regency of Murray, in respect of his claim to be governor, as next heir to the crown; for which causes it is likely Hamilton will hardly yield to the one or the other. And yet James Macgill, an assured man to Morton, talks with me secretly of this matter; and, defending the right of the earl of Lennox's son, as next heir in blood to the young king, confessed to me that he thought, because it came by the mother, it must return by the mother's side, which was Hamilton: but it would put many men on horseback before it were performed, whereby you may see what leadeth in Scotland. There is some secret envy between Lyddington and Macgill; and as I think, if they agree not by the way, you shall find Lyddington wholly bent to composition, and Macgill, of himself, otherwise inclined. If the queen's majesty would assure their defence, you may deal with them as you see cause.

"Thus far of that I have gathered by them; wherein, if they do not alter, I am sure I do not err. And now, touching my opinion of the matter, (not by way of advice, but as imparting to you what I conceive,) I think surely no end can be made good for England except the person of the Scottish queen be detained, by one means or other, in England. Of the two ends before written, I think to be best in all respects for the queen's majesty, if Murray would produce such matter as that the queen's majesty may, by virtue of her superiority over Scotland, find judicially the Scottish queen guilty of the murder of her husband, and therewith detain her in England, at the charges of Scotland, and allow of the crowning of the young king, and regency of Murray. Whereunto if Hamilton will submit himself, it were well done, for avoiding of his dependency upon France to receive him, with provision for indemnity of his title; and if he will not, then to assist Murray to prosecute him and his adherents by confiscation, &c. If this will not fall out sufficiently (as I doubt it will not), to determine judicially, if she deny her letters; then surely I think it best to proceed by composition, without show of any meaning to proceed to trial. And herein, as it shall be the surest way for the queen's majesty to procure the Scottish queen to surrender, &c., if that may be brought to pass; so, if she will by no means be induced to surrender, and will not end except she may be in some degree restored, then I think it fit to consider therein these matters following:—

"First, to provide for her and her son, to remain in England, at the charges of Scotland.

"Secondly, to maintain in strength and authority Murray's faction as much as may be, so as they oppress not unjustly Hamilton.

"Thirdly, to compose the causes between Murray and Hamilton, and their adherents, and to provide for Hamilton's indemnity in the matter of the title, to avoid his dependency upon France.

"Fourthly, that the queen's majesty order all differences that shall arise in Scotland; and, to that end, have security on both sides.

"Fifthly, if Hamilton will wilfully dissent from order, it is better to assist Murray in the prosecuting of Hamilton by confiscation, although he flee therefore to France, than to put Murray any ways in peril of weakening.

"And lastly, to foresee that these Scots on both sides pack not together, so as to unwrap (under colour of this composition) their mistress out of all present slander, purge her openly, show themselves satisfied with her abode here, and, within short time after, either by reconciliation or the death of this child, join together to demand of the queen the delivery home of their queen to govern her own realm, she also making the like request; and then the queen, having no just cause to detain her, be bound in honour to restore her unto her realm, and for matters that in this time shall pass, have her a mortal enemy for ever after. And thus, ceasing to trouble you any farther, I wish to you as to myself.

"Yours, most assured,

"T. SUSSEX.

"From York, the XXII. October, 1568."

Secretary Cecil's Deliberation concerning Scotland, December 21st, 1568.

"The best way for England, but not the easiest, that the queen of Scots might remain deprived of her crown, and the state continue as it is.

"The second way for England profitable, and not so hard:—That the queen of Scots might be induced, by some persuasions, to agree that her son might continue king, because he is crowned, and herself to also remain queen; and that the government of the realm might be committed to such persons as the queen of England should name, so as, for the nomination of them, it might be ordered that a convenient number of persons of Scotland should be first named to the queen of England, indifferently for the queen of Scots and her son; that is to say, the one half by the queen of Scots, and the other by the earl of Lennox and lady Lemon, parents to the child; and out of those, the queen's majesty of England to make choice for all the offices of the realm that are, by the laws of Scotland, disposable by the king or queen of the land.

"That until this may be done by the queen's majesty, the government remain in the hands of the earl of Murray, as it is, providing he shall not dispose of any offices or perpetuals to continue any longer than to these offered of the premises.

"That a parliament be summoned in Scotland by several commandments, both of the queen of Scots and of the young king.

"That hostages be delivered unto England, on the young king's behalf, to the number of twelve persons of the earl of Murray's party, as the queen of Scots shall name; and likewise on the queen's behalf, to the like number, as the earl of Murray shall name; the same not to be any that have, by inheritance or office, cause to be in this parliament, to remain from the beginning of the summons of that parliament until three months after that parliament; which hostages shall be pledged that the friends of either part shall keep the peace in all cases, till by this parliament it be concluded, that the ordinance which the queen of England shall devise for the government of the realm (being not to the hurt of the crown of Scotland, nor contrary to the laws of Scotland for any man's inheritance, as the same was before the parliament at Edinburgh, in December, 1567,) shall be established, to be kept and obeyed under pain of high treason for the breakers thereof.

"That by the same parliament also be established all executions and judgments given against any person to the death of the late king.

"That by the same parliament a remission be made universally from the queen of Scots to any her contraries, and also from every one subject to another, saving that restitution be made of lands and houses, and all other things heritable, that have been, by either side, taken from them which were the owners thereof at the committing of the queen of Scots to Lochleven.

"That by the same parliament it be declared who shall be successors to the crown next after the queen of Scots and her issue; or else that such right as the duke of Châtellerauld had, at the marriage of the queen of Scots with the lord Darnley, may be conserved and not prejudiced.

"That the queen of Scots may have leave of the queen's majesty of England twelve months after the said parliament, and that she shall not depart out of England without special licence of the queen's majesty.

"That the young king shall be nourished and brought up in England, till he be years of age.

"It is to be considered that, in this case, the composition between the queen and her subjects may be made with certain articles, outwardly to be seen to the world, for her honour, as though all the parts should come of her, and yet, for the surety of contraries, that certain betwixt her and the queen's majesty are to be included."

Lord Burleigh's Advices to his Son, Robert Cecil.

"Son Robert,

"The virtuous inclinations of thy matchless mother, by whose tender and godly care thy infancy was governed, together with thy education under so zealous and excellent a tutor, puts me in rather assurance than hope that thou art not ignorant of that *summum bonum* which it only able to make thee happy as well in thy death as in thy life; I mean, the true knowledge and worship of thy Creator and Redeemer; without which all other things are vain and miserable. So that thy youth being guided by so sufficient a teacher, I make no doubt that he will furnish thy life with divine and moral documents. Yet, that I may not cast off the care befitting a parent towards his child, or that thou shouldst have cause to derive thy whole felicity and welfare rather from others than from whence thou receivest thy breath and being, I think it fit and agreeable to the affection I bare thee, to help thee with such rules and advertisements for the squaring of thy life as are rather gained by experience than by much reading. To the end that, entering into this exorbitant age, thou mayest be the better prepared to shun those scandalous courses whereunto the world, and the lack of experience, may easily draw thee. And because I will not confound thy memory, I have reduced them into ten precepts; and, next unto Moses' Tables, if thou imprint them in thy mind, thou shalt reap the benefit, and I the content. And they are these following:—

I. When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife; for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of thy life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Enquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous * soever; for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt in others and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf or a fool; for by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies; the other will be thy continual disgrace; and it will yirke † thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome ‡ than a she-fool.

And touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate, and, according to the means of thy estate, rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly; for I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table. But some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame. But banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice im-

* i. e. Well-born. † i. e. Irk. ‡ i. e. Disgusting.

pairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard but the well-bearing his drink, which is a better commendation for a brewer's horse or a drayman than for either a gentleman or a serving-man. Beware thou spend not above three of four parts of thy revenues, nor above a third part of that in thy house; for the other two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much: otherwise thou shalt live, like a rich beggar, in continual want. And the needy man can never live happily nor contentedly; for every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell. And that gentleman who sells an acre of land sells an ounce of credit; for gentility is nothing else but ancient riches. So that, if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must needs follow.—So much for the first precept.

II. Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance, and convenient maintenance, according to thy ability; otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death they will thank death for it, and not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering* of some parents, and the over-stern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses than their own vicious inclinations. Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves. And suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps; for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy, and atheism.† And if by travel they get a few broken languages, that shall profit them nothing more than to have one meat served in divers dishes. Neither, by my consent, shalt thou train them up in wars: for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession can hardly be an honest man or a good Christian. Besides, it is a science no longer in request than use. For soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.

III. Live not in the country without corn and cattle about thee: for he that putteth his hand to the purse for every expense of household, is like him that keepeth water in a sieve. And what provision thou shalt want, learn to buy it at the best hand: for there is one penny saved in four betwixt buying in thy need and when the markets and seasons serve fittest for it. Be not served with kinsmen, or friends, or men intreated to stay; for they expect much, and do little: nor with such as are amorous, for their heads are intoxicated. And keep rather two too few, than one too many. Feed them well, and pay them with the most; and then thou mayest boldly require service at their hands.

* i. e. Over-indulgence.

† This strong caution against travelling seems like a presage of the future evils it was to produce to his own family. His grandson William, the second Earl of Exeter, and his great-grandson Lord Roos, were both, when at Rome, made proselytes to the popish religion.

IV. Let thy kindred and allies be welcome to thy house and table. Grace them with thy countenance, and farther them in all honest actions; for, by this means, thou shalt so double the band of nature, as thou shalt find them so many advocates to plead an apology for thee behind thy back. But shake off those glow-worms, I mean parasites and sycophants, who will feed and fawn upon thee in the summer of prosperity; but, in an adverse storm, they will shelter thee no more than an arbour in winter.

V. Beware of suretyship for thy best friends. He that payeth another man's debt seeketh his own decay. But if thou canst not otherwise choose, rather lend thy money thyself upon good bonds, although thou borrow it. So shalt thou secure thyself, and pleasure thy friend. Neither borrow money of a neighbour or a friend, but of a stranger; where, paying for it, thou shalt hear no more of it. Otherwise thou shalt eclipse thy credit, lose thy freedom, and yet pay as dear as to another. But in borrowing of money be precious of thy word; for he that hath care of keeping days of payment is lord of another man's purse.

VI. Undertake no suit against a poor man with receiving* much wrong; for, besides that thou makest him thy compeer, it is a base conquest to triumph where there is small resistance. Neither attempt law against any man before thou be fully resolved that thou hast right on thy side; and then spare not for either money or pains: for a cause or two so followed and obtained will free thee from suits a great part of thy life.

VII. Be sure to keep some great man thy friend, but trouble him not for trifles. Compliment him often with many, yet small gifts, and of little charge. And if thou hast cause to bestow any great gratuity, let it be something which may be daily in sight: otherwise, in this ambitious age, thou shalt remain like a hop without a pole; live

in obscurity, and be made a foot-ball for every insulting companion to spurn at.

VIII. Towards thy superiors be humble, yet generous.* With thine equals familiar, yet respectful. Towards thine inferiors show much humanity, and some familiarity: as to bow the body, stretch forth the hand, and to uncover the head; with such like popular compliments. The first prepares thy way to advancement,—the second makes thee known for a man well bred,—the third gains a good report; which, once got, is easily kept. For right humanity takes such deep root in the minds of the multitude, as they are more easily gained by unprofitable curtesies than by churlish benefits. Yet I advise thee not to affect, or neglect, popularity too much. Seek not to be Essex: shun to be Raleigh.†

IX. Trust not any man with thy life, credit, or estate. For it is mere folly for a man to enthrall himself to his friend, as though, occasion being offered, he should not dare to become an enemy.

X. Be not scurrilous in conversation, nor satirical in thy jests. The one will make thee unwelcome to all company; the other pull on quarrels, and get the hatred of thy best friends. For suspicious jests, when any of them savour of truth, leave a bitterness in the minds of those which are touched. And, albeit I have already pointed at this inclusively, yet I think it necessary to leave it to thee as a special caution; because I have seen many so prone to quip and gird, as they would rather lose their friend than their jest. And if perchance their boiling brain yield a quaint scoff, they will travel to be delivered of it as a woman with child. These nimble fancies are but the froth of wit."

* i. e. Not mean.

† Essex was the idol of the people; his rival, Raleigh, their aversion, till his undeserved misfortunes attracted their compassion, and his heroism their applause.

‡ Mock and jibe.

* i. e. Though you receive.

A

SIMPLE STORY.

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

"When my occasions took me into France, towards the close of the late reign, the clergy, under all their forms, engaged a considerable part of my curiosity."

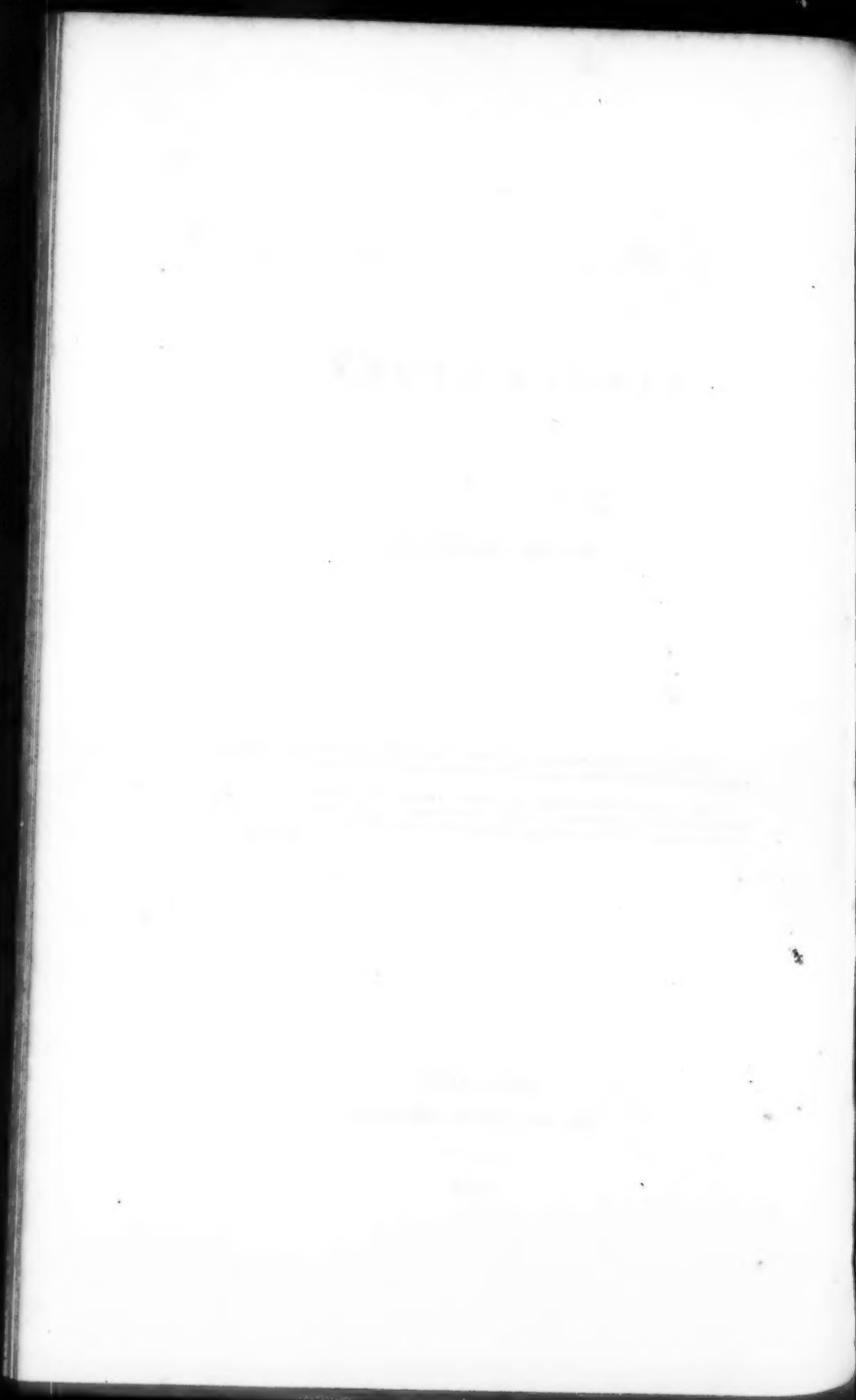
"They seemed to me beyond the clerical character, liberal and open; with the hearts of gentlemen, and men of honour. They seemed to me rather a superior class of men, amongst whom you would not be surprised to find a *Fenelon*."

BURKE.

NEW-YORK.

GEO. DEARBORN, PUBLISHER.

1835.



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A SIMPLE STORY.

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

CHAPTER I.

DORRIFORTH, bred at St. Omer's in all the scholastic rigour of that college, was, by education and the solemn vows of his order, a Roman Catholic priest : but, nicely discriminating between the philosophical and the superstitious part of that character, he adopted the former only, and possessed qualities not unworthy of the first professors of Christianity. Every virtue which it was his vocation to preach, it was his care to practise ; nor was he in the class of those of the religious, who, by secluding themselves from the world, fly from the merit they might acquire in reforming mankind : he refused to shelter himself from the temptations of the layman by the walls of a cloister ; but sought for, and found that shelter within the centre of London, where he dwelt, in his own prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance.

He was about thirty, and had lived in the metropolis near five years, when a gentleman, above his own age, but with whom he had in his youth contracted a sincere friendship, died, and left him the sole guardian of his daughter, who was then eighteen.

The deceased Mr. Milner, on his approaching dissolution, perfectly sensible of his state, thus reasoned with himself before he made the nomination :—"I have formed no intimate friendship during my whole life, except one—I can be said to know the heart of no man, except the heart of Dorriforth. After knowing him, I never sought acquaintance with another—I did not wish to lessen the exalted estimation of human nature which he had inspired. In this moment of trembling apprehension for every thought which darts across my mind, and more for every action which soon I must be called to answer for ; all worldly views here thrown aside, I act as if that tribunal, before which I every moment expect to appear, were now sitting in judgment upon my purpose. The care of an only child is the great charge which in this tremendous crisis I have to execute. These earthly affections that bind me to her by custom, sympathy, or what I fondly call parental love, would direct me to consult her present happiness, and leave her to the care of those whom she thinks her dearest friends ; but they are friends only in the

sunshine of fortune ;—in the cold nipping frost of disappointment, sickness, or connubial strife, they will forsake the house of care, although the very fabric which they may have themselves erected."

Here the excruciating anguish of the father overcame that of the dying man.

"In the moment of desertion," continued he, "which I now picture to myself, where will my child find comfort ? That heavenly aid which religion provides, and which now, amidst these agonizing tortures, cheers with humble hope my afflicted soul ; that she will be denied."

It is in this place proper to remark, that Mr. Milner was a member of the church of Rome, but on his marriage with a lady of Protestant tenets, they mutually agreed their sons should be educated in the religious opinion of their father, and their daughters in that of their mother. One child only was the result of their union ; the child whose future welfare now occupied the anxious thoughts of her expiring father. From him the care of her education had been withheld, as he kept inviolate his promise to her departed mother on the article of religion, and therefore consigned his daughter to a boarding school for Protestants, whence she returned with merely such ideas of piety as ladies of fashion, at her age, mostly imbibe. Her little heart, employed in all the endless pursuits of personal accomplishments, had left her mind without one ornament, except such as nature gave ; and even they were not wholly preserved from the ravages made by its rival, *Art*.

While her father was in health he beheld, with extreme delight, his accomplished daughter, without one fault which taste or elegance could have imputed to her ; nor ever inquired what might be her other failings. But, cast on a bed of sickness, and upon the point of leaving her to her fate, those failings at once rushed on his thought—and all the pride, the fond enjoyment he had taken in beholding her open the ball, or delight her hearers with her wit or song, escaped his remembrance ; or, not escaping it, were lamented with a sigh of compassion, or a contemptuous frown at such frivolous qualifications.

"Something essential," said he to himself, "must be considered—something to prepare her for an hour like this. Can I then leave her to the

charge of those who, themselves never remember such an hour will come? Dorriforth is the only person I know, who, uniting the moral virtues to those of religion, and pious faith to native honour, will protect without controlling, instruct without tyrannizing, comfort without flattering; and, perhaps in time, make good by choice, rather than by constraint, the tender object of his dying friend's sole care."

Dorriforth, who came post from London to visit Mr. Milner in his illness, received a few moments before his death all his injunctions, and promised to fulfil them. But, in this last token of his friend's perfect esteem, he still was restrained from all authority to direct his ward in one religious opinion, contrary to those her mother had professed, and in which she herself had been educated.

"Never perplex her mind with any opinions that may disturb, but cannot reform"—were his latest words; and Dorriforth's reply gave him entire satisfaction.

Miss Milner was not with her father at this affecting period:—some delicately nervous friend, with whom she was on a visit at Bath, thought proper to conceal from her not only the danger of his death, but even his indisposition, lest it might alarm a mind she thought too susceptible. This refined tenderness gave poor Miss Milner the almost insupportable agony of hearing that her father was no more, even before she was told he was not in health. In the bitterest anguish she flew to pay her last duty to his remains, and performed it with the truest filial love,—while Dorriforth, upon important business, was obliged to return to town.

CHAPTER II.

DORRIFORTH returned to London heavily afflicted for the loss of his friend; and yet, perhaps, with his thoughts more engaged upon the trust which that friend had reposed in him. He knew the life Miss Milner had been accustomed to lead; he dreaded the repulses his admonitions might possibly meet; and feared he had undertaken a task he was too weak to execute—the protection of a young woman of fashion.

Mr. Dorriforth was nearly related to one of our first Catholic peers; his income was by no means confined, but approaching to affluence; yet such was his attention to those in poverty, and the moderation of his own desires, that he lived in all the careful plainness of economy. His habitation was in the house of a Mrs. Horton, an elderly gentlewoman, who had a maiden niece residing with her, not many years younger than herself. But although Miss Woodley was thirty-five, and in person exceedingly plain, yet she possessed such cheerfulness of temper, and such an inexhaustible fund of good nature, that she escaped not only

the ridicule, but even the appellation of an old maid.

In this house Dorriforth had lived before the death of Mr. Horton; nor upon that event had he thought it necessary, notwithstanding his religious vow of celibacy, to fly the roof of two such innocent females as Mrs. Horton and her niece. On their part, they regarded him with all that respect and reverence which the most religious flock shows to its pastor; and his friendly society they not only esteemed a spiritual, but a temporal advantage, as the liberal stipend he allowed for his apartments and board enabled them to continue in the large and commodious house which they had occupied during the life of Mr. Horton.

Here, upon Mr. Dorriforth's return from his journey, preparations were commenced for the reception of his ward; her father having made it his request that she might, for a time at least, reside in the same house with her guardian, receive the same visits, and cultivate the acquaintance of his companions and friends.

When the will of her father was made known to Miss Milner, she submitted, without the least reluctance, to all he had required. Her mind, at that time impressed with the most poignant sorrow for his loss, made no distinction of happiness that was to come; and the day was appointed, with her silent acquiescence, when she was to arrive in London, and there take up her abode, with all the retinue of a rich heiress.

Mrs. Horton was delighted with the addition this acquisition to her family was likely to make to her annual income, and style of living. The good-natured Miss Woodley was overjoyed at the expectation of their new guest, yet she herself could not tell why—but the reason was, that her kind heart wanted a more ample field for its benevolence; and now her thoughts were all pleasingly employed how she should render, not only the lady herself, but even all her attendants, happy in their new situation.

The reflections of Dorriforth were less agreeably engaged—Cares, doubts, fears, possessed his mind—and so forcibly possessed it that, upon every occasion which offered, he would inquisitively endeavour to gain intelligence of his ward's disposition before he saw her; for he was, as yet, a stranger not only to the real propensities of her mind, but even to her person; a constant round of visits having prevented his meeting her at her father's, the very few times he had been at his house since her final return from school. The first person whose opinion he, with all proper reserve, asked concerning Miss Milner, was Lady Evans, the widow of a baronet, who frequently visited at Mrs. Horton's.

But that the reader may be interested in what Dorriforth says and does, it is necessary to give some description of his person and manners. His figure was tall and elegant, but his face, ex-

cept a pair of dark bright eyes, a set of white teeth, and a graceful arrangement in his clerical curls of brown hair, had not one feature to excite admiration—yet such a gleam of sensibility was diffused over each, that many persons admired his visage as completely handsome, and all were more or less attracted by it. In a word, the charm, that is here meant to be described, is a *countenance*—on his you read the feelings of his heart—saw all its inmost workings—the quick pulses that beat with hope and fear, or the gentle ones that moved in a more equal course of patience and resignation. On this countenance his thoughts were portrayed; and as his mind was enriched with every virtue that could make it valuable, so was his face adorned with every expression of those virtues;—and they not only gave lustre to his aspect, but added an harmonious sound to all he uttered; it was persuasive, it was perfect eloquence; whilst in his looks you beheld his thoughts moving with his lips, and ever coinciding with what he said.

With one of those expressions of countenance, which revealed anxiety of heart, and yet with that graceful restraint of all gesticulation, for which he was remarkable, even in his most anxious concerns, he addressed Lady Evans, who had called on Mrs. Horton to hear and to request the news of the day: "Your ladyship was at Bath last spring—you know the young lady to whom I have the honour of being appointed guardian.—Pray,"—

He was earnestly intent upon asking a question, but was prevented by the person interrogated.

"Dear Mr. Dorriforth, do not ask me any thing about Miss Milner—when I saw her she was very young: though indeed that is but three months ago, and she can't be much older now."

"She is eighteen," answered Dorriforth, colouring with regret at the doubts which this lady had increased, but not inspired.

"And she is very beautiful, that I can assure you," said Lady Evans.

"Which I call no qualification," said Dorriforth, rising from his chair in evident uneasiness.

"But where there is nothing else, let me tell you, beauty is something."

"Much worse than nothing, in my opinion," returned Dorriforth.

"But now, Mr. Dorriforth, do not, from what I have said, frighten yourself, and imagine your ward worse than she really is. All I know of her, is merely, that she's young, idle, indiscreet, and giddy, with half a dozen lovers in her suite; some coxcombs, others men of gallantry, some single, and others married."

Dorriforth started. "For the first time of my life," cried he with a manly sorrow, "I wish I had never known her father."

"Nay," said Mrs. Horton, who expected every

thing to happen just as she wished (for neither an excellent education, the best company, nor long experience had been able to cultivate or brighten this good lady's understanding,) "Nay," said she, "I am sure, Mr. Dorriforth, you will soon convert her from all her evil ways."

"Dear me," returned Lady Evans, "I am sure I never meant to hint at any thing evil—and for what I have said, I will give you up my authors if you please; for they were not observations of my own; all I do is to mention them again."

The good-natured Miss Woodley, who sat working at the window, an humble, but an attentive listener to this discourse, ventured here to say exactly six words; "Then don't mention them any more."

"Let us change the subject," said Dorriforth.

"With all my heart," cried Lady Evans; "and I am sure it will be to the young lady's advantage."

"Is Miss Milner tall or short?" asked Mrs. Horton, still wishing for farther information.

"Oh, tall enough of all conscience," returned she; "I tell you again that no fault can be found with her person."

"But if her mind is defective"—exclaimed Dorriforth, with a sigh—

"That may be improved as well as the person," cried Miss Woodley.

"No, my dear," returned Lady Evans, "I never heard of a pad to make straight an ill shapen disposition."

"Oh, yes," answered Miss Woodley, "good company, good books, experience, and the misfortunes of others, may have more power to form the mind to virtue than"—

Miss Woodley was not permitted to proceed, for Lady Evans rising hastily from her seat, cried, "I must be gone—I have a hundred people waiting for me at home—besides, were I inclined to hear a sermon, I should desire Mr. Dorriforth to preach, and not you."

Just then Mrs. Hillgrave was announced.—"And here is Mrs. Hillgrave," continued she—"I believe, Mrs. Hillgrave, you know Miss Milner, don't you? The young lady who has lately lost her father."

Mrs. Hillgrave was the wife of a merchant who had met with severe losses: as soon as the name of Miss Milner was uttered, she lifted up her hands, and the tears started in her eyes.

"There!" cried Lady Evans, "I desire you will give your opinion of her, and I am sorry I cannot stay to hear it." Saying this, she curtsied and took her leave.

When Mrs. Hillgrave had been seated a few minutes, Mrs. Horton, who loved information equally with the most inquisitive of her sex, asked the new visitor—"If she might be permitted to know why, at the mention of Miss Milner, she had seemed so much affected?"

This question exciting the fears of Dorriforth,

he turned anxiously round, attentive to the reply.

"Miss Milner," answered she, "has been my benefactress, and the best I ever had." As she spoke, she took out her handkerchief and wiped away the tears that ran down her face.

"How so?" cried Dorriforth eagerly, with his own eyes moistened with joy nearly as much as hers were with gratitude.

"My husband, at the commencement of his distresses," replied Mrs. Hillgrave, "owed a sum of money to her father, and from repeated provocations, Mr. Milner was determined to seize upon all our effects;—his daughter, however, by her intercessions, procured us time, in order to discharge the debt; and when she found that time was insufficient, and her father no longer to be dissuaded from his intention, she secretly sold some of her most valuable ornaments to satisfy his demand, and screen us from its consequences."

Dorriforth, pleased at this recital, took Mrs. Hillgrave by the hand, and told her, "she should never want a friend."

"Is Miss Milner tall, or short?" again asked Mrs. Horton, fearing, from the sudden pause which had ensued, the subject should be dropped.

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Hillgrave.

"Is she handsome, or ugly?"

"I really can't tell."

"It is very strange you should not take notice!"

"I did take notice, but I cannot depend upon my own judgment—to me she appeared beautiful as an angel; but perhaps I was deceived by the beauties of her disposition."

CHAPTER III.

THIS gentlewoman's visit inspired Mr. Dorriforth with some confidence in the principles and character of his ward. The day arrived on which she was to leave her late father's seat, and fix her abode at Mrs. Horton's; and her guardian, accompanied by Miss Woodley, went in his carriage to meet her, and waited at an inn on the road for her reception.

After many a sigh paid to the memory of her father, Miss Milner, upon the tenth of November, arrived at the place, half way on her journey to town, where Dorriforth and Miss Woodley were expecting her. Besides attendants, she had with her a gentleman and lady, distant relations of her mother's, who thought it but a proper testimony of their civility to attend her part of the way,—but who so much envied her guardian the trust Mr. Milner had reposed in him that, as soon as they had delivered her safe into his care, they returned.

When the carriage, which brought Miss Milner, stopped at the inn gate, and her name was an-

nounced to Dorriforth, he turned pale—something like a foreboding of disaster trembled at his heart, and consequently spread a gloom over all his face. Miss Woodley was even obliged to rouse him from the dejection into which he was cast, or he would have sunk beneath it: she was obliged, also, to be the first to welcome his lovely charge—lovely beyond description.

But the natural vivacity, the gaiety which report had given to Miss Milner, were softened by her recent sorrow to a meek sadness, and that haughty display of charms, imputed to her manners, was changed to a pensive demeanour. The instant Dorriforth was introduced to her by Miss Woodley as her "Guardian, and her deceased father's most beloved friend," she burst into tears, knelt down to him for a moment, and promised ever to obey him as her father. He had his handkerchief to his face, at the time, or she would have beheld the agitation—the remotest sensations of his heart.

This affecting introduction being over; after some minutes passed in general conversation, the carriages were again ordered; and, bidding farewell to the relations who had accompanied her, Miss Milner, her guardian, and Miss Woodley departed for town; the two ladies in Miss Milner's carriage, and Dorriforth in that in which he came.

Miss Woodley, as they rode along, made no attempts to ingratiate herself with Miss Milner: though, perhaps, such an honour might constitute one of her first wishes—she behaved to her but as she constantly behaved to every other human creature—and that was sufficient to gain the esteem of a person possessed of an understanding equal to Miss Milner's;—she had penetration to discover Miss Woodley's unaffected worth, and was soon induced to reward it with the warmest friendship.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER a night's rest in London, less violently impressed with the loss of her father, reconciled, if not already attached to her new acquaintance, her thoughts pleasingly occupied with the reflection that she was in that gay metropolis—a wild and rapturous picture of which her active fancy had often formed—Miss Milner waked from a peaceful and refreshing sleep, with much of that vivacity, and with all those airy charms, which for a while had yielded their transcendent power to the weaker influence of her filial sorrow.

Beautiful as she had appeared to Miss Woodley and to Dorriforth on the preceding day,—when she joined them this morning at breakfast, repossessed of her lively elegance and dignified simplicity, they gazed at her, and at each other alternately, with astonishment!—and Mrs. Horton, as she sat at the head of her tea-table, felt herself but as a menial servant; such command has beauty

when united with sense and virtue. In Miss Milner it was so united. Yet let not our over-scrupulous readers be misled, and extend their idea of her virtue so as to magnify it beyond that which frail mortals commonly possess; nor must they cavil, if, on a nearer view, they find it less—but let them consider, that if she had more faults than generally belong to others, she had likewise more temptations.

From her infancy she had been indulged in all her wishes to the extreme of folly, and started habitually at the unpleasant voice of control. She was beautiful; she had been too frequently told the high value of that beauty, and thought every moment passed in wasteful idleness during which she was not gaining some new conquest. She had a quick sensibility, which too frequently discovered itself in the immediate resentment of injuries or neglect. She had, besides, acquired the dangerous character of a wit: but to which she had no real pretensions, although the most discerning critic, hearing her converse, might fall into this mistake. Her replies had all the effects of repartee, not because she possessed those qualities which can properly be called wit, but that what she said was delivered with an energy, an instantaneous and powerful conception of the sentiment, joined with a real or a well counterfeited simplicity, a quick turn of the eye, and an arch smile. Her words were but the words of others, and, like those of others, put into common sentences: but the delivery made them pass for wit, as grace in an ill proportioned figure will often make it pass for symmetry.

And now—leaving description—the reader must form a judgment of the ward of Dorriforth by her actions; by all the round of great or trivial circumstances that shall be related.

At breakfast, which had just began at the commencement of this chapter, the conversation was lively on the part of Miss Milner, wise on the part of Dorriforth, good on the part of Miss Woodley, and an endeavour at all three of those qualities on the part of Mrs. Horton. The discourse at length drew from Mr. Dorriforth this observation:

"You have a greater resemblance of your father, Miss Milner, than I imagined you had from report: I did not expect to find you so like him."

"Nor did I, Mr. Dorriforth, expect to find you any thing like what you are!"

"No?—pray what did you expect to find me?"

"I expected to find you an elderly man, and a plain man."

This was spoken in an artless manner, but in a tone which obviously declared she thought her guardian both young and handsome. He replied, but not without some little embarrassment, "A plain man you shall find me in all my actions."

"Then your actions are to contradict your appearance."

For in what she said, Miss Milner had the quality peculiar to wits, of hazarding the thought that first occurs, which thought is generally truth. On this, he paid her a compliment in return.

"You, Miss Milner, I should suppose, must be a very bad judge of what is plain and what is not."

"How so?"

"Because I am sure you will readily own you do not think yourself handsome; and allowing that, you instantly want judgment."

"And I would rather want judgment than beauty," she replied, "and so I give up the one for the other."

With a serious face, as if proposing a very serious question, Dorriforth continued, "And you really believe you are not handsome?"

"I should, if I consulted my own opinion, believe that I was not; but in some respects I am like Roman Catholics; I don't believe upon my own understanding, but from what other people tell me."

"And let this convince you," replied Dorriforth, "that what we teach is truth; for you find you would be deceived, did you not trust to persons who know better than yourself. But, my dear Miss Milner, we will talk upon some other topic, and never resume this again:—we differ in opinion, I dare say, on one subject only, and this difference I hope will never extend itself to any other. Therefore, let not religion be named between us; for as I have resolved never to persecute you, in pity be grateful, and do not persecute me."

Miss Milner looked with surprise that any thing so lightly said should be so seriously received. The kind Miss Woodley ejaculated a short prayer to herself, that heaven would forgive her young friend the involuntary sin of religious ignorance; while Mrs. Horton, unperceived, as she imagined, made the sign of the cross upon her forehead as a guard against the infectious taint of heretical opinions. This pious ceremony Miss Milner by chance observed, and now showed such an evident propensity to burst into a fit of laughter, that the good lady of the house could no longer contain her resentment, but exclaimed, "God forgive you," with a severity so different from the sentiment which the words conveyed, that the object of her anger was, on this, obliged freely to indulge that impulse which she had in vain been struggling to suppress; and no longer suffering under the agony of restraint, she gave way to her humour, and laughed with a liberty so uncontrolled, that it soon left her in the room with none but the tender-hearted Miss Woodley, a witness of her folly.

"My dear Miss Woodley," then cried Miss Milner, after recovering herself, "I am afraid you will not forgive me."

"No, indeed I will not," returned Miss Woodley.

But how unimportant, how weak, how ineffectu-

all are words in conversation, looks and manners alone express; for Miss Woodley, with her charitable face and mild accents, saying she would not forgive, implied only forgiveness—while Mrs. Horton, with her enraged voice and aspect, begging heaven to pardon the offender, palpably said, she thought her unworthy of all pardon.

CHAPTER V.

Six weeks have now elapsed since Miss Milner has been in London, partaking with delight all its pleasures; while Dorriorth has been sighing with apprehension, attending to all her words and ways with precaution, and praying with zealous fervour for her safety. Her own and her guardian's acquaintance, and, added to them, the new friendships (to use the unmeaning language of the world) which she was continually forming, crowded so perpetually to the house, that seldom had Dorriorth even a moment left him from her visits or visitors, to warn her of her danger:—yet when a moment offered, he caught it eagerly—pressed the necessity of “Time not always passed in society; of reflection; of reading; of thoughts for a future state; and of virtues acquired to make old age supportable.” That forcible power of genuine feeling, which directs the tongue to eloquence, had its effect while she listened to him, and she sometimes put on the looks and gesture of assent;—sometimes even spoke the language of conviction; but this the first call of dissipation would change to ill-timed railery, or peevish remonstrance, at being limited in delights which her birth and fortune entitled her to enjoy.

Among the many visitors who attended at her levees, and followed her wherever she went, there was one who seemed, even when absent from her, to share her thoughts. This was Lord Frederick Lawley, the younger son of a duke, and the avowed favourite of all the most discerning women of taste.

He was not more than twenty-three; animated, elegant, extremely handsome, and possessed of every accomplishment that would captivate a heart less susceptible of love than Miss Milner's was supposed to be. With these allurements, no wonder if she took pleasure in his company; no wonder if she took pride in having it known that he was among the number of her devoted admirers. Dorriorth beheld this growing intimacy with alternate pain and pleasure; he wished to see Miss Milner married, to see his charge in the protection of another, rather than of himself; yet under the care of a young nobleman, immersed in all the vices of the town, without one moral excellence, but such as might result eventually from the influence of the moment—under such care he trembled for her happiness; yet trembled

more lest her heart should be purloined without even the authority of matrimonial views.

With sentiments like these, Dorriorth could never disguise his uneasiness at the sight of Lord Frederick, nor could the latter want penetration to discern the suspicion of the guardian, and consequently each was embarrassed in the presence of the other. Miss Milner observed, but observed with indifference, the sensations of both: there was but one passion which then held a place in her bosom, and that was vanity; vanity defined into all the species of pride, vain-glory, self-approbation—an inordinate desire of admiration, and an immoderate enjoyment of the art of pleasing, for her own individual happiness, and not for the happiness of others. Still had she a heart inclined, and oftentimes affected by tendencies less unworthy; but those approaches to what was estimable were in their first impulse too frequently met and intercepted by some darling folly.

Miss Woodley (who could easily discover a virtue, although of the most diminutive kind, and scarcely through the magnifying glass of calumny could ever perceive a fault) was Miss Milner's inseparable companion at home, and her zealous advocate with Dorriorth, whenever, during her absence, she became the subject of discourse. He listened with hope to the praises of her friend, but saw with despair how little they were merited. Sometimes he struggled to subdue his anger, but oftener strove to suppress tears of pity for his ward's hapless state.

By this time all her acquaintance had given Lord Frederick to her as a lover; the servants whispered it, and some of the public prints had even fixed the day of marriage;—but as no explanation had taken place on his part, Dorriorth's uneasiness was increased, and he seriously told Miss Milner, he thought it would be indispensably prudent in her to entreat Lord Frederick to discontinue his visits. She smiled with ridicule at the caution, but finding it repeated, and in a manner that indicated authority, she promised not only to make, but to enforce the request. The next time he came she did so, assuring him it was by her guardian's desire; “who, from motives of delicacy, had permitted her to solicit as a favour what he could himself make a demand.” Lord Frederick reddened with anger—he loved Miss Milner; but he doubted whether, from the frequent proofs he had experienced of his own inconstancy, he should continue to love—and this interference of her guardian threatened an explanation or a dismissal, before he came thoroughly acquainted with his own heart. Alarmed, confounded and provoked, he replied,

“By heaven, I believe Mr. Dorriorth loves you himself; and it is jealousy alone that makes him treat me in this manner.”

“For shame, my lord!” cried Miss Woodley, who was present, and who trembled with horror at the sacrilegious supposition.

"Nay, shame to him if he is not in love"—answered his lordship, "for who but a savage could behold beauty like hers without owning its power?"

"Habit," replied Miss Milner, "is every thing.—Mr. Dorriforth sees and converses with beauty, but, from habit, he does not fall in love; and you, my lord, from habit, often do."

"Then you believe that love is not in my disposition?"

"No more of it, my lord, than habit could very soon extinguish."

"But I would not have it extinguished—I would rather it should mount to a flame; for I think it a crime to be insensible of the divine blessings love can bestow."

"Then you indulge the passion to avoid a sin? this very motive deters Mr. Dorriforth from that indulgence."

"It ought to deter him, for the sake of his oats—but monastic vows, like those of marriage, were made to be broken—and surely when your guardian cast his eyes on you, his wishes"—

"Are never less pure," she replied eagerly, "than those which dwell in the bosom of my celestial guardian."

At that instant Dorriforth entered the room. The colour had mounted into Miss Milner's face from the warmth with which she had delivered her opinion, and his accidental entrance at the very moment this praise had been conferred upon him in his absence heightened the blush to a deep glow on every feature:—confusion and earnestness caused even her lips to tremble and her whole frame to shake.

"What's the matter?" cried Dorriforth, looking with concern on her discomposure.

"A compliment paid by herself to you, Sir," replied Lord Frederick, "has affected your ward in the manner you have seen."

"As if she blushed at the untruth," said Dorriforth.

"Nay, that is unkind," cried Miss Woodley; "for if you had been here"—

"—I would not have said what I did," replied Miss Milner, "but had left him to vindicate himself."

"Is it possible that I can want any vindication? Who would think it worth their while to slander so unimportant a person as I am?"

"The man who has the charge of Miss Milner," replied Lord Frederick, "derives a consequence from her."

"No ill consequence, I hope, my lord?" said Dorriforth, with a firmness in his voice, and with an eye so fixed that his antagonist hesitated for a moment in want of a reply—and Miss Milner softly whispered to him, as her guardian turned his head, to avoid an argument, he bowed acquiescence. Then, as if in compliment to her, he changed the subject;—and, with an air of ridicule he cried,

"I wish, Mr. Dorriforth, you would give me ab-

solution of all my sins, for I confess they are many, and manifold."

"Hold, my lord," exclaimed Dorriforth, "do not confess before the ladies, lest, in order to excite their compassion, you should be tempted to accuse yourself of sins you have never yet committed."

At this Miss Milner laughed, seemingly so well pleased that Lord Frederick, with a sarcastic sneer, repeated,

—"From Abelard it came
And Eloisa still must love the name."

Whether from an inattention to the quotation, or from a consciousness it was wholly inapplicable, Dorriforth heard it without one emotion of shame or of anger—while Miss Milner seemed shocked at the implication; her pleasantry was immediately suppressed, and she threw open the sash and held her head out at the window, to conceal the embarrassment these lines had occasioned.

The Earl of Elmwood was at that juncture announced—a Catholic nobleman, just come of age, and on the eve of marriage. His visit was to his cousin, Mr. Dorriforth, but as all ceremonious visits were alike received by Dorriforth, Miss Milner, and Mrs. Horton's family, in one common apartment, Lord Elmwood was ushered into this, and of course directed the conversation to a different topic.

CHAPTER VI.

WITH an anxious desire that the affection, or acquaintance, between Lord Frederick and Miss Milner might be finally dissolved, her guardian received with infinite satisfaction, overtures of marriage from Sir Edward Ashton. Sir Edward was not young or handsome; old or ugly; but immensely rich, and possessed of qualities that made him worthy of the happiness to which he aspired. He was the man whom Dorriforth would have chosen before any other for the husband of his ward, and his wishes made him sometimes hope, against his cooler judgment, that Sir Edward would not be rejected. He was resolved, at all events, to try the force of his own power in the strongest recommendation of him.

Notwithstanding the dissimilarity of opinion which, in almost every instance, subsisted between Miss Milner and her guardian, there was in general the most punctilious observance of good manners from each towards the other—on the part of Dorriforth more especially; for his politeness would sometimes appear even like the result of a system which he had marked out for himself, as the only means to keep his ward restrained within the same limitations. Whenever he addressed her there was an unusual reserve upon his countenance, and more than usual gentleness in the tone of his voice; this appeared the effect sentiments which her birth and situation inspired,

joined to a studied mode of respect, best calculated to enforce the same from her. The wished-for consequence was produced—for though there was an instinctive rectitude in the understanding of Miss Milner that would have taught her, without other instruction, what manners to observe towards her deputed father; yet, from some volatile thought, or some quick sense of feeling, which she had not been accustomed to correct, she was perpetually on the verge of treating him with levity; but he would on the instant recall her recollection by a reserve too awful, and a gentleness too sacred for her to violate. The distinction which both required was thus, by his skillful management alone, preserved.

One morning he took an opportunity, before her and Miss Woodley, to introduce and press the subject of Sir Arthur Ashton's hopes. He first spoke warmly in his praise; then plainly said that he believed she possessed the power of making so deserving a man happy to the summit of his wishes. A laugh of ridicule was the only answer;—but a sudden frown from Dorriforth having silenced her mirth, he resumed his usual politeness, and said,

"I wish you would show a better taste, than thus pointedly to disapprove of Sir Edward."

"How, Mr. Dorriforth, can you expect me to give proofs of a good taste, when Sir Edward, whom you consider with such high esteem, has given so bad an example of his in approving of me?"

Dorriforth wished not to flatter her by a compliment she seemed to have sought for, and for a moment hesitated what answer to make.

"Reply, Sir, to that question," she said.

"Why then, Madam," returned he, "it is my opinion, that supposing what your humility has advanced be just, yet Sir Edward will not suffer by the suggestion; for in cases where the heart is so immediately concerned, as I believe Sir Edward's to be, taste, or rather reason, has little power to act."

"You are in the right, Mr. Dorriforth; this is a proper justification of Sir Edward—and when I fall in love, I beg that you will make the same excuse for me."

"Then," said he earnestly, "before your heart is in that state which I have described, exert your reason."

"I shall," answered she, "and assuredly not consent to marry a man whom I could never love."

"Unless your heart be already disposed of, Miss Milner, what can make you speak with such a degree of certainty?"

He thought on Lord Frederick when he uttered this, and he riveted his eyes upon her as if to penetrate her most secret inclinations, and yet trembling for what he might find there. She blushed, and her looks would have confirmed her guilty, if the unembarrassed and free tone of her voice,

more than her words, had not preserved her from that sentence.

"No," she replied, "my heart is not stolen away; and yet I can venture to declare, that Sir Edward will never possess it."

"I am sorry, for both your sakes, that these are your sentiments," he replied. "But as your heart is still your own," (and he seemed rejoiced to find it was) "permit me to warn you how you part with a thing so precious;—the dangers, the sorrows you hazard in bestowing it are greater than you may possibly be aware of. The heart once gone, our thoughts, our actions, are no more our own, than that is."——He seemed forcing himself to utter all this, and yet he broke off as if he could have said much more, if the extreme delicacy of the subject had not restricted him.

When he left the room, and she heard the door close after him, she said, with an inquisitive thoughtfulness, "What can make good people so skilled in all the weaknesses of the bad? Mr. Dorriforth, with all those prudent admonitions, appears rather like a man who has passed his life in the gay world, experienced all its dangerous allurements, all its repentant sorrows, than like one who has lived his whole time secluded in a monastic college, or in his own study. Then he speaks with such exquisite sensibility on the subject of love, that he commends the very thing which he attempts to depreciate. I do not think my Lord Frederick would make the passion appear in more pleasing colours by painting its delights, than Mr. Dorriforth could in describing its sorrows—and if he talks to me frequently in this manner I shall certainly take pity on Lord Frederick for the sake of his adversary's eloquence."

Miss Woodley, who heard the conclusion of this speech with the tenderest concern, cried, "Alas! you then think seriously of Lord Frederick!"

"Suppose I do, wherefore that *alas!* Miss Woodley?"

"Because I fear you will never be happy with him."

"That is plainly saying he will not be happy with me."

"I do not know—I cannot speak of marriage from experience," answered Miss Woodley, "but I think I can guess what it is."

"Nor can I speak of love from experience," replied Miss Milner, "but I think I can guess what it is."

"But do not fall in love, my dear," (cried Miss Woodley, with her accustomed simplicity of heart, as if she had been asking a favour that depended upon the will of the person entreated) "pray do not fall in love without the approbation of your guardian."

Her young friend smiled at the inefficacious prayer—but promised to do all she could to oblige her.

CHAPTER VII.

Sir Edward, not wholly discouraged by the denial with which Dorriforth had, with delicacy, acquainted him, still hoped for a kind reception; and he was so often at the house of Mrs. Horton, that Lord Frederick's jealousy was excited, and the tortures he suffered in consequence convinced him, beyond a doubt, of the sincerity of his affection. Every time he beheld the object of his passion (for he still continued his visits, though not so frequently as heretofore), he pleaded his cause with such ardour that Miss Woodley, who was sometimes present and ever compassionate, could not resist wishing him success. He now unequivocally offered marriage, and entreated that he might lay his proposals before Mr. Dorriforth, but that was positively forbidden.

Her reluctance he imputed, however, more to the known partiality of her guardian for the addresses of Sir Edward, than to any motive which depended upon herself; and to Mr. Dorriforth, he conceived a greater dislike than ever; believing that through his interposition, in spite of his ward's attachment, he might yet be deprived of her. But Miss Milner declared both to him and to her friend, that love had, at present, gained no influence over her mind. Yet did the watchful Miss Woodley oftentimes hear a sigh escape from her unknown to herself, till she was reminded of it; and then a crimson blush would instantly overspread her face. This seeming struggle with her passion endeared her more than ever to Miss Woodley; and she would even risk the displeasure of Dorriforth by her compliance with every new pursuit that might amuse those leisure hours which her friend, she now perceived, passed in heaviness of heart.

Balls, plays, incessant company, at length roused her guardian from that mildness with which he had been accustomed to treat her. Night after night his sleep had been disturbed by fears for her when abroad; morning after morning it had been broken by the clamour of her return. He therefore gravely said to her one forenoon as he met her accidentally upon the staircase,

"I hope, Miss Milner, you pass this evening at home?"

Unprepared for the sudden question, she blushed and replied, "Yes." Though she knew she was engaged to a brilliant assembly, for which her milliner had been consulted a whole week.

She, however, flattered herself that what she had said might be excused as a mistake, the lapse of memory, or some other trifling fault, when he should know the truth. The truth was earlier divulged than she expected—for just as dinner was removed, her footman delivered a message to her from her milliner concerning a new dress for the evening—the present evening particularly marked. Her guardian looked astonished!

"I thought, Miss Milner, you gave me your word that you would pass this evening at home?"

"I mistook—for I had before given my word that I should pass it abroad."

"Indeed!" cried he.

"Yes, indeed; and I believe it is right that I should keep my first promise: is it not?"

"The promise you gave me then, you do not think of any consequence?"

"Yes, certainly, if you do."

"I do."

"And mean, perhaps, to make it of more consequence than it deserves, by being offended."

"Whether or not, I am offended—you shall find I am." And he looked so.

She caught his piercing eyes—hers were immediately cast down, and she trembled—either with shame or with resentment.

Mrs. Horton rose from her chair—moved the decanters and fruit round the table—stirred the fire—and came back to her chair again, before another word was uttered. Nor had this good woman's officious labours taken the least from the awkwardness of the silence, which, as soon as the bustle she had contrived was over, returned in its full force.

At last, Miss Milner, rising with alacrity, was preparing to go out of the room,—when Dorriforth raised his voice, and in a tone of authority said,

"Miss Milner, you shall not leave the house this evening."

"Sir!" she exclaimed with a kind of doubt of what she had heard—a surprise which fixed her hand on the door she had half opened, but which now she showed herself irresolute whether to open wide in defiance, or to shut submissively. Before she could resolve, he rose from his chair and said, with a force and warmth she had never heard him use before,

"I command you to stay at home this evening." And he walked immediately out of the apartment by another door.

Her hand fell motionless from that which she held—she appeared motionless herself—till Mrs. Horton, "beseeching her not to be uneasy at the treatment she had received," made her tears flow as if her heart was breaking.

Miss Woodley would have said something to comfort her, but she had caught the infection, and could not utter a word. It was not from any real cause of grief that Miss Woodley wept; but there was a magnetic quality in tears, which always attracted hers.

Mrs. Horton secretly enjoyed this scene, though the well meaning of her heart, and the ease of her conscience did not suffer her to think so. She, however, declared she had "long prognosticated it would come to this;" and she "only thanked heaven it was no worse."

"What can be worse, madam?" cried Miss Milner; "am I not disappointed of the ball?"

"You don't mean to go then?" said Mrs. Horton; "I commend your prudence; and I dare say it is more than your guardian gives you credit for."

"Do you think I would go," answered Miss Milner, with an eagerness that for a time suppressed her tears, "in contradiction to his will?"

"It is not the first time, I believe, you have acted contrary to that, Miss Milner," replied Mrs. Horton; and affected a tenderness of voice, to soften the harshness of her words.

"If you think so, madam, I see nothing that should prevent me now." And she went eagerly out of the room as if she had resolved to disobey him. This alarmed poor Miss Woodley.

"My dear aunt," she cried to Mrs. Horton, "follow and prevail upon Miss Milner to give up her design; she means to be at the ball in opposition to her guardian's will."

"Then," said Mrs. Horton, "I'll not be instrumental in deterring her—if she does go, it may be for the best; it may give Mr. Dorriforth a clearer knowledge what means are proper to convert her from evil."

"But, my dear madam, she must be preserved from the evil of disobedience; and as you tempted, you will be the most likely to dissuade her. But if you will not, I must endeavour."

Miss Woodley was leaving the room to perform this good work, when Mrs. Horton, in imitation of the example given her by Dorriforth, cried,

"Niece I command you not to stir out of this room this evening."

Miss Woodley obediently sat down—and though her thoughts and heart were in the chamber of her friend, she never marked by one impertinent word, or by one line of her face the restraint she suffered.

At the usual hour, Mr. Dorriforth and his ward were summoned to tea:—he entered with a countenance which evinced the remains of anger; his eye gave testimony of his absent thoughts; and though he took up a pamphlet affecting to read, it was plain to discern that he scarcely knew he held it in his hand.

Mrs. Horton began to make tea with a mind as intent upon something else as Dorriforth's—she longed for the event of this misunderstanding; and though she wished no ill to Miss Milner, yet with an inclination bent upon seeing something new—without the fatigue of going out of her own house—she was not over scrupulous what that novelty might be. But for fear she should have the imprudence to speak a word upon the subject which employed her thoughts, or even to look as if she thought of it at all, she pinched her lips close together, and cast her eyes on vacancy, lest their significant regards might expose her to detection. And for fear that any noise should intercept even the sound of what might happen, she walked across the room more softly than usual, and more

softly touched every thing she was obliged to lay her hand on.

Miss Woodley thought it her duty to be mute;—and now the gingle of a tea spoon was like a deep-toned bell, all was so quiet.

Mrs. Horton, too, in the self-approving reflection that *she* was not in the quarrel or altercation of any kind, felt herself at this moment remarkably peaceful and charitable. Miss Woodley did not recollect *herself* so, but was so in reality—in her, peace and charity were instinctive virtues, accident could not increase them.

The tea had scarcely been made, when a servant came with Miss Milner's compliments, and she "did not mean to have any tea." The pamphlet shook in Dorriforth's hand while this message was delivered—he believed her to be dressing for her evening's entertainment; and now studied in what manner he should prevent, or resent her disobedience to his commands. He coughed—drank his tea—endeavoured to talk, but found it difficult—sometimes he read—and in this manner near two hours passed away, when Miss Milner came into the room.—Not dressed for a ball, but as she had risen from dinner. Dorriforth read on, and seemed afraid of looking up, lest he should see what he could not have pardoned. She drew a chair and sat at the table by the side of her delighted friend.

After a few minutes pause, and some little embarrassment on the part of Mrs. Horton, at the disappointment she had to encounter from this unexpected dutiful conduct, she asked Miss Milner, "if she would not have any tea?" She replied, "No, I thank you, ma'am," in a voice so languid, compared with her usual one, that Dorriforth lifted up his eyes from the book; and seeing her in the same dress that she had worn all the day, turned them hastily away from her again—not with a look of triumph, but of confusion.

Whatever he might have suffered if he had seen Miss Milner decorated, and prepared to bid defiance to his commands; yet even upon that trial, he would not have endured half the painful sensations he now for a moment felt—he felt himself to blame.

He feared that he had treated her with too much severity—he admired her condescension, accused himself for having exacted it—he longed to ask her pardon—he did not know how.

A cheerful reply from her, to a question of Miss Woodley's, embarrassed him still more:—he wished that she had been sullen, he then would have had a temptation, or pretence to have been sullen too.

With all these sentiments crowding fast upon his heart, he still read, or seemed to read, as if he took no notice of what was passing; till a servant came into the room and asked Miss Milner at what time she should want the carriage? to which she replied, "I don't go out to-night." Dorriforth then laid the book out of his hand, and,

by the time the servant had left the room, thus began :

"Miss Milner, I give you, I fear, some unkind proofs of my regard. It is often the ungrateful task of a friend to be troublesome—sometimes unmannerly. Forgive the duties of my office, and believe that no one is half so much concerned, if it robs you of any degree of happiness, as I myself am."

What he said, he looked with so much sincerity that, had she been burning with rage at his late behaviour, she must have forgiven him, for the regret which he so forcibly expressed. She was going to reply, but found she could not, without accompanying her words with tears, therefore, after the first attempt, she desisted.

On this he rose from his chair, and, going to her, said, "Once more show me your submission by obeying me a second time to-day. Keep your appointment : and be assured that I shall issue my commands with more circumspection for the future, as I find how strictly they are complied with."

Miss Milner, the gay, the vain, the dissipated, the haughty Miss Milner sunk underneath this kindness, and wept with a gentleness and patience which did not give more surprise than it gave joy to Dorriforth. He was charmed to find her disposition so tractable—promised to himself the future success of his guardianship, and her eternal as well as temporal happiness from this specimen of compliance.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALTHOUGH Dorriforth was the good man that he has been described, there were in his nature shades of evil—there was an obstinacy, which himself and his friends termed firmness of mind ; but which, had not religion and some contrary virtues weighed heavily in the balance, would have frequently degenerated into implacable stubbornness.

The child of a sister once beloved, who married a young officer against her brother's consent, was at the age of three years left an orphan, destitute of all support but from an uncle's generosity : but though Dorriforth maintained, he would never see him. Miss Milner whose heart was a receptacle for the unfortunate, no sooner was told the melancholy history of Mr. and Mrs. Rushbrook, the parents of the child, than she longed to behold the innocent inheritor of her guardian's resentment, and took Miss Woodley with her to see the boy. He was at a farm house a few miles from town ; and his extreme beauty and engaging manners wanted not the sorrows to which he had been born, to give him farther recommendation to and kindness of her who had come to visit him. She looked at him with admiration and pity, and having

endeared herself to him by the most affectionate words and caresses,—on her bidding him farewell, he cried most piteously to go along with her. Unused at any time to resist temptations, whether to reprehensible, or to laudible actions, she yielded to his supplications ; and having overcome a few scruples of Miss Woodley's, determined to take the young Rushbrook to town, and present him to his uncle. This design was no sooner formed than executed. By making a present to the nurse, she readily gained her consent to part with him for a day or two ; and an excess of joy denoted by the child on being placed in the carriage, repaid her beforehand for every reproof she might receive from her guardian, for the liberty she had taken.

"Besides," said she to Miss Woodley, who had still her fears, "do you not wish his uncle should have a warmer interest in his care than duty?"—it is duty alone which induces Mr. Dorriforth to provide for him ; but it is proper that affection should have some share in his benevolence—and how, when he grows older, will he be so fit an object of the love which compassion excites as he is at present.

Miss Woodley acquiesced. But before they arrived at their own door it came into Miss Milner's remembrance, that there was a grave sternness in the manners of her guardian when provoked ; the recollection of which made her a little apprehensive for what she had done—her friend, who knew him better than she did, was more so. They both became silent as they approached the street where they lived ; for Miss Woodley, having once represented her fears, and having suppressed them in resignation to Miss Milner's better judgment, would not repeat them—and Miss Milner would not confess that they were now troubling of her.

Just, however, as the coach stopped at their home, she had the forecast and the humility to say, "We will not tell Mr. Dorriforth the child is his nephew, unless he should appear fond and pleased with him, and then I think we may venture without any danger."

This was agreed ; and when Dorriforth entered the room just before dinner, poor Harry Rushbrook was introduced as the son of a lady who frequently visited there. The deception passed—his uncle shook hands with him, and at length, highly pleased with his engaging manner and applicable replies, took him on his knee, and caressed him with affection. Miss Milner could scarcely restrain the joy it gave her ; but unluckily, Dorriforth said soon after to the child, "And now tell me your name."

"Harry Rushbrook," replied he, with force and clearness of voice.

Dorriforth was holding him fondly round the waist as he stood with his feet upon his knees ; and at this reply he did not throw him from him—but he removed his hands, which had supported him, so suddenly that the child, to prevent falling

on the floor, threw himself about his uncle's neck. Miss Milner and Miss Woodley turned aside to conceal their tears. "I had like to have been down," cried Harry, fearing no other danger. But his uncle took hold of each hand which had twined around him, and placed him immediately on the ground. The dinner being that instant served, he gave no greater marks of his resentment than calling for his hat, and walking instantly out of the house.

Miss Milner cried for anger; yet she did not show less kindness to the object of this vexatious circumstance: she held him in her arms while she sat at table, and repeatedly said to him (though he had not the sense to thank her), "That she would always be his friend."

The first emotions of resentment against Dorriforth being passed, she returned with her little charge to the farm house, before it was likely his uncle should come back; another instance of obedience, which Miss Woodley was impatient her guardian should know: she therefore inquired where he was gone, and sent him a note for the sole purpose of acquainting him with it, offering at the same time an apology for what had happened. He returned in the evening seemingly reconciled; nor was a word mentioned of the incident which had occurred in the former part of the day; still in his countenance remained the evidence of a perfect recollection of it, without one trait of compassion for his hapless nephew.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE are few things so mortifying to a proud spirit as to suffer by immediate comparison—men can hardly bear it, but to women the punishment is intolerable; and Miss Milner now laboured under this humiliation to a degree which gave her no small inquietude.

Miss Fenton, young, of exquisite beauty, elegant manners, gentle disposition, and discreet conduct, was introduced to Miss Milner's acquaintance by her guardian, and frequently, sometimes inadvertently, held up by him as a pattern for her to follow:—for when he did not say this in direct terms, it was insinuated by the warmth of his panegyric on those virtues in which Miss Fenton excelled, and in which his ward was obviously deficient. Conscious of her own inferiority in these subjects of her guardian's praise, Miss Milner, instead of being inspired to emulation, was provoked to envy.

Not to admire Miss Fenton was impossible—to find one fault with her person or sentiments was equally impossible—and yet to love her was unlikely.

That serenity of mind which kept her features in a continual placid form, though enchanting at the first glance, upon a second or third, fatigued

the sight for want of variety; and to have seen her distorted with rage, convulsed with mirth, or in deep dejection, had been to her advantage. But her superior soul appeared above those emotions, and there was more inducement to worship her as a saint than to love her as a woman. Yet Dorriforth, whose heart was not formed (at least not educated) for love, regarding her in the light of friendship only, beheld her as the most perfect model of her sex. Lord Frederick on first seeing her was struck with her beauty, and Miss Milner apprehended she had introduced a rival; but he had not seen her three times, before he called her "The most insufferable of Heaven's creatures," and vowed there was more charming variation in the plain features of Miss Woodley.

Miss Milner had a heart affectionate to her own sex, even where she saw them in possession of superior charms; but whether from the spirit of contradiction, from feeling herself more than ordinarily offended by her guardian's praise of this lady, or that there was a reserve in Miss Fenton that did not accord with her own frank and ingenuous disposition, so as to engage her esteem, certain it is that she took infinite satisfaction in hearing her beauty and virtues depreciated or turned into ridicule, particularly if Mr. Dorriforth was present. This was painful to him on many accounts; perhaps an anxiety for his ward's conduct was not among the least; and whenever the circumstance occurred, he could with difficulty restrain his anger. Miss Fenton was not only a person whose amiable qualities he admired, but she was soon to be allied to him by her marriage with his nearest relation, Lord Elmwood, a young nobleman whom he sincerely loved.

Lord Elmwood had discovered all that beauty in Miss Fenton which every common observer could not but see. The charms of her mind and of her fortune had been pointed out by his tutor; and the utility of the marriage, in perfect submission to his precepts, he never permitted himself to question.

This preceptor held with a magisterial power the government of his pupil's passions; nay, governed them so entirely that no one could perceive (nor did the young lord himself know) that he had any.

This rigid monitor and friend was a Mr. Sandford, bred a Jesuit in the same college at which Dorriforth had since been educated, but previous to his education the order had been compelled to take another name. Sandford had been the tutor of Dorriforth as well as of his cousin, Lord Elmwood, and by this double tie he seemed now entailed upon the family. As a jesuit, he was consequently a man of learning; possessed of steadiness to accomplish the end of any design once meditated, and of sagacity to direct the views of men more powerful, but less ingenious than himself. The young earl, accustomed in his infancy to fear him as his master, in his youthful manhood

received every new indulgence, with gratitude, and at length loved him as a father:—nor had Dorri-forth as yet shaken off similar sensations.

Mr. Sandford perfectly knew how to influence the sentiments and sensations of all humankind, but yet he had the forbearance not to "draw all hearts towards him." There were some whose hatred he thought not unworthy of his pious labours to excite; and in that pursuit he was more rapid in his success than even in procuring esteem. It was an enterprise in which he succeeded with Miss Milner even beyond his most sanguine wish.

She had been educated at an English boarding school, and had no idea of the superior and subordinate state of characters in a foreign seminary:—besides, as a woman, she was privileged to say any thing she pleased; and, as a beautiful woman, she had a right to expect that whatever she pleased to say should be admired.

Sandford knew the hearts of women, as well as those of men, though he had passed but little of his time in their society;—he saw Miss Milner's heart at the first sight of her person; and beholding in that small circumference a weight of folly that he wished to eradicate, he began to toil in the vineyard, eagerly courting her detestation of him, in the hope he could also make her abominate herself. In the mortifications of slight he was expert; and being a man of talents, whom all companies, especially those of her friends, respected, he did not begin by wasting that reverence he so highly valued upon ineffectual remonstrances, of which he could foresee the reception, but wakened her attention by his neglect of her.

He spoke of her in her presence as of an indifferent person, sometimes forgetting even to name her when the subject required it; then would ask her pardon, and say that he "really did not recollect her," with such seeming sorrow for his fault, that she could not suppose the offence intended, and of course felt the affront more acutely.

While, with every other person she was the principal, the cause upon whom a whole party depended for conversation, cards, music, or dancing, with Mr. Sandford she found that she was of no importance. Sometimes she tried to consider this disregard of her as merely the effect of ill breeding; but he was not an ill bred man: he was a gentleman by birth, and one who had kept the best company—a man of sense and learning. "And such a man slights me without knowing it," she said—for she had not dived so deeply into the powers of simulation as to suspect that such careless manners were the result of art.

This behaviour of Mr. Sandford had its desired effect—it humbled her in her own opinion more than a thousand sermons would have done, preached on the vanity of youth and beauty. She felt an inward shame at the insignificance of these qualities that she never knew before; and would have been cured of all her pride, had she not possessed a degree of spirit beyond the generality of

her sex—such a degree as even Mr. Sandford, with all his penetration, did not expect to find. She determined to resent his treatment; and, entering the lists as his declared enemy, gave to the world a reason why he did not acknowledge her sovereignty, as well as the rest of her devoted subjects.

She now commenced hostilities against all his arguments, his learning, and his favourite axioms; and by a happy talent of ridicule, in want of other weapons for this warfare, she threw in the way of the holy father as great trials of his patience as any that his order could have substituted in penance. Many things he bore like a martyr—at others, his fortitude would forsake him, and he would call on her guardian, his former pupil, to interpose with his authority: she would then declare that she only had acted thus "to try the good man's temper, and that if he had combated with his fretfulness a few moments longer, she would have acknowledged his claim to canonization; but that, having yielded to the sallies of his anger, he must now go through numerous other probations."

If Miss Fenton was admired by Dorri-forth, by Sandford she was adored—and, instead of placing her as an example to Miss Milner, he spoke of her as of one endowed beyond Miss Milner's power of imitation. Often, with a shake of his head and a sigh, would he say,

"No; I am not so hard upon you as your guardian; I only desire you to love Miss Fenton; to resemble her, I believe, is above your ability."

This was too much to bear composedly—and poor Miss Woodley, who was generally a witness of these controversies, felt a degree of sorrow at every sentence which, like the foregoing, chagrined and distressed her friend. Yet as she suffered too for Mr. Sandford, the joy of her friend's reply was mostly abated by the uneasiness it gave to him. But Mrs. Horton felt for none but the right reverend priest; and often did she feel so violently interested in his cause, that she could not refrain giving an answer herself in his behalf—thus doing the duty of an adversary with all the zeal of an advocate.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Sandford finding his friend Dorri-forth frequently perplexed in the management of his ward, and he himself thinking her incorrigible, gave his counsel, that a suitable match should be immediately sought out for her, and the care of so dangerous a person given into other hands. Dorri-forth acknowledged the propriety of this advice, but lamented the difficulty of pleasing his ward as to the quality of her lover; for she had refused, besides Sir Edward Ashton, many others of equal preten-

sions. "Depend upon it then," cried Sandford, "that her affections are engaged; and it is proper that you should know to whom." Dorriforth thought he did know, and mentioned Lord Frederick; but said that he had no farther authority for the supposition than what his observation had given him, for that every explanation both upon his and her side had been evaded. "Take her then," cried Sandford, "into the country, and if Lord Frederick should not follow, there is an end of your suspicions."—"I shall not easily prevail upon Miss Milner to leave town," replied he, "while it is in the highest fashion."—"You can but try," returned Sandford; "and if you should not succeed now, at least fix the time you mean to go during the autumn, and be firm to your determination." "But in autumn," replied Dorriforth, "Lord Frederick will of course be in the country; and as his uncle's estate is near our residence, he will not then so evidently follow her, as he would if I could induce her to go immediately."

It was agreed the attempt should be made. Instead of receiving this abrupt proposal with uneasiness, Miss Milner, to the surprise of all present, immediately consented; and gave her guardian an opportunity of saying several of the kindest and politest things upon her ready compliance.

"A token of approbation from you, Mr. Dorriforth," returned she, "I always considered with high estimation—but your commendations are now become infinitely superior in value by their scarcity; for I do not believe that since Miss Fenton and Mr. Sandford came to town, I have received one testimony of your esteem."

Had these words been uttered with pleasantry, they might have passed without observation; but at the conclusion of the period, resentment flew to Miss Milner's face, and she darted a piercing look at Mr. Sandford, which more pointedly expressed that she was angry with him, than if she had spoken volumes in her usual strain of railery. Dorriforth was confused—but the concern which she had so plainly evinced for his good opinion, throughout all that she had been saying, silenced any rebuke he might else have given her, for this unwarrantable charge against his friend. Mrs. Horton was shocked at the irreverent manner in which Mr. Sandford was treated—and Miss Woodley turned to him with a benevolent smile upon her face, hoping to set him an example of the manner in which he should receive the reproach. Her good wishes did not succeed—yet he was perfectly unruffled, and replied with calmness,

"The air of the country has affected the lady already—but it is a comfortable thing," continued he, "that in the variety of humours to which some women are exposed, they cannot be uniform even in deceit."

"Deceit!" cried Miss Milner, "in what am I deceitful? did I ever pretend that I had an esteem for you?"

"That would not have been deceit, madam, but merely good manners."

"I never, Mr. Sandford, sacrificed truth to politeness."

"Except when the country has been proposed, and you thought it politeness to appear satisfied."

"And I was satisfied, till I recollected that you might probably be of the party—then, every grove was changed into a wilderness, every rivulet into a stagnated pool, and every singing bird into a croaking raven."

"A very poetical description," returned he calmly. "But, Miss Milner, you need not have had any apprehensions of my company in the country, for I understand the seat to which your guardian means to go, belongs to you; and you may depend upon it, madam, that I will never enter a house in which you are the mistress."

"Nor any house, I am certain, Mr. Sandford, but in which you are yourself the master."

"What do you mean, madam? (and for the first time he elevated his voice,) am I the master here?"

"Your servants," replied she, looking at the company, "will not tell you so, but I do."

"You condescend, Mr. Sandford, cried Mrs. Horton, "in talking so much to a young heedless woman; but I know you do it for her good."

"Well, Miss Milner," cried Dorriforth (and the most cutting thing he could say), "since I find my proposal of the country has put you out of humour, I shall mention it no more."

With all that quantity of resentment, anger, or rage, which sometimes boiled in the veins of Miss Milner, she was yet never wanting in that respect towards her guardian, which withheld her from ever uttering one angry sentence, directed immediately to him; and a severe word of his, instead of exasperating, was sure to subdue her. This was the case at present—his words wounded her to the heart, but she had not the asperity to reply to them as she thought they merited, and she burst into tears. Dorriforth, instead of being concerned, as he usually was at seeing her uneasy, appeared on the present occasion provoked. He thought her weeping was a new reproach to his friend Mr. Sandford; and that to suffer himself to be moved by it would be a tacit condemnation of his friend's conduct. She understood his thoughts, and, getting the better of her tears, apologized for her weakness; adding,

"She could never bear with indifference an unjust accusation."

"To prove that mine was unjust, madam," replied Dorriforth; "be prepared to quit London, without any marks of regret, within a few days."

She bowed assent; the necessary preparations were agreed upon; and while with apparent satisfaction she adjusted the plan of her journey (like those who behave well, not so much to please themselves as to vex their enemies), she secretly triumphed in the mortification she hoped

that Mr. Sandford would receive from her obedient behaviour.

The news of this intended journey was of course soon made public. There is a secret charm in being pitied, when the misfortune is but ideal; and Miss Milner found infinite gratification in being told, "That hers was a cruel case, and that it was unjust and barbarous to force so much beauty into concealment, while London was filled with her admirers; who, like her, would languish in consequence of her solitude." These things, and a thousand such, a thousand times repeated, she still listened to with pleasure; yet preserved the constancy not to shrink from her resolution of submitting.

Those involuntary sighs, however, that Miss Woodley had long ago observed, became still more frequent; and a tear half starting in her eye was an additional subject of her friend's observation. Yet though Miss Milner at those times was softened into melancholy, she by no means appeared unhappy. Her friend was acquainted with love only by name; yet she was confirmed from these increased symptoms, in what she before only suspected, that *love* must be the foundation of her care. "Her senses have been captivated by the person and accomplishments of Lord Frederick," said Miss Woodley to herself, "but her understanding compels her to see his faults, and reproaches her passion—And, oh!" cried she, "could her guardian and Mr. Sandford but know of this conflict, how much would they have to admire; how little to condemn!"

With such friendly thoughts, and with the purest intentions, Miss Woodley did not fail to give both gentlemen reason to believe a contention of this nature was the actual state of Miss Milner's mind. Dorriforth was affected at the description, and Sandford urged more than ever the necessity of leaving town.—In a few days they departed: Mrs. Horton, Miss Woodley, Miss Milner, and Mr. Dorriforth, accompanied by Miss Fenton, whom Miss Milner, knowing it to be the wish of her guardian, invited, for three months before her marriage, to her country seat. Elmwood house, or rather castle, the seat of Lord Elmwood, was only a few miles distant from this residence, and he was expected to pass a great part of the summer there, with his tutor Mr. Sandford.

In the neighbourhood was also (as it has been already said) an estate belonging to an uncle of Lord Frederick's; and most of the party suspected they should soon see him on a visit there. To that expectation they in great measure attributed Miss Milner's visible content.

CHAPTER XI.

WITH this party Miss Milner arrived at her

country house, and, for near six weeks, all around was the picture of tranquillity; her satisfaction was as evident as every other person's; and all severe admonition being at this time unnecessary, either to exhort her to her duty, or to warn her against her folly, she was even in perfect good humour with Miss Fenton, and added friendship to hospitality.

Mr. Sandford, who came with Lord Elmwood to the neighbouring seat, about a week after the arrival of Miss Milner at hers, was so scrupulously exact in the observance of his word, "*Never to enter a house of Miss Milner's*," that he would not even call upon his friend Dorriforth there—but in their walks, and at Lord Elmwood's, the two parties, residing at the two houses, would occasionally join, and of course Sandford and she at those times met—yet so distant was the reserve on either side, that not a single word upon any occasion was ever exchanged between them.

Miss Milner did not like Mr. Sandford; yet as there was no cause of inveterate rancour, admiring him too as a man who meant well, and her being besides of a most forgiving temper, she frequently felt concerned that he did not speak to her, although it had been to find fault as usual—and one morning as they were all, after a long ramble, drawing towards her house, where Lord Elmwood was invited to dine, she could not refrain from dropping a tear at seeing Sandford turn back and wish them a "Good day."

But though she had the generosity to forgive an affront, she had not the humility to make a concession: and she foresaw that nothing less than some very humble atonement on her part would prevail upon the haughty priest to be reconciled. Dorriforth saw her concern upon this last trifling occasion with a secret pleasure, and an admiration that she had never before excited. She once insinuated to him to be a mediator between them; but before any accommodation could take place, the peace and composure of their abode were disturbed by the arrival of Sir Edward Ashton at Lord Elmwood's, where it appeared as if he had been invited in order to pursue his matrimonial plan.

At a dinner given by Lord Elmwood, Sir Edward was announced as an unexpected visitor; Miss Milner did not suppose him such, and she turned pale when his name was uttered. Dorriforth fixed his eyes upon her with some tokens of compassion, while Sandford seemed to exult, and by his repeated "Welcomes" to the baronet gave proofs how much he was rejoiced to see him. All the declining enmity of Miss Milner was renewed at this behaviour, and suspecting Sandford as the instigator of the visit, she could not overcome her displeasure, but gave way to it in a manner which she thought the most mortifying. Sir Edward, in the course of conversation inquired "What neighbours were in the country;" and she, with an appearance of high satisfaction, named Lord Frederick Lawnley as being hourly expected at his

uncle's. The colour spread over Sir Edward's face—Dorriforth was confounded—And Mr. Sandford looked enraged.

"Did Lord Frederick tell *you* he should be down?" Sandford asked of Dorriforth.

To which he replied, "No."

"But I hope, Mr. Sandford, you will permit *me* to know," said Miss Milner. For as she now meant to torment him by what she said, she no longer constrained herself to silence—and as he harboured the same kind intention towards her, he had no longer any objection to make a reply, and therefore answered,

"No, madam, if it depend upon my permission, you shall not know."

"Not *any* thing, sir, I dare say;—you would keep me in utter ignorance."

"I would."

"From a self-interested motive, Mr. Sandford—that I might have a greater respect for you."

Some of the company laughed—Mrs. Horton coughed—Miss Woodley blushed—Lord Elmwood sneered—Dorriforth frowned—and Miss Fenton looked just as she did before.

The conversation was changed as soon as possible, and early in the evening the party from Milner Lodge returned home.

Miss Milner had scarcely left her dressing-room, where she had been taking off some part of her dress, when Dorriforth's servant came to acquaint her that his master was alone in his study, and begged to speak with her. She felt herself tremble—she immediately experienced a consciousness that she had not acted properly at Lord Elmwood's; for she felt a presentiment that her guardian was going to upbraid her, and her heart whispered that he had never yet reproached her without a cause.

Miss Woodley just then entered her apartment, and she found herself so much a coward as to propose that she should go with her, and aid her with a word or two occasionally in her excuse.

"What you, my dear," returned Miss Woodley, "who, not three hours ago, had the courage to vindicate your own cause before a whole company, of whom many were your adversaries; do you want an advocate before your guardian alone, who has ever treated you with tenderness!"

"It is that very tenderness which frightens me; which intimidates, and strikes me dumb. Is it possible I can return impertinence to the language and manners which Mr. Dorriforth uses? and as I am debarred from that resource, what can I do but stand before him like a guilty creature, acknowledging my faults."

She again entreated her friend to go with her; but on a positive refusal, from the impropriety of such an intrusion, she was obliged at length to go by herself.

How much does the difference of exterior circumstances influence not only the manners, but even the persons of some people!—Miss Milner

in Lord Elmwood's drawing-room, surrounded by listeners, by admirers (for even her enemies could not look at her without admiration), animated with approbation and applause—and Miss Milner, with no giddy observer to give her actions a false eclat, destitute of all but her own understanding (which secretly condemns her), upon the point of receiving censure from her guardian and friend, are two different beings. Though still beautiful beyond description, she does not look even in person the same. In the last-mentioned situation, she was shorter in stature than in the former—she was pale—she was thinner—and a very different contour presided over her whole air, and all her features.

When she arrived at the door of the study, she opened it with a trepidation she could hardly account for, and entered to Dorriforth the altered woman she has been represented. His heart had taken the most decided part against her, and his face had assumed the most severe aspect of reproach; but her appearance gave an instantaneous change to his whole mind and countenance.

She halted, as if she feared to approach—he hesitated, as if he knew not how to speak. Instead of the anger with which he was prepared to begin, his voice involuntarily softened, and, without knowing what he said, he began,

"My dear Miss Milner—"

She expected he was angry, and in her confusion his gentleness was lost upon her. She imagined that what he said might be censure, and she continued to tremble, though he repeatedly assured her, that he meant only to advise, not to upbraid her.

"For as to all those little disputes between Mr. Sandford and you," said he, "I should be partial if I blamed you more than *him*:—indeed, when you take the liberty to condemn him, his character makes the freedom appear in a more serious light than when he complains of you—and yet, if he provokes your retorts, he alone must answer for them; nor will I undertake to decide betwixt you.—But I have a question to ask you, and to which I require a serious and unequivocal answer. Do you expect Lord Frederick in the country?"

Without hesitation she replied, "I do."

"One more question I have to ask, madam, and to which I expect a reply equally unreserved. Is Lord Frederick the man you approve for your husband?"

Upon this close interrogation, she discovered an embarrassment, beyond any she had ever yet betrayed, and faintly replied,

"No, he is not."

"Your words tell me one thing," answered Dorriforth, "but your looks declare another—which am I to believe?"

"Which you please," was her answer, while she discovered an insulted dignity, that astonished, without convincing him.

"But then why encourage him to follow you hither, Miss Milner?"

"Why commit a thousand follies (she replied, in tears) every hour of my life?"

"You then promote the hopes of Lord Frederick without one serious intention of completing them? This is a conduct against which it is my duty to guard you, and you shall no longer deceive either him or yourself. The moment he arrives, it is my resolution that you refuse to see him, or consent to become his wife."

In answer to the alternative thus offered, she appeared averse to both propositions; and yet came to no explanation why; but left her guardian at the end of the conference as much at a loss to decide upon her true sentiments, as he was before he had thus seriously requested he might be informed of them; but having steadfastly taken the resolution which he had just communicated, he found that resolution a certain relief to his mind.

CHAPTER XII.

Sir Edward Ashton, though not invited by Miss Milner, yet frequently did himself the honour to visit her at her house; sometimes he accompanied Lord Elmwood, at other times he came to see Dorriforth alone, who generally introduced him to the ladies. But Sir Edward was either so unwilling to give pain to the object of his love, or so intimidated by her frowns, that he seldom addressed her with a single word, except the usual compliments at entering, and retiring. This apprehension of offending, without one hope of pleasing, had the most awkward effect upon the manners of the worthy baronet; and his endeavours to insinuate himself into the affections of the woman he loved, merely by not giving her offence either in speaking to her or looking at her, formed a character so whimsical that it frequently forced a smile from Miss Milner, though his very name had often power to throw a gloom over her face: she looked upon him as the cause of her being hurried to the election of a lover, before her own mind could well direct her where to fix. Besides, his pursuit was troublesome, while it was no triumph to her vanity, which, by the addresses of Lord Frederick, was in the highest manner gratified.

His lordship now arrives in the country, and calls one morning at Miss Milner's; her guardian sees his carriage coming up the avenue, and gives orders to the servants, to say their lady is not at home, but that Mr. Dorriforth is: Lord Frederick leaves his compliments and goes away.

The ladies all observed his carriage and servants. Miss Milner flew to her glass, adjusted her dress, and in her looks expressed every sign of palpitation—but in vain she keeps her eye fixed upon the door of the apartment; no Lord Frederick appears.

After some minutes of expectation, the door opens and her guardian comes in;—she was disappointed; he perceived that she was, and he looked at her with a most serious face; she immediately called to mind the assurance he had given her, "That her acquaintance with Lord Frederick in its then improper state should not continue," and, between chagrin and confusion, she was at a loss how to behave.

Though the ladies were all present, Dorriforth said, without the smallest reserve, "Perhaps, Miss Milner, you may think I have taken an unwarrantable liberty, in giving orders to your servants to deny you to Lord Frederick; but until his lordship and I have had a private conference, or you condescend to declare your sentiments more fully in regard to his visits, I think it my duty to put an end to them."

"You will always perform your duty, Mr. Dorriforth, I have no doubt, whether I concur or not."

"Yet believe me, madam, I should perform it more cheerfully, if I could hope that it was sanctioned by your inclinations."

"I am not mistress of my inclinations, sir, or they should conform to yours."

"Place them under my direction, and I will answer for it they will."

A servant came in—"Lord Frederick is returned, sir, and says he should be glad to see you." "Show him into the study," cried Dorriforth hastily, and, rising from his chair, left the room.

"I hope they won't quarrel," said Mrs. Horton, meaning that she thought they would.

"I am sorry to see you so uneasy, Miss Milner," said Miss Fenton, with perfect unconcern.

As the badness of the weather had prevented their usual morning's exercise, the ladies were employed at their needles till the dinner bell called them away. "Do you think Lord Frederick is gone?" then whispered Miss Milner to Miss Woodley. "I think not," she replied. "Go ask of the servants, dear creature;" and Miss Woodley went out of the room,—she soon returned and said, apart, "He is now getting into his chariot; I saw him pass in violent haste through the hall; he seemed to fly."

"Ladies, the dinner is waiting," cried Mrs. Horton, and they repaired to the dining room, where Dorriforth soon after came, and engrossed their whole attention by his disturbed looks and unusual silence. Before dinner was over, he was, however, more himself, but still he appeared thoughtful and dissatisfied. At the time of their evening walk he excused himself from accompanying them, and they saw him in a distant field with Mr. Sandford in earnest conversation; for Sandford and he stopped on one spot for a quarter of an hour, as if the interest of the subject had so engaged them, they stood still without knowing it. Lord Elmwood, who had joined the ladies, walked

home with them ; Dorriforth entered soon after, in a much less gloomy humour than when he went out, and told his relation, that he and the ladies would dine with him the next day if he was disengaged ; and it was agreed they should.

Still Dorriforth was in some perturbation, but the immediate cause was concealed till the day following, when, about an hour before the company's departure from Elmwood castle, Miss Milner and Miss Woodley were desired, by a servant, to walk into a separate apartment, in which they found Mr. Dorriforth with Mr. Sandford waiting for them. Her guardian made an apology to Miss Milner for the form, the ceremony, of which he was going to make use ; but he trusted, the extreme weight which oppressed his mind, lest he should mistake the real sentiments of a person whose happiness depended upon his correct knowledge of them, would plead his excuse.

"I know, Miss Milner," continued he, "the world in general allows to unmarried women a great latitude in disguising their minds with respect to the man they love. I too am willing to pardon any little dissimulation that is but consistent with a modesty that becomes every woman upon the subject of marriage. But here, to what point I may limit, or you may extend, this kind of venial deceit, may so widely differ, that it is not impossible for me to remain unacquainted with your sentiments, even after you have revealed them to me. Under this consideration, I wish once more to hear your thoughts in regard to matrimony, and to hear them before one of your own sex, that I may form an opinion by her constructions."

To all this serious oration, Miss Milner made no other reply than by turning to Mr. Sandford, and asking, "If he was the person of her own sex, to whose judgment her guardian was to submit his own?"

"Madam," cried Sandford angrily, "you are come hither upon serious business."

"Any business must be serious to me, Mr. Sandford, in which you are concerned ; and if you had called it *sorrowful*, the epithet would have suited as well."

"Miss Milner," said her guardian, "I did not bring you here to contend with Mr. Sandford."

"Then why, sir, bring him hither ? for where he and I are, there must be contention."

"I brought him hither, madam, or I should rather say, brought you to this house, merely that he might be present on this occasion, and with his discernment relieve me from a suspicion, that my own judgment is neither able to suppress nor to confirm."

"Are there any more witnesses you may wish to call in, sir, to remove your doubts of my veracity ? if there are, pray send for them before you begin your interrogations."

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He shook his head—she continued,

"The whole world is welcome to hear what I say, and every different person is welcome to judge me differently."

"Dear Miss Milner,"—cried Miss Woodley, with a tone of reproach for the vehemence with which she had spoken.

"Perhaps, Miss Milner," said Dorriforth, "you will not now reply to those questions I was going to put?"

"Did I ever refuse, sir," returned she with a self-approving air, "to comply with any request that you have seriously made ? Have I ever refused obedience to your commands whenever you thought proper to lay them upon me ? If not, you have no right to suppose that I will do so now."

He was going to reply, when Mr. Sandford suddenly interrupted him, and, walking towards the door, cried, "When you come to the point for which you brought me here, send for me again."

"Stay now," said Dorriforth. "And Miss Milner," continued he, "I not only entreat, but conjure you to tell me—have you given your word or your affections to Lord Frederick Lawley?"

The colour spread over her face, and she replied, "I thought confessions were always to be made in secret ; however, as I am not a member of your church, I submit to the persecution of a heretic, and I answer—Lord Frederick has neither my word nor any share in my affections."

Sandford, Dorriforth, and Miss Woodley looked at each other with a degree of surprise that for some time kept them silent. At length Dorriforth said, "And it is your firm intention never to become his wife?"

To which she answered—"At present it is."

"At present ! do you suspect you shall change your mind?"

"Women sometimes do."

"But before that change can take place, your acquaintance will be at an end: for it is that which I shall next insist upon, and to which you can have no objection."

She replied, "I had rather it should continue."

"On what account?" cried Dorriforth.

"Because it entertains me."

"For shame, for shame!" returned he ; "it endangers your character and your happiness—Yet again, do not suffer me to interfere, if the breaking with my Lord Frederick can militate against your felicity."

"By no means," she answered ; "Lord Frederick makes part of my amusement, but can never constitute my felicity."

"Miss Woodley," said Dorriforth, "do you comprehend your friend in the same literal and unequivocal sense that I do?"

"Certainly I do, sir."

"And pray, Miss Woodley," said he, "were those the sentiments which you have always entertained?"

Miss Woodley hesitated—he continued. “Or has this conversation altered them?”

She hesitated again, then answered—“This conversation has altered them.”

“And yet you confide in it!” cried Sandford, looking at her with contempt.

“Certainly I do,” replied Miss Woodley.

“Do not you then, Mr. Sandford?” asked Dorriforth.

“I would advise you to act as if I did,” replied Sandford.

“Then, Miss Milner,” said Dorriforth, “you see Lord Frederick no more—and I hope I have your permission to apprise him of this arrangement.”

“You have, sir,” she replied with a completely unembarrassed countenance and voice.

Her friend looked at her as if to discover some lurking wish, adverse to all these protestations, but she could not discern one. Sandford too fixed his penetrating eyes upon her, as if he would look through her soul, but, finding it perfectly composed, he cried out,

“Why then not write his dismissal herself, and save you, Mr. Dorriforth, the trouble of any farther contest with him?”

“Indeed, Miss Milner,” said Dorriforth, “that would oblige me; for it is with great reluctance that I meet him upon this subject—he was extremely impatient and importunate when he was last with me—he took advantage of my ecclesiastical situation to treat me with a levity and ill breeding that I could ill have suffered upon any other consideration than a compliance with my duty.”

“Dictate what you please, Mr. Dorriforth, and I will write it,” said she, with a warmth like the most unaffected inclination. “And while you, sir,” she continued, “are so indulgent as not to distress me with the importunities of any gentleman to whom I am averse, I think myself equally bound, to rid you of the impertinence of every one to whom you may have objection.”

“But,” answered he, “rest assured I have no material objection to my Lord Frederick, except from that dilemma, in which your acquaintance with him has involved us all; and I should conceive the same against any other man, where the same circumstance occurred. As you have now, however, freely and politely consented to the manner in which it has been proposed that you shall break with him, I will not trouble you a moment longer upon a subject on which I have so frequently explained my wishes, but conclude it by assuring you, that your ready acquiescence has given me the sincerest satisfaction.”

“I hope, Mr. Sandford,” said she, turning to him with a smile, “I have given you satisfaction likewise?”

Sandford could not say yes, and was ashamed to say no; he, therefore, made answer only by his looks, which were full of suspicion. She,

notwithstanding, made him a very low courtesy. Her guardian then handed her out of the apartment into her coach, which was waiting to take her, Miss Woodley, and himself home.

CHAPTER XIII.

NOTWITHSTANDING the seeming readiness with which Miss Milner had resigned all farther acquaintance with Lord Frederick, during the short ride home she appeared to have lost great part of her wonted spirits; she was thoughtful, and once sighed heavily. Dorriforth began to fear that she had not only made a sacrifice of her affections, but of her veracity; yet, why she had done so, he could not comprehend.

As the carriage moved slowly through a lane between Elmwood castle and her own house, on casting her eyes out of the window, Miss Milner's countenance was brightened in an instant, and that instant Lord Frederick, on horseback, was at the coach door, and the coachman stopped.

“Oh, Miss Milner,” cried he (with a voice and manner that could give little suspicion of the truth of what he said), “I am overjoyed at the happiness of seeing you, even though it is but an accidental meeting.”

She was evidently glad to see him; but the earnestness with which he spoke seemed to put her upon her guard not to express the like satisfaction, and she said, in a cool constrained manner, she “was glad to see his lordship.”

The reserve with which she spoke gave Lord Frederick immediate suspicion who was in the coach with her, and turning his head quickly, he met the stern eye of Dorriforth; upon which, without the smallest salutation, he turned from him again abruptly and rudely. Miss Milner was confused, and Miss Woodley in torture, at this palpable affront, to which Dorriforth alone appeared indifferent.

“Go on,” said Miss Milner to the footman, “desire the coachman to drive on.”

“No,” cried Lord Frederick, “not till you have told me when I shall see you again.”

“I will write you word, my lord,” replied she, something alarmed. “You shall have a letter immediately after I get home.”

As if he guessed what its contents were to be, he cried out with warmth, “Take care, then, madam, how you treat me in that letter—and you, Mr. Dorriforth,” turning to him, “do you take care what it contains; for if it be dictated by you, to you I shall send the answer.”

Dorriforth, without making any reply, or casting a look at him, put his head out of the window on the opposite side, and called, in a very angry tone, to the coachman, “How dare you not drive on, when your lady orders you?”

The sound of Dorriforth's voice in anger was

to the servants so unusual that it acted like electricity upon the man, and he drove away at the instant with such rapidity that Lord Frederick was in a moment many yards behind. As soon, however, as he recovered from the surprise into which this sudden command had thrown him, he rode with speed after the carriage, and followed it, till it arrived at the door of Miss Milner's house; there, giving himself up to the rage of love, or to rage against Dorriforth for the contempt he had shown to him, he leaped from his horse when Miss Milner stepped from her carriage, and, seizing her hand, entreated her "Not to desert him, in compliance with the injunctions of monkish hypocrisy."

Dorriforth heard this, standing silently by, with a manly scorn upon his countenance.

Miss Milner struggled to loose her hand, saying, "Excuse me from replying to you now, my lord."

In return, he lifted her hand eagerly to his lips, and began to devour it with kisses; when Dorriforth, with an instantaneous impulse, rushed forward, and struck him a violent blow in the face. Under the force of this assault, and the astonishment it excited, Lord Frederick staggered, and letting fall the hand of Miss Milner, her guardian immediately laid hold of it, and led her into the house.

She was terrified beyond description; and with extreme difficulty Mr. Dorriforth conveyed her to her own chamber, without taking her in his arms. When, by the assistance of her maid, he had placed her upon a sofa—overwhelmed with shame and confusion for what he had done, he fell upon his knees before her, and "implored her forgiveness for the indelicacy he had been guilty of in her presence." And that he had alarmed her, and had forgotten the respect which he thought sacredly her due, seemed the only circumstance which then dwelt upon his thoughts.

She felt the indecorum of the posture he had condescended to take, and was shocked. To see her guardian at her feet struck her with a sense of impropriety, as if she had seen a parent there. With agitation and emotion, she conjured him to rise; and, with a thousand protestations, declared, "That she thought the rashness of the action was the highest proof of his regard for her."

Miss Woodley now entered: her care being ever employed upon the unfortunate, Lord Frederick had just been the object of it; she had waited by his side, and, with every good purpose, had preached patience to him, while he was smarting under the pain, but more under the shame of his chastisement. At first, his fury threatened a resort upon the servants around him (and who refused his entrance into the house) of the punishment he had received. But, in the certainty of an *amende honorable*, which must hereafter be made, he overcame the many temptations which the moment offered, and remounting his horse, rode away from the scene of his disgrace.

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No sooner had Miss Woodley entered the room and Dorriforth had resigned to her the care of his ward, than he flew to the spot where he had left Lord Frederick, negligent of what might be the event if he still remained there. After inquiring, and being told that he was gone, Dorriforth retired to his own apartment—with a bosom torn by more excruciating sensations than those which he had given to his adversary.

The reflection which struck him first with remorse, as he shut the door of his chamber, was:—"I have departed from my character—from the sacred character, the dignity of my profession and sentiments—I have departed from myself.—I am no longer the philosopher, but the ruffian—I have treated with an unpardonable insult a young nobleman, whose only offence was love, and a fond desire to insinuate himself into the favour of his mistress. I must atone for this outrage in whatever manner he may choose; and the law of honour and of justice (though in this one instance contrary to the law of religion) enjoins, that if he demands my life in satisfaction for his wounded feelings, it is his due. Alas! that I could but have laid it down this morning, unsullied with a cause for which it will make inadequate atonement!"

His next reproach was—"I have offended, and filled with horror, a beautiful young woman, whom it was my duty to have protected from those brutal manners to which I myself have exposed her."

Again—"I have drawn upon myself the just upbraidings of my faithful preceptor and friend; of the man in whose judgment it was my delight to be approved—above all, I have drawn upon myself the stings of conscience."

"Where shall I pass this sleepless night?" cried he, walking repeatedly across his chamber; "Can I go to the ladies? I am unworthy of their society. Shall I go and repose my disturbed mind on Sandford? I am ashamed to tell him the cause of my uneasiness. Shall I go to Lord Frederick, and, humbling myself before him, beg his forgiveness? He would spurn me for a coward. No,"—(and he lifted up his eyes to Heaven) "Thou all great, all wise and omnipotent Being, Thou whom I have most offended, it is to Thee alone that I have recourse in this hour of tribulation, and from Thee alone I solicit comfort. The confidence with which I now address myself to Thee, encouraged by that long intercourse which religion has effected, I here acknowledge to repay me amply, in this one moment, for the many years of my past life, devoted with my best, though imperfect, efforts to thy service."

CHAPTER XIV.

ALTHOUGH Miss Milner had not foreseen any fatal event resulting from the indignity offered to

Lord Frederick, yet she passed a night very different from those to which she had been accustomed. No sooner was she falling into a sleep than a thousand vague but distressing ideas darted across her imagination. Her heart would sometimes whisper to her when she was half asleep, "Lord Frederick is banished from you for ever." She shakes off the uneasiness this consideration brings along with it—she then starts, and sees the blow still aimed at him by Dorriforth. No sooner has she driven away this painful image than she is again awakened by beholding her guardian at her feet suing for pardon. She sighs, she trembles, and is chilled with terror.

Relieved by tears, towards the morning she sinks into a slumber, but, waking, finds the same images crowding all together upon her mind:—she is doubtful to which to give the preference—one, however, rushes the foremost, and continues so. She knows not the fatal consequence of ruminating, nor why she dwells upon that more than upon all the rest, but it will give place to none.

She rises languid and disordered; and, at breakfast, adds fresh pain to Dorriforth by her altered appearance.

He had scarcely left the room, when an officer waited upon him with a challenge from Lord Frederick. To the message delivered by this gentleman, he replied,

"Sir, as a clergyman, more especially of the church of Rome, I know not whether I am not exempt from answering a demand of this kind; but not having had forbearance to avoid an offence, I will not claim an exemption that would only indemnify me from making reparation."

"You will then, sir, meet Lord Frederick at the appointed hour?" said the officer.

"I will, sir; and my immediate care shall be to find a gentleman who will accompany me."

The officer withdrew, and when Dorriforth was again alone, he was going once more to reflect, but he durst not. Since yesterday, reflection, for the first time, was become painful to him; and even as he rode the short way to Lord Elmwood's immediately after, he found his own thoughts were so insufferable that he was obliged to enter into conversation with his servant. Solitude, that formerly charmed him, would, at those moments, have been worse than death.

At Lord Elmwood's, he met Sandford in the hall, and the sight of him was no longer welcome:—he knew how different the principles which he had just adopted were to those of that reverend friend, and without Sandford's complaining, or even suspecting what had happened, his presence was a sufficient reproach. He passed him as hastily as he could, and inquiring for Lord Elmwood, disclosed to him his errand. It was to ask him to be his second;—the young earl started, and wished to consult his tutor, but that his kinsman strictly forbade; and having urged his reasons with arguments which at least the earl could not

refute, he was at length prevailed upon to promise that he would accompany him to the field, which was at the distance only of a few miles, and the parties were to be there at seven on the same evening.

As soon as his business with Lord Elmwood was settled, Dorriforth returned home, to make preparations for the event which might ensue from this meeting. He wrote letters to several of his friends, and one to his ward, in writing which, he could with difficulty preserve the usual firmness of his mind.

Sandford, going into Lord Elmwood's library soon after his relation had left him, expressed his surprise at finding he was gone; upon which that nobleman, having answered a few questions, and given a few significant hints that he was intrusted with a secret, frankly confessed what he had promised to conceal.

Sandford, as much as a holy man could be, was enraged at Dorriforth for the cause of the challenge, but was still more enraged at his wickedness in accepting it. He applauded his pupil's virtue in making the discovery, and congratulated himself that he should be the instrument of saving not only his friend's life, but of preventing the scandal of his being engaged in a duel.

In the ardour of his designs, he went immediately to Miss Milner's—entered that house which he had so long refused to enter, and at a time when he was upon aggravated bad terms with its owner.

He asked for Dorriforth, went hastily into his apartment, and poured upon him a torrent of rebukes. Dorriforth bore all he said with the patience of a devotee, but with the firmness of a man. He owned his fault, but no eloquence could make him recall the promise he had given to repair the injury. Unshaken by the arguments, persuasions, and menaces of Sandford, he gave an additional proof of that inflexibility for which he had been long distinguished—and, after a dispute of two hours, they parted, neither of them the better for what either had advanced, but Dorriforth something the worse;—his conscience gave testimony to Sandford's opinion, "that he was bound by ties more sacred than worldly honour." But while he owned, he would not yield to the duty.

Sandford left him, determined, however, that Lord Elmwood should not be accessory in his guilt, and this he declared; upon which Dorriforth took the resolution of seeking another second.

In passing through the house on his return home, Sandford met, by accident, Mrs. Horton, Miss Milner, and the other two ladies returning from a saunter in the garden. Surprised at the sight of Mr. Sandford in her house, Miss Milner would not express that surprise, but going up to him with all the friendly benevolence which in general played about her heart, she took hold of one of his hands, and pressed it with a kindness which told him more forcibly that he was welcome

than if she had made the most elaborate speech to convince him of it. He, however, seemed little touched with her behaviour, and as an excuse for breaking his word, cried,

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I was brought hither in my anxiety to prevent murder."

"Murder!" exclaimed all the ladies.

"Yes," answered he, addressing himself to Miss Fenton, "your betrothed husband is a party concerned; he is going to be second to Mr. Dorriforth, who means this very evening to be killed by my Lord Frederick, or to kill him, in addition to the blow that he gave him last night."

Mrs. Horton exclaimed, "If Mr. Dorriforth dies, he dies a martyr."

Miss Woodley cried with fervour, "Heaven forbid!"

Miss Fenton cried, "Dear me!"

While Miss Milner, without uttering one word, sunk speechless on the floor.

They lifted her up and brought her to the door which entered into the garden. She soon recovered; for the tumult of her mind would not suffer her to remain inactive, and she was roused, in spite of her weakness, to endeavour to ward off the impending disaster. In vain, however, she attempted to walk to her guardian's apartment—she sunk as before, and was taken to a settee, while Miss Woodley was dispatched to bring him to her.

Informed of the cause of her indisposition, he followed Miss Woodley with a tender anxiety for her health, and with grief and confusion that he had so carelessly endangered it. On his entering the room Sandford beheld the inquietude of his mind, and cried, "Here is your guardian," with a cruel emphasis on the word.

He was too much engaged by the sufferings of his ward to reply to Sandford. He placed himself on the settee by her, and with the utmost tenderness, reverence, and pity, entreated her not to be concerned at an accident in which he, and he alone had been to blame; but which he had no doubt would be accommodated in the most amicable manner.

"I have one favour to require of you, Mr. Dorriforth," said she, "and that is, your promise, your solemn promise, which I know is ever sacred, that you will not meet my Lord Frederick."

He hesitated.

"Oh, madam," cried Sandford, "he is grown a libertine now, and I would not believe his word, if he were to give it you."

"Then, sir," returned Dorriforth angrily, "you may believe my word, for I will keep that which I gave to you. I will give Lord Frederick all the restitution in my power. But, my dear Miss Milner, let not this alarm you; we may not find it convenient to meet this many a day; and most probably some fortunate explanation may prevent our meeting at all. If not, reckon but among the many duels that are fought, how few are fatal:

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and even in that case, how small would be the loss to society, if——" He was proceeding.

"I should ever deplore the loss!" cried Miss Milner; "on such an occasion, I could not survive the death of either."

"For my part," he replied, "I look upon my life as much forfeited to my Lord Frederick, to whom I have given a high offence, as it might in other instances have been forfeited to the offended laws of the land. Honour is the law of the polite part of the land; we know it; and when we transgress against it knowingly, we justly incur our punishment. However, Miss Milner, this affair will not be settled immediately, and I have no doubt but that all will be as you could wish. Do you think I should appear thus easy," added he with a smile, "if I were going to be shot at by my Lord Frederick?"

"Very well!" cried Sandford, with a look that evinced he was better informed.

"You will stay within then, all this day?" said Miss Milner.

"I am engaged to dinner," he replied; "it is unlucky—I am sorry for it—but I'll be at home early in the evening."

"Stained with human blood," cried Sandford, "or yourself a corpse."

The ladies lifted up their hands!—Miss Milner rose from her seat, and threw herself at her guardian's feet.

"You kneeled to me last night, I now kneel to you" (she cried), "kneel, never desiring to rise again, if you persist in your intention.—I am weak, I am volatile, I am indiscreet, but I have a heart from which some impressions can never,—Oh! never be erased."

He endeavoured to raise her, she persisted to kneel—and here the affright, the terror, the anguish, she endured, discovered to her her own sentiments—which, till that moment, she had doubted—and she continued,

"I no longer pretend to conceal my passion—I love Lord Frederick Lawndley."

Her guardian started.

"Yes to my shame I love him," cried she, all emotion: "I meant to have struggled with the weakness, because I supposed it would be displeasing to you—but apprehension for his safety has taken away every power of restraint, and I beseech you to spare his life."

"This is exactly what I thought," cried Sandford, with an air of triumph.

"Good heaven!" cried Miss Woodley.

"But it is very natural," said Mrs. Horton.

"I own," said Dorriforth (struck with amaze, and now taking her from his feet with a force that she could not resist), "I own Miss Milner, I am greatly affected and wounded at this contradiction in your character."

"But did I not say so?" cried Sandford, interrupting him.

"However," continued he, "you may take my

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word, though you have deceived me in yours, that Lord Frederick's life is secure. For your sake I would not endanger it for the universe. But let this be a warning to you!"

He was proceeding with the most austere looks, and pointed language, when observing the shame and the self-reproach that agitated her mind, he divested himself in a great measure of his resentment, and said, mildly,

"Let this be a warning to you, how you deal in future with the friends who wish you well. You have hurried me into a mistake that might have cost me my life, or the life of the man you love; and thus exposed you to misery, more bitter than death."

"I am not worthy of your friendship, Mr. Dorriforth," said she, sobbing with grief, "and from this moment forsake me."

"No, madam, not in the moment you first discover to me, how I can make you happy."

The conversation appearing now to become of a nature in which the rest of the company could have no share whatever, they were all, except Mr. Sandford, retiring; when Miss Milner called Miss Woodley back, saying, "Stay you with me; I was never so unfit to be left without your friendship."

"Perhaps at present you can dispense with mine?" said Dorriforth. She made no answer. He then once more assured her Lord Frederick's life was safe, and was quitting the room—but when he recollected in what humiliation he had left her, turning towards her as he opened the door, he added,

"And be assured, madam, that my esteem for you shall be the same as ever."

Sandford, as he followed him, bowed and repeated the same words—"And, madam, be assured that my esteem for you shall be the same as ever."

CHAPTER XV.

THIS taunting reproof from Sandford made little impression upon Miss Milner, whose thoughts were all fixed on a subject of much more importance than the opinion which he entertained of her. She threw her arms about her friend the moment they were left alone, and asked, with anxiety, "What she thought of her behaviour?" Miss Woodley, who could not approve of the duplicity she had betrayed, still wished to reconcile her as much as possible to her own conduct, and replied, she "highly commended the frankness with which she had, at last, acknowledged her sentiments."

"Frankness!" cried Miss Milner, starting. "Frankness, my dear Miss Woodley! What you have just now heard me say is all a falsehood."

"How, Miss Milner!"

"Oh, Miss Woodley," returned she, sobbing upon her bosom, "pity the agonies of my heart, my heart by nature sincere, when such are the fatal propensities it cherishes that I must submit to the grossest falsehoods rather than reveal the truth."

"What can you mean?" cried Miss Woodley, with the strongest amazement in her face.

"Do you suppose I love Lord Frederick? Do you suppose I can love him?—Oh, fly, and prevent my guardian from telling such an untruth."

"What can you mean?" repeated Miss Woodley; "I protest you terrify me." For this inconsistency in the behaviour of Miss Milner appeared as if her senses had been deranged.

"Fly," she resumed, "and prevent the inevitable ill consequence which will ensue, if Lord Frederick should be told of this falsehood. It will involve us all in greater disquiet than we suffer at present."

"Then what has influenced you, my dear Miss Milner?"

"That which impels all my actions—an insurmountable instinct—a fatality that will for ever render me the most miserable of human beings; and yet you, even you, my dear Miss Woodley, will not pity me."

Miss Woodley pressed her closely in her arms, and vowed, "That while she was unhappy, from whatever cause, she still would pity her."

"Go to Mr. Dorriforth then, and prevent him from imposing upon Lord Frederick."

"But that imposition is the only means of preventing the duel," replied Miss Woodley. "The moment I have told him that your affection was but counterfeited, he will no longer refuse accepting the challenge."

"Then at all events I am undone," exclaimed Miss Milner, "for the duel is horrible, even beyond every thing else."

"How so?" returned Miss Woodley, "since you have declared that you do not care for my Lord Frederick?"

"But are you so blind," returned Miss Milner, with a degree of madness in her looks, "as to believe I do not care for Mr. Dorriforth? Oh! Miss Woodley! I love him with all the passion of a mistress, and with all the tenderness of a wife."

Miss Woodley at this sentence sat down—it was on a chair that was close to her—her feet could not have taken her to any other. She trembled—she was as white as ashes, and deprived of speech. Miss Milner, taking her by the hand, said,

"I know what you feel—I know what you think of me—and how much you hate and despise me. But Heaven is witness to all my struggles—nor would I, even to myself, acknowledge the shameless prepossession, till forced by a sense of his danger!"

"Silence," cried Miss Woodley, struck with horror.

"And even now," resumed Miss Milner, "have I not concealed it from all but you, by plunging myself into a new difficulty, from which I know not how I shall be extricated? And can I entertain a hope? No, Miss Woodley, nor ever will. But suffer me to own my folly to you—to entreat your soothing friendship to free me from my weakness. And, oh! give me your friendly advice, to deliver me from the difficulties which surround me."

Miss Woodley was still pale and still silent.

Education is called second nature; in the strict (but not enlarged) education of Miss Woodley, it was more powerful than the first—and the violation of oaths, persons, or things consecrated to Heaven, was, in her opinion, if not the most enormous, yet among the most terrific in the catalogue of crimes.

Miss Milner had lived so long in a family who had imbibed those opinions that she was convinced of their existence; nay, her own reason told her that solemn vows of every kind ought to be sacred; and the more she respected her guardian's understanding, the less did she call in question his religious tenets: in esteeming him, she esteemed all his notions; and among the rest, venerated even those of his religion. Yet that passion, which had unhappily taken possession of her whole soul, would not have been inspired, had there not subsisted an early difference in their systems of divine faith. Had she been early taught what were the sacred functions of a Roman ecclesiastic, though all her esteem, all her admiration had been attracted by the qualities and accomplishments of her guardian, yet education would have given such a prohibition to her love, that she would have been precluded from it, as by that barrier which divides a sister from a brother.

This, unfortunately, was not the case; and Miss Milner loved Dorriforth without one conscious check to tell her she was wrong, except that which convinced her—her love would be avoided by him with detestation, and with horror.

Miss Woodley, something recovered from her first surprise and sufferings—for never did her susceptible mind suffer so exquisitely—amidst all her grief and abhorrence, felt that pity was still predominant; and reconciled to the faults of Miss Milner by her misery, she once more looked at her with friendship, and asked, "What she could do to render her less unhappy?"

"Make me forget," replied Miss Milner, "every moment of my life since I first saw you—that moment was teeming with a weight of cares, under which I must labour till my death."

"And even in death," replied Miss Woodley, "do not hope to shake them off. If unrepented in this world."

She was proceeding—but the anxiety her friend endured would not suffer her to be free from the apprehension, that, notwithstanding the positive assurance of her guardian, if he and Lord Frederic

should meet, the duel might still take place; she therefore rang the bell and inquired if Mr. Dorriforth was still at home?—The answer was—"he had rode out."—"You remember," said Miss Woodley, "he told you he should dine from home." This did not, however, dismiss her fears, and she dispatched two servants different ways in pursuit of him, acquainting them with her suspicions, and charging them to prevent the duel. Sandford had also taken his precautions; but though he knew the time, he did not know the exact place of their appointment, for that Lord Elmwood had forgot to inquire.

The excessive alarm which Miss Milner discovered upon this occasion was imputed by the servants, and by others who were witnesses of it, to her affection for Lord Frederic; while none but Miss Woodley knew, or had the most distant suspicion of the real cause.

Mrs. Horton and Miss Fenton, who were sitting together expatiating on the duplicity of their own sex in the instance just before them, had, notwithstanding the interest of the discourse, a longing desire to break it off; for they were impatient to see this poor frail being whom they were loading with their censure. They longed to see if she would have the confidence to look them in the face; them, to whom she had so often protested, that she had not the smallest attachment to Lord Frederic, but from motives of vanity.

These ladies heard with infinite satisfaction that dinner had been served, but met Miss Milner at the table with a less degree of pleasure than they had expected; for her mind was so totally abstracted from any consideration of them, that they could not discern a single blush, or confused glance, which their presence occasioned. No, she had before them divulged nothing of which she was ashamed; she was only ashamed that what she had said was not true. In the bosom of Miss Woodley alone was that secret entrusted which could call a blush into her face, and before her, she *did* feel confusion: before the gentle friend, to whom she had till this time communicated all her faults without embarrassment, she now cast down her eyes in shame.

Soon after the dinner was removed, Lord Elmwood entered: and that gallant young nobleman declared—"Mr. Sandford had used him ill, in not permitting him to accompany his relation; for he feared that Mr. Dorriforth would now throw himself upon the sword of Lord Frederic, without a single friend near to defend him." A rebuke from the eye of Miss Woodley, which, from this day had a command over Miss Milner, restrained her from expressing the affright she suffered from this intimation. Miss Fenton replied, "As to that, my lord, I see no reason why Mr. Dorriforth and Lord Frederic should not now be friends." Certainly," said Mrs. Horton; "for as soon as my Lord Frederic is made acquainted with Miss Milner's confession, all differences must be recon-

ciled." "What confession?" asked Lord Elmwood.

Miss Milner, to avoid hearing a repetition of that which gave her pain even to recollect, rose in order to retire into her own apartment, but was obliged to sit down again, till she received the assistance of Lord Elmwood and her friend, who led her into her dressing room. She reclined upon a sofa there, and though left alone with that friend, a silence followed of half an hour; nor when the conversation began, was the name of Dorriforth once uttered—they were grown cool and considerate since the discovery, and both were equally fearful of naming him.

The vanity of the world, the folly of riches, the charms of retirement, and such topics engaged their discourse, but not their thoughts, for near two hours; and the first time the word Dorriforth was spoken, was by a servant, who with alacrity opened the dressing room door, without previously rapping, and cried, "Madam, Mr. Dorriforth."

Dorriforth immediately came in, and went eagerly to Miss Milner. Miss Woodley beheld the glow of joy and of guilt upon her face, and did not rise to give him her seat, as was her custom, when she was sitting by his ward and he came to her with intelligence. He therefore stood while he repeated all that had happened in his interview with Lord Frederick.

But, with her gladness to see her guardian safe, she had forgot to inquire of the safety of his antagonist; of the man whom she had pretended to love so passionately—even smiles of rapture were upon her face, though Dorriforth might be returned from putting him to death. This incongruity of behaviour Miss Woodley observed and was confounded—but Dorriforth, in whose thoughts a suspicion either of her love of him, or indifference for Lord Frederick, had no place, easily reconciled this inconsistency, and said,

"You see by my countenance that all is well, and therefore you smile on me before I tell you what has passed."

This brought her to the recollection of her conduct, and now with looks ill constrained, she attempted the expression of an alarm she did not feel.

"Nay, I assure you Lord Frederick is safe," he resumed, "and the disgrace of his blow washed entirely away, by a few drops of blood from this arm." And he laid his hand upon his left arm, which rested in his waistcoat as a kind of sling.

She cast her eyes there, and seeing where the ball had entered the coat sleeve, she gave an involuntary scream, and reclined upon the sofa. Instead of that affectionate sympathy which Miss Woodley used to exert upon her slightest illness or affliction, she now addressed her in an un pitying tone, and said, "Miss Milner, you have heard Lord Frederick is safe, you have therefore nothing to alarm you." Nor did she run to hold a smell-

ing bottle, or to raise her head. Her guardian seeing her near fainting, and without any assistance from her friend, was going himself to give it; but on this, Miss Woodley interfered, and having taken her head upon her arm, assured him, "It was a weakness to which Miss Milner was very subject: that she would ring for her maid, who knew how to relieve her instantly with a few drops." Satisfied with this assurance, Dorriforth left the room; and a surgeon being come to examine his wound, he retired into his own chamber.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE power delegated by the confidential to those entrusted with their secrets, Miss Woodley was the last person on earth to abuse—but she was also the last, who, by an accommodating complacency, would participate in the guilt of her friend—and there was no guilt, except that of murder, which she thought equal to the crime in question, if it was ever perpetrated. Adultery, reason would perhaps have informed her, was a more pernicious evil to society; but to a religious mind, what sound is so horrible as *sacrilege*? Of vows made to God or to man, the former must weigh the heaviest. Moreover, the sin of infidelity in the married state is not a little softened, to common understandings, by its frequency: whereas, of religious vows broken by a devotee she had never heard; unless where the offence had been followed by such examples of divine vengeance, such miraculous punishments in this world (as well as eternal punishment in the other) as served to exaggerate the wickedness.

She, who could, and who did pardon Miss Milner, was the person who saw her passion in the severest light, and resolved upon every method, however harsh, to root it from her heart; nor did she fear success, resting on the certain assurance, that however deep her love might be fixed, it would never be returned. Yet this confidence did not prevent her taking every precaution, lest Dorriforth should come to the knowledge of it. She would not have his composed mind disturbed with such a thought—his steadfast principles so much as shaken by the imagination—nor overwhelm him with those self-reproaches which his fatal attraction, unpremeditated as it was, would still have drawn upon him.

With this plan of concealment, in which the natural modesty of Miss Milner acquiesced, there was but one effort for which this unhappy ward was not prepared; and that was, an entire separation from her guardian. She had, from the first, cherished her passion without the most remote prospect of a return—she was prepared to see Dorriforth, without ever seeing him more nearly connected to her than as her guardian and friend;

but not to see him at all—for *that*, she was not prepared.

But Miss Woodley reflected upon the inevitable necessity of this measure before she made the proposal; and then made it with a firmness, that might have done honour to the inflexibility of Dorriforth himself.

During the few days that intervened between her open confession of a passion for Lord Frederick, and this proposed plan of separation, the most intricate incoherence appeared in the character of Miss Milner;—and in order to evade a marriage with him, and conceal, at the same time, the shameful propensity which lurked in her breast, she was once even on the point of declaring a passion for Sir Edward Ashton.

In the duel which had taken place between Lord Frederick and Dorriforth, the latter had received the fire of his antagonist, but positively refused to return it; by which he had kept his promise not to endanger his lordship's life, and had reconciled Sandford, in great measure, to his behaviour—and Sandford now (his resolution once broken) no longer refused entering Miss Milner's house, but came whenever it was convenient, though he yet avoided the mistress of it as much as possible; or showed by every word and look, when she was present, that she was still less in his favour than she had ever been.

He visited Dorriforth on the evening of his engagement with Lord Frederick, and the next morning breakfasted with him in his own chamber; nor did Miss Milner see her guardian after his first return from that engagement before the following noon. She inquired, however, of his servant how he did, and was rejoiced to hear that his wound was but slight—yet this inquiry she durst not make before Miss Woodley.

When Dorriforth made his appearance the next day, it was evident that he had thrown from his heart a load of cares; and though they had left a languor upon his face, content was in his voice, in his manners, in every word and action—Far from seeming to retain any resentment against his ward, for the danger into which her imprudence had led him, he appeared rather to pity her indiscretion, and to wish to sooth the perturbation, which the recollection of her own conduct had evidently raised in her mind. His endeavours were successful—she was soothed every time he spoke to her; and had not the watchful eye of Miss Woodley stood guard over her inclinations, she had plainly discovered, that she was enraptured with the joy of seeing him again himself, after the danger to which he had been exposed.

These emotions, which she laboured to subdue, passed, however, the bounds of her ineffectual resistance, when at the time of her retiring after dinner, he said to her in a low voice, but such as it was meant the company should hear, "Do me the favour, Miss Milner, to call at my study some

time in the evening; I have to speak with you upon business."

She answered, "I will, sir." And her eyes swam with delight, in expectation of the interview.

Let not the reader, nevertheless, imagine there was in that ardent expectation one idea which the most spotless mind, in love, might not have indulged without reproach. Sincere love (at least among the delicate of the female sex) is often gratified by that degree of enjoyment, or rather forbearance, which would be torture in the pursuit of any other passion. Real, delicate, and restrained love, such as Miss Milner's, was indulged in the sight of the object only; and having bounded her wishes by her hopes, the height of her happiness was limited to a conversation, in which no other but themselves took a part.

Miss Woodley was one of those who heard the appointment, but the only one who conceived with what sensation it was received.

While the ladies remained in the same room with Dorriforth, Miss Milner had thought of little, except of him. As soon as they withdrew into another apartment, she remembered Miss Woodley; and turning her head suddenly, saw her friend's face imprinted with suspicion and displeasure:—this at first was painful to her—but recollecting, that within a couple of hours she was to meet her guardian alone—to speak to him, and hear him speak to her only—every other thought was absorbed in that one, and she considered with indifference the uneasiness or the anger of her friend.

Miss Milner, to do justice to her heart, did not wish to beguile Dorriforth into the snares of love. Could any supernatural power have endowed her with the means, and at the same time have shown to her the ills that must arise from such an effect of her charms, she had assuredly virtue enough to have declined the conquest; but without inquiring what she proposed, she never saw him, without previously endeavouring to look more attractive than she would have desired before any other person. And now, without listening to the thousand exhortations that spoke in every feature of Miss Woodley, she flew to a looking-glass, to adjust her dress in a manner that she thought most enchanting.

Time stole away, and the time of going to her guardian arrived. In his presence, unsupported by the presence of any other, every grace that she had practised, every look that she had borrowed to set off her charms, were annihilated; and she became a native beauty, with the artless arguments of reason, only, for her aid. Awed thus by his power, from every thing but what she really was, she never was perhaps half so bewitching as in those timid, respectful, and embarrassed moments she passed alone with him. He caught at those times her respect, her diffidence, nay, even her embarrassment; and never would one word of anger pass on either side.

On the present occasion, he first expressed the high satisfaction that she had given him, by at length revealing to him the real state of her mind.

"And when I take every thing into consideration, Miss Milner," added he, "I rejoice that your sentiments happen to be such as you have owned. For, although my Lord Frederick is not the very man I could have wished for your perfect happiness; yet, in the state of human perfection and human happiness, you might have fixed your affections with perhaps less propriety; and still, where my unwillingness to have thwarted your inclinations might not have permitted me to contend with them."

Not a word of reply did this speech demand; or if it had, not a word could she have given.

"And now, madam, the reason of my desire to speak with you—is, to know the means you think most proper to pursue, in order to acquaint Lord Frederick that, notwithstanding this late repulse, there are hopes of your partiality in his favour."

"Defer the explanation," she replied eagerly.

"I beg your pardon—it cannot be. Besides, how can you indulge a disposition thus unpitiful? Even so ardently did I desire to render the man who loves you happy, that though he came armed against my life, had I not reflected, that previous to our engagement it would appear like fear, and the means of bartering for his forgiveness,—I should have revealed your sentiments the moment I had seen him. When the engagement was over, I was too impatient to acquaint you with his safety, to think then on gratifying him. And indeed, the delicacy of the declaration, after the many denials which you have no doubt given him, should be considered. I therefore consult your opinion upon the manner in which it shall be made."

"Mr. Dorriforth, can you allow nothing to the moments of surprise, and that pity which the fate impending inspired? and which might urge me to express myself of Lord Frederick, in a manner my cooler thoughts will not warrant?"

"There was nothing in your expressions, my dear Miss Milner, the least equivocal:—if you were off your guard when you pleaded for Lord Frederick, as I believe you were, you said more sincerely what you thought; and no discreet, or rather indiscreet attempts to retract can make me change these sentiments."

"I am very sorry," she replied, confused and trembling.

"Why sorry?—Come, give me commission to reveal your partiality. I'll not be too hard upon you—a hint from me will do. Hope is ever apt to interpret the slightest words to its own use, and a lover's hope is beyond all other's sanguine."

"I never gave Lord Frederick hope."

"But you never plunged him into despair."

"His pursuit intimates that I never have, but he has no other proof."

"However light and frivolous you have been

upon frivolous subjects, yet I must own, Miss Milner, that I did expect, when a case of this importance came seriously before you, you would have discovered a proper stability in your behaviour."

"I do, sir;—and it was only when I was affected with a weakness, which arose from accident, that I have betrayed inconsistency."

"You then assert again, that you have no affection for my Lord Frederick."

"Not enough to become his wife?"

"You are alarmed at marriage, and I do not wonder you should be so; it shows a prudent foresight which does you honour—but, my dear, are there no dangers in a single state?—If I may judge, Miss Milner, there are many more to a young lady of your accomplishments than if you were under the protection of a husband."

"My father, Mr. Dorriforth, thought your protection sufficient."

"But that protection was rather to direct your choice than to be the cause of your not choosing at all. Give me leave to point out an observation which, perhaps, I have too frequently made before, but upon this occasion I must intrude it once again. Miss Fenton is its object—her fortune is inferior to yours, her personal attractions are less"—

Here the powerful glow of joy and of gratitude, for an opinion so negligently, and yet so sincerely expressed, flew to Miss Milner's face, neck, and even to her hands and fingers; the blood mounted to every part of her skin that was visible, for not a fibre but felt the secret transport—that Dorriforth thought her more beautiful than the beautiful Miss Fenton.

If he observed her blushes, he was unsuspecting of the cause, and went on.

"There is, besides, in the temper of Miss Fenton, a sedateness that might with less hazard ensure her safety in an unmarried life; and yet she very properly thinks it her duty, as she does not mean to seclude herself by any vows to the contrary, to become a wife—and in obedience to the counsel of her friends, will be married within a very few weeks."

"Miss Fenton may marry from obedience, I never will."

"You mean to say, that love shall alone induce you."

"I do."

"If you would point out a subject upon which I am the least able to reason, and on which my sentiments, such as they are, are found only from theory (and even there, more cautioned than instructed), it is the subject of love. And yet, even that little which I know tells me, without a doubt, that what you said yesterday, pleading for Lord Frederick's life, was the result of the most violent and tender love."

"The little you know then, Mr. Dorriforth, has deceived you; had you known more, you would have judged otherwise."

"I submit to the merit of your reply ; but without allowing me a judge at all, I will appeal to those who were present with me."

"Are Mrs. Horton and Mr. Sandford to be the connoisseurs?"

"No; I'll appeal to Miss Fenton and Miss Woodley."

"And yet, I believe," replied she with a smile, "I believe theory must only be the judge even there."

"Then from all you have said, madam, on this occasion, I am to conclude—that you still refuse to marry Lord Frederick?"

"You are."

"And you submit never to see him again?"

"I do."

"All you then said to me, yesterday, was false?"

"I was not mistress of myself at the time."

"Therefore it was truth!—for shame, for shame!"

At that moment the door opened, and Mr. Sandford walked in—he started back on seeing Miss Milner, and was going away; but Dorriforth called to him to stay, and said with warmth,

"Tell me, Mr. Sandford, by what power, by what persuasion, I can prevail upon Miss Milner to confide in me as her friend; to lay her heart open, and credit mine when I declare to her—That I have no view in all the advice I give to her but her immediate welfare."

"Mr. Dorriforth, you know my opinion of that lady," replied Sandford; "it has been formed ever since my first acquaintance with her, and it continues the same."

"But instruct me how I am to inspire her with confidence," returned Dorriforth; "how am I to impress her with a sense of that which is for her advantage?"

"You can work no miracles," replied Sandford, "you are not holy enough."

"And yet my ward," answered Dorriforth, "appears to be acquainted with that mystery; for what but the force of a miracle can induce her to contradict to-day what, before you and several other witnesses, she positively acknowledged yesterday."

"Do you call that miraculous?" cried Sandford; "The miracle had been if she had not done so—for did she not yesterday contradict what she acknowledged the day before?—and will she not to-morrow disavow what she says to-day?"

"I wish that she may—" replied Dorriforth mildly; for he saw the tears flowing down her face at the rough and severe manner in which Sandford had spoken, and he began to feel for her uneasiness.

"I beg pardon," cried Sandford "for speaking so rudely to the mistress of the house—I have no business here, I know; but where you are, Mr. Dorriforth, unless I am turned out, I shall always think it my duty to come."

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Miss Milner curtsied, as much as to say, he was welcome to come. He continued,

"I was to blame, that upon a nice punctilio, I left you so long without my visits, and without my counsel; in that time, you have run the hazard of being murdered, and what is worse, of being excommunicated; for had you been so rash as to have returned your opponent's fire, not all my interest at Rome would have obtained remission of the punishment."

Miss Milner, through all her tears, could not now restrain her laughter.—On which he resumed;

"And here do I venture, like a missionary among savages—but if I can only save you from their scalping knives—from the miseries which that lady is preparing for you, I am rewarded."

Sandford spoke this with great fervour, and the offence of her love never appeared to her in so tremendous a point of view as when thus, unknowingly, alluded to by him.

"The miseries that lady is preparing for you," hung upon her ears like the notes of the raven, and sounded equally ominous. The words "murder" and "excommunication" he had likewise uttered; and all the fatal effects of sacrilegious love. Frightful superstitions struck her to the heart, and she could scarcely prevent falling down under their oppression.

Dorriforth beheld the difficulty she had in sustaining herself, and with the utmost tenderness went towards her; and, supporting her, said, "I beg your pardon—I invited you hither with a far different intention than your uneasiness, and be assured—"

Sandford was beginning to speak, when Dorriforth resumed,—“Hold, Mr. Sandford, the lady is under my protection, and I know not whether it is not requisite that you should apologize to her, and to me, for what you have already said.”

"You asked my opinion, or I had not given it you—would you have me, like her, speak what I do not think?"

"Say no more, sir," cried Dorriforth—and leading her kindly to the door, as if to defend her from his malice, told her, "he would take another opportunity of renewing the subject."

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Dorriforth was alone with Sandford, he explained to him what before he had only hinted; and this learned Jesuit frankly confessed, "That the mind of woman was far above, or rather beneath, his comprehension." It was so, indeed—for with all his penetration, and few even of that school had more, he had not yet penetrated into the recesses of Miss Milner's mind.

Miss Woodley, to whom she repeated all that had passed between herself, her guardian, and

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Sandford, took this moment, in the agitation of her spirits, to alarm her still more by prophetic insinuations; and at length represented to her here, for the first time, the necessity, "That Mr. Dorriforth and she no longer should remain under the same roof." This was like a stroke of sudden death to Miss Milner, and clinging to life, she endeavoured to avert the blow by prayers and by promises. Her friend loved her too sincerely to be prevailed upon.

"But in what manner can I accomplish the separation?" cried she, "for, till I marry, we are obliged, by my father's request, to live in the same house."

"Miss Milner," answered Miss Woodley, "much as I respect the will of a dying man, I regard your and Mr. Dorriforth's present and eternal happiness much more; and it is my resolution that you *shall* part. If you will not contrive the means, that duty falls on me, and without any invention, I see the measure at once."

"What is it?" cried Miss Milner eagerly.

"I will reveal to Mr. Dorriforth, without hesitation, the real state of your heart; which your present inconsistency of conduct will but too readily confirm."

"You would not plunge me into so much shame, into so much anguish!" cried she, distractedly.

"No," replied Miss Woodley, "not for the world, if you will separate from him by any mode of your own—but that you *shall* separate is my determination; and in spite of all your sufferings, this shall be the expedient, unless you instantly agree to some other."

"Good Heaven, Miss Woodley! is this your friendship?"

"Yes—and the truest friendship I have to bestow. Think what a task I undertake for your sake and his, when I condemn myself to explain to him your weakness. What astonishment! what confusion! what remorse, do I foresee painted upon his face!—I hear him call you by the harshest names, and behold him fly from your sight for ever, as from an object of his detestation."

"Oh, spare the dreadful picture. Fly from my sight for ever!—Detest my name! Oh! my dear Miss Woodley, let but his friendship for me still remain, and I will consent to any thing. You may command me—I will go away from him directly—but let us part in friendship—Oh! without the friendship of Mr. Dorriforth, life would be a heavy burthen indeed."

Miss Woodley immediately began to contrive schemes for their separation; and, with all her invention alive on the subject, the following was the only natural one that she could form.

Miss Milner, in a letter to her distant relation at Bath, was to complain of the melancholy of a country life, which she was to say her guardian imposed upon her; and she was to entreat the

lady to send her a pressing invitation that she would pass a month or two at her house; this invitation was to be laid before Dorriforth for his approbation, and the two ladies were to enforce it, by expressing their earnest wishes for his consent. This plan having been properly regulated, the necessary letter was sent to Bath, and Miss Woodley waited with patience, but with a watchful guard upon the conduct of her friend, till the answer should arrive.

During this interim a tender and complaining epistle from Lord Frederick was delivered to Miss Milner; to which, as he received no answer, he prevailed upon his uncle, with whom he resided, to wait upon her, and obtain a verbal reply; for he still flattered himself, that fear of her guardian's anger, or perhaps his interception of the letter which he had sent, was the sole cause of her apparent indifference.

The old gentleman was introduced both to Miss Milner and to Mr. Dorriforth, but received from each an answer so explicit that it left his nephew no longer in doubt but that all farther pursuit was vain.

Sir Edward Ashton about this time also submitted to a formal dismissal; and had then the mortification to reflect that he was bestowing upon the object of his affections the tenderest proof of his regard, by having absented himself entirely from her society.

Upon this serious and certain conclusion to the hopes of Lord Frederick, Dorriforth was more astonished than ever at the conduct of his ward. He had once thought her behaviour in this respect was ambiguous, but since her confession of a passion for that nobleman, he had no doubt but in the end she would become his wife. He lamented to find himself mistaken, and thought it proper now to condemn her caprice, not merely in words, but in the general tenor of his behaviour. He consequently became more reserved and more austere than he had been since his first acquaintance with her; for his manner, not from design, but imperceptibly to himself, had been softened since he became her guardian, by that tender respect which he had uniformly paid to the object of his protection.

Notwithstanding the severity he now assumed, his ward, in the prospect of parting from him, grew melancholy; Miss Woodley's love to her friend rendered her little otherwise; and Dorriforth's peculiar gravity, frequently rigour, could not but make their whole party less cheerful than it had been. Lord Elmwood too, at this time was lying dangerously ill of a fever; Miss Fenton of course was as much in sorrow as her nature would permit her to be; and both Sandford and Dorriforth were in extreme concern upon his lordship's account.

In this posture of affairs, the letter of invitation arrives from Lady Luneham at Bath; it was shown to Dorriforth; and to prove to his ward that

he is so much offended as no longer to feel that excessive interest in her concerns which he once felt, he gives an opinion on the subject with indifference—he desires “Miss Milner will do what she herself thinks proper.” Miss Woodley instantly accepts this permission, writes back, and appoints the day upon which her friend means to set off for the visit.

Miss Milner is wounded at the heart by the cold and unkind manners of her guardian, but dares not take one step to retrieve his opinion. Alone, or to her friend, she sighs and weeps: he discovers her sorrow, and is doubtful whether the departure of Lord Frederick from this part of the country is not the cause.

When the time she was to set out for Bath was only two days off, the behaviour of Dorriforth took, by degrees, its natural form, if not a greater share of polite and tender attention than ever. It was the first time he had parted from Miss Milner since he had become her guardian, and he felt upon the occasion, a reluctance. He had been angry with her, he had shown her that he was so, and he now began to wish that he had not. She is not happy (he considered within himself), every word and action declares she is not; I may have been too severe, and added perhaps to her uneasiness. “At least we will part on good terms,” said he—“Indeed, my regard for her is such I cannot part otherwise.”

She soon discerned his returning kindness, and it was a gentle tie that would have fastened her to that spot for ever, but for the firm resistance of Miss Woodley.

“What will the absence of a few months effect?” said she, pleading her own cause; “At the end of a few months at farthest, he will expect me back, and where then will be the merit of this separation?”

“In that time,” replied Miss Woodley, “we may find some method to make it longer.” To this she listened with a kind of despair, but uttered, she “was resigned,”—and she prepared for her departure.

Dorriforth was all anxiety that every circumstance of her journey should be commodious; he was eager she should be happy; and he was eager she should see that he entirely forgave her. He would have gone part of the way with her, but for the extreme illness of Lord Elmwood, in whose chamber he passed most of the day, and slept in Elmwood House every night.

On the morning of her journey, when Dorriforth gave his hand and conducted Miss Milner to the carriage, all the way he led her she could not restrain her tears; which increased, as he parted from her, to convulsive sobs. He was affected by her grief; and though he had previously bid her farewell, he drew her gently on one side, and said, with the tenderest concern, “My dear Miss Milner, we part friends? I hope we do? On my side, depend upon it, that I regret nothing so

much, at our separation, as having ever given you a moment's pain.”

“I believe so,” was all she could utter, for she hastened from him lest his discerning eye should discover the cause of the weakness which thus overcame her. But her apprehensions were groundless; the rectitude of his own heart was a bar to the suspicion of hers. He once more kindly bade her adieu, and the carriage drove away.

Miss Fenton and Miss Woodley accompanied her part of the journey, about thirty miles, where they were met by Sir Henry and Lady Luneham. Here was a parting nearly as affecting as that between her and her guardian.

Miss Woodley, who for several weeks had treated her friend with a rigidity she herself hardly supposed was in her nature, now bewailed that she had done so; implored her forgiveness; promised to correspond with her punctually, and to omit no opportunity of giving her every consolation short of cherishing her fatal passion—but in that, and that only, was the heart of Miss Milner to be consoled.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Miss Milner arrived at Bath, she thought it the most altered place she had ever seen—she was mistaken—it was herself that was changed.

The walks were melancholy, the company insipid, the ball-room fatiguing; for—she had left behind all that could charm or please her.

Though she found herself much less happy than when she was at Bath before, yet she felt, that she would not, even to enjoy all that past happiness, be again reduced to the being she was at that period. Thus does the lover consider the extinction of his passion with the same horror as the libertine looks upon annihilation; the one would rather live hereafter, though in all the tortures described as constituting his future state, than cease to exist; so, there are no tortures which a lover would not suffer rather than cease to love.

In the wide prospect of sadness before her, Miss Milner's fancy caught hold of the only comfort which presented itself; and this, faint as it was, in the total absence of every other, her imagination painted to her as excessive. The comfort was a letter from Miss Woodley—a letter in which the subject of her love would most assuredly be mentioned, and in whatever terms, it would still be the means of delight.

A letter arrived—she devoured it with her eyes,—The post mark denoting from whence it came, the name of “Milner Lodge” written on the top, were all sources of pleasure—and she read slowly every line it contained, to procrastinate the

pleasing expectation she enjoyed, till she should arrive at the name of Dorriforth. At last, her impatient eye caught the word, three lines beyond the place she was reading—irresistibly, she skipped over those lines, and fixed on the point to which she was attracted.

Miss Woodley was cautious in her indulgence; she made the slightest mention possible of Dorriforth; saying only "He was extremely concerned, and even dejected, at the little hope there was of his cousin Lord Elmwood's recovery." Short and trivial as this passage was, it was still more important to Miss Milner than any other in the letter—she read it again and again, considered, and reflected upon it. Dejected, thought she, what does that word exactly mean?—did I ever see Mr. Dorriforth dejected?—how, I wonder, does he look in that state? Thus did she muse, while the cause of his dejection, though a most serious one, and pathetically described by Woodley, scarce arrested her attention. She ran over with haste the account of Lord Elmwood's state of health; she certainly pitied him while she thought of him, but she did not think of him long. To die, was a hard fate for a young nobleman just in possession of his immense fortune and on the eve of marriage with a beautiful young woman; but Miss Milner thought that an abode in heaven might be still better than all this, and she had no doubt but that his Lordship would be an inhabitant there. The forlorn state of Miss Fenton ought to have been a subject for her compassion, but she knew that lady had resignation to bear any lot with patience, and that a trial of her fortitude might be more flattering to her vanity than to be Countess of Elmwood: in a word, she saw no one's misfortunes equal to her own, because she knew no one so little able to bear misfortune.

She replied to Miss Woodley's letter, and dwelt very long on that subject which her friend had passed over lightly; this was another indulgence; and this epistolary intercourse was now the only enjoyment she possessed. From Bath she paid several visits with Lady Luneham—all were alike tedious and melancholy.

But her guardian wrote to her, and though it was on a topic of sorrow, the letter gave her joy—the sentiments it expressed were merely common-place, yet she valued them as the dearest effusions of friendship and affection; and her hands trembled, and her heart beat with rapture while she wrote the answer, though she knew it would not be received by him with one emotion like those which she experienced. In her second letter to Miss Woodley, she prayed like a person insane to be taken home from confinement, and like a lunatic protested, in sensible language, she "had no disorder." But her friend replied, "That very declaration proves its violence." And she assured her, nothing less than placing her affections elsewhere should induce her to believe but that she was incurable.

The third letter from Milner Lodge brought the news of Lord Elmwood's death. Miss Woodley was exceedingly affected by this event, and said little else on any other subject. Miss Milner was shocked when she read the words "He is dead," and instantly thought,

"How transient are all sublunary things!—Within a few years I shall be dead—and how happy will it then be, if I have resisted every temptation to the alluring pleasures of this life!" The happiness of a peaceful death occupied her contemplation for near an hour; but at length, every virtuous and pious sentiment this meditation inspired served but to remind her of the many sentences she had heard from her guardian's lips upon the same subject—her thoughts were again fixed on him, and she could think of nothing besides.

In a short time after this, her health became impaired from the indisposition of her mind; she languished, and was once in imminent danger. During a slight delirium of her fever, Miss Woodley's name and her guardian's were incessantly repeated; Lady Luneham sent them immediate word of this, and they both hastened to Bath, and arrived there just as the violence and danger of her disorder had ceased. As soon as she became perfectly recollected, her first care, knowing the frailty of her heart, was to inquire what she had uttered while delirious. Miss Woodley, who was by her bed-side, begged her not to be alarmed on that account, and assured her she knew, from all her attendants, that she had only spoken with a friendly remembrance (as was really the case) of those persons who were dear to her.

She wished to know whether her guardian was come to see her, but she had not the courage to ask before her friend; and she in her turn was afraid by the too sudden mention of his name, to discompose her. Her maid, however, after some little time, entered the chamber, and whispered Miss Woodley. Miss Milner asked inquisitively "What she said?"

The maid replied softly, "Lord Elmwood, madam, wishes to come and see you for a few moments, if you will allow him."

At this reply Miss Milner stared wildly.

"I thought," said she, "I thought Lord Elmwood had been dead—are my senses disordered still?"

"No, my dear," answered Miss Woodley, "it is the present Lord Elmwood who wishes to see you; he whom you left ill when you came hither is dead."

"And who is the present Lord Elmwood?" she asked.

Miss Woodley, after a short hesitation, replied—"Your guardian."

"And so he is," cried Miss Milner: "he is the next heir—I had forgot. But is it possible that he is here?"

"Yes—" returned Miss Woodley with a grave

voice and manner, to moderate that glow of satisfaction which for a moment sparkled even in her languid eye, and blushed over her pallid countenance. "Yes—as he heard you were ill, he thought it right to come and see you."

"He is very good," she answered, and the tear started in her eyes.

"Would you please to see his lordship?" asked her maid.

"Not yet, not yet," she replied; "let me recollect myself first." And she looked with a timid doubt upon her friend, to ask if it was proper.

Miss Woodley could hardly support this humble reference to her judgment, from the wan face of the poor invalid, and, taking her by the hand, whispered, "You shall do what you please." In a few minutes Lord Elmwood was introduced.

To those who sincerely love, every change of situation or circumstances in the object beloved, appears an advantage. So, the acquisition of a title and estate was, in Miss Milner's eye, an inestimable advantage to her guardian; not on account of their real value; but that any change, instead of diminishing her passion, would have served only to increase it—even a change to the utmost poverty.

When he entered—the sight of him seemed to be too much for her, and after the first glance she turned her head away. The sound of his voice encouraged her to look once more—and then she riveted her eyes upon him.

"It is impossible, my dear Miss Milner," he gently whispered, "to say, what joy I feel that your disorder has subsided."

But though it was impossible to say, it was possible to look what he felt, and his looks expressed his feelings. In the zeal of those sensations, he laid hold of her hand, and held it between his—this he did not himself know—but she did.

"You have prayed for me, my lord, I make no doubt?" said she, and smiled, as if thanking him for those prayers.

"Fervently, ardently!"—returned he;—and the fervency with which he had prayed, spoke in every feature.

"But I am a Protestant, you know, and if I had died such, do you believe I would have gone to heaven?"

"Most assuredly, that would not have prevented you."

"But Mr. Sandford does not think so."

"He must; for he hopes to go there himself."

To keep her guardian with her, Miss Milner seemed inclined to converse; but her solicitous friend gave Lord Elmwood a look, which implied that it might be injurious to her, and he retired.

They had only one more interview before he left the place; at which Miss Milner was capable of sitting up:—he was with her, however, but a

very short time, some necessary concerns, relative to his late kinsman's affairs, calling him in haste to London. Miss Woodley continued with her friend till she saw her entirely reinstated in her health: during which time her guardian was frequently the subject of their private conversation; and upon those occasions Miss Milner has sometimes brought Miss Woodley to acknowledge, "that could Dorriforth have possibly foreseen the early death of the last Lord Elmwood, it had been more for the honour of his religion (as that ancient title would now after him become extinct), if he had preferred marriage vows to those of celibacy."

CHAPTER XIX.

WHEN the time for Miss Woodley's departure arrived, Miss Milner entreated earnestly to accompany her home, and made the most solemn promises that she would guard not only her behaviour, but her very thoughts, within the limitation her friend should prescribe. Miss Woodley at length yielded thus far, "That as soon as Lord Elmwood was set out on his journey to Italy, where she had heard him say that he should soon be obliged to go, she would no longer deny her the pleasure of returning; and if (after the long absence which must consequently take place between him and her) she could positively affirm the suppression of her passion was the happy result, she would then take her word, and risk the danger of seeing them once more reside together."

This concession having been obtained, they parted; and, as winter was now far advanced, Miss Woodley returned to her aunt's house in town, from whence Mrs. Horton was, however, preparing to remove, in order to superintend Lord Elmwood's house (which had been occupied by the late earl), in Grosvenor Square; and her niece was to accompany her.

If Lord Elmwood was not desirous that Miss Milner should conclude her visit and return to his protection, it was partly the multiplicity of affairs in which he was at this time engaged, and partly from having Mr. Sandford now entirely placed with him as his chaplain; for he dreaded that, living in the same house, their natural antipathy might be increased even to aversion. Upon this account, he once thought of advising Mr. Sandford to take up his abode elsewhere; but the great pleasure he took in his society, joined to the bitter mortification he knew such a proposal would be to his friend, would not suffer him to make it.

Miss Milner all this time was not thinking upon those she hated, but on those she loved. Sandford never came into her thoughts, while the image of Lord Elmwood never left them. One morning, as she sat talking to Lady Luncheon on

various subjects, but thinking alone on him, Sir Harry Luncheon, with another gentleman, a Mr. Fleetmond, came in, and the conversation turned upon the improbability there had been, at the present Lord Elmwood's birth, that he should ever inherit the title and estate which had now fallen to him—and, said Mr. Fleetmond, "Independent of rank and fortune, this unexpected occurrence must be matter of infinite joy to Mr. Dorriforth."

"No," answered Sir Harry, "independent of rank and fortune, it must be a motive of concern to him; for he must now regret, beyond measure, his folly in taking priest's orders—thus depriving himself of the hopes of an heir, so that his title, at his death, will be lost."

"By no means," replied Mr. Fleetmond; "he may yet have an heir, for he will certainly marry."

"Marry!" cried the baronet.

"Yes," answered the other, "it was that I meant by the joy it might probably give him, beyond the possession of his estate and title."

"How be married?" said Lady Luncheon, "has he not taken a vow never to marry?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Fleetmond, "but there are no religious vows, from which the sovereign pontiff at Rome cannot grant a dispensation: as those commandments which are made by the church, the church has always the power to revoke: and when it is for the general good of religion, his holiness thinks it incumbent on him to publish his bull, and remit all penalties for their non-observance. Certainly it is for the honour of the Catholics, that this earldom should continue in a catholic family. In short, I will venture to lay a wager, my Lord Elmwood is married within a year."

Miss Milner, who listened with attention, feared she was in a dream, or deceived by the pretended knowledge of Mr. Fleetmond, who might know nothing:—yet all that he had said was very probable; and he was himself a Roman Catholic, so that he must be well informed on the subject upon which he spoke. If she had heard the direst news that ever sounded in the ear of the most susceptible of mortals, the agitation of her mind and person could not have been stronger—she felt, while every word was speaking, a chill through all her veins—a pleasure too exquisite, not to bear along with it the sensation of exquisite pain; of which she was so sensible that for a few moments it made her wish that she had not heard the intelligence; though, very soon after, she would not but have heard it for the world.

As soon as she had recovered from her first astonishment and joy, she wrote to Miss Woodley an exact account of what she had heard, and received this answer:

"I am sorry any body should have given you this piece of information, because it was a task, in executing which, I had promised myself extreme satisfaction:—but from the fear that your health was not yet strong enough to support, without

some danger, the burthen of hopes which I knew would, upon this occasion, press upon you, I deferred my communication, and it has been anticipated. Yet, as you seem in doubt as to the reality of what you have been told, perhaps this confirmation of it may fall very little short of the first news; especially when it is enforced by my request, that you will come to us, as soon as you can with propriety leave Lady Luncheon.

"Come, my dear Miss Milner, and find in your once rigid monitor a faithful confidante. I will no longer threaten to disclose a secret you have trusted me with, but leave it to the wisdom or sensibility of his heart (who is now to penetrate into the hearts of our sex, in search of one that may beat in unison with his own), to find the secret out. I no longer condemn, but congratulate you on your passion; and will assist you with all my advice and my earnest wishes, that it may obtain a return."

This letter was another of those excruciating pleasures that almost reduced Miss Milner to the grave. Her appetite foretook her; and she vainly endeavoured, for several nights, to close her eyes. She thought so much upon the prospect of accomplishing her hopes, that she could admit no other idea; not even invent one probable excuse for leaving Lady Luncheon before the appointed time, which was then at the distance of two months. She wrote to Miss Woodley to beg her contrivance, to reproach her for keeping the intelligence so long from her, and to thank her for having revealed it in so kind a manner at last. She begged also to be acquainted how Mr. Dorriforth (for still she called him by that name) spoke and thought of this sudden change in his prospects.

Miss Woodley's reply was a summons for her to town upon some pretended business, which she avoided explaining, but which entirely silenced Lady Luncheon's entreaties for her stay.

To her question concerning Lord Elmwood she answered, "It is a subject on which he seldom speaks—he appears just the same he ever did, nor could you by any part of his conduct conceive that any such change had taken place." Miss Milner exclaimed to herself, "I am glad he is not altered—his words, looks, or manners were any thing different from what they formerly were, I should not like him so well." And just the reverse would have been the case, had Miss Woodley sent her word he was changed. The day for her leaving Bath was fixed; she expected it with rapture, but before its arrival, she sunk under the care of expectation; and when it came, was so much indisposed, as to be obliged to defer her journey for a week.

At length she found herself in London—in the house of her guardian—and that guardian no longer bound to a single life, but enjoined to marry. He appeared in her eyes, as in Miss Woodley's, the same as ever; or perhaps more endearing than ever, as it was the first time she had beheld him.

with hope. Mr. Sandford did *not* appear the same; yet he was in reality as surly and as disrespectful in his behaviour to her as usual; but she did not observe, or she did not feel his morose temper as heretofore—he seemed amiable, mild, and gentle; at least this was the happy medium through which her self-complacent mind began to see him; for good humour, like the jaundice, makes every one of its own complexion.

CHAPTER XX.

LORD Elmwood was preparing to go abroad, for the purpose of receiving in form the dispensation from his vows; it was, however, a subject he seemed carefully to avoid speaking upon; and when by any accident he was obliged to mention it, it was without any marks either of satisfaction or concern.

Miss Milner's pride began to be alarmed. While he was Mr. Dorriforth, and confined to a single life, his indifference to her charms was rather an honourable than a reproachful trait in his character, and in reality, she admired him for the insensibility. But on the eve of being at liberty, and on the eve of making his choice, she was offended that choice was not immediately fixed upon her. She had been accustomed to receive the devotion of every man who saw her, and not to obtain it of the man from whom, of all others, she most wished it, was cruelly humiliating. She complained to Miss Woodley, who advised her to have patience; but that was one of the virtues in which she was least practised.

Nevertheless, encouraged by her friend in the commendable desire of gaining the affections of him who possessed all her own, she left no means unattempted for the conquest;—but she began with too great a certainty of success, not to be sensible of the deepest mortification in the disappointment—nay, she now anticipated disappointment, as she had before anticipated success; by turns feeling the keenest emotions from hope and from despair.

As these passions alternately governed her, she was alternately in spirits or dejected; in good or in ill humour; and the vicissitudes of her prospect at length gave to her behaviour an air of caprice, which not all her follies had till now produced. This was not the way to secure the affections of Lord Elmwood; she knew it was not; and before him she was under some restriction. Sandford observed this, and, without reserve, added to the list of her other failings, hypocrisy. It was plain to see that Mr. Sandford esteemed her less and less every day; and as he was the person who most influenced the opinion of her guardian, he became to her, very soon, an object not merely of dislike, but of abhorrence.

These mutual sentiments were discoverable in

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every word and action, while they were in each other's company; but still in his absence, Miss Milner's good nature, and total freedom from malice, never suffered her to utter a sentence injurious to his interest. Sandford's charity did not extend thus far; and speaking of her with severity one evening while she was at the opera, "His meaning," as he said, "but to caution her guardian against her faults," Lord Edward replied,

"There is one fault however, Mr. Sandford, I cannot lay to her charge."

"And what is that, my lord?" cried Sandford eagerly, "What is that one fault which Miss Milner has not?"

"I never," replied Lord Elmwood, "heard Miss Milner, in your absence, utter a syllable to your disadvantage."

"She dares not, my lord, because she is in fear of you; and she knows you would not suffer it."

"She then," answered his lordship, "pays me a much higher compliment than you do; for you freely censure *her*, and yet imagine I *will* suffer it."

"My lord," replied Sandford, "I am undeceived now, and shall never take that liberty again."

As Lord Elmwood always treated Sandford with the utmost respect, he began to fear he had been deficient upon this occasion; and the disposition which had induced him to take his ward's part was likely, in the end, to prove unfavourable to her; for perceiving that Sandford was offended at what had passed,—as the only means of atonement, he began himself to lament her volatile and captious propensities; in which lamentation, Sandford, now forgetting his affront, joined with the heartiest concurrence, adding,

"You, sir, having at present other cares to employ your thoughts, ought to insist upon her marrying, or retiring wholly into the country."

She returned home just as this conversation was finished, and Sandford, the moment she entered, rang for his candle to retire. Miss Woodley, who had been at the opera with Miss Milner, cried,

"Bless me, Mr. Sandford, are you not well, you are going to leave us so early?"

He replied, "No, I have a pain in my head."

Miss Milner, who never listened to complaints without sympathy, rose immediately from the chair she was just seated on, saying,

"I think I never heard you, Mr. Sandford, complain of indisposition before. Will you accept of my specific for the head-ache? Indeed it is a certain relief—I'll fetch it instantly."

She went hastily out of the room, and returned with a bottle, which, she assured him, "was a present from Lady Luneham, and would certainly cure him." And she pressed it upon him with such an anxious earnestness, that with all his

churlishness he could not refuse taking it. This was but a commonplace civility, such as is paid by one enemy to another every day; but the manner was the material part. The unaffected concern, the attention, the good will, she demonstrated in this little incident, was that which made it remarkable; and which immediately took from Lord Elmwood the displeasure to which he had been just before provoked, or rather transformed it into a degree of admiration. Even Sandford was not insensible to her kindness, and in return, when he left the room, "wished her a good night."

To her and Miss Woodley, who had not been witnesses of the preceding conversation, what she had done appeared of no merit; but to the mind of Lord Elmwood, the merit was infinite; and upon the departure of Sandford, he began to be unusually cheerful. He first pleasantly reproached the ladies for not offering him a place in their box at the opera. "Would you have gone, my lord?" asked Miss Milner, highly delighted. "Certainly," returned he, "had you invited me."

"Then from this day I give you a general invitation; nor shall any other company be admitted but those whom you approve."

"I am very much obliged to you," said he.

"And you," continued she, "who have been accustomed only to church-music, will be more than any one enchanted with hearing the softer music of love."

"What ravishing pleasures you are preparing for me!" returned he—"I know not whether my weak senses will be able to support them!"

She had her eyes upon him when he spoke this, and she discovered in his, that were fixed upon her, a sensibility unexpected—a kind of fascination which enticed her to look on, while her eye-lids fell involuntarily before its mighty force, and a thousand blushes crowded over her face. He was struck with these sudden signals; hastily recalled his former countenance, and stopped the conversation.

Miss Woodley, who had been a silent observer for some time, now thought a word or two from her would be acceptable rather than troublesome.

"And pray, my lord," said she, "when do you go to France?"

"To Italy you mean;—I shall not go at all," said he. "My superiors are very indulgent, for they dispense with all my duties. I ought, and I meant, to have gone abroad; but as a variety of concerns require my presence in England, every necessary ceremony has taken place here."

"Then your lordship is no longer in orders?" said Miss Woodley.

"No; they have been resigned these five days."

"My lord, I give you joy," said Miss Milner.

He thanked her, but added with a sigh, "If I have given up content in search of joy, I shall perhaps be a loser by the venture." Soon af-

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ter this, he wished them a good night, and retired.

Happy as Miss Milner found herself in his company, she saw him leave the room with infinite satisfaction, because her heart was impatient to give a loose to its hopes on the bosom of Miss Woodley. She bade Mrs. Horton immediately good night; and, in her friend's apartment, gave way to all the language of passion, warmed with the confidence of meeting its return. She described the sentiments she had read in Lord Elmwood's looks; and though Miss Woodley had beheld them too, Miss Milner's fancy heightened the expression of every glance, till her construction became, by degrees, so extremely favourable to her own wishes, that had not her friend been likewise present, and known in what measure to estimate those symptoms, she must infallibly have thought, by the joy to which they gave birth, that he had openly avowed a passion for her.

Miss Woodley, of course, thought it her duty to allay these ecstasies, and represented to her, she might be deceived in her hopes;—or even supposing his wishes inclined towards her, there were yet great obstacles between them. "Would not Sandford, who directed his every thought and purpose, be consulted upon this important one? and if he was, upon what, but the most romantic affection on the part of Lord Elmwood, had Miss Milner to depend! and his lordship was not a man to be suspected of submitting to the excess of any passion." Thus did Miss Woodley argue, lest her friend should be misled by her hopes; yet, in her own mind, she scarcely harboured a doubt that any thing would occur to thwart them. The succeeding circumstance proved she was mistaken.

Another gentleman of family and fortune made overtures to Miss Milner; and her guardian, so far from having his thoughts inclined towards her on his own account, pleaded this lover's cause even with more zeal than he had pleaded for Sir Edward and Lord Frederick; thus at once destroying all those plans of happiness which poor Miss Milner had formed.

In consequence, her melancholy disposition of mind was now predominant; she confined herself at home, and, by her own express order, was denied to all her visitors. Whether this arose from pure melancholy, or the still lingering hope of making her conquest, by that sedateness of manners which she knew her guardian admired, she herself perhaps did not perfectly know. Be that as it may, Lord Elmwood could not but observe this change, and one morning thought fit to mention, and to applaud it.

Miss Woodley and she were at work together when he came into the room; and after sitting several minutes, and talking upon indifferent subjects, to which his ward replied with a dejection in her voice and manner—he said,

"Perhaps I am wrong, Miss Milner, but I have observed that you are lately more thoughtful than usual."

She blushed, as she always did when the subject was herself. He continued, "Your health appears perfectly restored, and yet I have observed you take no delight in your former amusements."

"Are you sorry for that, my lord?"

"No, I am extremely glad; and I was going to congratulate you upon the change. But give me leave to inquire, to what fortunate accident we may attribute this alteration?"

"Your lordship then thinks all my commendable deeds arise from accident, and that I have no virtues of my own."

"Pardon me, I think you have many." This he spoke emphatically; and her blushes increased.

He resumed—"How can I doubt of a lady's virtues, when her countenance gives me such evident proofs of them? Believe me, Miss Milner, that in the midst of your gayest follies, while you thus continue to blush, I shall reverence your internal sensations."

"Oh! my lord, did you know some of them, I am afraid you would think them unpardonable."

This was so much to the purpose, that Miss Woodley found herself alarmed—but without reason—Miss Milner loved too sincerely to reveal it to the object. He answered,

"And did you know some of mine, you might think them *equally* unpardonable."

She turned pale, and could no longer guide her needle—in the fond transport of her heart she imagined that his love for her was among the sensations to which he alluded. She was too much embarrassed to reply, and he continued,

"We have all much to pardon in one another: and I know not whether the officious person who forces, even his good advice, is not as blamable as the obstinate one, who will not listen to it. And now, having made a preface to excuse you, should you once more refuse mine, I shall venture to give it."

"My lord, I have never yet refused to follow your advice, but where my own peace of mind was so nearly concerned as to have made me culpable, had I complied."

"Well, madam, I submit to your past determinations; and shall never again oppose your inclination to remain single."

This sentence, as it excluded the design of soliciting for himself, gave her the utmost pain; and her eye glanced at him, full of reproach. He did not observe it, but went on.

"While you continue unmarried, it seems to have been your father's intention that you should continue under my immediate care; but as I mean for the future to reside chiefly in the country—answer me candidly, do you think you could be happy there, for at least three parts of the year?"

After a short hesitation, she replied,—"I have no objection."

"I am glad to hear it," he returned eagerly, "for it is my sincere desire to have you with me; your welfare is dear to me as my own; and were we apart, continual apprehensions would prey upon my mind."

The tear started in her eye, at the earnestness that accompanied these words;—he saw it, and to soften her still more with the sense of his esteem for her, he increased his earnestness while he said,

"If you will take the resolution to quit London for the length of time I mention, there shall be no means omitted to make the country all you can wish:—I shall insist upon Miss Woodley's company for both our sakes; and it will not only be my study to form such a society as you may approve, but I am certain it will be likewise the study of Lady Elmwood—"

He was going on,—but as if a poniard had thrust her to the heart, she writhed under this unexpected stroke.

He saw her countenance change—he looked at her steadily.

It was not a common change from joy to sorrow, from content to uneasiness, which Miss Milner discovered—she felt, and she expressed anguish—Lord Elmwood was alarmed and shocked. She did not weep, but she called Miss Woodley to come to her, with a voice that indicated a degree of agony.

"My lord," cried Miss Woodley, seeing his consternation, and trembling lest he should guess the secret, "my lord, Miss Milner has again deceived you—you must not take her from London—it is that, and that alone which is the cause of her uneasiness."

He seemed more amazed still—and still more shocked at her duplicity than at her torture. "Good heaven!" exclaimed he, "how am I to accomplish her wishes? What am I to do? How can I judge, if she will not confide in me, but thus for ever deceive me?"

She leaned, pale as death, on the shoulder of Miss Woodley, her eye fixed with apparent insensibility to all that was said, while he continued,

"Heaven is my witness, if I knew—if I could conceive the means how to make her happy, I would sacrifice my own happiness to hers."

"My lord," said Miss Woodley with a smile, "perhaps I may call upon you hereafter to fulfil your word."

He was totally ignorant what she meant, nor had he leisure, from the confusion of his thoughts, to reflect upon her meaning; he nevertheless replied, with warmth, "Do. You shall find I'll perform it."

Though Miss Milner was conscious this declaration could not, in delicacy, be ever adduced against him; yet the fervent and solemn manner

in which he made it, cheered her spirits; and as persons enjoy the reflection of having in their possession some valuable gem, though they are determined never to use it, so she upon this promise was comforted and grew better. She now lifted up her head, and leaned it on her hand, as she sat by the side of a table—still she did not speak, but seemed overcome with sorrow. As her situation became, however, less alarming, her guardian's pity and affright began to take the colour of resentment; and though he did not say so, he was, and looked, highly offended.

At this juncture Mr. Sandford entered. On beholding the present party, it required not his sagacity to see, at the first view, that they were all uneasy; but instead of the sympathy this might have excited in some dispositions, Mr. Sandford, after casting a look at each of them, appeared in high spirits.

"You seem unhappy, my lord," said he, with a smile.

"You do not—Mr. Sandford," Lord Elmwood replied.

"No, my lord, nor would I, were I in your situation. What should make a man of sense out of temper but a worthy object?" And he looked at Miss Milner.

"There are no objects unworthy our care," replied Lord Elmwood.

"But there are objects on whom all care is fruitless, your lordship will allow."

"I never yet despaired of any one, Mr. Sandford."

"And yet there are persons, of whom it is presumption to entertain any hopes." And he looked again at Miss Milner.

"Does your head ache, Miss Milner?" asked her friend, seeing her hold it with her hand.

"Very much," returned she.

"Mr. Sandford," said Miss Woodley, "did you use all those drops Miss Milner gave you for a pain in the head?"

"Yes," answered he, "I did."—But the question at that moment somewhat embarrassed him.

"And I hope you found benefit from them," said Miss Milner, with great kindness, as she rose from her seat, and walked slowly out of the room.

Though Miss Woodley followed her, so that Mr. Sandford was left alone with Lord Elmwood, and might have continued his unkind insinuations without one restraint, yet his lips were closed for the present. He looked down on the carpet—twitched himself upon his chair—and began to talk of the weather.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN the first transports of despair were past, Miss Milner suffered herself to be once more in hope. She found there were no other means to

support her life; and to her comfort, her friend was much less severe on the present occasion than she had expected. No engagement between mortals was, in Miss Woodley's opinion, binding like that entered into with heaven; and whatever vows Lord Elmwood had possibly made to another, she justly supposed that no woman's love for him equaled Miss Milner's—it was prior to all others; that established her claim, at least, to contend for success; and in a contention, what rival would not fall before her?

It was not difficult to guess who this rival was; or if they were a little time in suspense, Miss Woodley soon arrived at the certainty, by inquiring of Mr. Sandford; who, unsuspecting why she asked, readily informed her that the intended Lady Elmwood was no other than Miss Fenton; and that the marriage would be solemnized as soon as the mourning for the late Lord Elmwood was over. This last intelligence made Miss Woodley shudder—she repeated it, however, to Miss Milner, word for word.

"Happy! happy woman!" exclaimed Miss Milner of Miss Fenton; "she has received the first fond impulse of his heart, and has had the transcendent happiness of teaching him to love!"

"By no means," returned Miss Woodley, finding no other suggestion likely to comfort her; "do not suppose that his marriage is the result of love—it is no more than a duty, a necessary arrangement, and this you may plainly see by the wife on whom he has fixed. Miss Fenton was thought a proper match for his cousin, and that same propriety has transferred her to him."

It was easy to convince Miss Milner that all which her friend said was truth, for she wished it so. "And oh!" she exclaimed, "could I but stimulate passion, against the cold influence of propriety;—Do you think, my dear Miss Woodley, and she looked with such begging eyes, it was impossible not to answer as she wished, "do you think it would be unjust to Miss Fenton, were I to inspire her appointed husband with a passion which she may not have inspired, and which I believe she cannot feel?"

Miss Woodley paused a minute, and then answered, "No;"—but there was a hesitation in her manner of delivery—she *did* say, "No;" but she looked as if she was afraid she ought to have said "Yes." Miss Milner, however, did not give her time to recall the word, or to alter its meaning by adding others, but ran on eagerly, and declared, "As that was her opinion, she would abide by it, and do all she could to supplant her rival." In order, nevertheless, to justify this determination, and satisfy the conscience of Miss Woodley, they both concluded that Miss Fenton's heart was not engaged in the intended marriage, and consequently, she was indifferent whether it took place or not.

Since the death of the late earl, she had not been in town; nor had the present earl been near the

place where she resided, since the week in which her lover died; of course nothing similar to love could have been declared at so early a period; and if it had been made known at a later, it must only have been by letter, or by the deputation of Mr. Sandford, who they knew had been once in the country to visit her; but how little he was qualified to enforce a tender passion was a comfortable reflection.

Revived by these conjectures, of which some were true, and others false; the very next day a gloom overspread their bright prospects, on Mr. Sandford's saying, as he entered the breakfast room, "Miss Fenton, ladies, desired me to present her compliments."

"Is she in town?" asked Mrs. Horton.

"She came yesterday morning," returned Sandford, "and is at her brother's in Ormond Street; my lord and I supped there last night, and that made us so late home."

Lord Elmwood entered soon after, and bowing to his ward, confirmed what had been said, by telling her, that "Miss Fenton had charged him with her kindest respects."

"How does poor Miss Fenton look?" Mrs. Horton asked Lord Elmwood.

To which question Sandford replied, "Beautiful—she looks beautifully."

"She has got over her uneasiness, I suppose then?" said Mrs. Horton—not dreaming that she was asking the question before her new lover.

"Uneasy!" replied Sandford, "uneasy at any trial this world can send? That would be highly unworthy of her."

"But sometimes women do fret at such things," replied Mrs. Horton, innocently.

Lord Elmwood asked Miss Milner—"if she meant to ride this delightful day?"

While she was hesitating—

"There are different kinds of women," said Sandford, directing his discourse to Mrs. Horton; "there is as much difference between some women, as between good and evil spirits."

Lord Elmwood asked Miss Milner again—"If she took an airing?"

She replied, "No."

"And beauty," continued Sandford, "when endowed upon spirits that are evil, is a mark of their greater, their more extreme wickedness. Lucifer was the most beautiful of all the angels in Paradise!"

"How do you know?" said Miss Milner.

"But the beauty of Lucifer," continued Sandford, in perfect neglect and contempt of her question, "was an aggravation of his guilt; because it showed a double share of ingratitude to the Divine Creator of that beauty."

"Now you talk of angels," said Miss Milner, "I wish I had wings; and I should like to fly through the park this morning."

"You would be taken for an angel in good earnest," said Lord Elmwood.

Sandford was angry at this little compliment, and cried, "I should think the serpent's skin would be much more characteristic."

"My lord," cried she, "does not Mr. Sandford use me ill?"—Vexed with other things, she felt herself extremely hurt at this, and made the appeal almost in tears.

"Indeed I think he does." And he looked at Sandford as if he was displeased.

This was a triumph so agreeable to her, that she immediately pardoned the offence; but the offender did not so easily pardon her.

"Good morning, ladies," said Lord Elmwood, rising to go away.

"My Lord," said Miss Woodley, "you promised Miss Milner to accompany her one evening to the opera; this is opera night."

"Will you go, my lord?" asked Miss Milner in a voice so soft, that he seemed as if he wished, but could not resist it.

"I am to dine at Mr. Fenton's to-day," he replied; "and if he and his sister will go, and you will allow them part of your box, I will promise to come."

This was a condition by no means acceptable to her; but as she felt a desire to see him in company with his intended bride (for she fancied she could perceive his secret sentiments, could she once see them together) she answered not ungraciously, "Yes, my compliments to Mr. and Miss Fenton, and I hope they will favour me with their company."

"Then, madam, if they come, you may expect me—else not." He bowed, and left the room.

All the day was passed in anxious expectation by Miss Milner, what would be the event of the evening; for upon her penetration that evening all her future prospects she thought depended. If she saw by his looks, by his words, or assiduities, that he loved Miss Fenton, she flattered herself she would never think of him again with hope; but if she observed him treat her with inattention or indifference, she would cherish, from that moment, the fondest expectations. Against that short evening her toilet was consulted the whole day: the alternate hope and fear which fluttered in her heart gave a more than usual brilliancy to her eyes, and more than usual bloom to her complexion. But vain was her beauty; vain all her care to decorate that beauty; vain her many looks to her box-door in hopes to see it open—Lord Elmwood never came.

The music was discord—every thing she saw was distasteful—in a word—she was miserable.

She longed impatiently for the curtain to drop, because she was uneasy where she was—yet she asked herself, "Shall I be less unhappy at home? Yes, at home I shall see Lord Elmwood, and that will be happiness. But he will behold me with neglect, and that will be misery!—Ungrate-

ful man! I will no longer think of him." Yet could she have thought of him, without joining in the same idea Miss Fenton, her anguish had been supportable; but while she painted them as lovers, the tortures of the rack are not in many degrees more painful than those which she endured.

There are but few persons who ever felt the real passion of jealousy, because few have felt the real passion of love; but with those who have experienced them both, jealousy has not only affected the mind, but every fibre of their frame; and Miss Milner's every limb felt agonizing torment, when Miss Fenton, courted and beloved by Lord Elmwood, was present to her imagination.

The moment the opera was finished, she flew hastily down stairs, as if to fly from the sufferings she experienced. She did not go into the coffee-room, though repeatedly urged by Miss Woodley, but waited at the door till her carriage drew up.

Piqued — heart-broken — full of resentment against the object of her uneasiness, and inattentive to all that passed, as she stood, a hand gently touched her own; and the most humble and insinuating voice said, "Will you permit me to lead you to your carriage?" She awakened from her reverie, and found Lord Frederick Lawley by her side. Her heart, just then melting with tenderness to another, was perhaps more accessible than heretofore; or bursting with resentment, thought this the moment to retaliate. Whatever passion reigned that instant, it was favourable to the desires of Lord Frederick, and she looked as if she was glad to see him:—he beheld this with the rapture and humility of a lover; and though she did not feel the least particle of love in return, she felt gratitude in proportion to the insensibility with which she had been treated by her guardian; and Lord Frederick's supposition was not very erroneous, if he mistook this gratitude for a latent spark of affection. The mistake, however, did not force from him his respect: he handed her to her carriage, bowed low, and disappeared. Miss Woodley wished to divert her thoughts from the object which could only make her wretched, and as they rode home, by many encomiums upon Lord Frederick, endeavoured to incite her to a regard for him; Miss Milner was displeased at the attempt, and exclaimed,

"What! love a rake, a man of professed gallantry? impossible. To me, a common rake is as odious as a common prostitute is to a man of the nicest feelings. Where can be the joy, the pride, of inspiring a passion which fifty others can equally inspire?"

"Strange," cried Miss Woodley, "that you, who possess so many follies incident to your sex, should, in the disposal of your heart, have sentiments so contrary to women in general."

"My dear Miss Woodley," returned she, "put in competition the languid addresses of a libertine with the animated affection of a sober man, and

judge which has the dominion? Oh! in my calendar of love, a solemn lord chief justice, or a devout archbishop, ranks before a licentious king."

Miss Woodley smiled at an opinion which she knew half her sex would ridicule; but by the air of sincerity with which it was delivered, she was convinced her recent behaviour to Lord Frederick was but the mere effect of chance.

Lord Elmwood's carriage drove to his door just at the time hers did; Mr. Sandford was with him, and they were both come from passing the evening at Mr. Fenton's.

"So, my lord," said Miss Woodley, as soon as they met in the drawing-room, "you did not come to us?"

"No," answered he, "I was sorry; but I hope you did not expect me."

"Not expect you, my lord!" cried Miss Milner; "Did not you say that you would come?"

"If I had, I certainly should have come," returned he, "but I only said so conditionally."

"That I am a witness to," cried Sandford, "for I was present at the time, and he said it should depend upon Miss Fenton."

"And she, with her gloomy disposition," said Miss Milner, "chose to sit at home."

"Gloomy disposition!" repeated Sandford: "she has a great share of sprightliness—and I think I never saw her in better spirits than she was this evening, my lord."

Lord Elmwood did not speak.

"Bless me, Mr. Sandford," cried Miss Milner, "I meant no reflection upon Miss Fenton's disposition; I only meant to censure her taste for staying at home."

"I think," replied Sandford, "a much heavier censure should be passed upon those who prefer rambling abroad."

"But I hope, ladies, my not coming," said Lord Elmwood, "was no inconvenience to you; for you had still, I see, a gentleman with you."

"Oh! yes, two gentlemen:" answered the son of Lady Evans, a youth from school, whom Miss Milner had taken along with her.

"What two?" asked Lord Elmwood.

Neither Miss Milner nor Miss Woodley answered.

"You know, madam," said young Evans, "that handsome gentleman who handed you into your carriage, and you called my lord."

"Oh! he means Lord Frederick Lawley:" said Miss Milner carelessly, but a blush of shame spread over her face.

"And did he hand you into your coach?" asked Lord Elmwood earnestly.

"By mere accident, my lord," Miss Woodley replied, "for the crowd was so great."

"I think, my lord," said Sandford, "it was very lucky that you were not there."

"Had Lord Elmwood been with us, we should not have had occasion for the assistance of any other," said Miss Milner.

"Lord Elmwood has been with you, madam," returned Sandford, "very frequently, and yet,—"

"Mr. Sandford," said Lord Elmwood, interrupting him, "it is near bed-time, your conversation keeps the ladies from retiring."

"Your lordship's does not," said Miss Milner, "for you say nothing."

"Because, madam, I am afraid to offend."

"But do you not also hope to please? and without risking the one, it is impossible to arrive at the other."

"I think, at present, the risk would be too hazardous, and so I wish you a good night." And he went out of the room somewhat abruptly.

"Lord Elmwood," said Miss Milner, "is very grave—he does not look like a man who has been passing the evening with the woman he loves."

"Perhaps he is melancholy at parting from her," said Miss Woodley.

"More likely offended," said Sandford, "at the manner in which that lady has spoken of her."

"Who, I? I protest I said nothing—"

"Nothing! Did not you say that she was gloomy?"

"Nothing but what I thought—I was going to add, Mr. Sandford."

"When you think unjustly, you should not express your thoughts."

"Then, perhaps, I should never speak."

"And it were better you did not, if what you say is to give pain. Do you know, madam, that my lord is going to be married to Miss Fenton?"

"Yes," answered Miss Milner.

"Do you know that he loves her?"

"No," answered Miss Milner.

"How! do you suppose he does not?"

"I suppose that he does, yet I don't know it."

"Then if you suppose that he does, how can you have the imprudence to find fault with her in his presence?"

"I did not—to call her gloomy was, I knew, to commend her both to him and to you, who admire such tempers."

"Whatever her temper is, every one admires it; and so far from its being what you have described, she has great vivacity; vivacity which comes from the heart."

"No, if it came from thence, I should admire it too; but if she has any, it rests there, and no one is the better for it."

"Pshaw!" said Miss Woodley, "it is time for us to retire; you and Mr. Sandford must finish your dispute in the morning."

"Dispute, madam!" said Sandford, "I never disputed with any one beneath a doctor of divinity in my life. I was only cautioning your friend not to make light of those virtues which it would do her honour to possess. Miss Fenton is a most amiable young woman, and worthy of just such a husband as my Lord Elmwood will make her."

"I am sure," said Miss Woodley, "Miss Milner thinks so—she has a high opinion of Miss Fenton—she was at present only jesting."

"But, madam, a jest is a very pernicious thing, when delivered with a malignant sneer. I have known a jest destroy a lady's reputation—I have known a jest give one person a distaste for another—I have known a jest break off a marriage."

"But I suppose there is no apprehension of that in the present case?" said Miss Woodley,—wishing he might answer in the affirmative.

"Not that I can foresee. No, Heaven forbid," he replied, "for I look upon them to be formed for each other—their dispositions, their pursuits, their inclinations the same. Their passion for each other just the same—pure—white as snow."

"And, I dare say, not warmer;" replied Miss Milner.

He looked provoked beyond measure.

"My dear," cried Miss Woodley, "how can you talk thus? I believe in my heart you are only envious, because my Lord Elmwood has not offered himself to you."

"To her!" said Sandford, affecting an air of the utmost surprise; "to her! Do you think he received a dispensation from his vows, to become the husband of a coquette—a—" He was going on.

"Nay Mr. Sandford," cried Miss Milner, "I believe, after all, my worst crime, in your eyes, is that of being a heretic."

"By no means—it is the only circumstance that can apologize for your faults; and if you had not that excuse, there would be none for you."

"Then, at present, there is an excuse—I thank you, Mr. Sandford, this is the kindest thing you ever said to me. But I am vexed to see that you are sorry for having said it."

"Angry at your being a heretic!" he resumed—"Indeed I should be much more concerned to see you a disgrace to our religion."

Miss Milner had not been in a good humour the whole evening—she had been provoked several times to the full extent of her patience; but this harsh sentence hurried her beyond all bounds, and she arose from her seat in the most violent agitation, exclaiming, "What have I done to be thus treated?"

Though Mr. Sandford was not a man easily intimidated, he was upon this occasion evidently alarmed; and stared about him with so violent an expression of surprise, that it partook, in some degree of fear. Miss Woodley clasped her friend in her arms, and cried with the tenderest affection and pity, "My dear Miss Milner, be composed."

Miss Milner sat down, and was so for a minute; but her dead silence was almost as alarming to Sandford as her rage had been; and he did not perfectly recover himself till he saw tears pouring down her face. He then heaved a sigh of content that all had thus ended; but in his

heart resolved never to forget the ridiculous affright into which he had been thrown. He stole out of the room without uttering a syllable: but as he never retired to rest before he had repeated a long form of evening prayer,—when this evening he came to that part which supplicates “Grace for the wicked,” he took care to mention Miss Milner’s name with most fervent devotion.

CHAPTER XXII.

OF the many restless nights that Miss Milner passed, this was not one. It is true, she had a weight of care upon her heart, even heavier than usual, but the burden had overcome her strength: wearied out with hopes, with fears, and, at the end, with disappointment and rage, she sunk at once into a deep slumber. But the more forgetfulness had then prevailed, the more powerful was the force of remembrance when she awoke. At first, so sound her sleep had been, that she had a difficulty in calling to mind why she was unhappy; but that she was unhappy she well recollected; when the cause came to her memory, she would have slept again—but it was impossible.

Though her rest had been unbroken, it had not been refreshing—she was far from well, and sent word of her indisposition, as an apology for not being present at breakfast. Lord Elmwood looked concerned when the message was delivered—Mr. Sandford shook his head.

“Miss Milner’s health is not good!” said Mrs. Horton a few minutes after.

Lord Elmwood laid down the newspaper to attend to what she said.

“To me, there is something very extraordinary about her!” continued Mrs. Horton, finding she caught his lordship’s attention.

“So there is to me!” added Sandford, with a sarcastic sneer.

“And so there is to me!” said Miss Woodley, with a serious face and heartfelt sigh.

Lord Elmwood gazed by turns at each, as each delivered their sentiments—and when they were all silent, he looked bewildered, not knowing what judgment to form from any one of those sentences.

Soon after breakfast, Mr. Sandford withdrew to his own apartment: Mrs. Horton, in a little time, went to hers: Lord Elmwood and Miss Woodley were left alone. He immediately rose from his seat, and said,

“I think, Miss Woodley, Miss Milner was extremely to blame, though I did not choose to tell her so before Mr. Sandford, in giving Lord Frederick an opportunity of speaking to her, unless she means that he shall renew his addresses.”

“That, I am certain,” replied Miss Woodley,

“she does *not* mean—and I assure you, my lord, seriously, it was by mere accident she saw him yesterday evening, or permitted his attendance upon her to her carriage.”

“I am glad to hear it,” he returned quickly; “for although I am not of a suspicious nature, yet in regard to her affection for him, I cannot but still have my doubts.”

“You need have none, my lord,” replied Miss Woodley, with a smile of confidence.

“And yet you must own her behaviour has warranted them—has it not been, in this particular, incoherent and unaccountable?”

“The behaviour of a person in love, no doubt,” answered Miss Woodley.

“Don’t I say so?” replied he warmly; “and is not that a just reason for my suspicions?”

“But is there only one man in the world on whom those suspicions can fix?” said Miss Woodley, with the colour mounting into her face.

“Not that I know of—not one more that I know of,” he replied, with astonishment at what she had insinuated, and yet with a perfect assurance that she was in the wrong.

“Perhaps I am mistaken,” answered she.

“Nay, that is impossible too,” returned he with anxiety—“You share her confidence—you are perpetually with her: and for that reason, even if she did not confide in you (which I know, and rejoice that she does), you would yet be acquainted with all her inclinations.”

“I believe I am perfectly acquainted with them,” replied Miss Woodley, with a significance in her voice and manner which convinced him, there was some secret to learn.

After a hesitation—

“It is far from me,” replied he, “to wish to be entrusted with the private sentiments of those who desire to withhold them from me; much less would I take any unfair means to be informed. To ask any more questions of you, I believe, would be unfair. Yet I cannot but lament that I am not as well instructed as you are. I wish to prove my friendship to Miss Milner, but she will not suffer me—and every step that I take for her happiness I take in the most perplexing uncertainty.”

Miss Woodley sighed—but she did not speak. He seemed to wait for her reply; and as she made none, he proceeded—

“If ever breach of confidence could be tolerated, I certainly know no occasion that would so justly authorize it as the present. I am not only proper from character, but from circumstances, to be relied upon—my interest is so nearly connected with the interest, and my happiness with the happiness of my ward, that those principles, as well as my honour, would protect her against every peril arising from my being trusted.”

“Oh! my lord,” cried Miss Woodley, with a most forcible accent, “You are the last person on earth she would pardon me for intrusting.”

"Why so?" said he, warmly. "But that is the way—the person who is our friend we distrust—where a common interest is concerned, we are ashamed of drawing on a common danger—afraid of advice, though that advice is to preserve us.—Miss Woodley," said he, changing his voice with excess of earnestness, "do you not believe, that I would do any thing to make Miss Milner happy?"

"Any thing in honour, my lord."

"She can desire nothing farther." He replied in agitation, "Are her desires so unwarrantable that I cannot grant them?"

Miss Woodley again did not speak—and he continued—

"Great as my friendship is, there are certainly bounds to it—bounds that shall save her in spite of herself:"—and he raised his voice.

"In the disposal of themselves," resumed he, with a less vehement tone, "that great, that terrific disposal in marriage (at which I have always looked with fear and dismay), there is no accounting for the rashness of a woman's choice, or sometimes for the depravity of her taste. But in such a case, Miss Milner's election of a husband shall not direct mine. If she does not know how to estimate her own value, I do. Independent of her fortune, she has beauty to captivate the heart of any man; and with all her follies she has a frankness in her manner, an unaffected wisdom in her thoughts, a vivacity in her conversation, and withal, a softness in her demeanour, that might alone engage the affections of a man of the nicest sentiments, and the strongest understanding. I will not see all these qualities and accomplishments debased. It is my office to protect her from the consequences of a degrading choice, and I will execute the obligation."

"My lord, Miss Milner's taste is not a depraved one; it is but too refined."

"What can you mean by that, Miss Woodley? You talk mysteriously. Is she not afraid that I will oppose her inclinations?"

"She is sure that you will, my lord."

"Then the person must be unworthy of her."

Miss Woodley rose from her seat—she clasped her hands—every look and every gesture proved her alternate resolution and irresolution to proceed farther. Lord Elmwood's attention was arrested before; but now it was fixed to a degree of curiosity and surprise, which her extraordinary manner could only have excited.

"My lord," said she, with a tremulous voice,— "promise me, declare to me, nay, swear to me, that it shall ever remain a secret in your own breast, and I will reveal to you, on whom she has placed her affections."

This preparation made Lord Elmwood tremble;—and he ran over instantly in his mind all the persons he could recollect, in order to arrive at the knowledge by thought, quicker than by words. It was in vain he tried; and he once more turned

his inquiring eyes upon Miss Woodley. He saw her silent and covered with confusion. Again he searched his own thoughts; nor ineffectually as before,—at the first glance the object was presented, and he beheld *himself*.

The rapid emotion of varying passions, which immediately darted over his features, informed Miss Woodley that her secret was discovered:—she hid her face, while the tears that fell down to her bosom, confirmed the truth of his mind's suggestion, more forcibly than oaths could have done. A short interval of silence followed, during which she suffered tortures for the manner in which he would next address her—a few seconds gave her this reply;

"For God's sake take care what you are doing—you are destroying my prospects of futurety—you are making this world too dear to me."

Her drooping head was then lifted up, and she caught the eye of Dorriforth;—she saw it beam expectation, amazement, joy, ardour, and love. Nay, there was a fire, a vehemence in the quick fascinating rays it sent forth, she never before had seen—it filled her with alarm—she wished him to love Miss Milner, but to love her with moderation. Miss Woodley was too little versed in the subject, to know, this would have been not to love at all; at least, not the extent of breaking through engagements, and all the various obstacles that still militated against their union.

Lord Elmwood was sensible of the embarrassment his presence gave Miss Woodley, and understood the reproaches which she seemed to vent upon herself in silence. To relieve her from both, he laid his hand with force upon his heart, and said, "Do you believe me?"

"I do, my lord:" she answered, trembling.

"I will make no unjust use of what I know:" he replied with firmness.

"I believe you, my lord."

"But for what my passions now dictate," continued he, "I will not hereafter answer. They are confused—they are triumphant at present. I have never yet, however, been vanquished by them; and even upon this occasion, my reason shall combat them to the last—and my reason shall fail me before I act dishonourably."

He was going to leave the room—she followed him, and cried, "But, my lord, how shall I see again the unhappy object of my treachery?"

"See her," replied he, "as one to whom you meant no injury, and to whom you have done none."

"But she would account it an injury."

"We are not judges of what belongs to ourselves:" he replied—"I am transported at the tidings you have revealed, and yet, perhaps, it had been better if I had never heard them."

Miss Woodley was going to say something farther, but as if incapable of attending to her, he hastened out of the room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Miss Woodley stood for some time to consider which way she was to go. The first person she met would inquire why she had been weeping? and if Miss Milner was to ask the question, in what words could she tell, or in what manner deny the truth? To avoid her was her first caution, and she took the only method; she had a hackney coach ordered, rode several miles out of town, and returned to dinner with so little remains of her swollen eyes, that complaining of the headache was a sufficient excuse for them.

Miss Milner was enough recovered to be present at dinner, though she hardly tasted a morsel. Lord Elmwood did not dine at home, at which Miss Woodley rejoiced, but at which Mr. Sandford appeared highly disappointed. He asked the servants several times, what my lord said when he went out? They replied, "Nothing more than that he should not be at home to dinner." "I can't imagine where he dines," said Sandford. "Bless me, Mr. Sandford, can't you guess?" (cried Mrs. Horton, who by this time was made acquainted with his intended marriage) "He dines with Miss Fenton, to be sure." "No," replied Sandford, "he is not there; I came from thence just now, and they had not seen him all day." Poor Miss Milner on this began to eat a little; for where we hope for nothing, we receive small indulgences with joy.

Notwithstanding the anxiety and trouble under which Miss Woodley had laboured all the morning, her heart for many weeks had not felt so light as it did this day at dinner. The confidence that she reposed in the promises of Lord Elmwood—the firm reliance she had upon his delicacy and his justice—the unabated kindness with which her friend received her, while she knew that no one suspicious thought had taken harbour in her bosom—and the conscious integrity of her own intentions, though she might have been misled by her judgment, all comforted her with the hope, she had done nothing she ought to wish recalled. But although she felt thus tranquil, in respect to what she had divulged, yet she was a good deal disquieted with the dread of next seeing Lord Elmwood.

Miss Milner, not having spirits to go abroad, passed the evening at home. She read part of a new opera, played upon her harp, mused, sighed, occasionally talked with Miss Woodley, and so passed the tedious hours till near ten, when Mrs. Horton asked Mr. Sandford to play a game at piquet, and on his excusing himself, Miss Milner offered in his stead, and was gladly accepted. They had just begun to play when Lord Elmwood came into the room—Miss Milner's countenance immediately brightened, and though she was in a negligent morning dress, and looked paler than usual, she did not look less beautiful. Miss Woodley was leaning on the back of her chair to observe

the game, and Mr. Sandford sat reading one of the fathers at the other side of the fire-place. Lord Elmwood, as he advanced to the table, bowed, not having seen the ladies since the morning, nor Miss Milner that day: they returned the salute, and he was going up to Miss Milner (as if to inquire of her health), when Mr. Sandford, laying down his book, said,

"My lord, where have you been all day?"

"I have been very busy," replied he, and, walking from the card-table, went up to him.

Miss Milner played one card for another.

"You have been at Mr. Fenton's this evening, I suppose?" said Sandford.

"No; not at all to-day."

"How came that about, my lord?"

Miss Milner played the ace of diamonds instead of the king of hearts.

"I shall call to-morrow," answered Lord Elmwood; and then walking with a very ceremonious air up to Miss Milner, said, "He hoped she was perfectly recovered."

Mrs. Horton begged her "to mind what she was about."

She replied, "I am much better, sir."

He then returned to Sandford again; but never, during all this time, did his eye once encounter Miss Woodley's; and she, with equal care, avoided his.

Some cold dishes were now brought up for supper—Miss Milner lost her deal, and the game ended.

As they were arranging themselves at the supper-table, "Do, Miss Milner," said Mrs. Horton, "have something warm for your supper; a chicken boiled, or something of that kind; you have eat nothing to-day."

With feelings of humanity, and apparently no other sensation—but never did he feel his philanthropy so forcible—Lord Elmwood said, "Let me beg of you, Miss Milner, to have something provided for you."

The earnestness and emphasis with which these few words were pronounced were more flattering than the finest turned compliment would have been; her gratitude was expressed in blushes, and by assuring him she was now "so well as to sup on the provisions before her." She spoke, however, and had not made the trial; for the moment she carried a morsel to her lips, she laid it on her plate again, and turned paler, from the vain endeavour to force her appetite. Lord Elmwood had always been attentive to her; but now he watched her as he would a child; and when he saw by her struggles that she could not eat, he took her plate from her; gave her something else; and all with a care and watchfulness in his looks, as if he had been a tender-hearted boy, and she his darling bird, the loss of which would embitter all the joy of his holidays.

This attention had something in it so tender, so officious, and yet so sincere, that it brought the

tears into Miss Woodley's eyes, attracted the notice of Mr. Sandford, and the observation of Mrs. Horton; while the heart of Miss Milner overflowed with a gratitude that gave place to no sentiment except her love.

To relieve the anxiety which her guardian expressed, she endeavoured to appear cheerful, and that anxiety, at length, really made her so. He now pressed her to take one glass of wine with such solicitude, that he seemed to say a thousand things besides. Sandford still made his observations, and being unused to conceal his thoughts before the present company, he said bluntly,

"Miss Fenton was indisposed the other night, my lord, and you did not seem half thus anxious about her."

Had Sandford laid all Lord Elmwood's estate at Miss Milner's feet, or presented her with that eternal bloom which adorns the face of a goddess, he would have done less to endear himself to her than by this one sentence—she looked at him with a most benign countenance, and felt affliction that she had ever offended him.

"Miss Fenton," Lord Elmwood replied, "has a brother with her; her health and happiness are in his care—Miss Milner's are in mine."

"Mr. Sandford," said Miss Milner, "I am afraid that I behaved uncivilly to you last night—will you accept of an atonement?"

"No, madam," returned he, "I accept no expiation without amendment."

"Well, then," said she smiling, "suppose I promise never to offend you again, what then?"

"Why then, you'll break your promise."

"Do not promise him," said Lord Elmwood, "for he means to provoke you to it."

In the like conversation the evening passed, and Miss Milner retired to rest in far better spirits than her morning's prospects had given her the least pretence to hope. Miss Woodley, too, had cause to be well pleased; but her pleasure was in great measure eclipsed by the reflection that there was such a person as Miss Fenton;—she wished she had been equally acquainted with hers as with Miss Milner's heart, and she would then have acted without injustice to either; but Miss Fenton had of late shunned their society, and even in their company was of a temper too reserved ever to discover her mind;—Miss Woodley was obliged, therefore, to act to the best of her own judgment only, and leave all events to Providence.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WITHIN a few weeks, in the house of Lord Elmwood, every thing and every person wore a new face. He was the professed lover of Miss Milner—she the happiest of human beings—Miss Woodley partaking in the joy—Mr. Sandford lamenting, with the deepest concern, that Miss

Fenton had been supplanted; and what added poignantly to his concern was, that she had been supplanted by Miss Milner. Though a churchman, he bore his disappointment with the impatience of one of the laity: he could hardly speak to Lord Elmwood; he would not look at Miss Milner, and was displeased with every one. It was his intention, when he first became acquainted with Lord Elmwood's resolution, to quit his house; and as the earl had, with the utmost degree of inflexibility, resisted all his good counsel upon this subject, he resolved, in quitting him, never to be his adviser again. But, in preparing to leave his friend, his pupil his patron, and yet him, who, upon most occasions, implicitly obeyed his will, the spiritual got the better of the temporal man, and he determined to stay, lest, in totally abandoning him to the pursuit of his own passions, he should make his punishment even greater than his offence. "My lord," said he, "on the stormy sea, upon which you are embarked, though you will not shun the rocks that your faithful pilot would point out, he will, nevertheless, sail in your company, and lament over your watery grave. The more you slight my advice, the more you require it; so that, until you command me to leave your house (as I suppose you will soon do, to oblige your lady), I will continue along with you."

Lord Elmwood liked him sincerely, and was glad that he took this resolution; yet as soon as his reason and affections had once told him that he ought to break with Miss Fenton, and marry his ward, he became so decidedly of this opinion, that Sandford's never had the most trivial weight; nor would he even flatter the supposed authority he possessed over him, by urging him to remain in his house a single day, contrary to his inclinations. Sandford observed, with grief, this firmness; but finding it vain to contend, submitted—not, however, with a good grace.

Amidst all the persons affected by this change in Lord Elmwood's marriage designs, Miss Fenton was, perhaps, affected the least—she would have been content to have married, she was content to live single. Mr. Sandford had been the first who made overtures to her on the part of Lord Elmwood, and was the first sent to ask her to dispense with the obligation. She received both of these proposals with the same insipid smile of approbation, and the same cold indifference at the heart.

It was a perfect knowledge of this disposition in his intended wife which had given to Lord Elmwood's thoughts on matrimony the idea of dreary winter; but the sensibility of Miss Milner had now reversed that prospect into perpetual spring; or the dearest variety of spring, summer, and autumn.

It was a knowledge also of this torpor in Miss Fenton's nature, from which he formed the purpose of breaking with her; for Lord Elmwood still retained enough of the sanctity of his former state

to have yielded up his own happiness, and even that of his beloved ward, rather than have plunged one heart into affliction by his perfidy. This, before he offered his hand to Miss Milner, he was perfectly convinced would not be the case—even Miss Fenton herself assured him, that her thoughts were more upon the joys of heaven than upon those of earth; and as this circumstance would, she believed, induce her to retire into a convent, she considered it a happy, rather than an unhappy, event. Her brother, on whom her fortune devolved if she took this holy resolution, was exactly of her opinion.

Lost in the maze of happiness that surrounded her, Miss Milner oftentimes asked her heart, and her heart whispered like a flatterer, "Yes; are not my charms even more invincible than I ever believed them to be?—Dorriforth, the grave, the pious, the anchorite Dorriforth, by their force, is animated to all the ardour of the most impassioned lover—while the proud priest, the austere guardian is humbled, if I but frown, into the veriest slave of love." She then asked, "Why did I not keep him longer in suspense? He could not have loved me more, I believe: but my power over him might have been greater still. I am the happiest of women in the affection he has proved to me, but I wonder whether it would exist under ill treatment? If it would not, he still does not love me as I wish to be loved—if it would, my triumph, my felicity would be enhanced." These thoughts were mere phantoms of the brain, and never, by system, put into action; but, repeatedly indulged, they were practised by casual occurrences; and the dear-bought experiment of being loved in spite of her faults (a glory proud women ever aspire to), was, at present, the ambition of Miss Milner.

Unthinking woman! she did not reflect, that to the searching eye of Lord Elmwood she had faults, with her utmost care to conceal or overcome them, sufficient to try all his love, and all his patience. But what female is not fond of experiments? To which, how few there are that do not fall a sacrifice!

Perfectly secure in the affections of the man she loved, her declining health no longer threatened her: her declining spirits returned as before; and the suspicions of her guardian being now changed to the liberal confidence of a doting lover, she again professed all her former follies, all her fashionable levities, and indulged them with less restraint than ever.

For a while, blinded by his passion, Lord Elmwood encouraged and admired every new proof of her restored happiness; nor till sufferance had tempted her beyond her usual bounds, did he remonstrate. But she, who, as his ward, had been ever gentle, and (when he strenuously opposed) always obedient, became, as a mistress, sometimes haughty, and, to opposition, always insolent. He was surprised, but the novelty pleased him. And Miss Milner, whom he tenderly loved, could put

on no change, or appear in no new character that did not, for the time she adopted it, seem to become her.

Among the many causes of complaint which she gave him, want of economy, in the disposal of her income, was one. Bills and drafts came upon him without number, while the account, on her part, of money expended, amounted chiefly to articles of dress that she sometimes never wore, toys that were out of fashion before they were paid for, and charities directed by the force of whim. Another complaint was, as usual, extremely late hours, and often company that he did not approve.

She was charmed to see his love struggling with his censure—his politeness with his anxiety—and by the light, frivolous, or resentful manner in which she treated his admonitions, she triumphed in showing to Miss Woodley, and more especially to Mr. Sandford, how much she dared upon the strength of his affections.

Every thing in preparation for their marriage, which was to take place at Elmwood House during the summer months, she resolved for the short time she had to remain in London, to let no occasion pass of tasting all those pleasures that were not likely ever to return; but which, though eager as she was in their pursuit, she never placed in competition with those she hoped would succeed—those more sedate and superior joys, of domestic and conjugal happiness. Often, merely to hasten on the tedious hours that intervened, she varied and diverted them, with the many recreations her intended husband could not approve.

It so happened, and it was unfortunate it did, that a lawsuit concerning some possessions in the West Indies, and other intricate affairs that came with his title and estate, frequently kept Lord Elmwood from his house part of the day; sometimes the whole evening; and when at home, would often closet him for hours with his lawyers. But while he was thus off his guard, Sandford never was so—and had Miss Milner been the dearest thing on earth to him, he could not have watched her more vigilantly; or had she been the frailest thing on earth, he could not have been more hard upon her, in all the accounts of her conduct he gave to her guardian. Lord Elmwood knew, on the other hand, that Sandford's failing was to think ill of Miss Milner—he pitied him for it, and he pitied her for it—and in all the aggravation which his representations gave to her real follies, affection for them both, in the heart of Dorriforth, stood between accusation and every other unfavourable impression.

But facts are glaring; and he, at length, beheld those faults in their true colours, though previously pointed out by the prejudice of Mr. Sandford.

As soon as Sandford perceived his friend's confutation and uneasiness, "There, my lord!" cried he, exultingly, "did I not always say the marriage was an improper one?—but you would not be ruled—you would not see."

"Can you blame me for not seeing," replied his lordship, "when you were blind?—Had you been dispassionate, had you seen Miss Milner's virtues as well as her faults, I should have believed, and been guided by you—but you saw her failings only, and therein have been equally deceived with me, who have only beheld her perfections."

"My observations, however, my lord, would have been of most use to you; for I have seen what to avoid."

"But mine have been the most gratifying," replied he; "for I have seen—what I must always love."

Sandford sighed, and lifted up his hands.

"Mr. Sandford," resumed Lord Elmwood, with a voice and manner such as were usual to him when not all the power of Sandford, or of any other, could change his fixed determination, "Mr. Sandford, my eyes are open to every failing, as well as to every accomplishment; to every vice, as well as to every virtue of Miss Milner; nor will I suffer myself to be again prepossessed in her favour, by your prejudice against her—for I believe it was compassion at your unkind treatment that first gained her my heart."

"I, my lord?" cried Sandford; "do not load me with the burthen—with the mighty burthen of your love for her."

"Do not interrupt me. Whatever your meaning has been, the effect of it is what I have described. Now, I will no longer," continued he, "have an enemy, such as you have been, to heighten her charms, which are too transcendent in their native state. I will hear no more complaints against her, but I will watch her closely myself—and if I find her mind and heart (such as my suspicions have of late whispered) too frivolous for that substantial happiness I look for with an object so beloved, depend upon my word—the marriage shall yet be broken off."

"I depend upon your word, it will then?" replied Sandford eagerly.

"You are unjust, sir, in saying so before the trial," replied Lord Elmwood, "and your injustice shall make me more cautious, lest I follow your example."

"But, my lord——"

"My mind is made up, Mr. Sandford," returned he, interrupting him—"I am no longer engaged to Miss Milner than she shall deserve I should be—but, in my strict observations upon her conduct, I will take care not to wrong her as you have done."

"My lord, call my observations wrong when you have reflected upon them as a man, and not as a lover—divest yourself of your passion, and meet me upon equal ground."

"I will meet no one—I will consult no one—my own judgment shall be the judge, and in a few months shall marry me to her, or—*banish me from her for ever.*"

There was something in these last words, in

the tone and firmness with which they were delivered, that the heart of Sandford rested upon with content—they bore the symptoms of a menace that would be executed; and he parted from his patron with congratulations upon his wisdom, and with giving him the warmest assurances of his firm reliance on his word.

Lord Elmwood, having come to this resolution, was more composed than he had been for several days before; while the horror of domestic wrangles—a family without subordination—a house without economy—in a word, a wife without discretion, had been perpetually present to his mind.

Mr. Sandford, although he was a man of understanding, of learning, and a complete casuist, yet all the faults he committed were entirely—for the want of knowing better. He constantly reproved faults in others, and he was most assuredly too good a man not to have corrected and amended his own, had they been known to him—but they were not. He had not been for so long a time the spiritual superior of all with whom he lived, had been so busied with instructing others, that he had not once recollected that himself wanted instruction: and in such awe did his habitual severity keep all about him, that although he had numerous friends, not one told him of his failings—except just now Lord Elmwood, but whom, in this instance, as a man in love, he would not credit. Was there not then some reason for him to suppose he had no faults?—his enemies, indeed, hinted that he had, but enemies he never hearkened to; and thus, with all his good sense, wanted the sense to follow the rule, *Believe what your enemies say of you, rather than what is said by your friends.* For could an enemy, to whom he would have listened, have whispered to Sandford as he left Lord Elmwood, "cruel, barbarous man! you go away with your heart satisfied, nay, even elated, in the prospect that Miss Milner's hopes on which she alone exists, those hopes which keep her from the deepest affliction, and cherish her with joy and gladness, will all be disappointed. You flatter yourself it is for the sake of your friend, Lord Elmwood, that you rejoice, and because he has escaped a peril. You wish him well; but there is another cause for your exultation which you will not seek to know—it is, that in his safety shall dwell the punishment of his ward. For shame! for shame! forgive her faults, as this of yours requires to be forgiven."

Had any one said this to Sandford, whom he would have credited, or had his own heart suggested it, he was a man of that rectitude and conscientiousness, that he would have returned immediately to Lord Elmwood, and have strengthened all his favourable opinions of his intended wife—but having no such monitor, he walked on highly contented, and, meeting Miss Woodley, said, with an air of triumph,

"Where's your friend?—where's Lady Elmwood?"

Miss Woodley smiled, and answered—"She was gone with such and such ladies to an auction—but why give her that title already, Mr. Sandford?"

"Because," answered he, "I think she will never have it."

"Bless me, Mr. Sandford," said Miss Woodley, "you shock me!"

"I thought I should," replied he, "and therefore I told it you."

"For heaven's sake what has happened?"

"Nothing new—her indiscretions only."

"I know she is imprudent," said Miss Woodley—"I can see that her conduct is often exceptionable—but then Lord Elmwood surely loves her, and love will overlook a great deal."

"He does love her—but he has understanding and resolution. He loved his sister too, tenderly loved her, and yet when he had taken the resolution, and passed his word that he would never see her again—even upon her death-bed he would not retract it—no entreaties could prevail upon him. And now, though he maintains, and I dare say loves, her child, yet, you remember, when you brought him home, that he would not suffer him in his sight."

"Poor Miss Milner!" said Miss Woodley, in the most pitying accents.

"Nay," said Sandford, "Lord Elmwood has not yet passed his word that he will never see her more—he only threatened to do it;—but I know enough of him to know, that his threats are generally the same as if they were performed."

"You are very good," said Miss Woodley, "to acquaint me of this in time—I may now warn Miss Milner of it, and she may observe more circumspection."

"By no means," cried Sandford, hastily—"What would you warn her for?—it will do her no good—besides," added he, "I don't know whether Lord Elmwood does not expect secrecy on my part; and if he does—"

"But, with all deference to your opinion," said Miss Woodley, (and with all deference did she speak) "don't you think, Mr. Sandford, that secrecy upon this occasion would be criminal? For consider the anguish that it may occasion to my friend; and if, by advising her, we can save her from—" She was proceeding—

"You may call it criminal, madam, not to inform her of what I have hinted at," cried he; "but I call a breach of confidence—if it was divulged to me in confidence—"

He was going to explain; but Miss Milner entered, and put an end to the discourse. She had been passing the whole morning at an auction, and had laid out near two hundred pounds in different things for which she had no one use, but bought them because they were said to be cheap—among the rest was a lot of books upon chemistry, and some Latin authors.

"Why, madam," cried Sandford, looking over the catalogue where her purchases were marked by a pencil, "do you know what you have done? You can't read a word of these books."

"Can't I, Mr. Sandford? But I assure you that you will be very much pleased with them, when you see how elegantly they are bound."

"My dear," said Mrs. Horton, "why have you bought china? You and my Lord Elmwood have more now than you have places to put them in."

"Very true, Mrs. Horton—I forgot that—but then you know I can give these away."

Lord Elmwood was in the room at the conclusion of this conversation—he shook his head and sighed.

"My lord," said she, "I have had a very agreeable morning; but I wished for you—if you had been with me, I should have bought a great many other things; but I did not like to appear unreasonable in your absence."

Sandford fixed his inquisitive eyes upon Lord Elmwood, to observe his countenance—he smiled, but appeared thoughtful.

"And, oh! my lord, I have bought you a present," said she.

"I do not wish for a present, Miss Milner."

"What, not from me? Very well."

"If you present me with yourself, it is all that I ask."

Sandford moved upon his chair, as if he sat uneasy.

"Why then, Miss Woodley," said Miss Milner, "you shall have the present. But then it won't suit you—it is for a gentleman. I'll keep it and give it to my Lord Frederick the first time I meet with him. I saw him this morning, and he looked divinely—I longed to speak to him."

Miss Woodley cast, by stealth, an eye of apprehension upon Lord Elmwood's face, and trembled at seeing it flushed with resentment.

Sandford stared with both his eyes full upon him: then drew himself upright on his chair, and took a pinch of snuff upon the strength of the earl's uneasiness.

A silence ensued.

After a short time—"You all appear melancholy," said Miss Milner: "I wish I had not come home yet."

Miss Woodley was in agony—she saw Lord Elmwood's extreme displeasure, and dreaded lest he should express it by some words he could not recall, or she could not forgive—therefore, whispering to her she had something particular to say, she took her out of the room.

The moment she was gone, Mr. Sandford rose nimbly from his seat, rubbed his hands, walked briskly across the room, then asked Lord Elmwood in a cheerful tone, "Whether he dined at home to-day?"

That which had given Sandford cheerfulness had so depressed Lord Elmwood that he sat dejected and silent. At length he answered in

a faint voice, "No, I believe I shall *not* dine at home."

"Where is your lordship going to dine?" asked Mrs. Horton; "I thought we should have had your company to-day; Miss Milner dines at home, I believe."

"I have not yet determined where I shall dine," replied he, taking no notice of the conclusion of her speech.

"My lord, if you mean to go to the hotel, I'll go with you, if you please," cried Sandford officiously.

"With all my heart, Sandford—" and they both went out together before Miss Milner returned to the apartment.

CHAPTER XXV.

Miss Woodley, for the first time, disobeyed the will of Mr. Sandford; and as soon as Miss Milner and she were alone, repeated all he had revealed to her; accompanying the recital with her usual testimonies of sympathy and affection. But had the genius of Sandford presided over this discovery, it could not have influenced the mind of Miss Milner to receive the intelligence with a temper more exactly the opposite of that which it was the intention of the informer to recommend. Instead of shuddering at the menace Lord Elmwood had uttered, she said, she "dared him to perform it." "He dares not," repeated she.

"Why dares not?" said Miss Woodley.

"Because he loves me too well—because his own happiness is too dear to him."

"I believe he loves you," replied Miss Woodley, "and yet there is a doubt if—"

"There shall be no longer a doubt,"—cried Miss Milner, "I'll put him to the proof."

"For shame, my dear! you talk inconsiderately,—what can you mean by proof?"

"I mean I will do something that no prudent man *ought* to forgive; and yet, with all his vast share of prudence, he shall forgive it, and make a sacrifice of just resentment to partial affection."

"But if you should be disappointed, and he should *not* make the sacrifice?" said Miss Woodley.

"Then I have only lost a man who had no regard for me."

"He may have a great regard for you, notwithstanding."

"But for the love I have felt, and do still feel, for my Lord Elmwood, I will have something more than a *great regard* in return."

"You have his love, I am sure."

"But is it such as mine? I could love *him* if he had a thousand faults. And yet," said she, recollecting herself, "and yet, I believe his being faultless was the first cause of my passion."

Thus she talked on—sometimes in anger, some-

times apparently in jest—till her servant came to let her know the dinner was served. Upon entering the dining-room, and seeing Lord Elmwood's place at table vacant, she started back. She was disappointed of the pleasure she expected in dining with him; and his sudden absence, so immediately after the intelligence that she had received from Miss Woodley, increased her disquietude—She drew her chair, and sat down with an indifference that predicted she should not eat; and as soon as she was seated, she placed her fingers sullenly upon her lips, nor touched her knife and fork, nor spoke a word in reply to any thing that was said to her during the whole dinner. Miss Woodley and Mrs. Horton were both too well acquainted with the good disposition of her heart, to take offence, or appear to notice this behaviour. They dined, and said nothing either to provoke or soothe her. Just as the dinner was going to be removed, a loud rap came at the door—"Who is that?" said Mrs. Horton. One of the servants went to the window, and answered, "My lord and Mr. Sandford, madam."

"Come back to dinner as I live," cried Mrs. Horton.

Miss Milner continued her position and said nothing—but at the corners of her mouth, which her fingers did not entirely conceal, there were discoverable a thousand dimpled graces like small convulsive fibres, which a restrained smile upon Lord Elmwood's return had sent there.

Lord Elmwood and Sandford entered.

"I am glad you are returned, my lord," said Mrs. Horton, "for Miss Milner has not tasted of one thing!"

"It was only because I had no appetite," returned she, blushing like crimson.

"We should not have come back," said Sandford, "but at the place where we went to dine, all the rooms were filled with company."

Lord Elmwood put the wing of a fowl on Miss Milner's plate, but without previous asking if she chose any: yet she condescended to eat—they spoke to each other too in the course of conversation, but it was with a reserve that appeared as if they had been quarreling, and felt so to themselves, though no such circumstance had happened.

Two weeks passed away in this kind of distant behaviour on both sides, without either of them venturing a direct quarrel, and without either of them expressing (except inadvertently) their strong affection for each other.

During this time they were once, however, very near becoming the dearest friends in expression, as well as in sentiment. This arose from a favour that he granted, in compliance with her desire, though that desire had not been urged, but merely insinuated: and as it was a favour which he had refused to the repeated requests of many of his friends, the value of the obligation was heightened.

She and Miss Woodley had taken an airing to see the poor child, young Rushbrook. Lord Elmwood inquiring of the ladies how they had passed their morning, Miss Milner frankly told him; and added, "what pain it gave her to leave the child behind, as he had again cried to come away with her."

"Go for him then to-morrow," said Lord Elmwood, "and bring him home."

"Home!" she repeated, with surprise.

"Yes," replied he, "if you desire it, this shall be his home—you shall be a mother, and I will, henceforward, be a father to him."

Sandford, who was present, looked unusually sour at this high token of regard for Miss Milner; yet, with resentment on his face, he wiped a tear of joy from his eye, for the boy's sake—his frown was the force of prejudice, his tear the force of nature.

Rushbrook was brought home; and whenever Lord Elmwood wished to show a kindness to Miss Milner, without directing it immediately to her, he took his nephew upon his knee, talked to him, and told him he "was glad they had become acquainted."

In the various, though delicate, struggles for power between Miss Milner and her guardian, there was not one person a witness to these incidents, who did not suppose that all would at last end in wedlock—for the most common observer perceived, that ardent love was the foundation of every discontent, as well as of every joy they experienced. One great incident, however, totally reversed the hope of all future accommodation.

The fashionable Lady G—— gave a masked ball; tickets were presented to persons of quality and fashion; among the rest, three were sent to Miss Milner. She had never been at a masquerade, and received them with ecstasy—the more especially, as the masque being at the house of a woman of fashion, she did not conceive there could be any objection to her going. She was mistaken—the moment she mentioned it to Lord Elmwood, he desired her, somewhat sternly, "Not to think of being there." She was vexed at the prohibition, but more at the manner in which it was delivered, and boldly said, "That she should certainly go."

She expected a rebuke for this, but what alarmed her much more, he said not a word; but he looked with a resignation which foreboded her greater sorrow than the severest reproaches would have done. She sat for a minute, reflecting how to rouse him from this composure—she first thought of attacking him with upbraidings; then she thought of soothing him; and at last of laughing at him. This was the most dangerous method of all, and yet, this she ventured upon.

"I am sure your lordship," said she, "with all your saintliness, can have no objection to my being present at the masquerade, if I go as a nun."

He made no reply.

"That is a habit," continued she, "which covers a multitude of faults—and for that evening, I may have the chance of making a conquest even of you—nay, I question not if, under that inviting attire, even the pious Mr. Sandford would not ogle me."

"Hush!" said Miss Woodley.

"Why hush?" cried Miss Milner aloud, though Miss Woodley had spoken in a whisper—"I am sure," continued she, "I am only repeating what I have read in books about nuns and their confessions."

"Your conduct, Miss Milner," replied Lord Elmwood, "gives evident proofs of the authors you have read; you may spare yourself the trouble of quoting them."

Her pride was hurt at this, beyond bearing; and, as she could not, like him, govern her anger, it flushed in her face, and almost forced her to tears.

"My lord," said Miss Woodley (in a tone so soft and peaceful that it might have calmed the resentment of both), "my lord, suppose you were to accompany Miss Milner? there are tickets for three, and you can then have no objection."

Miss Milner's brow was immediately smoothed; and she fetched a sigh, in anxious expectation that he would consent.

"I go, Miss Woodley?" he replied with astonishment—"Do you imagine I would play the buffoon at a masquerade?"

Miss Milner's face changed to its former appearance.

"I have seen grave characters there, my lord," said Miss Woodley.

"Dear Miss Woodley," cried Miss Milner, "why persuade Lord Elmwood to put on a mask, just at the time he has laid it aside?"

His patience was now tempted to its height, and he answered, "If you suspect me of inconsistency, madam, you shall find me changed."

Pleased that she had been able at last to irritate him, she smiled with a degree of triumph, and in that humour was going to reply; but before she could speak four words, and before she thought of it, he abruptly left the room.

She was highly offended at this insult, and declared "from that moment she banished him from her heart for ever." To prove that she set his love and his anger at equal defiance, she immediately ordered her carriage, and said, she "was going to some of her acquaintance, whom she knew to have tickets, and with whom she would fix upon the habit she was to appear in at the masquerade; for nothing, unless she was locked up, should alter the resolution she had formed of being there." To remonstrate at that moment Miss Woodley knew would be in vain—her coach came to the door, and she drove away.

She did not return to dinner, nor till it was late in the evening; Lord Elmwood was at home, but he never once mentioned her name.

She came home, after he had retired, in great

spirits; and then, for the first time, in her whole life, appeared careless what he might think of her conduct:—but her whole thoughts were occupied upon the business which had employed the chief of her day: and her dress engrossed all her conversation, as soon as Miss Woodley and she were alone. She told her, she had been shown the greatest variety of beautiful and becoming dresses she had ever beheld; “and yet,” said she, “I have at last fixed upon a very plain one; but one I look so well in, that you will hardly know me when I have it on.”

“You are seriously then resolved to go,” said Miss Woodley, “if you hear no more on the subject from your guardian?”

“Whether I do hear or not, Miss Woodley, I am equally resolved to go.”

“But you know, my dear, he has desired you not—and you used always to obey his commands.”

“As my guardian, I certainly did obey him; and I could obey him as a husband; but as a lover I will not.”

“Yet that is the way never to have him for a husband.”

“As he pleases—for if he will not submit to be my lover, I will not submit to be his wife—nor has he the affection I require in a husband.”

Thus the old sentiments, repeated again and again, prevented a separation till towards morning.

Miss Milner, for that night, dreamed less of her guardian than of the masquerade. On the evening of the next day it was to be:—she was up early, breakfasted in her dressing-room, and remained there most of the day, busied in a thousand preparations for the night; one of them was, to arrange her hair in falling ringlets. Her next care was, that her dress should display her fine person to the best advantage—it did so. Miss Woodley entered as it was trying on, and was all astonishment at the elegance of the habit, and its beautiful effect upon her graceful figure; but, most of all, she was astonished at her venturing on such a character—for though it represented the goddess of chastity, yet from the buskins, and the petticoat festooned far above the ankle, it had, on a first glance, the appearance of a female much less virtuous. Miss Woodley admired this dress, yet objected to it; but as she admired first, her objections after had no weight.

“Where is Lord Elmwood?” said Miss Milner—“he must not see me.”

“No, for heaven’s sake,” cried Miss Woodley, “I would not have him see you in such a disguise for the universe.”

“And yet,” returned the other with a sigh, “why am I thus pleased with my dress? for I had rather he should admire me than all the world besides, and yet he alone must not see me in it.”

“But he would not admire you so dressed,” said Miss Woodley.

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“How shall I contrive to avoid him,” said Miss Milner, “if in the evening he should offer to hand me into my carriage?—But I believe he will not be in good humour enough to do that.”

“You had better dress at the house of the ladies with whom you go,” said Miss Woodley; and this was agreed upon.

At dinner they learned that Lord Elmwood was to go that evening to Windsor, in order to be in readiness for the king’s hunt early in the morning. This intelligence having dispersed Miss Milner’s fears, she concluded upon dressing at home.

Lord Elmwood appeared at dinner, in an even, but not in a good temper;—the subject of the masquerade was never mentioned, nor indeed was it once in his thoughts; for though he was offended at his ward’s behaviour on the occasion, and considered that she committed a fault in telling him “she would go,” yet he never suspected she meant to do so, not even at the time she said she did, much less that she would persist, coolly and deliberately, in so direct a contradiction to his will. She, on her part, flattered herself, that his going to Windsor was intended in order to give her an opportunity of passing the evening as she pleased, without his being obliged to know of it, and consequently to complain. Miss Woodley, who was willing to hope as she wished, began to be of the same opinion; and, without reluctance, dressed herself as a wood-nymph to accompany her friend.

CHAPTER XXVI.

At half after eleven, Miss Milner’s chair and another with Miss Woodley, took them from Lord Elmwood’s, to call upon the party (wood-nymphs, and huntresses) who were to accompany them, and make up the suit of Diana.

They had not left the house two minutes, when a thundering rap came at the door—it was Lord Elmwood in a post-chaise. Upon some occasion the next day’s hunt was deferred: he had been made acquainted with it, and came from Windsor at that late hour. After he had informed Mrs. Horton and Mr. Sandford, who were sitting together, of the cause of his sudden return, and had some supper ordered to be brought in for him, he inquired, “What company had been supping there?”

“We have been alone the whole evening, my lord,” replied Mrs. Horton.

“Nay,” returned he, “I saw two chairs, with several servants, come out of the door as I drove up, but what livery I could not discern.”

“We have had no creature here,” repeated Mrs. Horton.

“Nor has Miss Milner had visitors?” asked he.

“This brought Mrs. Horton to her recollection, and she cried, “Oh! now I know;”—and then checked herself, as if she knew too much.

"What do you know, madam?" said he sharply.

"Nothing," said Mrs. Horton, "I know nothing"—and she lifted up her hands and shook her head.

"So all people say, who know a great deal," cried Sandford, "and I suspect that is at present your case."

"Then I know more than I wish, I am sure, Mr. Sandford," returned she, shrugging up her shoulders.

Lord Elmwood was all impatience.

"Explain, madam, explain."

"Dear my lord," said she, "if your lordship will recollect, you may just have the same knowledge that I have."

"Recollect what?" said he sternly.

"The quarrel you and your ward had about the masquerade."

"What of that, she is not gone there?" he cried.

"I am not sure she is," returned Mrs. Horton; "but if your lordship saw two sedan chairs going out of this house, I cannot but suspect it must be Miss Milner and my niece going to the masquerade."

He made no answer, but rang the bell violently. A servant entered. "Send Miss Milner's maid hither," said he "immediately." The man withdrew.

"Nay, my lord," cried Mrs. Horton, "any of the other servants could tell you just as well whether Miss Milner is at home or gone out."

"Perhaps not," replied he.

The maid entered.

"Where is your mistress?" said Lord Elmwood.

The woman had received no orders to conceal where the ladies were gone, and yet a secret influence, which governs the thoughts of all waiting-women and chambermaids, whispered to her that she ought not to tell the truth.

"Where is your mistress?" repeated he, in a louder voice than before.

"Gone out, my Lord," she replied.

"Where?"

"My lady did not tell me."

"And don't you know?"

"No, my lord," she answered, and without blushing.

"Is this the night of the masquerade?" said he.

"I don't know, my Lord, upon my word; but, I believe, my lord, it is not."

Sandford, as soon as Lord Elmwood had asked the last question, ran hastily to the table, at the other side of the room, took something from it, and returned to his place again—and when the maid said, "It was not the night of the masquerade," he exclaimed, "But it is, my lord, it is—yes, it is," and, showing a newspaper in his hand, pointed to the paragraph which contained the information.

"Leave the room," said Lord Elmwood to the woman, "I have done with you." She went away.

"Yes, yes, here it is," repeated Sandford, with the paper still in his hand. He then read the paragraph: "*The masquerade at the right honourable Lady G——'s this evening*"—"This evening, my lord, you find"—"*it is expected will be the most brilliant of any thing of the kind for these many years past.*"

"They should not put such things in the papers," said Mrs. Horton, "to tempt young women to their ruin." The word ruin grated upon Lord Elmwood's ear, and he said to the servant who came to wait on him, while he supped, "Take the supper away." He had not attempted either to eat, or even to sit down; and he now walked backwards and forwards in the room, lost in thought and care.

A little time after, one of Miss Milner's footmen came in upon some occasion, and Mr. Sandford said to him, "Pray did you attend your lady to the masquerade?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

Lord Elmwood stopped himself short in his walk, and said to the servant, "You did."

"Yes, my lord," replied he.

He walked again.

"I should like to know what she was dressed in," said Mrs. Horton: and turning to the servant, "Do you know what your lady had on?"

"Yes, madam," replied the man, "she was in men's clothes."

"How!" cried Lord Elmwood.

"You tell a story, to be sure," said Mrs. Horton to the servant.

"No," cried Sandford, "I am sure he does not; for he is an honest good young man, and would not tell a lie upon any account—would you, Thomas?"

Lord Elmwood ordered Miss Milner's woman to be again sent up. She came.

"In what dress did your lady go to the masquerade?" he asked, and with a look so extremely morose, it seemed to command the answer in a single word, and that word to be truth.

A mind, with a spark of sensibility more than this woman possessed, could not have equivocated with such an interrogator; but her reply was, "She went in her own dress, my lord."

"Was it a man's or a woman's?" asked he, with a look of the same command.

"Ha, ha, my lord," (half laughing and half crying) "a woman's dress, to be sure, my lord."

On which Sandford cried—

"Call the footman up, and let him confront her."

He was called; but Lord Elmwood, now disgusted at the scene, withdrew to the further end of the room, and left Sandford to question them.

With all the authority and consequence of a country magistrate, Sandford—his back to the

fire, and the witnesses before him, began with the footman.

"In what dress do you say that you saw your lady decorated, when you attended, and went along with her to the masquerade?"

"In men's clothes," replied the man, boldly and firmly as before.

"Bless my soul, Thomas, how can you say such a thing?" cried the woman.

"What dress do you say she went in?" cried Sandford to her:

"In women's clothes, indeed, sir."

"This is very odd!" said Mrs. Horton.

"Had she on, or had she not on, a coat?" asked Sandford.

"Yes, sir, a petticoat," replied the woman.

"Do you say she had on a petticoat?" said Sandford to the man.

"I can't answer exactly for that," replied he, "but I know she had boots on."

"They were not boots," replied the maid, with vehemence—"indeed sir, (turning to Sandford) they were only half boots."

"My girl," said Sandford kindly to her, "your own evidence convicts your mistress—What has a woman to do with any boots?"

Impatient at this mummery, Lord Elmwood rose, ordered the servants out of the room, and then, looking at his watch, found it was near one. "At what hour am I to expect her home?" said he.

"Perhaps not till three in the morning," answered Mrs. Horton.

"Three! more likely six," cried Sandford.

"I can't wait with patience till that time," answered Lord Elmwood, with a deep and most anxious sigh.

"You had better go to bed, my lord," said Mrs. Horton; "and, by sleeping, the time will pass away unperceived."

"If I could sleep, madam."

"Will you play a game of cards, my lord?" said Sandford, "for I will not leave you till she comes home; and though I am not used to sit up all night——"

"All night!" repeated Lord Elmwood; "she dares not stay all night."

"And yet, after going," said Sandford, "in defiance to your commands, I should suppose she dared."

"She is in good company, at least, my lord," said Mrs. Horton.

"She does not know herself what company she is in," replied he.

"How should she," cried Sandford, where every one hides his face?"

Till five o'clock in the morning, in conversation like this, the hours lingered away. Mrs. Horton, indeed, retired to her chamber at two, and left the gentlemen to a more serious discourse; but a discourse still less advantageous to poor Miss Milner.

She, during this time, was at the scene of pleasure she had painted to herself, and all the pleasure it gave her was, that she was sure she should never desire to go to a masquerade again. Its crowd and bustle fatigued her—its freedom offended her delicacy—and though she perceived that she was the first object of admiration in the place, yet there was one person still wanting to admire; and the regret at having transgressed his injunctions for so trivial an entertainment weighed upon her spirits, and added to their weariness. She would have come away sooner than she did; but she could not, with any degree of good manners, leave the company with whom she went: and not till half after four were they prevailed on to return.

Daylight just peeped through the shutters of the room in which Lord Elmwood and Sandford were sitting, when the sound of her carriage, and the sudden stop it made at the door, caused Lord Elmwood to start from his chair. He trembled extremely, and looked pale. Sandford was ashamed to seem to notice it, yet he could not help asking him "to take a glass of wine."—He took it—and, for once, evinced he was reduced so low as to be glad of such a resource.

What exact passion thus agitated Lord Elmwood at this crisis, it is hard to define:—Perhaps it was indignation at Miss Milner's imprudence and exultation at being on the point of revenge—perhaps his emotion arose from joy, to find that she was safe returned—perhaps it was perturbation at the grief he felt that he must upbraid her—perhaps it was not one alone of these sensations, but all of them combined.

She, wearied out with the tedious night's dissipation, and far less joyous than melancholy, had fallen asleep as she rode home, and came half asleep out of her carriage. "Light me to my bed-chamber instantly," said she to her maid, who waited in the hall to receive her. But one of Lord Elmwood's valets went up to her and answered, "Madam, my lord desires to see you before you retire."

"Your lord!" she cried, "is he not from town?"

"No, madam, my lord has been at home ever since you went out; and has been sitting up with Mr. Sandford waiting for you."

She was wide awake immediately. The heaviness was removed from her eyes, but fear, sorrow, and shame seized upon her heart. She leaned against her maid, as if unable to support herself under those feelings, and said to Miss Woodley,

"Make my excuse—I cannot see him to-night—I am unfit—indeed I cannot."

Miss Woodley was alarmed at the prospect of going to him by herself, and thus, perhaps, irritating him still more: she, therefore, said, "He has sent for you; for heaven's sake, do not disobey him a second time."

"No, dear madam, don't," cried her woman, "for he is like a lion—he has been scolding me."

"Good God!" exclaimed Miss Milner, and in a tone that seemed prophetic, "Then he is not to be my husband, after all."

"Yes," cried Miss Woodley, "if you will only be humble, and appear sorry. You know your power over him, and all may yet be well."

She turned her speaking eyes upon her friend, the tears starting from them, her lips trembling—"Do I not appear sorry?" she cried.

The bell at that moment rang furiously, and they hastened their steps to the door of the apartment where Lord Elmwood was.

"No," replied Miss Woodley to her last question, "this shuddering is only fright: say to him you are sorry, and beg his pardon."

"I cannot," replied she, "if Mr. Sandford be with him."

The servant opened the door, and she and Miss Woodley went in. Lord Elmwood, by this time, was composed, and received her with a slight inclination of his head—she bowed to him in return, and said, with some marks of humility,

"I suppose, my lord, I have done wrong."

"You have indeed, Miss Milner," answered he; "but do not suppose that I mean to upbraid you: I am, on the contrary, going to release you from any such apprehension for the future."

Those last three words he delivered with a countenance so serious and so determined, with an accent so firm and so decided, they pierced through her heart. Yet she did not weep, or even sigh; but her friend, knowing what she felt, exclaimed, "Oh!" as if for her.

She herself strove with her anguish, and replied (but with a faltering voice), "I expected as much, my lord."

"Then, madam, you perhaps expect all that I intend?"

"In regard to myself," she replied, "I suppose I do."

"Then," said he, "you may expect that in a few days we shall part."

"I am prepared for it, my lord," she answered, and, while she said so, sunk upon her chair.

"My lord, what you have to say farther," said Miss Woodley, in tears, "defer till the morning—Miss Milner, you see, is not able to bear it now."

"I have nothing to say farther," replied he, coolly—"I have now only to act."

"Lord Elmwood," replied Miss Milner, divided between grief and anger, "you think to terrify me by your menaces—but I can part with you—heaven knows I can—your late behaviour has reconciled me to a separation."

On this he was going out of the room—but Miss Woodley, catching hold of him, cried, "Oh! my lord, do not leave her in this sorrow—pity her weakness, and forgive it."—She was proceeding; and he seemed as if inclined to listen, when Sandford called out in a tone of voice so harsh,

"Miss Woodley, what do you mean?"—She gave a start and desisted.

Lord Elmwood then turned to Sandford and said, "Nay, Mr. Sandford, you need entertain no doubts of me—I have judged, and have deter—"

He was going to say *determined*; but Miss Milner, who dreaded the word interrupted the period, and exclaimed, "Oh! could my poor father know the days of sorrow I have experienced since his death, how would he repent his fatal choice of a protector?"

This sentence, in which his friend's memory was recalled, with an additional allusion to her long and secret love for him, affected Lord Elmwood—he was much moved, but ashamed of being so, and as soon as possible conquered the propensity to forgive. Yet, for a short interval, he did not know whether to go out of the room, or to remain in it; whether to speak or to be silent. At length he turned towards her, and said,

"Appeal to your father in some other form—in that (pointing at her dress) he will not know you. Reflect upon him, too, in your moments of dissipation, and let his memory control your indiscretions—not merely in an hour of contradiction call peevishly upon his name, only to wound the dearest friend you have."

There was a degree of truth, and a degree of passionate feeling, in the conclusion of this speech, that alarmed Sandford—he caught up one of the candles, and, laying hold of his friend's elbow, drew him out of the room, crying, "Come, my lord, come to your bedchamber—it is very late—it is morning—it is time to rise." And by a continual repetition of these words, in a very loud voice, he wilfully drowned whatever Lord Elmwood, or any other person, might have wished either to have said or to have heard.

In this manner Lord Elmwood was forced out of the apartment, and the evening's vicissitudes ended.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Two whole days passed in the bitterest suspense on the part of Miss Milner, while neither one word nor look from Lord Elmwood denoted the most trivial change of the sentiments he had declared on the night of the masquerade. Still those sentiments, or intentions, were not explicitly delivered; they were more like intimations than solemn declarations—for though he had said, "He would never reproach her for the future," and that "She might expect they should part," he had not positively said they should; and upon this doubtful meaning of his words she hung with the strongest agitation of hope and of fear.

Miss Woodley, seeing the distress of her mind (much as she endeavoured to conceal it), entreated, nay, implored of her to permit her to be a me-

diator; to suffer her to ask for a private interview with Lord Elmwood, and if she found him inflexible, to behave with a proper spirit in return; but if he appeared not absolutely averse to a reconciliation, to offer it in so cautious a manner that it might take place without farther uneasiness on either side. But Miss Milner peremptorily forbade this, and acknowledging to her friend every weakness she felt on the occasion, yet concluded with solemnly declaring, "That after what had passed between her and Lord Elmwood, *he* must be the first to make a concession, before she herself would condescend to be reconciled."

"I believe I know Lord Elmwood's temper," replied Miss Woodley, "and I do not think he will be easily induced to beg pardon for a fault, which he thinks *you* have committed."

"Then he does not love me."

"Pshaw! Miss Milner, this is the old argument.—He may love you too well to spoil you;—consider that he is your guardian as well as your lover, he means also to become your husband; and he is a man of such nice honour that he will not indulge you with any power before marriage, to which he does not intend to submit hereafter."

"But tenderness, affection, the politeness due from a lover to his mistress demands his submission; and as I now despair of enticing, I will oblige him to it—at least I'll make the experiment, and know my fate at once."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Invite Lord Frederick to the house, and ask my guardian's consent for our immediate union; you will then see what effect that measure will have upon his pride."

"But you will then make it too late for him to be humble.—If you resolve on this, my dear Miss Milner, you are undone at once—you may thus hurry yourself into a marriage with a man you do not love, and the misery of your whole future life may be the result. Or, would you force Mr. Dorriforth (I mean Lord Elmwood) to another duel with my Lord Frederick?"

"No, call him Dorriforth,"—answered she, with the tears streaming from her eyes: "I thank you for calling him so; for by that name alone is he dear to me."

"Nay, Miss Milner, with what rapture did you not receive his love as Lord Elmwood!"

"But under this title he has been barbarous; under the first, he was all friendship and tenderness."

Notwithstanding Miss Milner indulged herself in all these soft bewailings to her friend—before Lord Elmwood she maintained a degree of pride and steadiness which surprised even him who perhaps thought less of her love for him than any other person. She now began to fear she had gone too far in discovering her affection, and resolved to make trial of a contrary method. She determined to retrieve that haughty character which had inspired so many of her admirers

with passion, and take the chance of its effect upon this only suitor, to whom she ever acknowledged a mutual attachment. But although she resumed and acted this character well—so well that every one but Miss Woodley thought her in earnest—yet, with nice and attentive anxiety, she watched even the slightest circumstances that might revive her hopes, or confirm her despair. Lord Elmwood's behaviour was calculated only to produce the latter—he was cold, polite, and perfectly indifferent. Yet, whatever his manners now were, they did not remove from her recollection what they had been—she recalled, with delight, the ardour with which he had first declared his passion to her, and the thousand proofs he had since given of its reality. From the constancy of his disposition, she depended that sentiments like these were not totally eradicated; and from the extreme desire which Mr. Sandford now, more than ever, discovered of depreciating her in his patron's esteem—from the now more than common zeal which urged him to take Lord Elmwood from her company, whenever he had it in his power, she was led to believe, that while his friend entertained such strong fears of his relapsing into love, she had reason to indulge the strongest hope that he would relapse.

But the reserve, and even indifference, that she had so well assumed for a few days, and which might perhaps have effected her design, she had not the patience to persevere in, without calling levity to their aid. She visited repeatedly without saying where, or with whom—kept later hours than usual—appeared in the highest spirits—sung, laughed, and never heaved a sigh—but when she was alone.

Still Lord Elmwood protracted a resolution, that he was determined he would never break when taken.

Miss Woodley was excessively uneasy, and with cause; she saw her friend was providing herself with a weight of cares, which she might soon find infinitely too much for her strength to bear—she would have reasoned with her, but all her arguments had long since proved unavailing. She wished to speak to Lord Elmwood upon the subject, and (unknown to her) plead her excuse; but he apprehended Miss Woodley's intention, and evidently shunned her. Mr. Sandford was now the only person to whom she could speak of Miss Milner, and the delight he took to expatiate on her faults was more sorrow to her friend than not to speak of her at all. She, therefore, sat a silent spectator, waiting with dread for the time when she, who now scorned her advice, would fly to her in vain for comfort.

Sandford had, however, said one thing to Miss Woodley, which gave her a ray of hope. During their conversation on the subject (not by way of consolation to her, but as a reproach to Lord Elmwood), he one day angrily exclaimed, "And yet, notwithstanding all this provocation, he has not

come to the determination that he will think no more of her—he lingers and he hesitates—I never saw him so weak upon any occasion before.”

This was joyful hearing to Miss Woodley; still, she could not but reflect, the longer he was in coming to this determination, the more irrevocable it would be, when once taken; and every moment that passed, she trembled lest it should be the very moment in which Lord Elmwood should resolve to banish Miss Milner from his heart.

Amongst her unpardonable indiscretions, during this trial upon the temper of her guardian, was the frequent mention of many gentlemen who had been her professed admirers, and the mention of them with partiality. Teased, if not tortured, by this, Lord Elmwood still behaved with a manly evenness of temper, and neither appeared provoked on the subject, nor insolently careless. In a single instance, however, this calmness was near deserting him.

Entering the drawing-room, one evening, he started, on seeing Lord Frederick Lawney there, in earnest conversation with Miss Milner.

Mrs. Horton and Miss Woodley were both indeed present, and Lord Frederick was talking in an audible voice, upon some indifferent subjects; but with that impressive manner, in which a man never fails to speak to the woman he loves, be the subject what it may. The moment Lord Elmwood started, which was the moment he entered, Lord Frederick arose.

“I beg your pardon, my lord,” said Lord Elmwood, “I protest I did not know you.”

“I ought to entreat your lordship’s pardon,” returned Lord Frederick, “for this intrusion, which an accident alone has occasioned. Miss Milner has been almost overturned by the carelessness of a lady’s coachman, in whose carriage she was, and therefore suffered me to bring her home in mine.”

“I hope you are not hurt,” said Lord Elmwood to Miss Milner; but his voice was so much affected by what he felt that he could scarce articulate the words. Not with the apprehension that she was hurt was he thus agitated, for the gaiety of her manners convinced him that could not be the case, no did he indeed suppose any accident, of the kind mentioned, had occurred; but the circumstance of unexpectedly seeing Lord Frederick had taken him off his guard, and being totally unprepared, he could not conceal indications of the surprise and of the shock it had given him.

Lord Frederick, who had heard nothing of his intended union with his ward (for it was even kept a secret, at present, from every servant in the house), imputed this discomposure to the personal resentment he might bear him, in consequence of their duel; for though Lord Elmwood had assured the uncle of Lord Frederick (who once waited upon him on the subject of Miss Milner), that all resentment was, on his part, entirely at an end; and that he was willing to consent to his ward’s mar-

riage with his nephew, if she would concur; yet Lord Frederick doubted the sincerity of this protestation, and would still have had the delicacy not to have entered Lord Elmwood’s house, had he not been encouraged by Miss Milner, and emboldened by his love. Personal resentment was therefore the construction he put upon Lord Elmwood’s emotion on entering the room; but Miss Milner and Miss Woodley knew his agitation to arise from a far different cause.

After his entrance, Lord Frederick did not attempt once to resume his seat, but having bowed most respectfully to all present, he took his leave; while Miss Milner followed him as far as the door, and repeated her thanks for his protection.

Lord Elmwood was hurt beyond measure; but he had a second concern, which was, that he had not the power to conceal how much he was affected. He trembled—when he attempted to speak, he stammered—he perceived his face burning with confusion, and thus one confusion gave birth to another, till his state was pitiable.

Miss Milner, with all her assumed gaiety and real insolence, had not however, the insolence to seem as if she observed him; she had only the confidence to observe him by stealth. And Mrs. Horton and Miss Woodley, having opportunely begun a discourse upon some trivial occurrences, gave him time to recover himself by degrees—still, it was merely by degrees; for the impression which this incident had made was deep, and not easily to be erased. The entrance of Mr. Sandford, who knew nothing of what had happened, was, however, another relief; for he began a conversation with him, which they very soon retired into the library to terminate. Miss Milner, taking Miss Woodley with her, went directly to her own apartment, and there exclaimed in rapture,

“He is mine—he loves me—and he is mine for ever.”

Miss Woodley congratulated her upon believing so, but confessed she herself “had her fears.”

“What fears!” cried Miss Milner: “don’t you perceive that he loves me?”

“I do,” said Miss Woodley, “but that I always believed; and, I think, if he loves you now, he has yet the good sense to know that he has reason to hate you.”

“What has good sense to do with love?” returned Miss Milner—“if a lover of mine suffers his understanding to get the better of his affection—”

The same arguments were going to be repeated; but Miss Woodley interrupted her, by requiring an explanation of her conduct as to Lord Frederick, whom, at least, she was treating with cruelty, if she only made use of his affection to stimulate that of Lord Elmwood.

“By no means, my dear Miss Woodley,” returned she—“I have, indeed, done with my Lord Frederick from this day, and he has certainly given me the proof I wanted of Lord Elmwood’s

love; but then I did not engage him to this by the smallest ray of hope. No: do not suspect me of such artifice, while my heart was another's: and I assure you, seriously, that it was from the circumstance we described he came with me home—yet, I must own, that if I had not had this design upon Lord Elmwood's jealousy in idea, I would have walked on foot through the streets rather than have suffered his rival's civilities. But he pressed his services so violently, and my Lady Evans (in whose coach I was when the accident happened) pressed me so violently to accept them, that he cannot expect any farther meaning from this acquiescence than my own convenience."

Miss Woodley was going to reply, when she resumed,

"Nay, if you intend to say I have done wrong, still I am not sorry for it, when it has given me such convincing proofs of Lord Elmwood's love. Did you see him?—I am afraid you did not see how he trembled—nor observe how that manly voice faltered, as mine does sometimes?—his proud heart was humbled too, as mine is sometimes. Oh! Miss Woodley, I have been counterfeiting indifference to him—I now find that all his indifference to me has been counterfeited also, and that we not only love, but love equally."

"Suppose this all as you hope—I yet think it highly necessary that your guardian should be informed, seriously informed, it was mere accident (for, at present, that plea seems but as a subterfuge) which brought Lord Frederick hither."

"No, that will be destroying the work so successfully begun. I will not suffer any explanation to take place, but let my Lord Elmwood act just as his love shall dictate; and now I have no longer a doubt of its excess, instead of stooping to him, I wait in the certain expectation of his submission to me."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In vain, for three long days, did Miss Milner wait impatiently for this submission; not a sign, not a symptom appeared—nay, Lord Elmwood had, since the evening of Lord Frederick's visit (which, at the time it took place, seemed to affect him so exceedingly), become just the same man he was before that circumstance occurred; except, indeed, that he was less thoughtful, and now and then cheerful; but without any appearance that his cheerfulness was affected. Miss Milner was vexed—she was alarmed—but was ashamed to confess those humiliating sensations, even to Miss Woodley: she supported, therefore, when in company, the vivacity she had so long assumed; but gave way, when alone, to a still greater degree of melancholy than usual. She no longer applauded her scheme of bringing Lord Frederick to the house, and was terrified, lest, on some pretence,

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he should dare to call again. But as these were feelings which her pride would not suffer her to disclose even to her friend, who would have consoled with her, their effects were doubly poignant.

Sitting in her dressing-room one forenoon with Miss Woodley, and burthened with a load of grief that she blushed to acknowledge; while her companion was charged with apprehensions that she too was loath to disclose, one of Lord Elmwood's valets tapped gently at the door, and delivered a letter to Miss Milner. By the person who brought it, as well as by the address, she knew it came from Lord Elmwood, and laid it down upon her toilet, as if she was fearful to unfold it.

"What is that?" said Miss Woodley.

"A letter from Lord Elmwood," replied Miss Milner.

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Miss Woodley.

"Nay," returned she, "it is, I have no doubt, a letter to beg my pardon." But her reluctance to open it plainly evinced she did not think so.

"Do not read it yet," said Miss Woodley.

"I do not intend it," replied she, trembling extremely.

"Will you dine first?" said Miss Woodley.

"No—for not knowing its contents, I shall not know how to conduct myself towards him."

Here a silence followed. Miss Milner took up the letter—looked earnestly at the hand writing on the outside—at the seal—inspected into its folds—and seemed to wish, by some equivocal method, to guess at the contents, without having the courage to come at the certain knowledge of them.

Curiosity, at length, got the better of her fears—she opened the letter, and, scarce able to hold it while she read, she read the following words:—

"MADAM,

"While I considered you only as my ward, my friendship for you was unbounded—when I looked upon you as a woman formed to grace a fashionable circle, my admiration equaled my friendship—and when fate permitted me to behold you in the tender light of my betrothed wife, my soaring love left those humbler passions at a distance.

"That you have still my friendship, my admiration, and even my love, I will not attempt to deceive either myself or you by disavowing; but still, with a firm assurance, I declare, that prudence outweighs them all; and I have not, from henceforward, the slightest desire to be regarded by you in any other respect than as one 'who wishes you well.' That you ever beheld me in the endearing quality of a destined and an affectionate husband (such as I would have proved) has been a deception upon my hopes; they acknowledge the mistake, and are humbled—but I entreat you to spare their farther trial, and for a single week not to insult me with the open preference of another. In the short space of that period I shall have taken my leave of you—for ever.

"I shall visit Italy, and some other parts of the continent; from whence I propose passing to the West Indies, in order to inspect my possessions there: nor shall I return to England till after a few years' absence; in which time I hope to become once more reconciled to the change of state. I am enjoined—a change I now most fervently wish could be entirely dispensed with.

"The occasion of my remaining here a week longer is to settle some necessary affairs, among which the principal is, that of delivering to a friend, a man of worth and of tenderness, all those writings which have invested me with the power of my guardianship—he will, the day after my departure (without one upbraiding word), resign them to you in my name; and even your most respected father, could he behold the resignation, would concur in its propriety.

"And now, my dear Miss Milner, let not affected resentment, contempt, or levity oppose that serenity which, for the week to come, I wish to enjoy. By complying with this request, give me to believe, that, since you have been under my care, you think I have, at least, faithfully discharged some part of my duty. And wherever I have been inadequate to your expectations, attribute my demerits to some infirmity of mind, rather than to a negligence of your happiness. Yet, be the cause what it will, since these faults have existed, I do not attempt to disavow or extenuate them, and I beg your pardon.

"However, time and a succession of objects may eradicate more tender sentiments, I am sure never to lose the liveliest anxiety for your welfare—and with all that solicitude, which cannot be described, I entreat for your own sake, for mine—when we shall be far asunder—and for the sake of your dead father's memory, that, upon every important occasion, you will call your serious judgment to direct you.

"I am, madam,

"Your sincerest friend,

"ELMWOOD."

After she had read every syllable of this letter carefully, it dropped from her hands; but she uttered not a word. There was, however, a paleness in her face, a deadness in her eye, and a kind of palsy over her frame, which Miss Woodley, who had seen her in every stage of her unhappiness, never had seen before.

"I do not want to read the letter," said Miss Woodley; "your looks tell me its contents."

"They will then discover to Lord Elmwood," replied she, "what I feel; but heaven forbid—that would sink me even lower than I am."

Scarce able to move, she rose, and looked in her glass, as if to arrange her features, and impose upon him:—alas! it was of no avail—a contented mind could alone effect what she desired.

"You must endeavour," said Miss Woodley, "to feel the disposition you wish to make appear."

"I will," replied she, "I will feel a proper pride—and consequently a proper indifference to this treatment."

And so desirous was she to attain the appearance of these sentiments, that she made the strongest efforts to calm her thoughts, in order to acquire it.

"I have but a few days to remain with him," she said to herself, "and we part for ever—during those few days it is not only my duty to obey his commands, or rather comply with his request, but it is also my wish to leave upon his mind an impression, which may not add to the ill opinion he has formed of me, but, perhaps, serve to diminish it. If, in every other instance, my conduct has been blameable, he shall, at least in this, acknowledge its merit. The fate I have drawn upon myself he shall find I can be resigned to: and he shall be convinced, that the woman, of whose weakness he has had so many fatal proofs, is yet in possession of some fortitude—fortitude, to bid him farewell, without discovering one affected or one real pang, though her death should be the consequence of her suppressed sufferings."

Thus she resolved and thus she acted. The severest judge could not have arraigned her conduct, from the day she received Lord Elmwood's letter to the day of his departure. She had, indeed, involuntary weaknesses, but none with which she did not struggle, and in general her struggles were victorious.

The first time she saw him, after the receipt of his letter, was on the evening of the same day—she had a little concert of amateurs of music, and was herself singing and playing when he entered the room: the connoisseurs immediately perceived she made a false cadence—but Lord Elmwood was no connoisseur in the art, and he did not observe it.

They occasionally spoke to each other during the evening, but the subjects were general—and though their manners, every time they spoke, were perfectly polite, they were not marked with the smallest degree of familiarity. To describe his behaviour exactly, it was the same as his letter—polite, friendly, composed, and resolved. Some of the company staid supper, which prevented the embarrassment that must unavoidably have arisen, had the family been by themselves.

The next morning each breakfasted in his separate apartments—more company dined with them—in the evening, and at supper, Lord Elmwood was from home.

Thus all passed on as peaceably as he had requested, and Miss Milner had not betrayed one particle of frailty; when, the third day at dinner, some gentlemen of his acquaintance being at table, one of them said,

"And so, my lord, you absolutely set off on Tuesday morning?"

This was Friday.

Sandford and he both replied at the same time, "Yes." And Sandford, but not Lord Elmwood, looked at Miss Milner when he spoke. Her knife and fork gave a sudden spring in her hand, but no other emotion witnessed what she felt.

"Ay, Elmwood," cried another gentleman at table, "you'll bring home, I am afraid, a foreign wife, and that I shan't forgive."

"It is his errand abroad, I make no doubt," said another visitor.

Before he could return an answer, Sandford cried, "And what objection to a foreigner for a wife? do not crowned heads all marry foreigners? and who happier in the married state than some kings?"

Lord Elmwood directed his eyes to the side of the table, opposite to that where Miss Milner sat.

"Nay," answered one of the guests, who was a country gentleman, "what do you say, ladies—do you think my lord ought to go out of his own nation for a wife?" and he looked at Miss Milner for the reply.

Miss Woodley, uneasy at her friend's being thus forced to give an opinion upon so delicate a subject, endeavoured to satisfy the gentleman, by answering to the question herself: "Whoever my Lord Elmwood marries, sir," said Miss Woodley, "he, no doubt, will be happy."

"But what say you, madam?" asked the visitor, still keeping his eyes on Miss Milner.

"That whoever Lord Elmwood marries, he *deserves* to be happy:" she returned, with the utmost command of her voice and looks; for Miss Woodley, by replying first, had given her time to collect herself.

The colour flew to Lord Elmwood's face, as she delivered this short sentence; and Miss Woodley persuaded herself, she saw a tear start in his eye.

Miss Milner did not look that way.

In an instant he found means to change the topic, but that of his journey still employed the conversation; and what horses, servants, and carriages he took with him, was minutely asked, and so accurately answered, either by himself or by Mr. Sandford, that Miss Milner, although she had known her doom before, till now had received no circumstantial account of it—and as circumstances increase or diminish all we feel, the hearing these things in detail described increased the bitterness of their truth.

Soon after dinner the ladies retired; and from that time, though Miss Milner's behaviour continued the same, yet her looks and her voice were totally altered—for the world, she could not have looked cheerfully; for the world, she could not have spoken with a sprightly accent; she frequently began in one, but not three words did she utter, before her tones sunk into a melody of dejection. Not only her colour but her features became changed; her eyes lost their brilliancy, her

lips seemed to hang without the power of motion, her head drooped, and her dress looked neglected. Conscious of this appearance, and conscious of the cause from whence it arose, it was her desire to hide herself from the fatal object, the source of her despondency. Accordingly, she sat alone, or with Miss Woodley in her own apartment, as much as was consistent with that civility which her guardian had requested, and which forbade her from totally absenting herself.

Miss Woodley felt so acutely the torments of her friend, that had not her reason told her, that the inflexible mind of Lord Elmwood was fixed beyond her power to shake, she had cast herself at his feet, and implored the return of his affection and tenderness, as the only means to save his once beloved ward from an untimely grave. But her understanding—her knowledge of his firm and immovable temper; and of all his provocations—her knowledge of his word, long since given to Sandford, "That if once resolved, he would not recall his resolution;"—the certainty of the various plans arranged for his travels, all convinced her, that by any interference, she would only expose Miss Milner's love and delicacy to a contemptuous rejection.

If the conversation, when the family were assembled, did not every day turn upon the subject of Lord Elmwood's departure—a conversation he evidently avoided himself—yet, every day, some new preparation for his journey struck either the ear or the eye of Miss Milner;—and had she beheld a frightful spectre, she could not have shuddered with more horror, than when she unexpectedly passed his large trunks in the hall, nailed and corded, ready to be set off too meet him at Venice. At the sight, she flew from the company that chanced to be with her, and stole to the first lonely corner of the house to conceal her tears—she reclined her head upon her hands, and bedewed them with the sudden anguish that had overcome her. She heard a footstep advancing towards the spot where she hoped to have been secreted; she lifted up her eyes, and saw Lord Elmwood. Pride was the first emotion his presence inspired—pride, which arose from the humility into which she was plunged.

She looked at him earnestly, as if to imply, "What now, my lord?"

He only answered with a bow, which expressed; "I beg your pardon." And immediately withdrew.

Thus each understood the other's language, without either having uttered a word.

The just construction she put upon his looks and manner upon this occasion kept up her spirits for some little time; and she blessed heaven, for the singular favour of showing to her, clearly, by this accident—his negligence of her sorrows, his total indifference.

The next day was the eve of that on which he was to depart—of the day on which she was to

bid adieu to Dorriforth, to her guardian, to Lord Elmwood; to all her hopes at once.

The moment she awoke on Monday morning, the recollection, that this was, perhaps, the last day she was ever again to see him, softened all the resentment his yesterday's conduct had raised: forgetting his austerity, and all she had once termed cruelties, she now only remembered his friendship, his tenderness, and his love. She was impatient to see him, and promised herself, for this last day, to neglect no one opportunity of being with him. For that purpose she did not breakfast in her own room, as she had done for several mornings before, but went into the breakfast room, where all the family in general met. She was rejoiced on hearing his voice as she opened the door, yet the mere sound made her tremble so much that she could scarcely totter to the table.

Miss Woodley looked at her as she entered, and was never so shocked at seeing her; for never had she yet seen her look so ill. As she approached, she made an inclination of her head to Mrs. Horton, then to her guardian, as was her custom, when she first saw them in a morning—he looked in her face as he bowed in return, then fixed his eyes upon the fireplace rubbed his forehead, and began talking with Mr. Sandford.

Sandford, during breakfast, by accident cast a glance upon Miss Milner; his attention was caught by her deathlike countenance, and he looked earnestly. He then turned to Lord Elmwood to see if he was observing her appearance—he was not—and so much were her thoughts engaged on him alone, that she did not once perceive Sandford gazing at her.

Mrs. Horton, after a little while, observed, "It was a beautiful morning."

Lord Elmwood said, "He thought he heard it rain in the night."

Sandford cried, "For his part he slept too well to know." And then (unasked) held a plate with biscuits to Miss Milner:—it was the first civility he had ever in his life offered her; she smiled at the whimsicality of the circumstance, but she took one in return for his attention. He looked grave beyond his usual gravity, and yet not with his usual ill temper. She did not eat what she had so politely taken, but laid it down soon after.

Lord Elmwood was the first who rose from breakfast, and he did not return to dinner.

At dinner, Mrs. Horton said, "She hoped he would, however, favour them with his company at supper."

To which Sandford replied, "No doubt, for you will hardly any of you see him in the morning; as we shall be off by six, or soon after."

Sandford was not going abroad with Lord Elmwood, but was to go with him as far as Dover.

These words of his—"Not see Lord Elmwood in the morning"—[which conveyed the sense,

never again to see him after this evening,] were like the knell of death to Miss Milner. She felt the symptoms of fainting, and hurried by the dread of a swoon, snatched from the hand of a servant a glass of water, which Sandford had just then called for, and drank it hastily. As she returned the glass to the servant, she began to apologize to Mr. Sandford—but before she could utter what she intended, he said, rather kindly, "Never mind—you are welcome—I am glad you took it." She looked at him to observe whether he had really spoken kindly, or ironically; but before his countenance could satisfy her, her thoughts were called away from that trivial matter, and again fixed upon Lord Elmwood.

The moments seemed tedious till he came home to supper, and yet, when she reflected how short the remainder of the evening would be after that time, she wished to defer the hour of his return for months. At ten o'clock he arrived; and at half after ten the family, without any visitor, met at supper.

Miss Milner had considered, that the period for her to counterfeit appearances was diminished now to a most contracted one; and she rigorously enjoined herself not to shrink from the little which remained. The certain end, that would be, so soon, put to this painful deception, encouraged her to struggle through it with redoubled zeal; and this was but necessary, as her weakness increased.—She therefore listened, she talked, and even smiled, with the rest of the company, nor did *their* vivacity seem to arise from a much less compulsive source than her own.

It was past twelve, when Lord Elmwood looked at his watch, and rising from his chair, went up to Mrs. Horton, and taking her hand, said, "Till I see you again, madam, I sincerely wish you every happiness."

Miss Milner fixed her eyes upon the table before her.

"My lord," replied Mrs. Horton, "I sincerely wish you health and happiness likewise."

He then went to Miss Woodley, and taking her hand, repeated much the same as he had said to Mrs. Horton.

Miss Milner now trembled beyond all power of concealment.

"My lord," replied Miss Woodley, a good deal affected, "I sincerely hope my prayers for your happiness may be heard."

She and Mrs. Horton were both standing, as well as Lord Elmwood; but Miss Milner kept her seat, till his eye was turned upon her, and he moved slowly towards her; she then rose:—every one who was present, attentive to what he would now say, and how she would receive what he said, here cast their eyes upon them, and listened with impatience. They were all disappointed—he did not utter a syllable. Yet he took her hand, and held it closely between his. He then bowed most respectfully and left her.

No sentence of—"I wish you well;—I wish you health and happiness." No "prayers for blessings on her." Not even the word "farewell," escaped his lips—perhaps, to have attempted any of these might have impeded his utterance.

She had behaved with fortitude the whole evening, and she continued to do so, till the moment he turned away from her. Her eyes then overflowed with tears, and in the agony of her mind, not knowing what she did, she laid her cold hand upon the person next to her—it happened to be Sandford; but not observing it was he, she grasped his hand with violence—yet he did not snatch it away, nor look at her with his wonted severity. And thus she stood, silent and motionless, while Lord Elmwood, now at the door, bowed once more to all the company, and retired.

Sandford had still Miss Milner's hand fixed upon his; and when the door was shut after Lord Elmwood, he turned his head to look in her face, and turned it with some marks of apprehension for the grief he might find there. She strove to overcome that grief, and after a heavy sigh, sat down, as if resigned to the fate to which she was decreed.

Instead of following Lord Elmwood, as usual, Sandford poured out a glass of wine, and drank it. A general silence ensued for near three minutes. At last, turning himself round on his chair, towards Miss Milner, who sat like a statue of despair at his side, "Will you breakfast with us to-morrow?" said he.

She made no answer.

"We shan't breakfast before half after six," continued he, "I dare say; and if you can rise so early—why do."

"Miss Milner," said Miss Woodley (for she caught eagerly at the hope of her passing this night in less unhappiness than she had foreboded) "pray rise at that hour to breakfast: Mr. Sandford would not invite you, if he thought it would displease Lord Elmwood."

"Not I," replied Sandford, churlishly.

"Then desire her maid to call her:" said Mrs. Horton to Miss Woodley.

"Nay, she will be awake, I have no doubt;" returned her niece.

"No;" replied Miss Milner, "since Lord Elmwood has thought proper to take his leave of me, without even speaking a word; by my own design, never will I see him again." And here tears burst forth, as if her heart burst at the same time.

"Why did not you speak to him?" cried Sandford—"Pray did you bid him farewell?—and I don't see why one is not as much to be blamed, in that respect, as the other."

"I was too weak to say I wished him happy," cried Miss Milner; "but, Heaven is my witness, I do wish him so from my soul."

"And do you imagine he does not wish you so?" cried Sandford. "You should judge him by

your own heart; and what you feel for him, imagine he feels for you, my dear."

Though "*my dear*" is a trivial phrase, yet from certain people, and upon certain occasions, it is a phrase of infinite comfort and assurance. Mr. Sandford seldom said "*my dear*" to any one; to Miss Milner never; and upon this occasion, and from him, it was an expression most precious.

She turned to him with a look of gratitude; but as she only looked, and did not speak, he rose up, and soon after said, with a friendly tone he had seldom used in her presence, "I sincerely wish you a good night."

As soon as he was gone, Miss Milner exclaimed "However my fate may have been precipitated by the unkindness of Mr. Sandford, yet, for that particle of concern which he has shown for me this evening, I will always be grateful to him."

"Ay," cried Mrs. Horton, "good Mr. Sandford may show his kindness now, without any danger from its consequences. Now Lord Elmwood is going away for ever, he is not afraid of your seeing him once again." And she thought she praised him by this suggestion.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHEN Miss Milner retired to her bed-chamber, Miss Woodley went with her, nor would leave her the whole night—but in vain did she persuade her to rest—she absolutely refused; and declared she would never from that hour indulge repose. "The part I undertook to perform," cried she, "is over—I will now, for my whole life, appear in my own character, and give a loose to the anguish I endure."

As daylight showed itself—"And yet I might see him once again," said she—"I might see him within these two hours, if I pleased, for Mr. Sandford invited me."

"If you think, my dear Miss Milner," said Miss Woodley, "that a second parting from Lord Elmwood would but give you a second agony, in the name of Heaven do not see him any more—but, if you hope your mind would be easier, were you to bid each other adieu in a more direct manner than you did last night, let us go down and breakfast with him. I'll go before, and prepare him for your reception—you shall not surprise him—and I will let him know, it is by Mr. Sandford's invitation you are coming."

She listened with a smile to this proposal, yet objected to the indelicacy of her wishing to see him, after he had taken his leave—but as Miss Woodley perceived that she was inclined to infringe this delicacy, of which she had so proper a sense, she easily persuaded her, it was impossible for the most suspicious person (and Lord Elmwood was far from such a character) to suppose, that the paying him a visit at that period of time

could be with the most distant imagination of regaining his heart, or of altering one resolution he had taken.

But though Miss Milner acquiesced in this opinion, yet she had not the courage to form the determination that she would go.

Daylight now no longer peeped, but stared upon them. Miss Milner went to the looking-glass, breathed upon her hands and rubbed them on her eyes, smoothed her hair and adjusted her dress; yet said, after all,—"I dare not see him again."

"You may do as you please," said Miss Woodley, "but I will. I that have lived for so many years under the same roof with him, and on the most friendly terms, and he going away, perhaps for these ten years, perhaps for ever, I should think it a disrespect not to see him to the last moment of his remaining in the house."

"Then do you go," said Miss Milner, eagerly; "and if he should ask for me, I will gladly come, you know; but if he does not ask for me, I will not—and pray don't deceive me."

Miss Woodley promised her not to deceive her; and soon after, as they heard the servants pass about the house, and the clock had struck six, Miss Woodley went to the breakfast-room.

She found Lord Elmwood there in his travelling dress, standing pensively by the fire-place—and, as he did not dream of seeing her, he started when she entered, and, with an appearance of alarm, said, "Dear Miss Woodley, what's the matter?"—She replied, "Nothing, my lord; but I could not be satisfied without seeing your lordship once again, while I had it in my power."

"I thank you," he returned with a sigh—the heaviest and most intelligent sigh she ever heard him condescend to give. She imagined, also, that he looked as if he wished to ask how Miss Milner did, but would not allow himself the indulgence. She was half inclined to mention her to him, and was debating in her mind whether she should or not, when Mr. Sandford came into the room, saying, as he entered,

"For Heaven's sake, my lord, where did you sleep last night?"

"Why do you ask?" said he.

"Because," replied Sandford, "I went into your bedchamber just now, and I found your bed made. You have not slept there to-night."

"I have slept no where," returned he; "I could not sleep—and having some papers to look over, and to set off early, I thought I might as well not go to bed at all."

Miss Woodley was pleased at the frank manner in which he made this confession, and could not resist the strong impulse to say, "You have done just then, my lord, like Miss Milner, for she has not been in bed the whole night."

Miss Woodley spoke this in a negligent manner, and yet, Lord Elmwood echoed back the words with solicitude, "Has not Miss Milner been in bed the whole night?"

"If she is up, why does not she come to take some coffee?" said Sandford, as he began to pour it out.

"If she thought it would be agreeable," returned Miss Woodley, "I dare say she would." And she looked at Lord Elmwood while she spoke, though she did not absolutely address him; but he made no reply.

"Agreeable!" returned Sandford, angrily—"Has she then a quarrel with any body here? or does she suppose any body here bears enmity to her?—Is she not in peace and charity?"

"Yes," replied Miss Woodley, "that I am sure she is."

"Then bring her hither," cried Sandford, "directly. Would she have the wickedness to imagine we are not all friends with her?"

Miss Woodley left the room, and found Miss Milner almost in despair, lest she should hear Lord Elmwood's carriage drive off before her friend's return.

"Did he send for me?" were the words she uttered as soon as she saw her.

"Mr. Sandford did, in his presence," returned Miss Woodley, "and you may go with the utmost decorum, or I would not tell you so."

She required no protestations of this, but readily followed her beloved adviser, whose kindness never appeared in so amiable a light as at that moment.

On entering the room, through all the dead white of her present complexion, she blushed to a crimson,—Lord Elmwood rose from his seat, and brought a chair for her to sit down.

Sandford looked at her inquisitively, sipped his tea, and said, "He never made tea to his own liking."

Miss Milner took a cup, but had scarcely strength to hold it.

It seemed but a very short time they were at breakfast, when the carriage, that was to take Lord Elmwood away, drove to the door. Miss Milner started at the sound—so did he—but she had nearly dropped her cup and saucer; on which Sandford took them out of her hand, saying,

"Perhaps you had rather have coffee?"

Her lips moved, but he could not hear what she said.

A servant came in, and told Lord Elmwood, "The carriage was at the door."

He replied, "Very well." But though he had breakfasted he did not attempt to move.

At last, rising briskly, as if it was necessary to go in haste, when he did go; he took up his hat, which he had brought with him into the room, and was turning to Miss Woodley to take his leave, when Sandford cried, "My lord, you are in a great hurry." And then, as if he wished to give poor Miss Milner every moment he could, added, (looking about) "I don't know where I have laid my gloves."

Lord Elmwood, after repeating to Miss Wood-

ley his last night's farewell, now went up to Miss Milner, and taking one of her hands, again held it between his, but still without speaking—while she, unable to suppress her tears as heretofore, suffered them to fall in torrents.

"What is all this?" cried Sandford, going up to them in anger.

They neither of them replied, or changed their situation.

"Separate this moment," cried Sandford, "or resolve never to be separated only by—death."

The commanding and awful manner in which he spoke this sentence, made them both turn to him in amazement, and as it were, petrified with the sensation his words had caused.

He left them for a moment; and, going to a small bookcase in one corner of the room, took out of it a book, and returning with it in his hand said,

"Lord Elmwood, do you love this woman?"

"More than my life," he replied, with the most heartfelt accents.

He then turned to Miss Milner—"Can you say the same by him?"

She spread her hands over her eyes, and exclaimed "Oh, Heavens!"

"I believe you can say so," returned Sandford; "and in the name of God, and your own happiness, since this is the state of you both,—let me put it out of your power to part."

Lord Elmwood gazed at him with wonder! and yet as if enraptured by the sudden change this conduct gave to his prospects.

She sighed with a kind of trembling ecstasy; while Sandford, with all the dignity of his official character, delivered these words—

"My Lord, while I thought my counsel might save you from the worst of misfortunes, conjugal strife, I importuned you hourly, and set forth your danger in the light it appeared to me. But though old, and a priest, I can submit to think I have been in an error; and I now firmly believe, it is for the welfare of you both to become man and wife. My lord, take this woman's marriage vows—you can ask no fairer promises of her reform—she can give you none half so sacred, half so binding; and I see by her looks that she will mean to keep them. And, my dear," continued he, addressing himself to her, "act but under the dominion of those vows, towards a husband of sense and virtue, like him, and you will be all that I, himself, or even Heaven can desire. Now, then, Lord Elmwood, this moment give her up forever, or this moment constrain her with the rites which I shall perform, by such ties from offending you, as she shall not dare to violate."

Lord Elmwood struck his forehead in doubt and agitation; but, still holding her hand, he cried, "I cannot part from her." Then feeling this reply as equivocal, he fell upon his knees, and said, "Will you pardon my hesitation?—and will you, in marriage, show me that tender love

you have not shown me yet?—Will you, in possessing all my affections, bear with all my infirmities?"

She raised him from her feet, and by the expression of her countenance, by the tears that bathed his hands, gave him confidence.

He turned to Sandford—then placing her by his own side, as the form of matrimony requires, gave this for a sign to Sandford that he should begin the ceremony. On which, he opened his book, and—married them.

With voice and manners so serious, so solemn, and so fervent, he performed these holy rites that every idea of jest, or even of lightness, was absent from the minds of the whole party present.

Miss Milner, covered with shame, sunk on the bosom of Miss Woodley.

When the ring was wanting, Lord Elmwood supplied it with one from his own hand, but throughout all the rest of the ceremony he appeared lost in zealous devotion to Heaven. Yet, no sooner was it finished, than his thoughts descended to this world. He embraced his bride with all the transport of the fondest, happiest bridegroom, and in raptures called her by the endearing name of "wife."

"But, still, my lord," cried Sandford, "you are only married by your own church and conscience, not by your wife's, or by the law of the land; and let me advise you not to defer that marriage long, lest in the time you should disagree, and she refuse to become your legal spouse."

"I think there is danger," returned Lord Elmwood, "and therefore our second marriage must take place to-morrow."

To this the ladies objected, and Sandford was to fix their second wedding-day, as he had done their first. He, after consideration, gave them four days.

Miss Woodley then recollected (for every one else had forgot it) that the carriage was still at the door to convey Lord Elmwood far away. It was of course dismissed—and one of those great incidents of delight which Miss Milner that morning tasted, was to look out of the window, and see this very carriage drive from the door unoccupied.

Never was there a more rapid change from despair to happiness—to happiness perfect and supreme—than was that which Miss Milner and Lord Elmwood experienced in one single hour.

The few days that intervened between this and their second marriage were passed in the delightful care of preparing for that happy day—yet, with all its delights, inferior to the first, when every unexpected joy was doubled by the once expected sorrow.

Nevertheless, on that first wedding-day, that joyful day, which restored her lost lover to her hopes again; even on that very day, after the sacred ceremony was over, Miss Milner—(with all the fears, the tremors, the superstition of her sex)

—felt an excruciating shock, when, looking on the ring Lord Elmwood had put upon her finger, in haste, when he married her, she perceived it was a —mourning ring.

CHAPTER XXX.

Not any event, throughout life, can arrest the reflection of a thoughtful mind more powerfully, or leave a more lasting impression, than that of returning to a place after a few years absence, and observing an entire alteration, in respect to all the persons who once formed the neighbourhood. To find that many, who but a few years before were left in their bloom of youth and health, are dead—to find that children left at school are married and have children of their own—that some, who were left in riches, are reduced to poverty—that others, who were in poverty, are become rich—to find those once renowned for virtue now detested for vice—roving husbands grown constant—constant husbands become rovers—the firmest friends changed the most implacable enemies—beauty faded—in a word, every change to demonstrate, that,

“All is transitory on this side the grave.”

Guided by a wish, that the reflecting reader may experience the sensation, which an attention to circumstances like these, must excite; he is desired to imagine seventeen years elapsed, since he has seen or heard of any of those persons who, in the foregoing part of this narrative have been introduced to his acquaintance;—and then, supposing himself at the period of those seventeen years, follow the sequel of their history.

To begin with the first female object of this story. The beautiful, the beloved Miss Milner—she is no longer beautiful—no longer beloved—no longer—tremble while you read it!—no longer virtuous.

Dorriforth, the pious, the good, the tender Dorriforth, is become a hard-hearted tyrant. The compassionate, the feeling, the just Lord Elmwood, an example of implacable rigour and injustice.

Miss Woodley is grown old, but less with years than grief.

The boy Rushbrook is become a man; and the apparent heir of Lord Elmwood's fortune;—while his own daughter, his only child by his once adored Miss Milner, he refuses ever to see again, in vengeance to her mother's crimes.

The least wonderful change is the death of Mrs. Horton. Except

Sandford, who remains much the same as heretofore.

We left Lady Elmwood at the summit of human happiness; a loving and beloved bride. We now find her upon her death-bed.

At thirty-five her “course was run”—a course full of perils, of hopes, of fears, of joys, and, at the end, of sorrows; all exquisite of their kind, for exquisite were the feelings of her susceptible heart.

At the commencement of this story, her father is described in the last moments of his life, with all his cares fixed upon her, his only child—how vain these cares! how vain every precaution that was taken for her welfare!—She knows, she reflects upon this; and yet, impelled by that instinctive power which actuates a parent, Lady Elmwood on her dying day has no worldly thoughts, but that of the future happiness of an only child. To every other prospect in her view, “Thy will be done!” is her continual exclamation; but where the misery of her daughter presents itself, the expiring penitent would there combat the will of heaven.

To detail the progression by which vice gains a predominancy in the heart may be a useful lesson; but it is one so little to the gratification of most readers, that the degrees of misconduct, by which Lady Elmwood fell, are not meant to be related here; but instead of picturing every occasion of her fall, to come briefly to the events that followed.

There are, nevertheless, some articles under the former class, which ought not to be entirely omitted.

Lord Elmwood,—after four years' enjoyment of the most perfect happiness that marriage could give, after becoming the father of a beautiful daughter, whom he loved with a tenderness almost equal to his love of her mother,—was under the indispensable necessity of leaving them both for a time, in order to rescue from the depredation of his own steward his very large estates in the West Indies. His voyage was tedious; his residence there, from various accidents, was prolonged from time to time, till near three years had at length passed away. Lady Elmwood, at first only unhappy, became at last provoked; and, giving way to that irritable disposition which she had so seldom governed, resolved, in spite of his injunctions, to divert the melancholy hours caused by his absence, by mixing in the gay circles of London.

Lord Elmwood at this time, and for many months before, had been detained abroad by a severe and dangerous illness, which a too cautious fear of her uneasiness had prompted him to conceal; and she received his frequent apologies for not returning, with a suspicion and resentment they were calculated, but not intended, to inspire.

To violent anger succeeded a degree of indifference still more fatal—Lady Elmwood's heart was not formed for such a state—there, where all the tumultuous passions harboured by turns, one among them soon found the means to occupy all vacancies; a passion, commencing innocently, but terminating in guilt. The dear object of her fondest, her truest affections, absent, far off; those affections painted the time so irksome that was

passed; so wearisome that which was still to come; that she flew from the present tedious solitude, to the dangerous society of one, whose mind, depraved by fashionable vices, could not repay her for a moment's loss of him, whose felicity she destroyed, whose dishonour she accomplished. Or, if the delirium gave her a moment's recompense, what were her sufferings, her remorse, when she was awakened from the fleeting joy, by the arrival of her husband! Happy, transporting would have been that arrival but a few months sooner! As it would then have been unbounded happiness, it was now—but language affords no word that can describe Lady Elmwood's sensations, on being told her lord was arrived; and that necessity alone had so long delayed his return.

Guilt, but not hardened in her guilt, her pangs, her shame, were the more excessive. She fled from the place at his approach; fled from his house, never again to return to a habitation where he was the master. She did not, however, elope with her paramour, but escaped to shelter herself in the most dreary retreat; where she partook of no one comfort from society, or from life, but the still unremitting friendship of Miss Woodley. Even her infant daughter she left behind, nor would allow herself the consolation of her innocent, though reproachful smiles—she left her in her father's house, that she might be under his virtuous protection; parted with her, as she thought, for ever, with all the agonies with which mothers part from their infant children: and yet, those agonies were still more poignant, on beholding—the child sent after her, as the perpetual outcast of its father.

Lord Elmwood's love to his wife had been extravagant—the effect of his hate was the same. Beholding himself separated from her by a barrier not ever to be removed, he vowed, in the deep torments of his revenge, never to be reminded of her by one individual object; much less by one so near to her as her child. To bestow upon that child his affections would be, he imagined, still, in some sort, to divide them with the mother. Firm in his resolution, the beautiful Matilda was, at the age of six years, sent out of her father's house; and received by her mother with all the tenderness, but with all the anguish of those parents who behold their offspring visited by the punishment due only to their own offences.

While this rigid act was executing by Lord Elmwood's agents at his command, himself was engaged in an affair of still weightier importance—that of life or death:—he determined upon his own death, or the death of the man who had wounded his honour and destroyed his happiness. A duel with his old antagonist was the result of this determination; nor was the Duke of Avon (who before the decease of his father and eldest brother was Lord Frederick Lawnley) averse from giving him all the satisfaction he required. For it was no other than he, whose passion for Lady Elmwood had still subsisted, and whose ad-

dress in gallantry left no means unattempted for the success of his designs,—no other than he (who, next to Lord Elmwood, had been of all her lovers the most favoured), to whom Lady Elmwood sacrificed her own and her husband's future peace, and thus gave to his vanity a prouder triumph than if she had never bestowed her hand in marriage on another. This triumph however was but short—a month only, after the return of Lord Elmwood, the duke was called upon to answer for his guilt, and was left on the ground where they met, so defaced with scars as never again to endanger the honour of a husband. As Lord Elmwood was inexorable to all accommodation, their engagement had continued for a long space of time; nor could any thing but the assurance that his opponent was slain have at last torn him from the field, though himself was dangerously wounded.

Yet even during the period of his danger, while for days he lay in the continual expectation of his own dissolution, not all the entreaties of his dearest, most intimate, and most respected friends, could prevail upon him to pronounce forgiveness of his wife,—or to suffer them to bring his daughter to him, for his last blessing.

Lady Elmwood who was made acquainted with the minutest circumstance as it passed, appeared to wait the news of her husband's decease with patience; but upon her brow and in every lineament of her face was marked, that his death was an event she would not for a day survive: and she would have left her child an orphan, in such a case, to have followed Lord Elmwood to the tomb. She was prevented the trial; he recovered; and, from the ample vengeance he had obtained upon the irresistible person of the duke, he seemed, in a short time, to regain his tranquillity.

He recovered, but Lady Elmwood fell sick and languished:—possessed of youth to struggle with her woes, she still lingered on, till near ten years' decline had brought her to that period with which the reader is now to be presented.

CHAPTER XXXI.

In a lonely country on the borders of Scotland, a single house by the side of a dreary heath was the residence of the once gay, volatile Miss Milner. In a large gloomy apartment of this solitary habitation (the windows of which scarcely rendered the light accessible) was laid upon her death-bed the once lovely Lady Elmwood—pale, half suffocated from the loss of breath; yet her senses perfectly clear and collected, which served but to sharpen the anguish of dying.

In one corner of the room, by the side of an old fashioned settle, kneels Miss Woodley, praying most devoutly for her still beloved friend, but in vain endeavouring to pray composedly—floods of

tears pour down her furrowed cheeks, and frequent sobs of sorrow break through each pious ejaculation.

Close by her mother's side, one hand supporting her head, the other drying from her face the cold dew of death, behold Lady Elmwood's daughter—Lord Elmwood's daughter too—yet he is far away, negligent of what either suffers. Lady Elmwood turns to her often and attempts an embrace, but her feeble arms forbid, and they fall motionless. The daughter, perceiving these ineffectual efforts, has her whole face convulsed with grief: she kisses her mother; holds her to her bosom; and hangs upon her neck, as if she wished to cling there, not to be parted even by the grave.

On the other side of the bed sits Sandford—his hairs grown white—his face wrinkled with age—his heart the same as ever—the reprover, the enemy of the vain, the idle, and the wicked; but the friend and comforter of the forlorn and miserable.

Upon those features where sarcasm, reproach, and anger dwelt, to threaten and alarm the sinner; mildness, tenderness, and pity beamed, to support and console the penitent. Compassion changed his language, and softened all those harsh tones that used to denounce perdition.

"In the name of God," said he to Lady Elmwood, "of that God, who suffered for you, and suffering, knew and pitied all our weaknesses—by him, who has given his word to take *compassion on the sinner's tears*, I bid you hope for mercy. By that innocence in which you once lived, be comforted. By the sorrows you have known since your degradation, hope, that in some measure, at least, you have atoned. By the sincerity that shone upon your youthful face, when I joined your hand, and those thousand virtues you have since given proofs of, trust, that you were not born to die *the death of the wicked*."

As he spoke these words of consolation, her trembling hand clasped his—her dying eyes darted a ray of brightness—but her failing voice endeavoured in vain to articulate. At length, fixing her looks upon her daughter as their last dear object, she was just understood to utter the word, "Father."

"I understand you," replied Sandford, "and by all that influence I ever had over him, by my prayers, my tears" (and they flowed as he spoke), "I will implore him to own his child."

She could now only smile in thanks.

"And if I should fail," continued he, "yet while I live she shall not want a friend or protector—all an old man, like me, can answer for—" here his grief interrupted him.

Lady Elmwood was sufficiently sensible of his words and their import, to make a sign as if she wished to embrace him: but finding her life leaving her fast, she reserved this last token of love for her daughter—with a struggle she lifted herself

from her pillow, clung to her child—and died in her arms.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Lord Elmwood was by nature, and more from education, of a serious, thinking, and philosophic turn of mind. His religious studies had completely taught him to consider this world but as a passage to another; to enjoy with gratitude what heaven in its bounty should bestow, and to bear with submission whatever in its vengeance it might inflict. In a greater degree than most people he practised this doctrine; and as soon as the shock which he received from Lady Elmwood's infidelity was abated, an entire calmness and resignation ensued; but still of that sensible and feeling kind that could never suffer him to forget the happiness he had lost; and it was this sensibility which urged him to fly from its more keen recollection; and which he avowed as the reason why he would never permit Lady Elmwood, or even her child, to be named in his hearing. But this injunction (which all his friends, and even the servants in the house who attended his person had received) was, by many people, suspected rather to proceed from his resentment than his tenderness; nor did he deny, that resentment co-operated with his prudence: for prudence he called it, not to remind himself of happiness he could never taste again, and of ingratitude that might impel him to hatred: and prudence he called it, not to form another attachment near to his heart, more especially so near as a parent's, which might again expose him to all the torments of ingratitude, from an object whom he affectionately loved.

Upon these principles he adopted the unshaken resolution, never to acknowledge Lady Matilda as his child—or acknowledging her as such—never to see, to hear of, or take one concern whatever in her fate and fortune. The death of her mother appeared a favourable time, had he been so inclined, to have recalled this declaration which he had solemnly and repeatedly made—she was now destitute of the protection of her other parent, and it became his duty, at least, to provide her a guardian, if he did not choose to take that tender title upon himself:—but to mention either the mother or child to Lord Elmwood was an equal offence, and prohibited in the strongest terms to all his friends and household; and as he was an excellent good master, a sincere friend, and a most generous patron, not one of his acquaintance or dependents was hardy enough to incur his certain displeasure, which was always violent to excess, by even the official intelligence of Lady Elmwood's death.

Sandford himself, intimidated through age, or by the austere and morose manners which Lord Elmwood had of late years evinced: Sandford wished,

if possible, that some other would undertake the dangerous task of recalling to his memory there ever was such a person as his wife. He advised Miss Woodley to write a proper letter to him on the subject; but she reminded him, that such a step would be more perilous to her than to any other person, as she was the most destitute being on earth, without the benevolence of Lady Elmwood. The death of her aunt, Mrs. Horton, had left her solely relying on the bounty of Lord Elmwood, and now her death had left her totally dependant upon the earl—for Lady Elmwood, though she had separate effects, had long before her demise declared it was not her intention to leave a sentence behind her in the form of a will. She had no will, she said, but what she would wholly submit to Lord Elmwood's; and, if it were even his will that her child should live in poverty, as well as banishment, it should be so. But, perhaps, in this implicit submission to him, there was a distant hope, that the necessitous situation of his daughter might plead more forcibly than his parental love; and that knowing her bereft of every support but through himself, that idea might form some little tie between them, and be at least a token of the relationship.

But as Lady Elmwood anxiously wished this principle upon which she acted should be concealed from his suspicion, she included her friend, Miss Woodley, in the same fate; and thus, the only persons dear to her she left, but at Lord Elmwood's pleasure, to be preserved from perishing in want. Her child was too young to advise her on this subject, her friend too disinterested; and at this moment they were both without the smallest means of subsistence, except through the justice or compassion of Lord Elmwood. Sandford had, indeed, promised his protection to the daughter; but his liberality had no other source than from his patron, with whom he still lived as usual, except during part of the winter, when the earl resided in town; he then most likely stole a visit to Lady Elmwood—on this last visit he staid to see her buried.

After some mature deliberations, Sandford was now preparing to go to Lord Elmwood at his house in town, and there to deliver himself the news that must sooner or later be told;—and he meant also to venture, at the same time, to keep the promise he had made to his dying lady: but the news reached his lordship before Sandford arrived; it was announced in the public papers, and by that means first came to his knowledge.

He was breakfasting by himself, when the newspaper that first gave the intelligence of Lady Elmwood's death was laid before him—the paragraph contained these words:

"On Wednesday last died, at Dring Park, a village in Northumberland, the right honourable Countess Elmwood—this lady, who has not been heard of for many years in the fashionable world, was a rich heiress, and of extreme beauty; but

although she received overtures from many men of the first rank, she preferred her guardian, the present Lord Elmwood (then Mr. Dorriforth) to them all—and it is said their marriage was followed by an uncommon share of felicity, till his lordship going abroad, and remaining there some time, the consequences (to a most captivating young woman left without a protector) were such as to cause a separation on his return. Her ladyship has left one child by the earl, a daughter, aged fifteen."

Lord Elmwood had so much feeling upon reading this, as to lay down the paper, and not take it up again for several minutes—nor did he taste his chocolate during this interval, but leaned his elbow on the table and rested his head upon his hand. He then rose up—walked two or three times across the room—sat down again—took up the paper—and read as usual.—Nor let the voracious mourner, or the perpetual weeper, here complain of his want of sensibility—but let them remember that Lord Elmwood was a man—a man of understanding—of courage—of fortitude—above all, a man of the nicest feelings—and who shall say, but that at the time he leaned his head upon his hand, and rose to walk away the sense of what he felt, he might not feel as much as Lady Elmwood did in her last moments?

Be this as it may, his susceptibility on the occasion was not suspected by any one—yet he passed that day the same as usual; the next day too, and the day after. On the morning of the fourth, he sent for his steward to his study, and after talking of other business, said to him,

"Is it true that Lady Elmwood is dead?"

"It is, my lord."

His lordship looked unusually grave, and at this reply fetched an involuntary sigh.

"Mr. Sandford, my lord," continued the steward, "sent me word of the news, but left it to my own discretion, whether I would make your lordship acquainted with it or not: I let him know I declined."

"Where is Sandford?" asked Lord Elmwood.

"He was with my lady," replied the steward.

"When she died?" asked he.

"Yes, my lord."

"I am glad of it—he will see that every thing she desired is done—Sandford is a good man, and would be a friend to every body."

"He is a very good man indeed, my lord."

There was now a silence.—Mr. Gifford then bowing, said, "Has your lordship any further commands?"

"Write to Sandford," said Lord Elmwood, hesitating as he spoke, "and tell him to have every thing performed as she desired. And whoever she may have selected for the guardian of her child has my consent to act as such—nor in one instance, where I myself am not concerned, shall I oppose her will." The tears rushed into his eyes as he said this, and caused them to start in

the steward's—observing which, he sternly resumed,

"Do not suppose, from this conversation, that any of those resolutions I have long since taken are, or will be changed—they are the same; and shall continue inflexible."

"I understand you, my lord," replied Mr. Giffard, "and that your express orders to me, as well as to every other person, remain just the same as formerly, never to mention this subject to you again."

"They do, sir."

"My lord, I always obeyed you, and I hope I always shall."

"I hope so too," he replied in a threatening accent—"Write to Sandford," continued he, "to let him know my pleasure, and that is all you have to do."

The steward bowed and withdrew.

But before his letter arrived to Sandford, Sandford arrived in town; and Mr. Giffard related, word for word, what had passed between him and his lord. Upon every occasion, and upon every topic, except that of Lady Elmwood and her child, Sandford was just as free with Lord Elmwood as he had ever been; and as usual (after his interview with the steward) went into his apartment without any previous notice. Lord Elmwood shook him by the hand, as upon all other meetings; and yet, whether his fear suggested it or not, Sandford thought he appeared more cool and reserved with him than formerly.

During the whole day, the slightest mention of Lady Elmwood, or her child, was cautiously avoided—and not till the evening, (after Sandford had risen to retire, and had wished Lord Elmwood good night) did he dare to mention the subject.—He then, after taking leave, and going to the door—turned back and said, "My Lord,"

It was easy to guess on what he was preparing to speak—his voice failed, the tears began to trickle down his cheeks, he took out his handkerchief, and could proceed no farther.

"I thought," said Lord Elmwood, angrily, "I thought I had given my orders upon the subject—did not my steward write them to you?"

"He did, my lord," said Sandford, humbly, "but I was set out before they arrived."

"Has he not told you my mind then?" cried he, more angrily still.

"He has," replied Sandford,—"But"—

"But what, sir?"—cried Lord Elmwood.

"Your lordship," continued Sandford, "was mistaken in supposing that Lady Elmwood left a will, she left none."

"No will? no will at all?" returned he, surprised.

"No, my lord," answered Sandford, "she wished every thing to be as you willed."

"She left me all the trouble, then, you mean?"

"No great trouble, sir; for there are but two

persons whom she has left behind her, to hope for your protection."

"And who are those two?" cried he, hastily.

"One, my lord, I need not name—the other is Miss Woodley."

There was a delicacy and humility in the manner in which Sandford delivered this reply, that Lord Elmwood could not resent, and he only returned,

"Miss Woodley—is she yet living?"

"She is—I left her at the house I came from."

"Well then," answered he, "you must see that my steward provides for those two persons. That care I leave to you—and should there be any complaints, on you they fall."

Sandford bowed, and was going.

"And now," resumed Lord Elmwood, in a more stern voice, "let me never hear again on this subject. You have here the power to act in regard to the persons you have mentioned; and upon you their situation, the care, the whole management of them depends—but be sure you never let them be named before me, from this moment."

"Then," said Sandford, "as this must be the last time they are mentioned, I must now take the opportunity to disburden my mind of a charge"—

"What charge?" cried Lord Elmwood, morosely interrupting him.

"Though Lady Elmwood, my lord, left no will behind her, she left a request."

"A request!"—said he, starting—"If it is for me to see her daughter, I tell you now before you ask, that I will not grant it—for by Heaven (and he spoke and looked most solemnly) though I have no resentment against the innocent child, and wish her happy, yet I will never see her. Never, for her mother's sake, suffer my heart again to be softened by an object I might dote upon. Therefore, Sir, if that is the request, it is already answered; my will is fixed."

"The request, my lord," replied Sandford, (and he took out a pocket-book from whence he drew several papers) "is contained in this letter; nor do I rightly know what its contents are." And he held it, timorously, out to him.

"Is it Lady Elmwood's writing?" asked Lord Elmwood, extremely discomposed.

"It is, my lord—she wrote it a few days before she died, and enjoined me to deliver it to you, with my own hands."

"I refuse to read it," cried he, putting it from him—and trembling while he did so.

"She desired me," said Sandford, (still presenting the letter) "to conjure you to read it, for her father's sake."

Lord Elmwood took it instantly. But as soon as it was in his hand, he seemed distressed to know what he should do with it—in what place to go and read it—or how to fortify himself against its contents. He appeared ashamed too, that he had been so far prevailed upon, and said, by way of excuse,

"For Mr. Milner's sake I would do much—nay, any thing, but that to which I have just now sworn never to consent. For his sake I have borne a great deal—for his sake alone, his daughter died my wife. You know no other motive than respect for him prevented my divorce. Pray (and he hesitated) was she buried by him?"

"No, my lord,—she expressed no such desire; and as that was the case, I did not think it necessary to carry the corpse so far."

At the word corpse, Lord Elmwood shrunk, and looked shocked beyond measure—but recovering himself, said, "I am sorry for it; for he loved *her* sincerely, if she did not love him—and I wish they had been buried together."

"It is not then too late," said Sandford, and was going on—but the other interrupted him.

"No, no—we will have no disturbing of the dead."

"Read her letter then," said Sandford, "and bid her rest in peace."

"If it is in my power," returned he, "to grant what she asks, I will—but if her demand is what I apprehend, I cannot, I will not bid her rest by complying. You know my resolution, my disposition, and take care how you provoke me. You may do an injury to the very person you are seeking to befriend—the very maintenance I mean to allow her daughter I can withdraw."

Poor Sandford, all alarmed at this menace, replied with energy, "My lord, unless you begin the subject, I never shall presume to mention it again."

"I take you at your word, and in consequence of that, but of that alone, we are friends. Good night, sir."

Sandford bowed with humility, and they went to their separate bed-chambers.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AFTER Lord Elmwood had retired into his chamber, it was some time before he read the letter Sandford had given him. He first walked backwards and forwards in the room—he then began to take off some part of his dress, but he did it slowly. At length, he dismissed his valet, and sitting down, took the letter from his pocket. He looked at the seal, but not at the direction; for he seemed to dread seeing Lady Elmwood's handwriting—He then laid it on the table, and began again to undress. He did not proceed, but taking up the letter quickly (with a kind of effort in making the resolution) broke it open. These were its contents:

"MY LORD,

"Who writes this letter I well know—I well know to whom it is addressed—I feel with the most powerful force both our situations; nor

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should I dare to offer you even this humble petition, but that at the time you receive it, there will be no such person as I am in existence.

"For myself then, all concern will be over—but there is a care that pursues me to the grave, and threatens my want of repose even there.

"I leave a child—I will not call her mine; that has undone her—I will not call her yours; that will be of no avail—I present her before you as the granddaughter of Mr. Milner. Oh! do not refuse an asylum even in your own house, to the destitute offspring of your friend; the last, and only remaining branch of his family.

"Receive her into your household, be her condition there ever so abject. I cannot write distinctly what I would—my senses are not impaired, but the powers of expression are. The complaint of the unfortunate child in the scriptures (a lesson I have studied) has made this wish cling so fast to my heart that, without the distant hope of its being fulfilled, death would have more terrors than my weak mind could support.

"I will go to my father; how many servants live in my father's house, and are fed with plenty, while I starve in a foreign land?"

"I do not ask a parent's festive rejoicing at her approach—I do not even ask her father to behold her;—but let her live under his protection. For her grandfather's sake do not refuse this—to the child of his child, whom he entrusted to your care, do not refuse it.

"Be her host; I remit the tie of being her parent. Never see her—but let her sometimes live under the same roof with you.

"It is Miss Milner your ward, to whom you never refused a request, who supplicates you—not now for your nephew, Rushbrook, but for one so much more dear, that a denial—she dares not suffer her thoughts to glance that way—she will hope—and, in that hope bids you farewell, with all the love she ever bore you.

"Farewell, Dorriforth—Farewell, Lord Elmwood—and, before you throw this letter from you with contempt or anger, cast your imagination into the grave where I am lying. Reflect upon all the days of my past life—the anxious moments I have known, and what has been their end. Behold me, also—in my altered face there is no anxiety—no joy or sorrow—all is over.—My whole frame is motionless—my heart beats no more. Look at my horrid habitation too,—and ask yourself—whether I am an object of resentment?"

While Lord Elmwood read this letter, it trembled in his hand: he once or twice wiped the tears from his eyes as he read, and once laid the letter down for a few minutes. At its conclusion, the tears flowed fast down his face; but he seemed both ashamed and angry they did, and was going to throw the paper upon the fire—he however suddenly checked his hand, and putting it hastily into his pocket, went to bed.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE next morning, when Lord Elmwood and Sandford met at breakfast, the latter was pale with fear for the success of Lady Elmwood's letter—the earl was pale too, but there was besides upon his face something which evidently marked he was displeased—Sandford observed it, and was all humbleness, both in his words and looks, in order to soften him.

As soon as the breakfast was removed, Lord Elmwood drew the letter from his pocket, and holding it towards Sandford, said,

"That may be of more value to you than it is to me, therefore I give it you."

Sandford called up a look of surprise, as if he did not know the letter again.

"Tis Lady Elmwood's letter," said Lord Elmwood, and I return it to you for two reasons."

Sandford took it, and putting it up, asked fearfully, "What those two reasons were?"

"First," said he, "because I think it is a relic you may like to preserve—my second reason is, that you may show it to her daughter, and let her know why, and on what conditions, I grant her mother's request."

"You do then grant it?" cried Sandford joyfully: "I thank you—you are kind—you are considerate."

"Be not hasty in your gratitude; you may have cause to recall it."

"I know what you have said," replied Sandford; "you have said you grant Lady Elmwood's request—you cannot recall these words, nor I my gratitude."

"Do you know what her request is?" returned he.

"Not exactly, my lord—I told you before I did not; but it is no doubt something in favour of her child."

"I think not," he replied: "such as it is, however, I grant it:—but in the strictest sense of the word—no farther—and one neglect of my commands releases me from this promise totally."

"We will take care, sir, not to disobey them."

"Then listen to what they are, for to you I give the charge of delivering them again. Lady Elmwood has petitioned me in the name of her father (a name I reverence), to give his grandchild the sanction of my protection. In the literal sense, to suffer that she may reside at one of my seats; dispensing at the same time with my ever seeing her."

"And you will comply?"

"I will, till she encroaches on this concession, and dares to hope for a greater. I will, while she avoids my sight, or the giving me any remembrance of her. But if, whether by design or by accident, I ever see or hear from her, that moment my compliance to her mother's supplication ceases, and I abandon her once more."

Sandford sighed. Lord Elmwood continued:

"I am glad her request stopped where it did. I would rather comply with her desires than not; and I rejoice they are such as I can grant with ease and honour to myself. I am seldom now at Elmwood castle; let her daughter go there;—the few weeks or months I am down in the summer, she may easily in that extensive house avoid me—while she does, she lives in security—when she does not—you know my resolution."

Sandford bowed—the earl resumed:

"Nor can it be a hardship to obey this command—she cannot lament the separation from a parent whom she never knew—" Sandford was going eagerly to prove the error of that assertion, but he prevented him, by saying, "In a word—without farther argument—if she obeys me in this, I will provide for her as my daughter during my life, and leave her a fortune at my death—but if she dares—"

Sandford interrupted the menace prepared for utterance, saying, "And you still mean, I suppose, to make Mr. Rushbrook your heir?"

"Have you not heard me say so? And do you imagine I have changed my determination? I am not given to alter my resolutions, Mr. Sandford; and I thought you knew I was not;—besides, will not my title be extinct, whoever I make my heir?—Could any thing but a son have preserved my title?"

"Then it is yet possible—"

"By marrying again, you mean?—No—no—I have had enough of marriage—and Henry Rushbrook I shall leave my heir. Therefore, sir—"

"My lord, I do not presume—"

"Do not, Sandford, and we may still be good friends. But I am not to be controlled as formerly; my temper is changed of late; changed to what it was originally; till your religious precepts reformed it. You may remember, how troublesome it was to conquer my stubborn disposition in my youth; then, indeed, you did; but in my more advanced age, you will find the task too difficult."

Sandford again repeated, "he should not presume—"

To which Lord Elmwood again made answer,

"Do not, Sandford;" and added, "for I have a sincere regard for you, and should be loath, at these years, to quarrel with you seriously."

Sandford turned away his head to conceal his feelings.

"Nay, if we do quarrel," resumed Lord Elmwood, "you know it must be your own fault;—and as this is a theme the most likely of any, nay, the only one of which we can have a difference (such as we cannot forgive), take care never from this day to renew it;—indeed that of itself would be an offence I could not pardon. I have been clear and explicit in all I have said; there can be no fear of mistaking my meaning; therefore, all future explanation is unnecessary—nor will I permit a word, or a hint on the subject from any one,

without showing my resentment even to the hour of my death." He was going out of the room.

"But before we bid adieu to the subject for ever, my lord—there was another person whom I named to you—"

"Do you mean Miss Woodley?—Oh, by all means let her live at Elmwood house too. On consideration, I have no objection to see Miss Woodley at any time—I shall be glad to see her. Do not let *her* be frightened at me—to her I shall be the same that I have always been."

"She is a good woman, my lord," cried Sandford, delighted.

"You need not tell me that, Mr. Sandford; I know her worth."—And he left the room.

Sandford to relieve Miss Woodley and her lovely charge from the suspense in which he had left them, prepared to set off for their habitation, and meant himself to conduct them from thence to Elmwood castle, and appoint some retired part of it for Lady Matilda, against the annual visit which her father should pay there. To confirm this caution, before he left London, Giffard, the steward, took an opportunity to wait upon him, and let him know that his lord had acquainted him with the consent he had given for his daughter to be admitted at Elmwood castle, and upon what restrictions; that he had further uttered the severest threats, should these restrictions ever be infringed. Sandford thanked Giffard for his friendly information. It served him as a second warning of the circumspection that was necessary; and having taken leave of his friend and patron, under the pretence that "he could not live in the smoke of London," he set out for the north.

It is unnecessary to say with what joy Sandford was received by Miss Woodley, and the helpless daughter of Lord Elmwood, even before he told his errand. They both loved him sincerely; more especially Lady Matilda, whose forlorn state, and innocent sufferings, had ever excited his compassion, and caused him to treat her with affection, tenderness, and respect. She knew too, how much he had been her mother's friend; for that, she also loved him; and for his being honoured with the friendship of her father, she looked up to him with reverence. For Matilda (with an excellent understanding, a sedateness above her years, and having been early accustomed to the private converse between Lady Elmwood and Miss Woodley) was perfectly acquainted with the whole fatal history of her mother; and was, by her, taught the esteem and admiration of her father's virtues which they so justly merited.

Notwithstanding the joy of Mr. Sandford's presence, once more to cheer their solitary dwelling; no sooner were the first kind greetings over, than the dread of what he might have to inform them of possessed poor Matilda and Miss Woodley so powerfully that all their gladness was changed into affright. Their apprehensions were far more forcible than their curiosity;—they dared not ask

a question, and even began to wish he would continue silent upon the subject on which they feared to listen. For near two hours he was so. At length, after a short interval from speaking (during which they waited with anxiety for what he might next say), he turned to Lady Matilda, and said,

"You don't ask for your father, my dear."

"I did not know it was proper:" she replied timidly.

"It is always proper," answered Sandford, "for you to think of him, though he should never think on you."

She burst into tears, and said that she "did think of him, but she felt an apprehension of mentioning his name." And she wept bitterly while she spoke,

"Do not think I reprove you," said Sandford; "I only told you what was right."

"Nay," said Miss Woodley, "she does not weep for that—she fears her father has not complied with her mother's request. Perhaps—not even read her letter?"

"Yes, he *has* read it," returned Sandford.

"Oh Heavens!" exclaimed Matilda, clasping her hands together, and the tears falling still faster.

"Do not be so much alarmed, my dear," said Miss Woodley; "you know we are prepared for the worst; and you know you promised your mother, whatever your fate should be, to submit with patience."

"Yes," replied Matilda, "and I am prepared for every thing but my father's refusal to my dear mother."

"Your father has not refused your mother's request," replied Sandford.

She was leaping from her seat in ecstasy.

"But," continued he, "do you know what her request was?"

"Not entirely," replied Matilda, "and since it is granted, I am careless. But she told me her letter concerned none but me."

To explain perfectly to Matilda Lady Elmwood's letter, and that she might perfectly understand upon what terms she was admitted into Elmwood castle, Sandford now read the letter to her; and repeated, as nearly as he could remember, the whole of the conversation that passed between Lord Elmwood and himself; not even sparing, through an erroneous delicacy, any of those threats her father had denounced, should she dare to transgress the limits he prescribed—nor did he try to soften, in one instance, a word he uttered. She listened sometimes with tears, sometimes with hope, but always with awe and with terror, to every sentence in which her father was concerned. Once she called him cruel—then exclaimed "he was kind;" but at the end of Sandford's intelligence, concluded "that she was happy and grateful for the boon bestowed." Even her mother had not a more exalted idea of Lord

Elmwood's worth than his daughter had formed ; and this little bounty just obtained would not have been greater in her mother's estimation than it was now in hers. Miss Woodley, too, smiled at the prospect before her—she esteemed Lord Elmwood beyond any mortal living—she was proud to hear what he had said in her praise, and overjoyed at the expectation of being once again in his company ; painting at the same time a thousand bright hopes, from watching every motion of his soul, and catching every proper occasion to excite or increase his paternal sentiments. Yet she had the prudence to conceal those vague hopes from his child, lest a disappointment might prove fatal ; and assuming a behaviour neither too much elated or depressed, she advised that they should hope for the best, but yet, as usual, expect and prepare for the worst.—After taking measures for quitting their melancholy abode, within the fortnight, they all departed for Elmwood castle, Matilda, Miss Woodley, and even Sandford, first visiting Lady Elmwood's grave, and bedewing it with their tears.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was on a dark evening in the month of March that Lady Matilda, accompanied by Sandford and Miss Woodley, arrived at Elmwood castle, the magnificent seat of her father. Sandford chose the evening, rather to steal into the house privately, than by any appearance of parade to suffer Lord Elmwood to be reminded of their arrival by the public prints, or by any other accident. Nor would he give the neighbours or servants reason to suppose the daughter of their lord was admitted into his house, in any other situation than that in which she really was permitted to be there.

As the porter opened the gates of the avenue to the carriage that brought them, Matilda felt an awful and yet gladsome sensation, which no terms can describe. As she entered the door of the mansion this sensation increased—and as she passed along the spacious hall, the splendid staircase, and many stately apartments, wonder, with a crowd of the tenderest, yet most afflicting sentiments, rushed to her heart. She gazed with astonishment !—she reflected with still more.

"And is *my father* the master of this house ?" she cried—"and was my mother once the mistress of this castle ?"—Here tears relieved her from a part of that burthen which was before insupportable.

"Yes," replied Sandford, "and you are the mistress of it now, till your father arrives."

"Good Heaven !" exclaimed she, "and will he ever arrive ? and shall I live to sleep under the same roof with my father ?"

"My dear," replied Miss Woodley, "have not you been told so ?"

"Yes," said she, "but though I heard it with extreme pleasure, yet the expectation never so forcibly affected me as at this moment. I now feel, as the reality approaches, that to be admitted here is kindness enough—I do not ask for more—I am now convinced, from what this trial makes me feel, that to see my father would occasion emotions I could not perhaps survive."

The next morning gave to Matilda more objects of admiration and wonder, as she walked over the extensive gardens, groves, and other pleasure grounds belonging to the house. She, who had never been beyond the dreary, ruinous places which her deceased mother had made her residence, was naturally struck with amazement and delight at the grandeur of a seat which travellers came for miles to see, nor thought their time misspent.

There was one object, however, among all she saw, which attracted her attention above the rest, and she would stand for hours to look at it.—This was a whole length portrait of Lord Elmwood, esteemed a very capital picture, and a perfect likeness—to this picture she would sigh and weep ; though when it was first pointed out to her she shrunk back with fear, and it was some time before she dared venture to cast her eyes completely upon it. In the features of her father she was proud to discern the exact mould in which her own appeared to have been modeled ; yet Matilda's person, shape, and complexion were so extremely like what her mother's once were, that at the first glance she appeared to have a still greater resemblance of her than of her father—but her mind and manners were all Lord Elmwood's ; softened by the delicacy of her sex, the extreme tenderness of her heart, and the melancholy of her situation.

She was now in her seventeenth year—of the same age, within a year and a few months, of her mother, when she first became the ward of Dorriforth. She was just three years old when her father went abroad, and remembered something of bidding him farewell ; but more of taking cherries from his hand, as he pulled them from the tree to give her.

Educated in the school of adversity, and inured to retirement from her infancy, she had acquired a taste for all those amusements which a recluse life affords. She was fond of walking and riding—was accomplished in the arts of music and drawing, by the most careful instructions of her mother—and as a scholar, she excelled most of her sex, from the pains which Sandford had taken with that part of her education, and the superior abilities he possessed for the task.

In devoting certain hours of the day to study with him, others to music, riding, and such harmless recreations, Matilda's time never appeared tedious at Elmwood castle, although she received and paid no one visit :—for it was soon divulged in the neighbourhood, upon what stipulation she resided at her father's, and studiously intimated,

that the most prudent and friendly behaviour of her true friends would be to take no notice whatever that she lived among them : and as Lord Elmwood's will was a law all around, such was the consequence of that will, known, or merely supposed.

Neither did Miss Woodley regret the want of visitors, but found herself far more satisfied in her present situation than her most sanguine hopes could have formed—She had a companion whom she loved with an equal fondness with which she had loved her deceased mother ; and frequently, in this charming habitation, where she had so often beheld Lady Elmwood, her imagination represented Matilda as her friend risen from the grave, in her former youth, health, and exquisite beauty.

In peace, in content, though not in happiness, the days and weeks passed away till about the middle of August, when preparations began to be made for the arrival of Lord Elmwood. The week in which he was to come was at length fixed, and some part of his retinue was arrived before him. When this was told Matilda, she started, and looked just as her mother at her age had often done, when, in spite of her love, she was conscious that she had offended him, and was terrified at his approach. Sandford observing this involuntary emotion, put out his hand, and taking hers, shook it kindly ; and bade her (but it was not in a cheering tone) “ not be afraid.” This gave her no confidence ; and she began before her father's arrival, to seclude herself in the apartments allotted for her during the time of his stay ; and in the timorous expectation of his coming, her appetite declined, and she lost all her colour. Even Miss Woodley, whose spirits had been for some time elated with the hopes she had formed, from his residence at the castle, on drawing near to the test, found those hopes vanished ; and though she endeavoured to conceal it, she was full of apprehensions. Sandford had certainly fewer fears than either ; yet upon the eve of the day on which his patron was to arrive he was evidently cast down.

Lady Matilda once asked him—“ Are you certain, Mr. Sandford, you made no mistake in respect to what Lord Elmwood said, when he granted my mother's request ? Are you sure he *did* grant it ?—Was there nothing equivocal on which he may ground his displeasure, should he be told that I am here ?—Oh, do not let me hazard being once again turned out of this house !—Oh ! save me from provoking him perhaps to execrate me.” And here she clasped her hands together with the most fervent petition, in the dread of what might happen.

“ If you doubt my word or my senses,” said Sandford, “ call Giffard, who is just arrived, and let him inform you ;—the same words were repeated to him as to me.”

Though from her reason, Matilda could not

doubt of any mistake from Mr. Sandford, yet her fears suggested a thousand scruples ; and this reference to the steward she received with the utmost satisfaction (though she did not think it necessary to apply to him), as it perfectly convinced her of the folly of the suspicions she had entertained.

“ And yet, Mr. Sandford,” said she, “ if it is so, why are you less cheerful than you were ? I cannot help thinking but it must be the expected arrival of Lord Elmwood which has occasioned this change.”

“ I don't know,” replied Sandford, carelessly, “ but I believe I am grown afraid of your father. His temper is a great deal altered from what it once was—he raises his voice, and uses harsh expressions upon the least provocation—his eyes flash lightning, and his face is distorted with anger upon the slightest motives—he turns away his old servants at a moment's warning, and no concession can make their peace. In a word, I am more at my ease when I am away from him—and I really believe,” added he with a smile, but with a tear at the same time, “ I really believe, I am more afraid of *him* in my age, than he was of *me* when he was a boy.”

Miss Woodley was present ; she and Matilda looked at one another ; and each of them saw the other turn pale at this description.

The day at length came, on which Lord Elmwood was expected to dinner. It would have been a high gratification to his daughter to have gone to the topmost window of the house, and have only beheld his carriage enter the avenue ; but it was a gratification which her fears, her tremor, her extreme sensibility would not permit her to enjoy.

Miss Woodley and she sat down that day to dinner in their retired apartments, which were detached from the other part of the house by a gallery ; and of the door leading to the gallery they had a key, to impede any one from passing that way, without first ringing a bell ; to answer which was the sole employment of a servant, who was placed there during the earl's residence, least by any accident he might chance to come near that unfrequented part of the house ; on which occasion the man was to give immediate notice to his lady, so as she might avoid his presence by retiring into an inner room.

Matilda and Miss Woodley sat down to dinner, but did not dine. Sandford dined as usual, with Lord Elmwood. When tea was brought, Miss Woodley asked the servant who attended, if he had seen his lord. The man answered, “ Yes, madam ; and he looks vastly well.” Matilda wept with joy to hear it.

About nine in the evening, Sandford rang at the bell, and was admitted—never had he been so welcome—Matilda hung upon him, as if his recent interview with her father had endeared him to her more than ever ; and staring anxiously in

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his face, seemed to inquire of him something about Lord Elmwood, and something that should not alarm her.

"Well, how do you find yourself?" said he to her.

"How are you, Mr. Sandford?" she returned with a sigh.

"Oh! very well," replied he.

"Is my lord in a good temper?" asked Miss Woodley.

"Yes; very well," replied Sandford, with indifference.

"Did he seem glad to see you?" asked Matilda.

"He shook me by the hand," replied Sandford.

"That was a sign he was glad to see you, was it not?" said Matilda.

"Yes; but he could not do less."

"Nor more," replied she.

"He looks very well, our servant tells us," said Miss Woodley.

"Extremely well indeed," answered Sandford: "and to tell the truth, I never saw him in better spirits."

"That is well," said Matilda, and sighed a weight of fears from her heart.

"Where is he now, Mr. Sandford?"

"Gone to take a walk about his grounds, and I stole here in the mean time."

"What was your conversation during dinner?" asked Miss Woodley.

"Horses, hay, farming, and politics."

"Won't you sup with him?"

"I shall see him again before I go to bed?"

"And again to-morrow!"—cried Matilda,—
"what happiness!"

"He has visitors to-morrow," said Sandford, "coming for a week or two."

"Thank Heaven," said Miss Woodley, "he will then be diverted from thinking on us."

"Do you know," returned Sandford, "it is my firm opinion, that his thinking of you at present is the cause of his good spirits."

"Oh, Heavens!" cried Matilda, lifting up her hands with rapture.

"Nay, do not mistake me;" said Sandford;

"I would not have you build a foundation for joy upon this surmise; for if he is in spirits that you are in this house—so near him—positively under his protection—yet he will not allow himself to think it is the cause of his content—and the sentiments he has adopted, and which are now become natural to him, will remain the same as ever; nay, perhaps with greater force, should he suspect his weakness (as he calls it) acting in opposition to them."

"If he does but think of me with tenderness," cried Matilda, "I am recompensed."

"And what recompense would his kind thoughts be to you," said Sandford, "were he to turn you out to beggary?"

"A great deal—a great deal," she replied.

"But how are you to know he has these kind thoughts, if he gives you no proof of them?"

"No, Mr. Sandford; but *supposing* we could know them without proof?"

"But as that is impossible," answered he, "I shall suppose, till proof appears, that I have been mistaken in my conjectures."

Matilda looked deeply concerned that the argument should conclude in her disappointment; for to have believed herself thought of with tenderness by her father would have alone constituted her happiness.

When the servant came up with something by way of supper, he told Mr. Sandford that his lord was returned from his walk and had inquired for him: Sandford immediately bade his companions good night, and left them.

"How strange is this?" cried Matilda, when Miss Woodley and she were alone—"My father within a few rooms of me, and yet I am debarred from seeing him!—Only by walking a few paces I could be at his feet, and perhaps receive his blessing!"

"You make me shudder," cried Miss Woodley; "but some spirit less timid than mine might perhaps advise you to the experiment."

"Not for worlds!" returned Matilda, "no counsel could tempt me to such temerity—and yet to entertain the thought that it is possible I could do this is a source of infinite comfort."

This conversation lasted till bed-time, and later; for they sat up beyond their usual hour to indulge it.

Miss Woodley slept little, but Matilda less—she awaked repeatedly during the night, and every time sighed to herself, "I sleep in the same house with my father! Blessed spirit of my mother, look down and rejoice."

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE next day the whole castle appeared to Lady Matilda (though she was in some degree retired from it) all tumult and bustle, as was usually the case while Lord Elmwood was there. She saw from her windows the servants running across the yards and park; horses and carriages driving with fury; all the suite of a nobleman; and it sometimes elated, at other times depressed her.

These impressions however, and others of fear and anxiety, which her father's arrival had excited, by degrees wore off; and after some little time, she was in the same tranquil state that she enjoyed before he came.

He had visitors, who passed a week or two with him; he paid visits himself for several days; and thus the time stole away, till it was about four weeks from the time that he had arrived: in which long period, Sandford, with all his penetra-

tion, could never clearly discover whether he had once called to mind that his daughter was living in the same house. He had not once named her (that was not extraordinary) consequently no one dared name her to him; but he had not even mentioned Miss Woodley, of whom he had so lately spoken in the kindest terms, and had said, "he should take pleasure in seeing her again. From these contradictions in Lord Elmwood's behaviour in respect to her, it was Miss Woodley's plan neither to throw herself in his way, nor avoid him. She therefore frequently walked about the house while he was in it, not indeed entirely without restraint, but at least with the show of liberty. This freedom, indulged for some time without peril, became at last less cautious; and as no ill consequences had arisen from its practice, her scruples gradually ceased.

One morning, however, as she was crossing the large hall, thoughtless of danger, a footstep at a distance alarmed her almost without knowing why. She stopped for a moment, thinking to return; the steps approached quicker, and before she could retreat, she beheld Lord Elmwood at the other end of the hall, and perceived that he saw her. It was too late to hesitate what was to be done; she could not go back, and had not courage to go on; she therefore stood still. Disconcerted, and much affected at his sight (their former intimacy coming to her mind with the many years, and many sad occurrences passed, since she last saw him), all her intentions, all her meditated schemes how to conduct herself on such an occasion, gave way to a sudden shock—and to make the meeting yet more distressing, her very fright, she knew, would serve to recall more powerfully to his mind the subject she most wished him to forget. The steward was with him, and as they came up close by her side, Giffard, observing him look at her earnestly, said softly, but so as she heard him, "My lord, it is Miss Woodley." Lord Elmwood took off his hat instantly—and, with an apparent friendly warmth, laying hold of her hand, he said, "Indeed, Miss Woodley, I did not know you—I am very glad to see you;" and, while he spoke, shook her hand with a cordiality which her tender heart could not bear—and never did she feel so hard a struggle as to restrain her tears. But the thought of Matilda's fate—the idea of awakening in his mind a sentiment, that might irritate him against his child, wrought more forcibly than every other effort; and though she could not reply distinctly, she replied without weeping. Whether he saw her embarrassment, and wished to release her from it, or was in haste to conceal his own, he left her almost instantly: but not till he had entreated she would dine that very day with him and Mr. Sandford, who were to dine without other company. She curtsied assent, and flew to tell Matilda what had occurred. After listening with anxiety and with joy to all she told, Matilda laid hold of that hand which she

said Lord Elmwood had held, and pressed it to her lips with love and reverence.

When Miss Woodley made her appearance at dinner, Sandford (who had not seen her since the invitation, and did not know of it) looked amazed!—on which Lord Elmwood said, "Do you know, Sandford, I met Miss Woodley this morning, and, had it not been for Giffard, I should have passed her without knowing her—but, Miss Woodley, if I am not so much altered but that you knew me, I take it unkind that you did not speak first." She was unable to speak even now—he saw it, and changed the conversation; when Sandford eagerly joined in discourse, which relieved him from the pain of the former.

As they advanced in their dinner, the embarrassment of Miss Woodley and of Mr. Sandford diminished; Lord Elmwood in his turn became, not embarrassed, but absent and melancholy. He now and then sighed heavily—and called for wine much oftener than he was accustomed.

When Miss Woodley took her leave, he invited her to dine with him and Sandford whenever it was convenient to her;—he said, besides, many things of the same kind, and all with the utmost civility, yet not with that warmth with which he had spoken in the morning—into that he had been surprised—his coolness was the effect of reflection.

When she came to lady Matilda, and Sandford had joined them, they talked and deliberated on what had passed.

"You acknowledge, Mr. Sandford," said Miss Woodley, "that you think my presence affected Lord Elmwood, so as to make him much more thoughtful than usual: if you imagine these thoughts were upon Lady Elmwood, I will never intrude again; but if you suppose that I made him think of his daughter, I cannot go too often."

"I don't see how he can divide those two objects in his mind," replied Sandford, "therefore you must e'en visit him on, and take your chance what reflections you may cause—but be they what they will, time will steal away from you that power of affecting him."

She concurred in the opinion, and occasionally she walked into Lord Elmwood's apartments, dined, or took her coffee with him, as the accident suited; and observed, according to Sandford's prediction, that time wore off the impression her visits first made. Lord Elmwood now became just the same before her as before others. She easily discerned, too, through all that politeness which he assumed—that he was no longer the considerate, the forbearing character he formerly was; but haughty, impatient, imperious, and more than ever implacable.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHEN Lord Elmwood had been at his country

seat about six weeks, Mr. Rushbrook his nephew, and his adopted child—that friendless boy whom Lady Elmwood first introduced into his uncle's house, and by her kindness preserved there—arrived from his travels, and was received by his uncle with all the marks of affection due to the man he thought worthy to be his heir. Rushbrook had been a beautiful boy, and was now an extremely handsome young man; he had made unusual progress in his studies, had completed the tour of Italy and Germany, and returned home with the air and address of a perfect man of fashion—there was, besides, an elegance and persuasion in his manner almost irresistible. Yet with all those accomplishments, when he was introduced to Sandford, and put forth his hand to take his, Sandford, with evident reluctance, gave it to him; and when Lord Elmwood asked him, in the young man's presence, "If he did not think his nephew greatly improved?" he looked at him from head to foot, and muttered, "He could not say he observed it." The colour heightened in Mr. Rushbrook's face upon the occasion, but he was too well bred not to be in perfect good humour.

Sandford saw this young man treated, in the house of Lord Elmwood, with the same respect and attention as if he had been his son; and it was but probable that the old priest would make a comparison between the situation of him and of Lady Matilda Elmwood. Before her, it was Sandford's meaning to have concealed his thoughts upon the subject, and never to have mentioned it but with composure; that was, however, impossible—unused to hide his feelings, at the name of Rushbrook his countenance would always change, and a sarcastic sneer, sometimes a frown of resentment, would force its way in spite of his resolution. Miss Woodley, too, with all her boundless charity and good will, was, upon this occasion, induced to limit their excess; and they did not extend so far as to reach poor Rushbrook. She even, and in reality did not think him handsome or engaging in his manners—she thought his gaiety frivolousness, his complaisance affectation, and his good humour impertinence. It was impossible to conceal those unfavourable sentiments entirely from Matilda; for when the subject arose, as it frequently did, Miss Woodley's undisguised heart, and Sandford's undisguised countenance, told them instantly. Matilda had the understanding to imagine, that she was, perhaps, the object who had thus deformed Mr. Rushbrook, and frequently (though he was a stranger to her, and one who had caused her many a jealous heartach), frequently would she speak in his vindication.

"You are very good," said Sandford, one day to her; "you like him, because you know your father loves him."

This was a hard sentence for the daughter of Lord Elmwood to hear, to whom her father's love would have been more precious than any other

blessing—she, however, checked the assault of envy, and kindly replied,

"My mother loved him too, Mr. Sandford."

"Yes," answered Sandford, he has been a grateful man to your poor mother—she did not suppose when she took him into the house; when she entreated your father to take him; and, through her caresses and officious praises of him, first gave him that power which he now possesses over his uncle; she little foresaw, at that time, his ingratitude, and its effects."

"Very true," said Miss Woodley, with a heavy sigh.

"What ingratitude?" asked Matilda, "do you suppose Mr. Rushbrook is the cause that my father will not see me? Oh, do not say Lord Elmwood's motive so ill a compliment."

"I do not say that he is the absolute cause," returned Sandford; "but if a parent's heart is void, I would have it remain so, till its lawful owner is replaced—usurpers I detest."

"No one can take Lord Elmwood's heart by force," replied his daughter, "it must, I believe, be a free gift to the possessor; and, as such, whoever has it has a right to it."

In this manner she would plead the young man's excuse—perhaps but to hear what could be said in his disfavour, for secretly his name was bitter to her—and once she exclaimed in vexation, on Sandford's saying Lord Elmwood and Mr. Rushbrook were gone out shooting together,

"All that pleasure is eclipsed which I used to take in listening to the report of my father's gun, for I cannot now distinguish his from his parasite's."

Sandford (much as he disliked Rushbrook), for this expression which comprised her father in the reflection, turned to Matilda in extreme anger—but as he saw the colour rise in her face, for what, in the strong feelings of her heart, had escaped her lips, he did not say a word—and by her tears that followed, he rejoiced to see how much she reproved herself.

Miss Woodley, vexed to the heart, and provoked every time she saw Lord Elmwood and Rushbrook together, and saw the familiar terms on which this young man lived with his benefactor, now made her visits to him very seldom. If Lord Elmwood observed this, he did not appear to observe it; and though he received her politely when she did pay him a visit, it was always very coldly; nor did she suppose if she never went, he would ever ask for her. For his daughter's sake, however, she thought it right sometimes to show herself before him; for she knew it must be impossible that, with all his apparent indifference, he could ever see her without thinking for a moment on his child; and what one fortunate thought might some time bring about was an object much too serious for her to overlook. She therefore, after remaining confined to her own suit of rooms near three weeks (excepting those anxious

walks she and Matilda stole, while Lord Elmwood dined, or before he rose in a morning), went one forenoon into his apartments, where, as usual, she found him, with Mr. Sandford and Mr. Rushbrook.

—After she had sat about half an hour, conversing with them all, though but very little with the latter, Lord Elmwood was called out of the room upon some business; presently after, Sandford; and now, by no means pleased with the companion with whom she was left, she rose, and was also retiring, when Rushbrook fixed his speaking eyes upon her, and cried,

"Miss Woodley, will you pardon me what I am going to say?"

"Certainly, sir—you can, I am sure, say nothing but what I must forgive."—But she made this reply with a distance and a reserve, very unlike the usual manners of Miss Woodley.

He looked at her earnestly and cried, "Ah! Miss Woodley, you don't behave so kindly to me as you used to do!"

"I do not understand you, sir,"—she replied very gravely;—"times are changed, Mr. Rushbrook, since you were last here—you were then but a child."

"Yet I love all those persons now, that I loved then," replied he; "and so I shall for ever."

"But you mistake, Mr. Rushbrook; I was not even then so very much the object of your affections—there were other ladies you loved better. Perhaps you don't remember Lady Elmwood?"

"Don't I," cried he, "Oh!" (clapping his hands and lifting up his eyes to heaven) "shall I ever forget her?"

That moment Lord Elmwood opened the door; the conversation of course that moment ended; but confusion, at the sudden surprise, was on the face of both parties—he saw it, and looked at each of them by turns, with a sternness that made poor Miss Woodley ready to faint; while Rushbrook with the most natural and happy laugh that ever was affected, cried, "No, don't tell my lord, pray, Miss Woodley." She was more confused than before, and Lord Elmwood turning to him, asked what the subject was. By this time he had invented one, and, continuing his laugh, said, "Miss Woodley, my lord, will to this day protest that she saw my apparition when I was a boy; and she says it is a sign I shall die young, and is really much affected at it."

Lord Elmwood turned away before this ridiculous speech was concluded; yet so well had it been acted that he did not for an instant doubt its truth.

Miss Woodley felt herself greatly relieved; and yet so little is it in the power of those we dislike to do any thing to please us, that from this very circumstance, she formed a more unfavourable opinion of Mr. Rushbrook than she had done before. She saw in this little incident the art of dissimulation, cunning, and duplicity in its most glaring shape; and detested the method by which

they had each escaped Lord Elmwood's suspicion, and perhaps anger, the more because it was so dexterously managed.

Lady Matilda and Sandford were both in their turns informed of this trait in Mr. Rushbrook's character; and although Miss Woodley had the best of dispositions, and upon every occasion spoke the strictest truth, yet in relating this occurrence, she did not speak *all* the truth; for every circumstance that would have told to the young man's advantage *literally* had slipped her memory.

The twenty-ninth of October arrived, on which a dinner, a ball, and supper, was given by Lord Elmwood to all the neighbouring gentry—the peasants also dined in the park off a roasted bullock, several casks of ale were distributed, and the bells of the village rung. Matilda, who heard and saw some part of this festivity from her windows, inquired the cause; but even the servant who waited upon her had too much sensibility to tell her, and answered, "He did not know." Miss Woodley, however, soon learned the reason, and groaning with the painful secret, informed her, "Mr. Rushbrook on that day was come of age."

"My birthday was last week," replied Matilda, but not a word beside.

In their retired apartments, this day passed away not only soberly, but almost silently; for to speak upon any subject that did not engage their thoughts had been difficult, and to speak upon the only one that did had been afflicting.

Just as they were sitting down to dinner their bell gently rung, and in walked Sandford.

"Why are you not among the revellers, Mr. Sandford?" cried Miss Woodley, with an ironical sneer—(the first her features ever wore)—"Pray, were not you invited to dine with the company?"

"Yes," replied Sandford; "but my head ached; and so I had rather come and take a bit with you."

Matilda, as if she had seen his heart as he spoke, clung round his neck and sobbed on his bosom: he put her peevishly away, crying "Nonsense, nonsense,—eat your dinner." But he did not eat himself.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ABOUT a week after this, Lord Elmwood went out two days for a visit; consequently Rushbrook was for that time master of the house. The first morning he went a-shooting, and, returning about noon, inquired of Sandford who was sitting in the breakfast-room, if he had taken up a volume of plays left upon the table. "I read no such things," replied Sandford, and quitted the room abruptly. Rushbrook then rang for his servant, and desired him to look for the book, asking him angrily, "Who had been in the apartment? for he was sure he had left it there when he went out." The servant withdrew to inquire, and presently return-

ed with the volume in his hand, and "Miss Woodley's compliments; she begs your pardon, sir, she did not know the book was yours, and hopes you will excuse the liberty she took."

"Miss Woodley!" cried Rushbrook with surprise, "she comes so seldom into these apartments, I did not suppose it was she who had it—take it back to her instantly, with my respects, and I beg she will keep it."

The man went; but returned with the book again, and laying it on the table without speaking, was going away; when Rushbrook, hurt at receiving no second message, said, "I am afraid, sir, you did very wrong when you first took this book from Miss Woodley."

"It was not from her I took it, sir," replied the man, "it was from Lady Matilda."

Since he had entered the house, Rushbrook had never before heard the name of Lady Matilda,—he was shocked—confounded more than ever—and to conceal what he felt, instantly ordered the man out of the room.

In the mean time, Miss Woodley and Matilda were talking over this trifling occurrence; and frivolous as it was, drew from it strong conclusions of Rushbrook's insolence and power. In spite of her pride, the daughter of Lord Elmwood even wept at the insult she had received on this insignificant occasion; for the volume being merely taken from her at Mr. Rushbrook's command, she felt an insult; and the manner in which it was done by the servant might contribute to the offence.

While Miss Woodley and she were upon this conversation, a note came from Rushbrook to Miss Woodley, wherein he entreated he might be permitted to see her. She sent a verbal answer, "She was engaged." He sent again, begging she would name her own time. But sure of a second denial, he followed the servant who took the last message, and as Miss Woodley came out of her apartment into the gallery to speak to him, Rushbrook presented himself, and told the man to retire.

"Mr. Rushbrook," said Miss Woodley, "this intrusion is unmannerly;—and destitute as you may think me of the friendship of Lord Elmwood"—

In the ardour with which Rushbrook was waiting to express himself, he interrupted her, and caught hold of her hand.

She immediately snatched it from him, and withdrew into her chamber.

He followed, saying, in a low voice, "Dear Miss Woodley, hear me."

At that juncture Lady Matilda, who was in an inner apartment, came out of it into Miss Woodley's. Perceiving a gentleman, she stopped short at the door.

Rushbrook cast his eyes upon her, and stood motionless—his lips only moved. "Do not depart, madam," said he, "without hearing my apology for being here."

Though Matilda had never seen him since her infancy, there was no occasion to tell her who it was that addressed her—his elegant and youthful person, joined to the incident which had just occurred, convinced her it was Rushbrook: she looked at him with an air of surprise, but, with still more, of dignity.

"Miss Woodley is severe upon me, madam," continued he, "she judges me unkindly; and I am afraid she will prepossess you with the same unfavourable sentiments."

Still Matilda did not speak, but looked at him with the same air of dignity.

"If, Lady Matilda," resumed he, "I have offended you, and must quit you without pardon, I am more unhappy than I should be with the loss of your father's protection—more forlorn than, when an orphan boy, your mother first took pity on me."

At this last sentence, Matilda turned her eyes on Miss Woodley, and seemed in doubt what reply she was to give.

Rushbrook immediately fell upon his knees—"Oh! Lady Matilda," cried he, "if you knew the sensations of my heart, you would not treat me with this disdain."

"We can only judge of those sensations, Mr. Rushbrook," said Miss Woodley, "by the effect they have upon your conduct; and while you insult Lord and Lady Elmwood's daughter by an intrusion like this, and then ridicule her abject state by mockeries like these—"

He rose from his knees instantly, and interrupted her, crying, "What can I do?—What am I to say, to make you change your opinion of me?—While Lord Elmwood has been at home, I have kept an awful distance: and though every moment I breathed was a wish to cast myself at his daughter's feet, yet as I feared, Miss Woodley, that you were incensed against me, by what means was I to procure an interview but by stratagem or force?—This accident has given a third method, and I had not strength, I had not courage, to let it pass. Lord Elmwood will soon return, and we may both of us be hurried to town immediately—then how, for a tedious winter, could I endure the reflection that I was despised, nay, perhaps considered as an object of ingratitude, by the only child of my deceased benefactress?"

Matilda replied with all her father's haughtiness, "Depend upon it, sir, if you should ever enter my thoughts, it will only be as an object of envy."

"Suffer me then, madam," said he, "as an earnest that you do not think worse of me than I merit, suffer me to be sometimes admitted into your presence—"

She would scarce permit him to finish the period, before she replied, "This is the last time, sir, we shall ever meet, depend upon it—unless, indeed, Lord Elmwood should delegate to you the

control of my actions—his commands I never dispute.” And here she burst into tears.

Rushbrook walked towards the window, and did not speak for some time—then turning himself to make a reply, both Matilda and Miss Woodley were somewhat surprised to see that he had shed tears himself. Having conquered them, he said, “I will not offend you, madam, by remaining one moment longer; and I give you my honour, that, upon no pretence whatever, will I presume to intrude here again. Professions, I find, have no weight, and only by this obedience to your orders can I give a proof of that respect which you inspire;—and let the agitation I now feel convince you, Lady Matilda, that, with all my seeming good fortune, I am not happier than yourself.” And so much was he agitated while he delivered this address that it was with difficulty he came to the conclusion. When he did, he bowed with reverence, as if leaving the presence of a deity, and retired.

Matilda immediately entered the chamber she had left, without casting a single look at Miss Woodley by which she might guess of the opinion she had formed of Mr. Rushbrook’s conduct. The next time they met they did not even mention his name; for they were ashamed to own a partiality in his favour, and were too just to bring any accusation against him.

But Miss Woodley, the day following, communicated the intelligence of this visit to Mr. Sandford, who not having been present, and a witness of those marks of humility and respect which were conspicuous in the deportment of Mr. Rushbrook, was highly offended at his presumption, and threatened if he ever dared to force his company there again, he would acquaint Lord Elmwood with his arrogance, whatever might be the event. Miss Woodley, however, assured him, she believed he would have no cause for such a complaint, as the young man had made the most solemn promise never to commit the like offence; and she thought it her duty to enjoin Sandford, till he did repeat it, not to mention the circumstance, even to Rushbrook himself.

Matilda could not but feel a regard for her father’s heir, in return for that which he had so fervently declared for her; yet the more favourable her opinion of his mind and manners, the more he became an object of her jealousy for the affections of Lord Elmwood, and he was now, consequently, an object of greater sorrow to her than when she believed him less worthy. These sentiments were reversed on his part towards her—no jealousy intervened to bar his admiration and esteem—the beauty of her person, and grandeur of her mien, not only confirmed, but improved the exalted idea he had formed of her previous to their meeting, and which his affection to both her parents had inspired.—The next time he saw his penefactor, he began to feel a new esteem and regard for him, for his daughter’s sake; as he had

at first an esteem for her, on the foundation of his love for Lord and Lady Elmwood. He gazed with wonder at his uncle’s insensibility to his own happiness, and would gladly have led him to the jewel he cast away, though even his own expulsion should have been the fatal consequence. Such was the youthful, warm, generous, grateful, but unreflecting mind of Rushbrook.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AFTER this incident, Miss Woodley left her apartments less frequently than before—she was afraid, though till now mistrust had been a stranger to her heart, she was afraid, that duplicity might be concealed under the apparent friendship of Rushbrook; it did not indeed appear so from any part of his late behaviour, but she was apprehensive for the fate of Matilda; she disliked him too, and therefore she suspected him. Near three weeks she had not now paid a visit to Lord Elmwood, and though to herself every visit was a pain, yet as Matilda took a delight in hearing of her father, what he said, what he did, what his attention seemed most employed on, and a thousand other circumstantial informations, in which Sandford would scorn to be half so particular, it was a deprivation to her, that Miss Woodley did not go oftener. Now too, the middle of November was come, and it was expected her father would soon quit his country seat.

Partly therefore to indulge her hapless companion, and partly because it was a duty, Miss Woodley once again paid Lord Elmwood a morning visit, and staid dinner. Rushbrook was officiously polite (for that was the epithet she gave his attention in relating it to Lady Matilda), yet she owned he had not that forward impertinence she had formerly discovered in him, but appeared much more grave and sedate.

“But tell me of my father,” said Matilda.

“I was going, my dear—but don’t be concerned—don’t let it vex you.”

“What? what?” cried Matilda, frightened by the preface.

“Why, on my observing that I thought Mr. Rushbrook looked paler than usual, and appeared not to be in perfect health (which was really the case), your father expressed the greatest anxiety imaginable; he said he could not bear to see him look so ill, begged him, with all the tenderness of a parent, to take the advice of a physician, and added a thousand other affectionate things.”

“I detest Mr. Rushbrook,” said Matilda, with her eyes flashing indignation.

“Nay, for shame!” returned Miss Woodley; “do you suppose I told you this to make you hate him?”

“No, there was no occasion for that,” replied Matilda; “my sentiments (though I have never

before avowed them) were long ago formed ; he was always an object which added to my unhappiness ; but since his daring intrusion into my apartments, he has been the object of my hatred."

"But now, perhaps, I may tell you something to please you," cried Miss Woodley.

"And what is that?" said Matilda, with indifference ; for the first intelligence had hurt her spirits too much to suffer her to listen with pleasure to any thing.

"Mr. Rushbrook," continued Miss Woodley, "replied to your father, that his indisposition was but a slight nervous fever, and he would defer a physician's advice till he went to London—on which Lord Elmwood said, 'And when do you expect to be there?'—he replied, 'Within a week or two, I suppose, my lord.' But your father answered, 'I do not mean to go myself till after Christmas.'—'No, indeed, my lord!' said Mr. Sandford, with surprise : 'you have not passed your Christmas here these many years.' 'No,' returned your father ; 'but I think I feel myself more attached to this house at present than ever I did in my life.'"

"You imagine, then, my father thought of me when he said this?" cried Matilda eagerly.

"But I may be mistaken," replied Miss Woodley. "I leave you to judge. Though I am sure Mr. Sandford imagined he thought of you, for I saw a smile over his whole face immediately."

"Did you, Miss Woodley?"

"Yes ; it appeared on every feature except his lips ; those he kept fast closed, for fear Lord Elmwood should perceive it."

Miss Woodley, with all her minute intelligence, did not however acquaint Matilda, that Rushbrook followed her to the window when the earl was out of the room, and Sandford half asleep at the other end of it, and inquired respectfully but anxiously for her ; adding, "It is my concern for Lady Matilda which makes me thus indisposed : I suffer more than she does ; but I am not permitted to tell her so, nor can I hope, Miss Woodley, that you will." She replied, "You are right, sir." Nor did she reveal this conversation, while not a sentence that passed, except that, was omitted.

When Christmas arrived, Lord Elmwood had many convivial days at Elmwood House, but Matilda was never mentioned by one of his guests, and most probably was never thought of. During all those holidays, she was unusually melancholy, but sunk into the deepest dejection when she was told the day was fixed on which her father was to return to town. On the morning of that day she wept incessantly ; and all her consolation was, "She would go to the chamber window that was fronting the door through which he was to pass to his carriage, and for the first time, and most probably for the last time in her life, behold him."

This design was soon forgot in another : "She

would rush boldly into the apartment where he was, and at his feet take leave of him for ever—she would lay hold of his hands, clasp his knees, provoke him to spurn her, which would be joy in comparison to this cruel indifference." In the bitterness of her grief, she once called upon her mother, and reproached her memory—but the moment she recollected this offence, (which was almost instantaneously) she became all mildness and resignation. "What have I said?" cried she ; "Dear, dear, honoured saint, forgive me ; and for your sake I will bear all I have to bear with patience—I will not groan, I will not even sigh again—this task I set myself to atone for what I have dared to utter."

While Lady Matilda laboured under this variety of sensations, Miss Woodley was occupied in bemoaning and endeavouring to calm her sorrows—and Lord Elmwood, with Rushbrook, was ready to set off. The earl, however, loitered, and did not once seem in haste to be gone. When at last he got up to depart, Sandford thought he pressed his hand, and shook it with more warmth than ever he had done in his life. Encouraged by this supposition, Sandford said, "My lord, won't you condescend to take your leave of Miss Woodley?"—"Certainly, Sandford," replied he, and seemed glad of an excuse to sit down again.

Impressed with the pitiable state in which she had left his only child, Miss Woodley, when she came before Lord Elmwood to bid him farewell, was pale, trembling, and in tears.—Sandford, notwithstanding his patron's apparently kind humour, was alarmed at the construction he must put upon her appearance, and cried, "What, Miss Woodley, are you not recovered of your illness yet?" Lord Elmwood, however, took no notice of her looks, but after wishing her her health, walked slowly out of the house ; turning back frequently and speaking to Sandford, or to some other person who was behind him, and he went with reluctance.

When he had quitted the room where Miss Woodley was, Rushbrook, timid before her, as she had been before her benefactor, went up to her, all humility, and said, "Miss Woodley, we ought to be friends : our concern, our devotion is paid to the same objects, and one common interest should teach us to be friendly."

She made no reply—"Will you permit me to write to you when I am away?" said he ; "You may wish to hear of Lord Elmwood's health, and of what changes may take place in his resolutions—will you permit me?"—"At that moment a servant came and said, 'Sir, my lord is in the carriage, and waiting for you.' He hastened away, and Miss Woodley was relieved from the pain of giving him a denial.

No sooner was the travelling carriage, with all its attendants, out of sight, than Lady Matilda was conducted by Miss Woodley from her lonely retreat, into that part of the house from whence her father had just departed—and she visited every

spot where he had so long resided, with a pleasing curiosity, that for a while diverted her grief. In the breakfast and dining rooms, she leaned over those seats with a kind of filial piety, on which she was told he had been accustomed to sit. And, in the library, she took up with filial delight the pen with which he had been writing; and looked with the most curious attention into those books that were laid upon his reading desk. But a hat, lying on one of the tables, gave her a sensation beyond any other she experienced on this occasion—in that trifling article of his dress, she thought she saw himself, and held it in her hand with pious reverence.

In the mean time, Lord Elmwood and Rushbrook were proceeding on the road, with hearts not less heavy than those which they had left at Elmwood House; though neither of them could so well define the cause of this oppression, as Matilda could account for the weight which oppressed hers.

CHAPTER XL.

YOUNG as Lady Matilda was during the life of her mother, neither her youth, nor the recluse state in which she lived, had precluded her from the notice and solicitations of a nobleman who had professed himself her lover. Viscount Margrave had an estate not far distant from the retreat Lady Elmwood had chosen; and being devoted to the sports of the country, he seldom quitted it for any of those joys which the town offered. He was a young man, of a handsome person, and was, what his neighbours called "a man of spirit." He was an excellent fox hunter, and as excellent a companion over his bottle at the end of the chase—he was prodigal of his fortune, where his pleasures were concerned, and as those pleasures were chiefly social, his sporting companions and his mistresses (for these were also of the plural number) partook largely of his wealth.

Two months previous to Lady Elmwood's death, Miss Woodley and Lady Matilda were taking their usual walk in some fields and lanes near to their house, when chance threw Lord Margrave in their way during a thunder storm, in which they were suddenly caught; and he had the satisfaction to convey his new acquaintances to their home in his coach, safe from the fury of the elements. Grateful for the service he had rendered them, Miss Woodley and her charge permitted him to inquire occasionally after their health, and would sometimes see him. The story of Lady Elmwood was known to Lord Margrave, and as he beheld her daughter with a passion such as he had been unused to overcome, he indulged it with the probable hope, that on the death of the mother Lord Elmwood would receive his child, and perhaps accept him as his

son-in-law. Wedlock was not the plan which Lord Margrave had ever proposed to himself for happiness; but the excess of his love on this new occasion subdued all the resolutions he had formed against the married state; and not daring to hope for the consummation of his wishes by any other means, he suffered himself to look forward to marriage, as his only resource. No sooner was the long expected death of Lady Elmwood arrived, than he waited with impatience to hear that Lady Matilda was sent for and acknowledged by her father; for he meant to be the first to lay before Lord Elmwood his pretensions as a suitor. But those pretensions were founded on the vague hopes of a lover only; and Miss Woodley, to whom he first declared them, said every thing possible to convince him of their fallacy. As to the object of his passion, she was not only insensible, but wholly inattentive to all that was said to her on the subject;—Lady Elmwood died without ever being disturbed with it; for her daughter did not even remember his proposals so as to repeat them again, and Miss Woodley thought it prudent to conceal from her friend every new incident which might give her cause for new anxieties.

When Sandford and the ladies left the north and came to Elmwood House, so much were their thoughts employed with other affairs that Lord Margrave did not occupy a place; and during the whole time they had been at their new abode, they had never once heard of him. He had, nevertheless, his whole mind fixed upon Lady Matilda, and had placed spies in the neighbourhood to inform him of every circumstance relating to her situation. Having imbibed an aversion to matrimony, he heard with but little regret, that there was no prospect of her ever becoming her father's heir, while such an information gave him the hope of obtaining her upon the terms of a mercenary companion.

Lord Elmwood's departure to town forwarded this hope, and flattering himself that the humiliating state, in which Matilda must feel herself in the house of her father, might gladly induce her to take shelter under any other protection, he boldly advanced, as soon as the earl was gone, to make such overture as his wishes and his vanity told him could not be rejected.

Inquiring for Miss Woodley, he easily gained admittance; but at the sight of so much modesty and dignity in the person of Matilda, the appearance of so much good will, and yet such circumspection in her female friend, and charmed at the good sense and proper spirit which were always apparent in Sandford, he fell once more into the dread of never becoming to Lady Matilda any thing of more importance to his reputation than a husband.

Even that humble hope was sometimes denied him, while Sandford set forth the impropriety of troubling Lord Elmwood on such a subject at pre-

sent; and while the Viscount's penetration, small as it was, discovered in his fair one more to discourage than to favour his wishes. Plunged, however, too deep in his passion to emerge from it in haste, he meant still to visit, and to wait for a change to happier circumstances; when he was peremptorily desired, by Mr. Sandford, to desist from ever coming again.

"And why, Mr. Sandford?" cried he.

"For two reasons, my lord;—in the first place, your visits might be displeasing to Lord Elmwood;—in the next place, I know they are so to his daughter."

Unaccustomed to be addressed so plainly, particularly in a case where his heart was interested, he nevertheless submitted with patience; but, in his own mind, determined how long this patience should continue—no longer than it served as the means to prove his obedience, and by that artifice, to secure his better reception at some future period.

On his return home, cheered with the huzzas of his jovial companions, he began to consult those friends, what scheme was best to be adopted for the accomplishment of his desires. Some boldly advised application to the father in defiance to the old priest; but that was the very last method his lordship himself approved, as marriage must inevitably have followed Lord Elmwood's consent: besides, though a peer, Lord Margrave was unused to rank with peers; and even the formality of an interview with one of his equals carried along with it a terror, or at least a fatigue, to a rustic lord. Others of his companions advised seduction; but happily the viscount possessed no arts of this kind, to affect a heart joined with such an understanding as Matilda's. There were not wanting among his most favourite counsellors some who painted the superior triumph and gratification of force; those assured him there was nothing to apprehend under this head, as from the behaviour of Lord Elmwood to his child, it was more than probable, he would be utterly indifferent as to any violence that might be offered her. This last advice seemed inspired by the aid of wine; and no sooner had the wine freely circulated, than this was always the expedient which appeared by far the best.

While Lord Margrave alternately cherished his hopes and his fears in the country, Rushbrook in town gave way to his fears only. Every day of his life made him more acquainted with the firm unshaken temper of Lord Elmwood, and every day whispered more forcibly to him, that pity, gratitude, and friendship, strong and affectionate as these passions are, were weak and cold to that which had gained the possession of his heart—he doubted, but he did not long doubt, that, which he felt was love. "And yet," said he to himself, "it is love of such a kind as, arising from causes independent of the object itself, can scarce deserve that sacred name. Did I not love Lady Matilda before I beheld her? for her mother's sake I loved

her—and even for her father's. Should I have felt the same affection for her, had she been the child of other parents? No. Or should I have felt that sympathetic tenderness which now preys upon my health, had not her misfortunes excited it? No." Yet the love which is the result of gratitude and pity only, he thought, had little claim to rank with his; and after the most deliberate and deep reflection, he concluded with this decisive opinion—He should have loved Lady Matilda, in *whatever state, in whatever circumstances*; and that the tenderness he felt towards her, and the anxiety for her happiness before he knew her, extreme as they were, were yet cool and dispassionate sensations, compared to those which her person and demeanour had incited—and though he acknowledged that, by the preceding sentiments, his heart was softened, prepared, and moulded, as it were, to receive this last impression; yet the violence of his passion told him that genuine love, if not the basis on which it was founded, had been the certain consequence. With a strict scrutiny into his heart he sought this knowledge, but arrived at it with a regret that amounted to despair.

To shield him from despondency, he formed in his mind a thousand visions, displaying the joys of his union with Lady Matilda; but her father's implacability confounded them all. Lord Elmwood was a man who made few resolutions—but those were the effect of deliberation; and as he was not the least capricious or inconstant in his temper, they were resolutions which no probable event could shake. Love, which produces wonders, which seduces and subdues the most determined and rigid spirits, had in two instances overcome the inflexibility of Lord Elmwood; he married Lady Elmwood contrary to his determination, because he loved; and for the sake of this beloved object, he had, contrary to his resolution, taken under his immediate care young Rushbrook! but the magic which once enchanted away this spirit of immutability was no more—Lady Elmwood was no more, and the charm was broken.

As Miss Woodley was deprived of the opportunity of desiring Rushbrook not to write, when he asked her the permission, he passed one whole morning in the gratification of forming and writing a letter to her, which he thought might possibly be shown to Matilda. As he dared not touch upon any of those circumstances in which he was the most interested, this, joined to the respect he wished to pay the lady to whom he wrote, limited this letter to about twenty lines; yet the studious manner with which these lines were dictated, the hope that they might, and the fear that they might not, be seen and regarded by Lady Matilda, rendered the task an anxiety so pleasing that he could have wished it might have lasted for a year; and in this tendency to magnify trifles was discoverable the never failing symptom of ardent love.

A reply to this formal address was a reward he wished for with impatience, but he wished in vain;

and in the midst of his chagrin at the disappointment, a sorrow, little thought of, occurred, and gave him a perturbation of mind he had never before experienced. Lord Elmwood proposed a wife to him; and in a way so assured of his acquiescence, that if Rushbrook's life had depended upon his daring to dispute his benefactor's will, he would not have had the courage to have done so. There was, however, in his reply and his embarrassment something which his uncle distinguished from a free concurrence; and looking steadfastly at him, he said, in that stern manner which he now almost invariably assumed,

"You have no engagements, I suppose? Have made no previous promises?"

"None on earth, my lord," replied Rushbrook candidly.

"Nor have you disposed of your heart?"

"No, my lord," replied he; but not candidly—nor with any appearance of candour: for though he spoke hastily, it was rather like a man frightened than assured. He hurried to tell the falsehood he thought himself obliged to tell, that the pain and shame might be over; but there he was deceived—the lie once told was more troublesome than in the conception, and added another confusion to the first.

Lord Elmwood now fixed his eyes upon him with a sullen scorn, and rising from his chair, said, "Rushbrook, if you have been so inconsiderate as to give away your heart, tell me so at once, and tell me the object."

Rushbrook shuddered at the thought.

"I here," continued the earl, "tolerate the first untruth you ever told me, as the false assertion of a lover; and give you an opportunity of recalling it—but after this moment, it is a lie between man and man—a lie to your friend and father, and I will not forgive it."

Rushbrook stood silent, confused, alarmed, and bewildered in his thoughts,—Lord Elmwood proceeded:

"Name the person, if there is any, on whom you have bestowed your heart; and though I do not give you the hope that I shall not censure your folly, I will at least not reproach you for having at first denied it."

To repeat these words in writing, the reader must condemn the young man that he could hesitate to own he loved, if he was even afraid to name the object of his passion; but his interrogator had made the two answers inseparable, so that all evasions of the second, Rushbrook knew, would be fruitless, after having avowed the first—and how could he confess the latter? The absolute orders he received from the steward, on his first return from his travels, were, "Never to mention his daughter, any more than his late wife, before Lord Elmwood." The fault of having rudely intruded into Lady Matilda's presence rushed also upon his mind; for he did not even dare to say, by what means he had beheld her. But more than

all, the threatening manner in which this rational and apparently conciliating speech was uttered, the menaces, the severity which sat upon the earl's countenance while he delivered those moderate words, might have intimidated a man wholly independent, and less used to fear him than his nephew had been.

"You make no answer, sir," said Lord Elmwood, after waiting a few moments for his reply.

"I have only to say, my lord," returned Rushbrook, "that although my heart may be totally disengaged, I may yet be disinclined to marriage."

"May! May! Your heart *may* be disengaged," repeated he. "Do you dare to reply to me equivocally, when I asked a positive answer?"

"Perhaps I am not positive myself, my lord; but I will inquire into the state of my mind, and make you acquainted with it very soon."

As the angry demeanour of his uncle affected Rushbrook with fear, so that fear, powerfully (but with proper manliness) expressed, again softened the displeasure of Lord Elmwood; and seeing and pitying his nephew's sensibility, he now changed his austere voice, and said mildly, but firmly:

"I give you a week to consult with yourself; at the expiration of that time I shall talk with you again, and I command you to be then prepared to speak, not only without deceit, but without hesitation." He left the room at these words, and left Rushbrook released from a fate, which his apprehensions had beheld impending that moment.

He had now a week to call his thoughts together, to weigh every circumstance, and to determine whether implicitly to submit to Lord Elmwood's recommendation of a wife, or to revolt from it, and see another, with more subserviency to his will, appointed his heir.

Undetermined how to act upon this trial which was to decide his future destiny, Rushbrook suffered so poignant an uncertainty that he became at length ill, and before the end of the week that was allotted him for his reply, he was confined to his bed in a high fever. Lord Elmwood was extremely affected at his indisposition; he gave him every care he could bestow, and even much of his personal attendance. This last favour had a claim upon the young man's gratitude, superior to every other obligation which since his infancy his benefactor had conferred; and he was at times so moved by those marks of kindness he received, that he would form the intention of tearing from his heart every trace that Lady Matilda had left there, and as soon as his health would permit him, obey, to the utmost of his views, every wish his uncle had conceived. Yet again, her pitiable situation presented itself to his compassion, and her beautiful person to his love. Divided between the claims of obligation to the father, and tender attachment to the daughter, his illness was increased by the tortures of his mind, and he once

sincerely wished for that death, of which he was in danger, to free him from the dilemma in which his affections had involved him.

At the time his disorder was at the height, and he lay complaining of the violence of his fever, Lord Elmwood taking his hand, asked him, "If there was any thing he could do for him?"

"Yes, yes, my lord, a great deal!" he replied eagerly.

"What is it, Harry?"

"Oh! my lord," replied he, "that is what I must not tell you."

"Defer it then till you are well:" said Lord Elmwood; afraid of being surprised, or affected by the state of his health, into any promises which he might hereafter find the impropriety of granting.

"And when I recover, my lord, you give me leave to reveal to you my wishes, let them be what they will?"

His uncle hesitated—but seeing an anxiety for the answer, by his raising himself upon his elbow in the bed and staring wildly, Lord Elmwood at last said, "Certainly—Yes, Yes," as a child is answered for its quiet.

That Lord Elmwood could have no suspicion what the real petition was, which Rushbrook meant to present him, is certain; but it is certain he expected he had some request to make, with which it might be wrong for him to comply, and therefore he now avoided hearing what it was; for great as his compassion for him was in his present state, it was not of sufficient force to urge him to give a promise he did not mean to perform. Rushbrook, on his part, was pleased with the assurance he might speak when he was restored to health; but no sooner was his fever abated, and his senses perfectly recovered from the derangement his malady had occasioned, than the lively remembrance of what he had hinted alarmed him, and he was abashed to look his kind, but awful relation in the face. Lord Elmwood's cheerfulness, however, on his returning health, and his undiminished attention, soon convinced him that he had nothing to fear. But, alas! he found too, that he had nothing to hope. As his health re-established, his wishes re-established also, and with his wishes, his despair.

Convinced by what had passed, that his nephew had something on his mind which he feared to reveal, the earl no longer doubted but that some youthful attachment had armed him against any marriage he should propose; but he had so much pity for his present weak state, as to delay that further inquiry which he had threatened before his illness, to a time when his health should be entirely restored.

It was at the end of May before Rushbrook was able to partake in the usual routine of the day:—the country was now prescribed him as the means of complete restoration; and as Lord Elmwood designed to leave London some time in

June, he advised him to go to Elmwood house a week or two before him;—this advice was received with delight, and a letter was sent to Mr. Sandford to prepare for Mr. Rushbrook's arrival.

CHAPTER XII.

DURING the illness of Rushbrook, news had been sent of his danger, from the servants in town to those at Elmwood house, and Lady Matilda expressed compassion when she was told of it;—she began to conceive, the instant she thought he would soon die, that his visit to her had merit rather than impertinence in its design, and that he might possibly be a more deserving man than she had supposed him to be. Even Sandford and Miss Woodley began to recollect qualifications he possessed, which they never had reflected on before; and Miss Woodley, in particular, reproached herself that she had been so severe and inattentive to him. Notwithstanding the prospects his death pointed out to her, it was with infinite joy she heard he was recovered; nor was Sandford less satisfied; for he had treated the young man too unkindly not to dread, lest any ill should befall him. But although he was glad to hear of his restored health; when he was informed he was coming down to Elmwood house for a few weeks in the style of its master, Sandford, with all his religious and humane principles, could not help conceiving, "that if the youth had been properly prepared to die, he had been as well out of the world as in it."

He was still less his friend when he saw him arrive with his usual florid complexion: had he come pale and sickly, Sandford had been kind to him; but in apparently good health and spirits, he could not form his lips to tell him he was "glad to see him."

On his arrival, Matilda, who for five months had been at large, secluded herself as she would have done upon the arrival of Lord Elmwood; but with far different sensations. Notwithstanding her restriction on the latter occasion, the residence of her father in that house had been a source of pleasure rather than of sorrow to her; but from the abode of Rushbrook she derived punishment alone.

When, from inquiries, Rushbrook found that on his approach, Matilda had retired to her own confined apartments, the thought was torture to him; it was the hope of seeing and conversing with her, of being admitted at all times to her society as the mistress of the house, that had raised his spirits, and effected his perfect cure beyond any other cause; and he was hurt to the greatest degree at this respect, or rather contempt, shown to him by her retreat.

It was nevertheless, a subject too delicate for him to touch upon in any sense:—an invitation

for her company on his part might carry the appearance of superior authority, and an affected condescension, which he justly considered as the worst of all insults. And yet, how could he support the reflection that his visit had placed the daughter of his benefactor, as a dependent stranger in that house, where in reality he was the dependent, and she the lawful heiress. For two or three days he suffered the torment of these meditations, hoping that he should come to an explanation of all he felt, by a fortunate meeting with Miss Woodley; but when that meeting occurred, though he observed she talked to him with less reserve than she had formerly done, and even gave proofs of the native kindness of her disposition, yet she scrupulously avoided naming Lady Matilda; and when he diffidently inquired of her health, a cold restraint overspread Miss Woodley's face, and she left him instantly. To Sandford it was still more difficult for him to apply; for though frequently together, they were never sociable; and as Sandford seldom disguised his feelings—to Rushbrook he was always severe, and sometimes unmannerly.

In this perplexed situation, the country air was rather of detriment than service to the late invalid; and had he not, like a true lover, clung fast to fancied hope, while he could perceive no reality but despair, he would have returned to town, rather than by his stay have placed in a subordinate state, the object of his adoration. Persisting in his hopes, he one morning met Miss Woodley in the garden, and engaging her a longer time than usual in conversation, at last obtained her promise—"She would that day dine with him and Mr. Sandford." But no sooner had she parted from him than she repented of her consent; and upon communicating it, Matilda, for the first time in her life, darted upon her kind companion a look of the most cutting reproach and haughty resentment.—Miss Woodley's own sentiments had upbraided her before; but she was not prepared to receive so pointed a mark of disapprobation from her young friend, till now dutious and humble to her as a mother, and not less affectionate. Her heart was too susceptible to bear this disrespectful and contumelious frown, from the object of her long devoted care and concern; the tears instantly covered her face, and she laid her hands upon her heart, as if she thought it would break. Matilda was moved, but she possessed too much of the manly indignation of her father, to discover what she felt for the first few minutes. Miss Woodley, who had given so many tears to her sorrows, but never till now one to her anger, had a deeper sense of this indifference than of the anger itself, and, to conceal what she suffered, left the room. Matilda, who had been till this time working at her needle, seemingly composed, now let her work drop from her hand, and sat for a while in a deep reverie. At length she rose up, and followed Miss Woodley to the other apartment.

She entered grave, majestic, and apparently serene, while her poor heart fluttered with a thousand distressing sensations. She approached Miss Woodley (who was still in tears) with silence; and awed by her manners, the faithful friend of her deceased mother exclaimed, "Dear Lady Matilda, think no more on what I have done—do not resent it any longer, and I'll beg your pardon." Miss Woodley rose as she uttered these last words; but Matilda laid fast hold of her to prevent the posture she offered to take, and instantly assumed it herself. "Oh, let this be my atonement!" she cried with the most earnest supplication.

They interchanged forgiveness; and as this reconciliation was sincere, they each, without reserve, gave their opinion upon the subject that had caused the misunderstanding; and it was agreed an apology should be sent to Mr. Rushbrook, "That Miss Woodley had been suddenly indisposed:" nor could this be said to differ from the truth, for since what had passed she was unfit to pay a visit.

Rushbrook, who had been all the morning elated with the advance he supposed he had made in that lady's favour, was highly disappointed, vexed, and angry, when this apology was delivered; nor did he nor perhaps could he conceal what he felt, although his kind observer, Mr. Sandford, was present.

"I am a very unfortunate man!" said he, as soon as the servant was gone who brought the message.

Sandford cast his eyes upon him with a look of surprise and contempt.

"A very unfortunate man indeed, Mr. Sandford," repeated he, "although you treat my complaint contemptuously."

Sandford made no reply, and seemed above making one.

They sat down to dinner;—Rushbrook ate scarce any thing, but drank frequently; Sandford took no notice of either, but had a book (which was his custom when he dined with persons whose conversation was not interesting to him) laid by the side of his plate, which he occasionally looked into, as the dishes were removing, or other opportunities served.

Rushbrook, just now more hopeless than ever of forming an acquaintance with Lady Matilda, began to give way to symptoms of impatience; and they made their first attack, by urging him to treat on the same level of familiarity that he himself was treated by Mr. Sandford, to whom he had, till now, ever behaved with the most profound tokens of respect.

"Come," said he to him as soon as the dinner was removed, "lay aside your book and be good company."

Sandford lifted up his eyes upon him—stared in his face—and cast them on the book again.

"Pshaw," continued Rushbrook, "I want a

companion; and, as Miss Woodley has disappointed me, I must have your company."

Sandford now laid his book down upon the table; but still holding his fingers in the pages he was reading, said, "And why are you disappointed of Miss Woodley's company?—When people expect what they have no right to hope, 'tis impertinent assurance to complain they are disappointed."

"I had a right to hope she would come," answered Rushbrook, "for she promised she would."

"But what right had you to ask her?"

"The right every one has to make his time pass as agreeably as he can."

"But not at the expense of another."

"I believe, Mr. Sandford, it would be a heavy expense to you, to see me happy; I believe it would cost you even your own happiness."

"That is a price I have not now to give," replied Sandford, and began reading again.

"What, you have already paid it away? No wonder that at your time of life it should be gone. But what do you think of my having already squandered mine?"

"I don't think about you;" returned Sandford, without taking his eyes from the book.

"Can you look me in the face and say that, Mr. Sandford?—No, you cannot—for you know you do think of me, and you know you hate me."—Here he drank two glasses of wine one after another; "And I can tell you why you hate me," continued he: "it is from a cause for which I often hate myself."

Sandford read on.

"It is on my Lady Matilda's account you hate me, and use me thus."

Sandford put down the book hastily, and put both his hands by his side.

"Yes," resumed Rushbrook, "you think I am wronging her."

"I think you insult her," exclaimed Sandford, "by this rude mention of her name; and I command you at your peril to desist."

"At my peril! Mr. Sandford? Do you assume the authority of my Lord Elmwood?"

"I do on this occasion; and if you dare to give your tongue a freedom!"

Rushbrook interrupted him—"Why then I boldly say (and as her friend you ought rather to applaud than resent it), I boldly say, that my heart suffers so much for her situation that I am regardless of my own. I love her father—I loved her mother more—but I love *her* beyond either."

"Hold your licentious tongue," cried Sandford, "or quit the room."

"Licentious! Oh! the pure thoughts that dwell in her innocent mind are not less sensual than mine towards her. Do you upbraid me with my respect, my pity for her? They are the sensations which impel me to speak thus undisguised,

even to you, my open—no, even worse—my secret enemy!"

"Insult me as you please, Mr. Rushbrook,—but beware how you mention Lord Elmwood's daughter."

"Can it be to her dishonour that I pity her? that I would quit the house this moment never to return, so that she supplied the place which I withhold from her?"

"Go then," cried Sandford.

"It would be of no use to her, or I would. But come, Mr. Sandford, I will dare as much as you. Only second me, and I will entreat Lord Elmwood to be reconciled—to see and own her."

"Your vanity would be equal to your temerity—you entreat?—She must greatly esteem those paternal favours which your entreaties gained her!—Do you forget, young man, how short a time it is since you were *entreated* for?"

"I prove that I do not, while this anxiety for Lady Matilda arises from what I feel on that very account."

"Remove your anxiety, then, from her to yourself; for were I to let Lord Elmwood know what has now passed"—

"It is for your own sake, not for mine, if you do not."

"You shall not dare me to it, Mr. Rushbrook." And he rose from his seat: "You shall not dare me to do you an injury. But to avoid the temptation, I will never again come into your company, unless my friend, Lord Elmwood, be present, to protect me and his child from your insults."

Rushbrook rose in yet more warmth than Sandford. "Have you the injustice to say that I have insulted Lady Matilda?"

"To speak of her at all, is, in you, an insult. But you have done more—You have dared to visit her—to force into her presence and shock her with your offers of services which she scorns; and with your compassion, which she is above."

"Did she complain to you?"

"She or her friend did."

"I rather suppose, Mr. Sandford, that you have bribed some of the servants to reveal this circumstance."

"The suspicion becomes Lord Elmwood's heir."

"It becomes the man who lives in the house with you."

"I thank you, Mr. Rushbrook, for what has passed this day—it has taken a weight off my mind. I thought my disinclination to you might perhaps arise from prejudice—this conversation has relieved me from those fears, and—I thank you." Saying this he calmly walked out of the room, and left Rushbrook to reflect on what he had been doing.

Heated with the wine he had drank (and which Sandford, engaged on his book, had not observed) no sooner was he alone, than he became by degrees cool and repentant. "What had he done?"

was the first question to himself—"He had offended Sandford." The man, whom reason as well as prudence had ever taught him to respect, and even to revere. He had grossly offended the firm friend of Lady Matilda, by the unreserved and wanton use of her name. All the retorts he had uttered came now to his memory; with a total forgetfulness of all that Sandford had said to provoke them.

He once thought to follow him and beg his pardon; but the contempt with which he had been treated, more than all the anger, withheld him.

As he sat forming plans how to retrieve the opinion, ill as it was, which Sandford formerly entertained of him, he received a letter from Lord Elmwood, kindly enquiring after his health, and saying that he should be down early in the following week. Never were the friendly expressions of his uncle half so welcome to him;—for they served to sooth his imagination, racked with Sandford's wrath, and his own displeasure.

CHAPTER XLII.

WHEN Sandford acted deliberately, he always acted up to his duty; it was his duty to forgive Rushbrook, and he did so—but he had declared he would never "be again in his company unless Lord Elmwood was present;"—and with all his forgiveness, he found an unforgiving gratification, in the duty of being obliged to keep his word.

The next day Rushbrook dined alone, while Sandford gave his company to the ladies. Rushbrook was too proud to seek to conciliate Sandford by abject concessions, but he endeavoured to meet him as by accident, and meant to try what, in such a case, a submissive apology might effect. For two days all the schemes he formed on that head proved fruitless; he could never procure even a sight of him. But on the evening of the third day, taking a lonely walk, he turned the corner of a grove, and saw in the very path he was going, Sandford accompanied by Miss Woodley; and, what agitated him infinitely more, Lady Matilda was with them. He knew not whether to proceed, or to quit the path and palpably shun them—to one, who seemed to put an unkind construction upon all he said and did, he knew that to do either would be to do wrong. In spite of the propensity he felt to pass so near to Matilda, could he have known what conduct would have been deemed the most respectful, to *that* he would have submitted, whatever painful denial it had cost him. But undetermined whether to go forward or to cross to another path, he still walked on till he came too nigh to recede; he then, with a diffidence not affected, but most powerfully felt, pulled off his hat; and without bowing, stood respectfully silent while the company passed. Sandford walked on some paces before, and took no

further notice as he went by him, than just touching the fore part of his hat with his finger. Miss Woodley curtsied as she followed. But Lady Matilda made a full stop and said, in the gentlest accents, "I hope, Mr. Rushbrook, you are perfectly recovered."

It was the sweetest music he had ever listened to; and he replied with the most reverential bow, "I am better a great deal, ma'am." Then instantly pursued his way as if he did not dare to utter, or wait, for another syllable.

Sandford seldom found fault with Lady Matilda; not because he loved her, but because she seldom did wrong—upon this occasion, however, he was half inclined to reprimand her; but yet he did not know what to say;—the subsequent humility of Rushbrook had taken from the indiscretion of her speaking to him, and the event could by no means justify his censure. On hearing her begin to speak, Sandford had stopped; and as Rushbrook after replying, walked away, Sandford called to her crossly, "Come, come along;" but at the same time he put out his elbow, for her to take hold of his arm.

She hastened her steps, and did so—then turning to Miss Woodley, she said, "I expected you would have spoken to Mr. Rushbrook; it might have prevented me."

Miss Woodley replied, "I was at a loss what to do;—when we met formerly, he always spoke first."

"And he ought now," cried Sandford angrily—and then added, with a sarcastic smile, "It is certainly proper that the *superior* should be the first who speaks."

"He did not look as if he thought himself our superior," replied Matilda.

"No," returned Sandford, "some people can put on what looks they please."

"Then while he looks so pale," replied Matilda, "and so dejected, I can never forbear speaking to him, when we meet, whatever he may think of it."

"And were he and I to meet a hundred, nay a thousand times," returned Sandford, "I don't think I should ever speak to him again."

"Bless me! what for, Mr. Sandford?" cried Matilda;—for Sandford, who was not a man that repeated little incidents, had never mentioned the circumstance of their quarrel.

"I have taken such a resolution,"—answered he, "yet I bear him no enmity."

As this short reply indicated that he meant to say no more, no more was asked; and the subject was dropped.

In the mean time, Rushbrook, happier than he had been for months, intoxicated with delight at that voluntary mark of civility he had received from Lady Matilda, felt his heart so joyous, and so free from every particle of malice, that he resolved, in the humblest manner, to make atonement for the violation of decorum he had lately committed against Mr. Sandford.

Too happy, at this time, to suffer a mortification from any indignities he might receive, he sent his servant to him into his study, as soon as he was returned home, to beg to know, "If he might be permitted to wait upon him, with a message he had to deliver from Lord Elmwood."

The servant returned—"Mr. Sandford desired he would send the message by him, or the house steward." This was highly affronting; but Rushbrook was not in a humour to be offended, and he sent again, begging he would admit him;—but the answer was, "He was busy."

Thus wholly defeated in his hopes of reconciliation, his new transports felt an alloy, and the few days that remained before Lord Elmwood came, he passed in solitary musing, and ineffectual walks and looks towards that path in which he had met Matilda—she came that way no more—indeed scarce quitted her apartment, in the practice of that confinement she was to experience on the arrival of her father.

All her former agitations now returned. On the day he arrived she wept—all the night she did not sleep—and the name of Rushbrook again became hateful to her. The earl came in extremely good health and spirits, but appeared concerned to find Rushbrook less well than when he went from town. Sandford was now under the necessity of being in Rushbrook's company, yet he would never speak to him but when he was absolutely compelled; or look at him, but when he could not help it. Lord Elmwood observed this conduct, yet he neither wondered nor was offended by it—he had perceived what little esteem Sandford had showed his nephew from his first return; but he forgave, in Sandford's humour, a thousand faults he would not forgive in any other; nor did he deem this one of his greatest faults, knowing the demand upon his partiality from another object.

Miss Woodley waited on Lord Elmwood as formerly; dined with him, and related, as heretofore, to the attentive Matilda, all that passed.

About this time Lord Margrave, deprived by the season of all the sports of the field, felt his love for Matilda (which had been violent, even though divided with the love of hunting) now too strong to be subdued; and he resolved, though reluctantly, to apply to her father for his consent to their union;—but writing to Sandford this resolution, he was once more repulsed, and charged as a man of honour, to forbear to disturb the tranquillity of the family by any application of the kind. To this, Sandford received no answer; for the peer, highly incensed at his mistress's repugnance to him, determined more firmly than ever to consult his own happiness alone; and as that depended merely upon his obtaining her, he cared not by what method it was effected.

About a fortnight after Lord Elmwood came into the country, as he was riding one morning, his horse fell with him, and crushed his leg in so unfortunate a manner, as to be at first pronounced

of dangerous consequence. He was brought home in a postchaise, and Matilda heard of the accident with more grief than would, perhaps, on such an occasion, have appertained to the most fondled child.

In consequence of the pain he suffered, his fever was one night very high; and Sandford, who seldom quitted his apartment, went frequently to his bedside, every time with the secret hope he should hear him ask to see his daughter—he was every time disappointed—yet he saw him shake, with a cordial friendship, the hand of Rushbrook, as if he delighted in seeing those he loved.

The danger in which Lord Elmwood was supposed to be was but of short duration, and his sudden recovery succeeded. Matilda, who had wept, moaned, and watched during the crisis of his illness, when she heard he was amending, exclaimed (with a kind of surprise at the novelty of the sensation), "And this is joy that I feel!—Oh! I never till now knew, what those persons felt who experienced joy."

Nor did she repine, like Mr. Sandford and Miss Woodley, at her father's inattention to her during his malady, for she did not hope like them—she did not hope that he would behold her, even in dying.

But notwithstanding his seeming indifference, while his indisposition continued, no sooner was he recovered so as to receive the congratulations of his friends, than there was no one person he evidently showed so much satisfaction at seeing as Miss Woodley. She waited upon him timidly, and with more than ordinary distaste at his late conduct, when he put out his hand with the utmost warmth to receive her; drew her to him; saluted her (an honour he had never in his life conferred before), and with signs of the sincerest friendship and affection. Sandford was present; and ever associating the idea of Matilda with Miss Woodley, felt his heart bound with a triumph it had not enjoyed for many a day.

Matilda listened with delight to the recital Miss Woodley gave on her return, and many times while it lasted exclaimed, "She was happy." But poor Matilda's sudden transports of joy, which she termed happiness, were not made for long continuance; and, if she ever found cause for gladness, she far oftener had motives for grief.

As Mr. Sandford was sitting with her and Miss Woodley, one evening about a week after, a person rang at the bell and inquired for him: on being told of it by the servant, he went to the door of the apartment, and cried, "Oh! is it you? Come in." An elderly man entered, who had been for many years the head gardener at Elmwood house; a man of honesty and sobriety, and with an indigent family of aged parents, children, and other relations, who subsisted wholly on the income arising from his place. The ladies, as well as Sandford, knew him well, and they all, almost at once, asked, "What was the matter?"

for his looks told them something distressful had befallen him.

"Oh, Sir!" said he to Sandford, "I come to entreat your interest."

"In what, Edwards?" said Sandford with a mild voice; for when his assistance was supplicated in distress, his rough tones always took a plaintive key.

"My lord has discharged me from his service!"—(returned Edwards trembling, and the tears starting in his eyes) "I am undone, Mr. Sandford, unless you plead for me."

"I will," said Sandford, "I will."

"And yet I am almost afraid of your success," replied the man, "for my lord has ordered me out of his house this moment; and though I knelt down to him to be heard, he had no pity."

Matilda sighed from the bottom of her heart, and yet she envied this poor man, who had been kneeling to her father.

"What was your offence?" cried Sandford.

The man hesitated; then looking at Matilda, said, "I'll tell you, sir, some other time."

"Did you name me, before Lord Elmwood?" cried she eagerly, and terrified.

"No, madam," replied he, "but I unthinkingly spoke of my poor lady who is dead and gone."

Matilda burst into tears.

"How came you to do so mad a thing?" cried Sandford; and the encouragement which his looks had once given him now fled from his face.

"It was unthinkingly," repeated Edwards; "I was showing my lord some plans for the new walks, and told him, among other things, that her ladyship had many years ago approved of them. 'Who?' cried he—Still I did not call to mind, but said, 'Lady Elmwood, sir, while you were abroad'—As soon as these words were delivered, I saw my doom in his looks, and he commanded me to quit his house and service that instant."

"I am afraid," said Sandford, shaking his head, "I can do nothing for you."

"Yes, sir, you know you have more power over my lord than any body—and perhaps you may be able to save me and all mine from misery."

"I would if I could," replied Sandford, quickly.

"You can but try, sir."

Matilda was all this while bathed in tears; nor was Miss Woodley much less affected—Lady Elmwood was before her eyes—Matilda beheld her in her dying moments; Miss Woodley saw her as the gay ward of Dorriforth.

"Ask Mr. Rushbrook," said Sandford, "prevail on him to speak for you; he has more power than I have."

"He has not enough, then," replied Edwards; "for he was in the room with my lord when what I have told you happened."

"And did he say nothing?" asked Sandford.

"Yes, sir; he offered to speak in my behalf, but my lord interrupted him, and ordered him out of the room—he instantly went."

Sandford, now observing the effect which this narration had on the two ladies, led the man to his own apartments, and there assured him he dared not undertake his cause; but that if time or chance should happily make an alteration in his lord's disposition, he would be the first who would endeavour to replace him. Edwards was obliged to submit; and before the next day at noon, his pleasant house by the side of the park, his garden, and his orchard, which he had occupied above twenty years, were cleared of their old inhabitant, and all his wretched family.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THIS melancholy incident perhaps affected Matilda and all the friends of the deceased Lady Elmwood beyond any other that had occurred since her death. A few days after this circumstance, Miss Woodley, in order to divert the disconsolate mind of Lady Matilda (and in the hope of bringing her some little anecdotes, to console her for that which had given her so much pain) waited upon Lord Elmwood in his library, and borrowed some books out of it. He was now perfectly well from his fall, and received her with his usual politeness, but, of course, not with that peculiar warmth which he had discovered when he received her just after his illness. Rushbrook was in the library at the same time; he showed her several beautiful prints which Lord Elmwood had just received from London, and appeared anxious to entertain and give tokens of his esteem and respect for her. But what gave her pleasure beyond any other attention, was, that after she had taken (by the aid of Rushbrook) about a dozen volumes from different shelves, and had laid them together, saying she would send her servant to fetch them; Lord Elmwood went carefully to the place where they were, and taking up each book, examined minutely what it was. One author he complained was too light, another too depressing, and put them on the shelves again; another was erroneous, and he changed it for a better: thus, he warned her against some, and selected other authors, as the most cautious preceptor culls for his pupil, or a fond father for his darling child. She thanked him for his attention to her, but her heart thanked him for his attention to his daughter. For as she had herself never received such a proof of his care since all their long acquaintance, she reasonably supposed, that Matilda's reading, and not hers, was the object of his solicitude.

Having in these books store of comfort for poor Matilda, she eagerly returned with them; and in reciting every particular circumstance, made her

consider the volumes almost like presents from her father.

The month of September was now arrived; and Lord Elmwood, accompanied by Rushbrook, went to a small shooting seat, near twenty miles distant from Elmwood castle, for a week's particular sport. Matilda was once more at large; and one beautiful morning, about eleven o'clock, seeing Miss Woodley walking on the lawn before the house, she hastily took her hat to join her; and not waiting to put it on, went nimbly down the great staircase, with it hanging on her arm. When she had descended a few stairs, she heard a footstep proceeding slowly up; and (from what emotion she could not tell) she stopped short, half resolved to return back. She hesitated a single instant whether she should or not—then went a few steps further till she came to the second landing place; when, by the sudden winding of the staircase,—Lord Elmwood was immediately before her!

She had felt something like alight before she saw him;—but her reason told her she had nothing to fear, as he was away. But now, the appearance of a stranger whom she had never before seen; the authority in his looks, as well as in the sound of his steps; a resemblance to the portrait she had been shown of him; a start of astonishment which he gave on beholding her; but above all—her *fears* confirmed her that it was him. She gave a scream of terror—put out her trembling hands to catch the balustrade for support—missed them—and fell motionless into her father's arms.

He caught her, as by the same impulse, he would have caught any other person falling for want of aid. Yet when he found her in his arms, he still held her there—gazed on her attentively—and once pressed her to his bosom.

At length trying to escape the snare into which he had been led, he was going to leave her on the spot where she fell, when her eyes opened and she uttered, "Save me." Her voice unmanned him. His long restrained tears now burst forth—and seeing her relapsing into the swoon, he cried out eagerly to recall her. Her name did not, however, come to his recollection—nor any name but this—"Miss Milner—Dear Miss Milner."

That sound did not awaken her; and now again he wished to leave her in this senseless state, that not remembering what had passed, she might escape the punishment.

But at this instant, Giffard, with another servant, passed by the foot of the stairs: on which, Lord Elmwood called to them—and into Giffard's hands delivered his apparently dead child; without one command respecting her, or one word of any kind; while his face was agitated with shame, with pity, with anger, with paternal tenderness.

As Giffard stood trembling, while he relieved his lord from this hapless burthen; her father had to unloose her hand from the side of his coat,

which she had caught fast hold of as she fell, and grasped so closely it was with difficulty removed—On attempting to take the hand away he trembled—faltered—then bade Giffard do it.

"Who, I, my lord! I separate you!" cried he. But recollecting himself, "My lord, I will obey your commands whatever they are." And seizing her hand, pulled it with violence—it fell—and her father went away.

Matilda was carried to her own apartments, laid upon the bed; and Miss Woodley hastened to attend her, after listening to the recital of what had passed.

When Lady Elmwood's old and affectionate friend entered the room, and saw her youthful charge lying pale and speechless, yet no father by to comfort or soothe her, she lifted up her hands to heaven exclaiming, with a burst of tears, "And is this the end of thee, my poor child?—Is this the end of all our hopes?—of thy own fearful hopes—and of thy mother's supplications!—Oh! Lord Elmwood! Lord Elmwood!"

At that name Matilda started, and cried, "Where is he? Is it a dream, or have I seen him?"

"It is all a dream, my dear," said Miss Woodley.

"And yet I thought he held me in his arms," she replied—"I thought I felt his hands press mine—Let me sleep and dream again."

Now thinking it best to undeceive her, "It is no dream, my dear," returned Miss Woodley.

"Is it not?" cried she, rising up and leaning on her elbow—"Then I suppose I must go away—go for ever away."

Sandford now entered. Having been told the news, he came to condole—but at the sight of him Matilda was terrified, and cried, "Do not reproach me, do not upbraid me—I know I have done wrong—I know I had but one command from my father, and that I have disobeyed."

Sandford could not reproach her, for he could not speak;—he therefore only walked to the window and concealed his tears.

That whole day and night was passed in sympathetic grief, in alarm at every sound, lest it should be a messenger to pronounce Matilda's destiny.

Lord Elmwood did not stay upon this visit above three hours at Elmwood House; he then set off again for the seat he had left; where Rushbrook still remained, and from whence his lordship had merely come by accident, to look over some writings which he wanted immediately dispatched to town.

During his short continuance here, Sandford cautiously avoided his presence; for he thought, in a case like this, what nature would not of herself effect, no art, no arguments of his, could accomplish: to Nature then, and Providence, he left the whole. What these two powerful principles brought about, the reader will be informed, when he peruses the following letter, received early the next morning by Miss Woodley.

CHAPTER XLIV.

*A Letter from Giffard, Lord Elmwood's House
Steward, to Miss Woodley.*

"MADAM,

"My lord, above a twelvemonth ago, acquainted me he had permitted his daughter to reside in his house; but at the same time he informed me, the grant was under a certain restriction, which, if ever broken, I was to see his then determination (of which he also acquainted me) put in execution. In consequence of Lady Matilda's indisposition, madam, I have ventured to delay this notice till morning—I need not say with what concern I now give it, or mention to you, I believe, what is forfeited. My lord staid but a few hours yesterday, after the unhappy circumstance on which I write, took place; nor did I see him after, till he was in his carriage; he then sent for me to the carriage door, and told me he should be back in two days time, and added, 'Remember your duty.' That duty, I hope, madam, you will not require me to explain in more direct terms—As soon my lord returns, I have no doubt but he will ask me if it is fulfilled, and I shall be under the greatest apprehension, should his commands not be obeyed.

"If there is any thing wanting for the convenience of your and Lady Matilda's departure, you have but to order it, and it is at your service—I mean likewise any cash you may have occasion for. I should presume to add my opinion where you might best take up your abode; but with such advice as you will have from Mr. Sandford, mine would be but assuming.

"I would also have waited upon you, madam, and have delivered myself the substance of this letter; but I am an old man, and the changes I have been witness to in my lord's house since I first lived in it have added, I think, to my age many a year; and I have not the strength to see you upon this occasion. I love my lady—I love my lord—and I love their child—nay, so I am sure does my lord himself; but there is no accounting for his resolutions, or for the alteration his disposition has lately undergone.

"I beg pardon, madam, for this long intrusion, and am, and ever will be (while you and my lord's daughter are so), your afflicted humble servant,

"ROBERT GIFFARD."

"Elmwood House,
"Sept. 12."

When this letter was brought to Miss Woodley, she knew what it contained before she opened it, and therefore took it with an air of resignation—yet though she guessed the momentous part of its contents, she dreaded in what words it might be related; and having now no essential good to expect, hope, that will never totally expire, clung

at this crisis to little circumstances, and she hoped most fervently, the terms of the letter might not be harsh, but that Lord Elmwood had delivered his final sentence in gentle language. The event proved he had; and lost to every important comfort, she felt grateful to him for this small one.

Matilda, too, was cheered by this letter, for she expected something worse; and one of the last lines, in which Giffard said he knew "his lordship loved her," she thought repaid her for the purport of the other part.

Sandford was not so easily resigned or comforted—he walked about the room when the letter was shown to him—called it cruel—stifled his tears, and wished to show his resentment only—but the former burst through all his endeavours, and he sunk into grief.

Nor was the fortitude of Matilda, which came to her assistance on the first onset of this trial, sufficient to arm her, when the moment came she was to quit the house—her father's house—never to see that, or him again.

When word was brought that the carriage was at the door, which was to convey her from all she held so dear, and she saw before her the prospect of a long youthful and healthful life, in which misery and despair were all she could discern; that despair seized her at once, and gaining courage from her sufferings, she cried,

"What have I to fear if I disobey my father's commands once more?—he cannot use me worse. I'll stay here till he returns—again throw myself in his way, and then I will not faint, but plead for mercy. Perhaps were I to kneel to him—kneel like other children to their parents, and beg his blessing, he would not refuse it me."

"You must not try;" said Sandford, mildly.

"Who," cried she, "shall prevent my flying to my father?—Have I another friend on earth?—Have I one relation in the world but him?—This is the second time I have been turned from his house. In my infant state my cruel father turned me out; but then, he sent me to a mother—now I have none; and I will stay with him."

Again the steward sent to let them know the coach was waiting.

Sandford, now, with a determined countenance, went coolly up to Lady Matilda, and taking her hand, seemed resolved to lead her to the carriage.

Accustomed to be awed by every serious look of his, she yet resisted this; and cried, "Would you be the minister of my father's cruelty?"

"Then," said Sandford solemnly to her, "farewell—from this moment you and I part. I will take my leave, and do you remain where you are—at least till you are forced away. But I'll not stay to be driven hence—for it is impossible your father will suffer any friend of yours to continue here, after this disobedience. Adieu."

"I'll go this moment," said she, and rose hastily.

Miss Woodley took her at her word, and hurried her immediately out of the room.

Sandford followed slow behind, as if he had followed at her funeral.

When she came to that spot on the stairs where she had met her father, she started back, and scarce knew how to pass it. When she had—"There he held me in his arms," said she, "and I thought I felt him press me to his heart, but I now find I was mistaken."

As Sandford came forward, to hand her into the coach, "Now you behave well;" said he, "by this behaviour, you do not entirely close all prospect of reconciliation with your father."

"Do you think it is not yet impossible?" cried she, clasping his hand. "Giffard says he loves me," continued she, "and do you think he might yet be brought to forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" cried Sandford.

"Suppose I was to write to him, and entreat his forgiveness?"

"Do not write yet," said Sandford, with no cheering accent.

The carriage drove off—and as it went, Matilda leaned her head from the window, to survey Elmwood House from the roof to the foundation. She cast her eyes upon the gardens too—upon the fish ponds—even the coach houses, and all the offices adjoining—which, as objects that she should never see again—she contemplated as objects of importance.

CHAPTER XLV.

RUSHBROOK, who, at twenty miles distance, could have no conjecture what had passed at Elmwood House, during the short visit Lord Elmwood made there, went that way with his dogs and gun in order to meet him on his return, and accompany him in the chaise back—he did so—and getting into the carriage, told him eagerly the sport he had had during the day; laughed at an accident that had befallen one of his dogs; and for some time did not perceive but that his uncle was perfectly attentive. At length, observing he answered more negligently than usual to what he said, Rushbrook turned his eyes quickly upon him, and cried,

"My lord, are you not well?"

"Yes; perfectly well, I thank you, Rushbrook," and he leaned back against the carriage.

"I thought," sir, returned Rushbrook, "you spoke languidly—I beg your pardon."

"I have the headache a little," answered he:—then taking off his hat, brushed the dust from it, and as he put it on again, fetched a most heavy sigh; which no sooner had escaped him, than, to drown its sound, he said briskly,

"And so you tell me you have had good sport to-day?"

"No, my lord, I said but indifferent."

"True, so you did. Bid the man drive faster—it will be dark before we get home."

"You will shoot to-morrow, my lord?"

"Certainly."

"How does Mr. Sandford do, sir?"

"I did not see him."

"Not see Mr. Sandford, my lord?—but he was out I suppose—for they did not expect you at Elmwood House."

"No, they did not."

In such conversation Rushbrook and his uncle continued to the end of their journey. Dinner was then immediately served, and Lord Elmwood appeared much in his usual spirits; at least, not suspecting any cause for their abatement, Rushbrook did not observe any alteration.

Lord Elmwood went, however, earlier to bed than ordinary, or rather to his bed chamber; for though he retired some time before his nephew, when Rushbrook passed his chamber door it was open, and he not in bed, but sitting in a musing posture, as if he had forgot to shut it.

When Rushbrook's valet came to attend his master, he said to him,

"I suppose, sir, you do not know what has happened at the castle?"

"For heaven's sake what?" cried Rushbrook.

"My lord has met Lady Matilda:" replied the man.

"How? Where? What's the consequence?"

"We don't know yet, sir; but all the servants suppose her ladyship will not be suffered to remain there any longer."

"They all suppose wrong," returned Rushbrook hastily—"My lord loves her, I am certain, and this event may be the happy means of his treating her as his child, from this day."

The servant smiled and shook his head.

"Why, what more do you know?"

"Nothing more than I have told you, sir; except that his lordship took no kind of notice of her ladyship that appeared like love."

Rushbrook was all uneasiness and anxiety to know the particulars of what had passed; and now Lord Elmwood's inquietude, which he had but slightly noticed before, came full to his observation. He was going to ask more questions; but he recollected that Lady Matilda's misfortunes were too sacred to be talked of thus familiarly by the servants of the family;—besides, it was evident this man thought, and but naturally, it might not be for his master's interest the father and the daughter should be united; and therefore would give to all he said the opposite colouring.

In spite of his prudence, however, and his delicacy towards Matilda, Rushbrook could not let his valet leave him till he had inquired, and learned all the circumstantial account of what had happened; except, indeed, the order received by Giffard, which being given after Lord Elmwood was in his carriage and in concise terms, the domestics who attended him (and from whom this man had gained his intelligence) were unacquainted with it.

When the servant had left Rushbrook alone, the perturbation of his mind was so great that he was, at length, undetermined whether to go to bed, or to rush into his uncle's apartment, and at his feet beg for that compassion upon his daughter, which he feared he had denied her. But then, to what peril would he not expose himself by such a step? Nay, he might perhaps even injure her whom he wished to serve; for if his uncle was at present unresolved, whether to forgive or to resent the disobedience to his commands, another's interference might enrage, and precipitate him on the latter resolution.

This consideration was so weighty, it resigned Rushbrook to the suspense he was compelled to endure till the morning; when he flattered himself, that by watching every look and motion of Lord Elmwood, his penetration would be able to discover the state of his heart, and how he meant to act.

But the morning came, and he found all his prying curiosity was of no avail: Lord Elmwood did not drop one word, give one look, or use one action that was not customary.

On first seeing him, Rushbrook blushed at the secret with which he was entrusted; then, as he gazed on the earl, contemplated the joy he ought to have known in clasping in his arms a child like Matilda, whose tenderness, reverence, and duty had deprived her of all sensation at his sight; which was in Rushbrook's mind an honour, that rendered him superior to what he was before.

They were in the fields all the day as usual; Lord Elmwood now cheerful, and complaining no more of the headache. Yet once more being separated from his nephew, Rushbrook crossed over a stile into another field, and found him sitting by the side of a bank, his gun lying by him, and himself lost in thought. He rose on seeing him, and proceeded to the sport as before.

At dinner he said he should not go to Elmwood House the next day, as he had appointed, but stay where he was three or four days longer. From these two small occurrences, Rushbrook would fain have extracted something by which to judge the state of his mind; but upon the test, that was impossible—he had caught him so musing many a time before; and as to his prolonging his stay, that might arise from the sport—or, indeed, had any thing more material swayed him, who could penetrate whether it was the effect of the lenity or the severity he had dealt towards his child? whether his continuance there was to shun her, or to shun the house from whence he had banished her?

The three or four days for their temporary abode being passed, they both returned together to Elmwood House. Rushbrook thought he saw his uncle's countenance change as they entered the avenue, yet he did not appear less in spirits; and when Sandford joined them at dinner, the earl went with his usual attention to him, and (as

was his custom after any separation) put out his hand cheerfully to take his. Sandford said, "How do you do, my lord?" cheerfully in return; but put both his hands into his bosom, and walked to the other side of the room. Lord Elmwood did not seem to observe this affront—nor was it done as an affront—it was merely what poor Sandford could not help; for he felt that he could not shake hands with him.

Rushbrook soon learned the news that Matilda was gone; and Elmwood House was to him a desert—he saw there no real friend of hers, except poor Sandford, and to him, Rushbrook knew himself now more displeasing than ever; and all his overtures of atonement, he, at this time, found more and more ineffectual. Matilda was exiled; and her supposed triumphant rival was, to Sandford, odious beyond what he had ever been.

In alleviation of their banishment, Miss Woodley, with her charge, had not returned to their old retreat; but were gone to a farm-house, not farther than thirty miles from Lord Elmwood's: here Sandford, with little inconvenience, visited them; nor did his patron ever take notice of his occasional absence: for as he had before given his daughter, in some measure, to his charge, so honour, delicacy, and the common ties of duty, made him approve, rather than condemn his attention to her.

Though Sandford's frequent visits soothed Matilda, they could not comfort her; for he had no consolation to bestow that was suited to her mind—her father having given no one token of regret for what he had done. He had even inquired sternly of Giffard on his returning home,

"If Miss Woodley had left the house?"

The steward guessing the whole of his meaning, answered, "Yes, my lord; and all your commands in that respect have been obeyed."

He replied, "I am satisfied." And, to the grief of the old man, he appeared really so.

To the farm-house, the place of Matilda's residence, there came, besides Sandford, another visitor far less welcome—Viscount Margrave. He had heard with surprise, and still greater joy, that Lord Elmwood had once more closed his doors against his daughter. In this her discarded state, he no longer burthened his lively imagination with the dull thoughts of marriage, but once more formed the barbarous design of making her his mistress.

Ignorant of a certain decorum which attended all Lord Elmwood's actions, he suspected that his child might be in want; and an acquaintance with the worst part of her sex informed him, that relief from poverty was the sure bargain of his success. With these hopes, he again paid Miss Woodley and her a visit; but the coldness of the former, and the haughtiness of the latter, still kept him at a distance, and again made him fear to give one allusion to his purpose:—but he returned home resolved to write what he durst not speak

—he did so—he offered his services, his purse, his house—they were rejected with disdain, and a stronger prohibition than ever given to his visits.

CHAPTER XLV.

LORD Elmwood had now allowed Rushbrook a long vacation, in respect to his answer upon the subject of marriage; and the young man vainly imagined, his intentions upon that subject were entirely given up. One morning, however, as he was with him in the library,

“Henry”—said his uncle, with a pause at the beginning of his speech, which indicated that he was going to say something of importance, “Henry—you have not forgot the discourse I had with you a little time previous to your illness?”

Henry paused too—for he wished to have forgotten it—but it was too strongly impressed upon his memory. Lord Elmwood resumed.

“What! equivocating again, sir!—Do you remember it, or do you not?”—

“Yes, my lord, I do.”

“And are you prepared to give me an answer?”

Rushbrook paused again.

“In our former conversation,” continued the earl, “I gave you but a week to determine—there has, I think, elapsed since that time, half a year.”

“About as much, sir.”

“Then surely you have now made up your mind?”

“I had done that at first, my lord—if it had met with your concurrence.”

“You wished to lead a bachelor’s life, I think you said?”

Rushbrook bowed.

“Contrary to my will?”

“No, my lord, I wished to have your approbation.”

“And you wished for my approbation of the very opposite thing to that which I proposed?—But I am not surprised—such is the ingratitude of the world—and such is yours.”

“My lord, if you doubt my gratitude——”

“Give me a proof of it, Harry, and I will doubt no longer.”

“Upon every other subject but this, my lord, heaven is my witness that your desires——”

Lord Elmwood interrupted him. “I understand you—upon every other subject, but the only one which my content requires, you are ready to obey me. I thank you.”

“My lord, do not torture me with this suspicion; it is so contrary to my deserts, that I cannot bear it.”

“Suspicion of your ingratitude!—you judge too favourably of my opinion—it amounts to certainty.”

“Then to convince you, sir, I am not ungrateful—tell me who the lady is you have chosen for

me, and here I give you my word, I will sacrifice all my future prospects of happiness—all, for which I would wish to live—and become her husband as soon as you shall appoint.”

This was spoken with a tone so expressive of despair, that Lord Elmwood replied,

“And while you obey me, you take care to let me know, it will cost you your future peace. This is, I suppose, to enhance the merit of the obligation—but I shall not accept your acquiescence on these terms.”

“Then in dispensing with it, I hope for your pardon.”

“Do you suppose, Rushbrook, I can pardon an offence, the sole foundation of which arises from a spirit of disobedience;—for you have declared to me your affections are disengaged. In our last conversation did you not say so?”

“At first I did, my lord—but you permitted me to consult my heart more closely; and I have since found that I was mistaken.”

“You then own you at first told me a falsehood, and yet have all this time, kept me in suspense without confessing it.”

“I waited, my lord, till you should inquire——”

“You have then, sir, waited too long,” and the fire flashed from his eyes.

Rushbrook now found himself in that perilous state, that admitted of no medium of resentment, but by such dastardly conduct on his part, as would wound both his truth and courage;—and thus, animated by his danger, he was resolved to plunge boldly at once into the depth of his patron’s anger.

“My lord,” said he, (but he did not undertake this task without sustaining the trembling and convulsion of his whole frame), “My lord—waiving for a moment the subject of my marriage—permit me to remind you, that when I was upon my sick bed, you promised, that on my recovery, you would listen to a petition I should offer to you.”

“Let me recollect,” replied he. “Yes—I do remember something of it. But I said nothing to warrant any improper petition.”

“Its impropriety was not named, my lord.”

“No matter—that, you must judge of, and answer for the consequences.”

“I would answer with my life, willingly—but I own that I shrink from your displeasure.”

“Then do not provoke it.”

“I have already gone too far to recede—and you would of course demand an explanation, if I attempted to stop here.”

“I should.”

“Then, my lord, I am bound to speak—but do not interrupt me—hear me out, before you banish me from your presence for ever.”

“I will, sir,” replied he, prepared to hear something that would excite his resentment, and yet determined to hear with patience to the conclusion.

“Then, my lord,”—cried Rushbrook, in the

greatest agitation of mind and body, "Your daughter?"—

The resolution Lord Elmwood had taken (and on which he had given his word to his nephew not to interrupt him) immediately gave way. The colour rose in his face—his eye darted lightning—and his hand was lifted up with the emotion that word had created.

"You promised to hear me, my lord," cried Rushbrook, "and I claim your promise."

He now suddenly overcame his violence of passion, and stood silent and resigned to hear him; but with a determined look, expressive of the vengeance that should ensue.

"Lady Matilda," resumed Rushbrook, "is an object that wrests from me the enjoyment of every blessing your kindness bestows. I cannot but feel myself as her adversary—as one, who has supplanted her in your affections—who supplies her place, while she is exiled, a wanderer, and an orphan."

The earl took his eyes from Rushbrook, during this last sentence, and cast them on the floor.

"If I feel gratitude towards you, my lord," continued he, "gratitude is innate in my heart, and I must always feel it towards *her* who first introduced me to your protection."

Again the colour flew to Lord Elmwood's face; and again he could hardly restrain himself from uttering his indignation.

"It was the mother of Lady Matilda," continued Rushbrook, "who was this friend to me; nor will I ever think of marriage, or any other joyful prospect, while you abandon the only child of my beloved patroness, and load me with rights which belong to her."

Here Rushbrook stopped—Lord Elmwood was silent too, for near half a minute; but still his countenance continued fixed with his unvaried resolves.

After this long pause, the earl said with composure, which denoted firmness, "Have you finished, Mr. Rushbrook?"

"All that I dare to utter, my lord; and I fear, I have already said too much."

Rushbrook now trembled more than ever, and looked pale as death; for the ardour of speaking being over, he waited his sentence, with less constancy of mind than he expected he should.

"You disapprove my conduct, it seems," said Lord Elmwood; "and in that, you are but like the rest of the world—and yet, among all my acquaintance, you are the only one who has dared to insult me with your opinion. And this you have not done inadvertently; but willingly and deliberately. But as it has been my fate to be used ill, and severed from all those persons to whom my soul has been most attached, with less regret I can part from you, than if this were my first trial."

There was a truth and a pathetic sound in the utterance of these words, that struck Rushbrook to the heart—and he beheld himself as a barbarian,

who had treated his benevolent and only friend with insufferable liberty; void of respect for those corroding sorrows which had embittered so many years of his life, and in open violation of his most peremptory commands. He felt that he deserved all he was going to suffer, and he fell upon his knees; not so much to deprecate the doom he saw impending, as thus humbly to acknowledge it was his due.

Lord Elmwood, irritated by this posture, as a sign of the presumptuous hope that he might be forgiven, suffered now his anger to burst all bounds; and raising his voice, he exclaimed with rage,

"Leave my house, sir. Leave my house instantly, and seek some other home."

Just as these words were begun, Sandford opened the library door, was witness to them, and to the imploring situation of Rushbrook. He stood silent with amazement!

Rushbrook arose, and feeling in his mind a pre-sage, that he might never from that hour behold his benefactor more; as he bowed in token of obedience to his commands, a shower of tears covered his face;—but Lord Elmwood, unmoved, fixed his eyes upon him, which pursued him with enraged looks to the end of the room. Here he had to pass Sandford; who for the first time in his life, took hold of him by the hand, and said to Lord Elmwood, "My lord, what's the matter?"

"That ungrateful villain," cried he, "has dared to insult me. Leave my house this moment, sir."

Rushbrook made an effort to go, but Sandford still held his hand; and meekly said to Lord Elmwood,

"He is but a boy, my lord, and do not give him the punishment of a man."

Rushbrook now snatched his hand from Sandford's, and threw it with himself upon his neck; where he indeed sobbed like a boy.

"You are both in league," exclaimed Lord Elmwood.

"Do you suspect me of partiality to Mr. Rushbrook?" said Sandford, advancing nearer to the earl.

Rushbrook had now gained the point of remaining in the room; but the hope that privilege inspired (while he still harboured all the just apprehensions for his fate) gave birth, perhaps, to a more exquisite sensation of pain than despair would have done. He stood silent—confounded—hoping that he was forgiven—fearing that he was not.

As Sandford approached still nearer to Lord Elmwood, he continued, "No, my lord, I know you do not suspect me of partiality to Mr. Rushbrook—has any part of my behaviour discovered it?"

"You now then only interfere to irritate me."

"If that were the case," returned Sandford, "there have been occasions when I might have

done it more effectually—when my own heart-strings were breaking, because I would not irritate, or add to what you suffered.”

“I am obliged to you, Mr. Sandford :” he returned, mildly and thankfully.

“And if, my lord, I have proved any merit in a late forbearance, reward me for it now ; and take this young man from the depth of sorrow, in which I see he is sunk, and say you pardon him.”

Lord Elmwood made no answer—and Rushbrook, drawing strong inference of hope from his silence, lifted up his eyes from the ground, and ventured to look in his face: he found it serene to what it had been, but still strongly marked with agitation. He cast his eyes away again, in shame and confusion.

On which his uncle said to him—“I shall postpone the exacting of your obedience to my late orders, till you think fit once more to provoke them—and then, not even Sandford shall dare to plead your excuse.”

Rushbrook bowed.

“Go, leave the room, sir.”

He instantly obeyed.

Then Sandford, turning to Lord Elmwood, shook him by the hand, and cried, “My lord, I thank you—I thank you very kindly, my lord—I shall now begin to think I have some weight with you.”

“You might indeed think so, did you know how much I have pardoned.”

“What was his offence, my lord ?”

“Such as I would not have forgiven you, or any earthly being besides himself—but while you were speaking in his behalf, I recollected there was a gratitude so extraordinary in the hazards he ran, that almost made him pardonable.”

“I guess the subject then,” cried Sandford ; “and yet I could not have supposed”——

“It is a subject we cannot speak on, Sandford, therefore let us drop it.”

At these words the discourse concluded.

CHAPTER XLVII.

To the relief of Rushbrook, Lord Elmwood that day dined from home, and he had not the confusion to see him again till the evening. Previous to this, Sandford and he met at dinner ; but as the attendants were present, nothing passed on either side respecting the incident in the morning. Rushbrook, from the peril which had so lately threatened him, was now in his perfectly cool and dispassionate senses ; and notwithstanding the real tenderness which he bore to the daughter of his benefactor, he was not insensible to the comfort of finding himself once more in the possession of all those enjoyments he had forfeited, and for a moment lost.

As he reflected on this, to Sandford he felt the

first tie of acknowledgment—but for his compassion, he knew he should have been at that very time of their meeting at dinner, away from Elmwood house for ever, and bearing on his mind a still more painful recollection, the burthen of his kind patron’s continual displeasure. Filled with these thoughts, all the time of dinner, he could scarce look at his companion without tears of gratitude ; and whenever he attempted to speak to him, gratitude choked his utterance.

Sandford, on his part, behaved just the same as ever ; and to show he did not wish to remind Rushbrook of what he had done, he was just as uncivil as ever.

Among other things he said, “He did not know Lord Elmwood dined from home ; for, if he had, he should have dined in his own apartment.”

Rushbrook was still more obliged to him for all this ; and the weight of obligations with which he was oppressed made him long for an opportunity to relieve himself by expressions. As soon, therefore, as the servants were all withdrawn, he began :

“Mr. Sandford, whatever has been your opinion of me, I take pride to myself, that in my sentiments towards you, I have always distinguished you for that humane, disinterested character, you have this day proved.”

“Humane and disinterested,” replied Sandford, “are flattering epithets indeed, for an old man going out of the world, and who can have no temptation to be otherwise.”

“Then suffer me to call your actions generous and compassionate, for they have saved me——”

“I know, young man,” cried Sandford, interrupting him, “you are glad at what I have done, and that you find a gratification in telling me you are ; but it is a gratification I will not indulge you with—therefore say another sentence on the subject, and” (rising from his seat) “I’ll leave the room, and never come into your company again, whatever your uncle may say to it.”

Rushbrook saw by the solemnity of his countenance, he was serious, and positively assured him he would never thank him more : on which Sandford took his seat again, but he still frowned, and it was many minutes before he conquered his ill humour. As his countenance became less sour, Rushbrook fell from some general topics he had eagerly started in order to appease him, and said,

“How hard is it to restrain conversation from the subject of our thoughts ; and yet amidst our dearest friends, and among persons who have the same dispositions and sentiments as our own, their minds, too, fixed upon the self-same objects, this constraint is practised—and thus, society, which was meant for one of our greatest blessings, becomes insipid, nay, often more wearisome than solitude.”

“I think, young man,” replied Sandford, “you

have made pretty free with your speech to-day, and ought not to complain of the want of toleration on that score."

"I do complain," replied Rushbrook; "for if toleration were more frequent, the favour of obtaining it would be less."

"And your pride, I suppose, is above receiving a favour."

"Never from those I esteem; and to convince you of it, I wish this moment to request a favour of you."

"I dare say I shall refuse it. However, what is it?"

"Permit me to speak to you upon the subject of Lady Matilda?"

Sandford made no answer, consequently did not forbid him—and he proceeded.

"For her sake—as I suppose Lord Elmwood may have told you—I this morning rashly threw myself into the predicament from whence you released me—for her sake I have suffered much—for her sake I have hazarded a great deal, and am still ready to hazard more."

"But for your own sake do not," returned Sandford, dryly.

"You may laugh at these sentiments as romantic, Mr. Sandford, but if they are, to me they are nevertheless natural."

"But of what service are they to be either to her or to yourself?"

"To me they are painful, and to her would be but impertinent, were she to know them."

"I shan't inform her of them, so do not trouble yourself to caution me against it."

"I was not going—you know I was not—but I was going to say, that from no one so well as from you, could she be told my sentiments, without the danger of receiving offence."

"And what impression do you wish to give her, from her becoming acquainted with them?"

"The impression, that she has one sincere friend: that upon every occurrence in life, there is a heart so devoted to all she feels that she never can suffer without the sympathy of another: or can ever command him, and all his fortunes to unite for her welfare, without his ready, his immediate compliance."

"And do you imagine, that any of your professions, or any of her necessities, would ever prevail upon her to put you to the trial?"

"Perhaps not."

"What then are the motives which induce you to wish her to be told of this?"

Rushbrook hesitated.

"Do you think," continued Sandford, "the intelligence will give her any satisfaction?"

"Perhaps not."

"Will it be of any to yourself?"

"The highest in the world."

"And so all you have been urging upon this occasion, is at last, only to please yourself?"

"You wrong my meaning—it is her merit

which inspires me with the desire of being known to her—it is her sufferings, her innocence, her beauty——"

Sandford stared—Rushbrook proceeded: "It is her——"

"Nay, stop where you are," cried Sandford; "you are arrived at the zenith of perfection in a woman, and to add one qualification more would be an anticlimax."

"Oh!" cried Rushbrook with warmth, "I loved her before I ever beheld her."

"Loved her!" cried Sandford, with marks of astonishment, "You are talking of what you did not intend."

"I am, indeed," returned he in confusion: "I fell by accident on the word love."

"And by the same accident stumbled on the word beauty; and thus by accident am I come to the truth of all your professions."

Rushbrook knew that he loved; and though his affection had sprung from the most laudable motives, yet was he ashamed of it, as of a vice:—he rose, he walked about the room, and he did not look Sandford in the face for a quarter of an hour:—Sandford, satisfied that he had judged rightly, and yet unwilling to be too hard upon a passion, which he readily believed must have had many noble virtues for its foundation, now got up and went away,—without saying a word in censure, though not a word in approbation.

It was in the month of October, and just dark, at the time Rushbrook was left alone, yet in the agitation of his mind, arising from the subject on which he had been talking, he found it impossible to remain in the house, and therefore walked into the fields;—but there was another instigation, more powerful than the necessity of walking—it was the allurements of passing along that path where he had last seen Lady Matilda, and where, for the only time, she condescended to speak to him divested of haughtiness; and with a gentleness that dwelt upon his memory beyond all her other endowments.

Here he retraced his own steps repeatedly, his whole imagination engrossed with her idea, till the sound of his father's carriage returning from his visit roused him, from the delusion of his trance, to the dread of the embarrassment he should endure on next meeting him. He hoped Sandford might be present, and yet he was now almost as much ashamed of seeing him as his uncle, whom he had so lately offended.

Loath to leave the spot where he was, as to enter the house, he remained there till he considered it would be ill manners, in his present humiliated situation, not to show himself at the usual supper hour, which was now nearly arrived.

As he laid his hand upon the door of the apartment to open it, he was sorry to hear, by Lord Elmwood's voice, he was in the room before him; for there was something much more conspicuously distressing in entering where he already was,

than had his uncle come in after him. He found himself, however, reassured, by overhearing the earl laugh and speak in a tone expressive of the utmost good humour to Sandford, who was with him.

Yet again he felt all the awkwardness of his own situation; but, making one courageous effort, opened the door and entered. Lord Elmwood had been away half the day, had dined abroad, and it was necessary to take some notice of his return; Rushbrook, therefore, bowed humbly, and, what was more to his advantage, he looked humbly. His uncle made a slight return to the salutation, but continued the recital he had begun to Sandford;—than sat down to the supper table—supped—and passed the whole evening without saying a syllable, or even casting a look, in remembrance of what had passed in the morning. Or if there was any token, that showed he remembered the circumstance at all, it was the putting his glass to his nephew's, when Rushbrook called for wine, and drinking at the time he did.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE repulse Lord Margrave received, did not diminish the ardour of his pursuit; for as he was no longer afraid of resentment from the earl, whatever treatment his daughter might receive, he was determined the anger of Lady Matilda, or of her female friend, should not impede his pretensions.

Having taken this resolution, he laid the plan of an open violation of laws both human and divine; and he determined to bear away that prize by force, which no art was likely to procure. He concerted with two of his favourite companions, but their advice was, "One struggle more of fair means." This was totally against his inclination; for he had much rather have encountered the piercing cries of a female in the last agonies of distress, than the fatigue of her sentimental harangues, or elegant reproofs, such as he had the sense to understand, but not the capacity to answer.

Stimulated, however, by his friends to one more trial, in spite of the formal dismission he had twice received, he intruded another visit on Lady Matilda at the farm. Provoked beyond bearing at such unfeeling assurance, Matilda refused to come into the room where he was, and Miss Woodley alone received him, and expressed her surprise at the little attention he had paid to her explicit desire.

"Madam," replied the nobleman, "to be plain with you, I am in love."

"I do not the least doubt it, my lord," replied Miss Woodley: "nor ought you to doubt the truth of what I advance, when I assure you, that you have not the smallest reason to hope your

love will be returned; for Lady Matilda is resolved never to listen to your passion."

"That man," he replied, "is to blame, who can relinquish his hopes upon the mere resolution of a lady."

"And that lady would be wrong," replied Miss Woodley, "who should entrust her happiness in the care of a man who can think thus meanly of her and of her sex."

"I think highly of them all," he replied; "and to convince you in how high an estimation I hold her in particular, my whole fortune is at her command."

"Your entire absence from this house, my lord, she would consider as a much greater mark of your respect."

A long conversation, as uninteresting as the foregoing, ensued: when the unexpected arrival of Mr. Sandford put an end to it. He started at the sight of Lord Margrave; but the viscount was much more affected at the sight of him.

"My lord," said Sandford boldly to him, "have you received any encouragement from Lady Matilda to authorize this visit?"

"None, upon my honour, Mr. Sandford; but I hope you know how to pardon a lover!"

"A rational one I do—but you, my lord, are not of that class while you persecute the pretended object of your affection."

"Do you call it persecution that I once offered her a share of my title and fortune—and even now, declare my fortune to be at her disposal?"

Sandford was uncertain whether he understood his meaning—but Lord Margrave, provoked at his ill reception, felt a triumph in removing his doubts, and proceeded thus:

"For the discarded daughter of Lord Elmwood cannot expect the same proposals which I made, while she was acknowledged, and under the protection of her father."

"What proposals then, my lord?" asked Sandford hastily.

"Such," replied he, "as the Duke of Avon made to her mother."

Miss Woodley quitted the room that instant. But Sandford, who never felt resentment but against those in whom he saw some virtue, calmly replied,

"My lord, the Duke of Avon was a gentleman, a man of elegance and breeding; and what have you to offer in recompense for your defects in qualities like these?"

"My wealth," replied he, "opposed to her indifference."

Sandford smiled, and answered,

"Do you suppose that wealth can be esteemed, which has not been able to make you respectable? What is it makes wealth valuable?—Is it the pleasures of the table? the pleasure of living in a fine house? or of wearing fine clothes?—These are pleasures a lord enjoys but in common with his valet. It is the pleasure of being conspicu-

ous, which makes riches desirable; but if we are conspicuous only for our vice and folly, had we not better remain in poverty?"

"You are beneath my notice."

"I trust I shall continue so—and that your lordship will never again condescend to come where I am."

"A man of rank condescends to mix with any society, when a pretty woman is the object."

"My lord, I have a book here in my pocket, which I am eager to read; it is an author who speaks sense and reason—will you pardon the impatience I feel for such company; and permit me to call your carriage?"

Saying this, he went hastily and beckoned to the coachman; the carriage drove up, the door was opened, and Lord Margrave, ashamed to be exposed before his attendants, and convinced of the inutility of remaining any longer where he was, departed.

Sandford was soon joined by the ladies; and the conversation falling, of course, on the nobleman who had just taken his leave, Sandford unwarily exclaimed, "I wish Rushbrook had been here."

"Who?" cried Lady Matilda.

"I do believe," said Miss Woodley, "that young man has some good qualities."

"A great many," returned Sandford, mutteringly.

"Happy young man!" cried Matilda: "he is beloved by all those whose affection it would be my choice to possess, beyond any other blessing this world could bestow."

"And yet I question, if Rushbrook be happy," said Sandford.

"He cannot be otherwise," returned Matilda, "if he is a man of understanding."

"He does not want understanding neither," replied Sandford; "although he has certainly many indiscretions."

"But which Lord Elmwood, I suppose," said Matilda, "looks upon with tenderness."

"Not upon all his faults," answered Sandford; "for I have seen him in very dangerous circumstances with your father."

"Have you indeed?" cried Matilda: "then I pity him."

"And I believe," said Miss Woodley, "that from his heart, he compassionates you. Now, Mr. Sandford," continued she, "though this is the first time I ever heard you speak in his favour (and I once thought as indifferently of Mr. Rushbrook as you can do), yet now I will venture to ask you, whether you do not think he wishes Lady Matilda much happier than she is?"

"I have heard him say so," answered Sandford.

"It is a subject," returned Lady Matilda, "which I did not imagine you, Mr. Sandford, would have permitted him to have mentioned lightly, in your presence."

"Lightly!—Do you suppose, my dear, we turned your situation into ridicule?"

"No, sir,—but there is a sort of humiliation in the grief to which I am doomed, that ought surely to be treated with the highest degree of delicacy by my friends."

"I don't know on what point you fix real delicacy; but if it consists in sorrow, the young man gives a proof he possesses it, for he shed tears when I last heard him mention your name."

"I have more cause to weep at the mention of his."

"Perhaps, so—But let me tell you, Lady Matilda, that your father might have preferred a more unworthy object."

"Still had he been to me," she cried, "an object of envy. And as I frankly confess my envy of Mr. Rushbrook, I hope you will pardon my malice, which is, you know, but a consequent crime."

The subject now turned again upon Lord Margrave; and all of them being firmly persuaded, this last reception would put an end to every further intrusion from him, they treated his pretensions, and himself, with the contempt they inspired—but not with the caution that was requisite.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE next morning early, Mr. Sandford returned to Elmwood House, but with his spirits depressed, and his heart overcharged with sorrow. He had seen Lady Matilda, the object of his visit, but he had beheld her considerably altered in her looks and in her health;—she was become very thin, and instead of the vivid bloom that used to adorn her cheeks, her whole complexion was of a deadly pale—her countenance no longer expressed hope or fear, but a fixed melancholy—she shed no tears, but was all sadness. He had beheld this, and he had heard her insulted by the licentious proposals of a nobleman, from whom there was no satisfaction to be demanded, because she had no friend to vindicate her honour.

Rushbrook, who suspected where Sandford was gone, and imagined he would return on the following day, took his morning's ride, so as to meet him on the road, at the distance of a few miles from the castle; for, since his perilous situation with Lord Elmwood, he was so fully convinced of the general philanthropy of Sandford's character, that in spite of his churlish manners, he now addressed him, free from that reserve to which his rough behaviour had formerly given birth. And Sandford, on his part, believing he had formed an illiberal idea of Lord Elmwood's heir, though he took no pains to let him know that his opinion was changed, yet resolved to make him restitution upon every occasion that offered.

Their mutual greetings, when they met, were unceremonious, but cordial; and Rushbrook turned his horse and rode back with Sandford;—yet, intimidated by his respect and tenderness for Lady Matilda, rather than by fear of the rebuffs of his companion, he had not the courage to name her till the ride was just finished, and they came within a few yards of the house—incited then by the apprehension, he might not soon again enjoy so fit an opportunity, he said,

"Pardon me, Mr. Sandford, if I guess where you have been, and if my curiosity forces me to inquire for Miss Woodley's and Lady Matilda's health?"

He named Miss Woodley first, to prolong the time before he mentioned Matilda: for though to name her gave him extreme pleasure, yet it was a pleasure accompanied by confusion and pain.

"They are both very well," replied Sandford, "at least they did not complain they were sick."

"They are not in spirits, I suppose?" said Rushbrook.

"No, indeed," replied Sandford, shaking his head.

"No new misfortune has happened, I hope?" cried Rushbrook; for it was plain to see Sandford's spirits were unusually cast down.

"Nothing new," returned he, "except the insolence of a young nobleman."

"What nobleman?" cried Rushbrook.

"A lover of Lady Matilda's," replied Sandford.

Rushbrook was petrified. "Who? What lover, Mr. Sandford?—explain."

"They were now arrived at the house; and Sandford, without making any reply to this question, said to the servant who took his horse, "She has come a long way this morning; take care of her."

This interruption was torture to Rushbrook, who kept close to his side, in order to obtain a further explanation; but Sandford, without attending to him, walked negligently into the hall, and before they advanced many steps, they were met by Lord Elmwood.

All further information was put an end to for the present.

"How do you do, Sandford?" said Lord Elmwood with extreme kindness; as if he thanked him for the journey which, it was likely, he suspected he had been taking.

"I am indifferently well, my lord," replied he, with a face of deep concern, and a tear in his eye, partly in gratitude for his patron's civility, and partly in reproach for his cruelty.

It was not now till the evening, that Rushbrook had an opportunity of renewing the conversation, which had been so painfully interrupted.

In the evening, no longer able to support the suspense into which he was thrown; without fear or shame, he followed Sandford into his chamber at the time of his retiring, and entreated of him,

with all the anxiety he suffered, to explain his allusion, when he talked of a lover, and of insolence to Lady Matilda.

Sandford, seeing his emotion, was angry with himself that he had inadvertently mentioned the circumstance; and putting on an air of surly importance, desired,—if he had any business with him, that he would call in the morning.

Exasperated at so unexpected a reception, and at the pain of his disappointment, Rushbrook replied, "He treated him cruelly, nor would he stir out of his room, till he had received a satisfactory answer to his question."

"Then bring your bed," replied Sandford, "for you may pass the whole night here."

He found it vain to think of obtaining any intelligence by threats, he therefore said in a timid and persuasive manner,

"Did you, Mr. Sandford, hear Lady Matilda mention my name?"

"Yes," replied Sandford, a little better reconciled to him.

"Did you tell her what I lately declared to you?" he asked with still more diffidence.

"No," replied Sandford.

"It is very well, sir," returned he, vexed to the heart—yet again wishing to sooth him—

"You certainly, Mr. Sandford, know what is for the best—yet I entreat you will give me some further account of the nobleman you named?"

"I know what is for the best," replied Sandford, "and I won't."

Rushbrook bowed, and immediately left the room. He went apparently submissive, but the moment he showed this submission, he took the resolution of paying a visit himself to the farm at which Lady Matilda resided; and of learning, either from Miss Woodley, the people of the house, the neighbours, or perhaps from Lady Matilda's own lips, the secret which the obstinacy of Sandford had withheld.

He saw all the dangers of this undertaking, but none appeared so great as the danger of losing her he loved, by the influence of a rival—and though Sandford had named "insolence," he was in doubt whether what had appeared so to him, was so in reality, or would be so considered by her.

To prevent the cause of his absence being suspected by Lord Elmwood, he immediately called his groom, ordered his horse, and giving those servants concerned a strict charge of secrecy, with some frivolous pretence to apologize for his not being present at breakfast (resolving to be back by dinner) he set off that night, and arrived at an inn about a mile from the farm at break of day.

The joy he felt, when he found himself so near to the beloved object of his journey, made him thank Sandford in his heart, for the unkindness which had sent him thither. But new difficulties arose, how to accomplish the end for which he came;—he learned from the people of the inn, that a lord, with a fine equipage, had visited at the

farm, but who he was, or for what purpose he went, no one could inform him.

Dreading to return with his doubts unsatisfied, and yet afraid of proceeding to extremities that might be construed into presumption, he walked disconsolately (almost distractedly) across the fields, looking repeatedly at his watch, and wishing the time would stand still, till he was ready to go back with his errand completed.

Every field he passed brought him nearer to the house on which his imagination was fixed; but how, without forfeiting every appearance of that respect which he so powerfully felt, could he attempt to enter it?—he saw the indecorum, resolved not to be guilty of it, and yet walked on till he was within but a small orchard of the door. Could he then retreat?—he wished he could; but he found that he had proceeded too far to be any longer master of himself. The time was urgent; he must either behold her, and venture her displeasure, or, by diffidence during one moment, give up all his hopes, perhaps for ever.

With that same disregard to consequences, which actuated him when he dared to supplicate Lord Elmwood in his daughter's behalf, he at length went eagerly to the door and rapped.

A servant came—he asked to “speak with Miss Woodley, if she was quite alone.”

He was shown into an apartment, and Miss Woodley entered to him.

She started when she beheld who it was; but as he did not see a frown upon her face, he caught hold of her hand, and said persuasively,

“Do not be offended with me. If I mean to offend you, may I forfeit my life in atonement.”

Poor Miss Woodley, glad in her solitude to see any one from Elmwood House, forgot his visit was an offence, till he put her in mind of it; she then said, with some reserve,

“Tell me the purport of your coming, sir, and perhaps I may have no reason to complain.”

“It was to see Lady Matilda,” he replied, “or to hear of her health. It was to offer her my services—it was, Miss Woodley, to convince her, if possible, of my esteem.”

“Had you no other method, sir?” said Miss Woodley, with the same reserve.

“None,” replied he, “or with joy I should have embraced it: and if you can inform me of any other, tell me I beseech you instantly, and I will immediately be gone, and pursue your directions.”

Miss Woodley hesitated.

“You know of no other means, Miss Woodley?” he cried.

“And yet I cannot commend this,” said she.

“Nor do I. Do not imagine, because you see me here, that I approve of my visit; but reduced to this necessity, pity the motives that have urged it.”

Miss Woodley did pity them; but as she would not own that she did, she could think of nothing else to say.

At this instant a bell rang from the chamber above.

“That is Lady Matilda's bell,” said Miss Woodley; “she is coming to take a short walk. Do you wish to see her?”

Though it was the first wish of his heart, he paused, and said, “Will you plead my excuse?”

As the flight of stairs was but short, which Matilda had to come down, she was in the room with Miss Woodley and Mr. Rushbrook, just as that sentence ended.

She had stepped beyond the door of the apartment, when, perceiving a visitor, she hastily withdrew.

Rushbrook, animated, though trembling at her presence, cried, “Lady Matilda, do not avoid me, till you know that I deserve such a punishment.”

She immediately saw who it was, and returned back with a proper pride, and yet a proper politeness in her manner.

“I beg your pardon, sir,” said she, “I did not know you; I was afraid I intruded upon Miss Woodley and a stranger.”

“You do not then consider me as a stranger, Lady Matilda? and that you do not requires my warmest acknowledgments.”

She sat down, as if overcome by ill spirits and ill health.

Miss Woodley now asked Rushbrook to sit—for till now she had not.

“No, madam,” replied he, with confusion, “not unless Lady Matilda gives me permission.”

She smiled, and pointed to a chair—and all the kindness which Rushbrook during his whole life had received from Lord Elmwood never inspired half the gratitude which this one instance of civility from his daughter excited.

He sat down with the confession of the obligation upon every feature of his face.

“I am not well, Mr. Rushbrook,” said Matilda, languidly; “and you must excuse any want of etiquette at this house.”

“Will you excuse me, madam, what can I have to complain of?”

She appeared absent while he was speaking, and turning to Miss Woodley, said, “Do you think I had better walk to-day?”

“No, my dear,” answered Miss Woodley; “the ground is damp, and the air cold.”

“You are not well, indeed, Lady Matilda,” said Rushbrook, gazing upon her with the most tender respect.

She shook her head; and the tears, without any effort either to impel or to restrain them, ran down her face.

Rushbrook rose from his seat, and with an accent and manner the most expressive, said, “We are cousins, Lady Matilda—in our infancy we were brought up together—we were beloved by the same mother—fostered by the same father”—

“Oh! oh!” cried she, interrupting him, with a tone which indicated the bitterest anguish.

"Nay, do not let me add to your uneasiness," he resumed, "while I am attempting to alleviate it. Instruct me what I can do to show my esteem and respect, rather than permit me thus unguided, to rush upon what you may construe into insult and arrogance."

Miss Woodley went to Matilda, took her hand, then wiped the tears from her eyes, while Matilda reclined against her, entirely regardless of Rushbrook's presence.

"If I have been in the least instrumental to this sorrow," said Rushbrook, with a face as much agitated as his mind.

"No," said Miss Woodley, in a low voice, "you have not—she is often thus."

"Yes," said Matilda, raising her head, "I am frequently so weak that I cannot resist the smallest incitement to grief. But do not make your visit long, Mr. Rushbrook," she continued, "for I was just then thinking, that should Lord Elmwood hear of this attention which you have paid me, it might be fatal to you." Here she wept again, as bitterly as before.

"There is no probability of his hearing of it, madam," Rushbrook replied; "or if there was, I am persuaded that he would not resent it; for yesterday, when I am confident he knew that Mr. Sandford had been to see you, he received him on his return, with unusual marks of kindness."

"Did he?" said she—and again she lifted up her head; her eyes for a moment beaming with hope and joy.

"There is something which we cannot yet define," said Rushbrook, "that Lord Elmwood struggles with; but when time shall have eradicated"—

Before he could proceed further, Matilda was once more sunk into despondency, and scarce attended to what he was saying.

Miss Woodley observing this, said, "Mr. Rushbrook, let it be a token, we shall be glad to see you hereafter, that I now use the freedom to beg you will put an end to your visit."

"You send me away, madam," returned he, "with the warmest thanks for the reception you have given me; and this last assurance of your kindness is beyond any other favour you could have bestowed. Lady Matilda," added he, "suffer me to take your hand at parting, and let it be a testimony that you acknowledge me for a relation."

She put out her hand, which he knelt to receive, but did not raise it to his lips—he held the boon too sacred—and looking earnestly upon it, as it lay pale and wan in his, he breathed one sigh over it, and withdrew.

CHAPTER L.

SORROWFUL and affecting as this interview had been, Rushbrook, as he rode home, reflected upon

it with the most inordinate delight; and had he not seen decline of health, in the looks and behaviour of Lady Matilda, his felicity had been unbounded. Entranced in the happiness of her society, the thought of his rival never came once to his mind while he was with her; a want of recollection, however, he by no means regretted, as her whole appearance contradicted every suspicion he could possibly entertain, that she favoured the addresses of any man living—and had he remembered, he would not have dared to name the subject.

The time ran so swiftly while he was away, that it was beyond the dinner hour at Elmwood House when he returned.—Heated, his dress and his hair disordered, he entered the dining room just as the desert was put upon the table. He was confounded at his own appearance, and at the falsehoods he should be obliged to fabricate in his excuse: there was yet that which engaged his attention, beyond any circumstance relating to himself—the features of Lord Elmwood—of which his daughter's, whom he had just beheld, had the most striking resemblance; though hers were softened by sorrow, while his were made austere by the self-same cause.

"Where have you been?" said his uncle with a frown.

"A chase, my lord—I beg your pardon—but a pack of dogs I unexpectedly met."—For in the hackneyed art of lying without injury to any one, Rushbrook, to his shame, was proficient.

His excuses were received, and the subject ceased.

During his absence that day, Lord Elmwood had called Sandford apart, and said to him,—that as the malevolence which he once observed between him and Rushbrook had, he perceived, subsided, he advised him, if he was a well-wisher to the young man, to sound his heart, and counsel him not to act against the will of his nearest relation and friend.—"I myself am too hasty," continued Lord Elmwood, "and, unhappily, too much determined upon what I have once (though, perhaps, rashly) said, to speak upon a topic where it is probable I shall meet with opposition. You, Sandford, can reason with moderation. For after all that I have done for my nephew, it would be a pity to forsake him at last; and yet, that is but too likely, if he should provoke me to it."

"Sir," replied Sandford, "I will speak to him."

"Yet," added Lord Elmwood, sternly, "do not urge what you say for my sake, but for his own—I can part from him with ease—but he may then repent, and, you know, repentance always comes too late with me."

"My lord, I will exert all the efforts in my power for his welfare. But what is the subject on which he refused to comply with your desires?"

"Matrimony—have not I told you?"

"Not a word."

"I wish him to marry, that I may then conclude the deeds in respect to my estate—and the only child of Sir William Winterton (a rich heiress) was the wife I meant to propose; but from his indifference to all I have said on the occasion, I have not yet mentioned her name to him; you may."

"I will, my lord, and use all my persuasion to engage his obedience; and you shall have, at least, a faithful account of what he says."

Sandford the next morning sought an opportunity of being alone with Rushbrook:—he then plainly repeated to him what Lord Elmwood had said, and saw him listen to it all, and heard him answer to it all, with the most tranquil resolution, "That he would do any thing to preserve the friendship and patronage of his uncle—but marry."

"What can be your reason?" asked Sandford—though he guessed.

"A reason, I cannot give to Lord Elmwood."

"Then do not give it to me, for I have promised to tell him every thing you shall say to me."

"And every thing I have said?" asked Rushbrook hastily.

"As to what you have said, I don't know whether it has made impression enough on my memory, to enable me to repeat it."

"I am glad it has not."

"And my answer to your uncle is to be simply, that you will not obey him?"

"I should hope, Mr. Sandford, that you would express it in better terms."

"Tell me the terms, and I will be exact."

Rushbrook struck his forehead, and walked about the room.

"Am I to give him any reasons for your disobeying him?"

"I tell you again, that I dare not name the cause."

"Then why do you submit to a power you are ashamed to own?"

"I am not ashamed—I glory in it—Are you ashamed of your esteem for Lady Matilda?"

"Oh! if she is the cause of your disobedience, be assured I shall not mention it, for I am forbid to name her."

"And surely, as that is the case, I need not fear to speak plainly to you. I love Lady Matilda—or, perhaps, unacquainted with love, what I feel may be only pity—and if so, pity is the most pleasing passion that ever possessed a human heart, and I would not change it for all her father's estates."

"Pity, then, gives rise to very different sensations—for I pity you, and that sensation I would gladly exchange for approbation."

"If you really feel compassion for me, and I believe you do, contrive some means, by your answers to Lord Elmwood, to pacify him without involving me in ruin. Hint at my affections being engaged, but not to whom; and add, that I have given my word, if he will allow me a short time, a year or two only, I will, during that period, try to

disengage them, and use all my power to render myself worthy of the union for which he designs me."

"And this is not only your solemn promise—but your fixed determination?"

"Nay, why will you search my heart to the bottom, when the surface ought to content you?"

"If you cannot resolve on what you have proposed, why do you ask this time of your uncle? For should he allow it you, your disobedience at the expiration will be less pardonable than it is now."

"Within a year, Mr. Sandford, who can tell what strange events may not occur, to change all our prospects? Even my passion may decline."

"In that expectation, then—the failure of which yourself must answer for—I will repeat as much of this discourse as shall be proper."

Here Rushbrook communicated his having been to see Lady Matilda, for which Sandford reproved him, but in less rigorous terms than he generally used in his reproofs; and Rushbrook, by his entreaties, now gained the intelligence who the nobleman was who addressed Matilda, and on what views; but was restrained to patience, by Sandford's arguments and threats.

Upon the subject of this marriage, Sandford met his patron, without having determined exactly what to say; but rested on the temper in which he should find him.

At the commencement of the conversation he told him, "Rushbrook begged for time."

"I have given him time, have I not?" cried Lord Elmwood: "What can be the meaning of his thus trifling with me?"

Sandford replied, "My lord, young men are frequently romantic in their notions of love, and think it impossible to have a sincere affection, where their own inclinations do not first point out the choice."

"If he is in love," answered Lord Elmwood, "let him take the object, and leave my house and me for ever. Nor under this destiny can he have any claim to pity; for genuine love will make him happy in banishment, in poverty, or in sickness: it makes the poor man happy as the rich, the fool blessed as the wise." The sincerity with which Lord Elmwood had loved was expressed, as he said this, more than in words.

"Your lordship is talking," replied Sandford, "of the passion in its most refined and predominant sense; while I may possibly be speaking of a mere phantom, that has led this young man astray."

"Whatever it be," returned Lord Elmwood, "let him and his friends weigh the case well, and act for the best—so shall I."

"His friends, my lord?—What friends, or what friend has he upon earth but you?"

"Then why will he not submit to my advice; or himself give me a proper reason why he cannot?"

"Because there may be friendship without familiarity—and so it is between him and you."

"That cannot be; for I have condescended to talk to him in the most familiar terms."

"To condescend, my lord, is *not* to be familiar."

"Then come, sir, let us be on an equal footing through you. And now speak out *his* thoughts freely, and hear mine in return."

"Why then, he begs a respite for a year or two."

"On what pretence?"

"To me, it was preference of a single life—but I suspect it is—what he imagines to be love—and for some object whom he thinks your lordship would disapprove."

"He has not, then, actually confessed this to you?"

"If he has, it was drawn from him by such means, that I am not warranted to say in direct words."

"I have entered into no contract, no agreement on his account with the friends of the lady I have pointed out," said Lord Elmwood; "nothing beyond implications have passed betwixt her family and myself at present; and if the person on whom he has fixed his affections should not be in a situation absolutely contrary to my wishes, I may, perhaps, confirm his choice."

That moment Sandford's courage prompted him to name Lady Matilda, but his discretion opposed—however, in the various changes of his countenance from the conflict, it was plain to discern that he wished to say more than he dared.

On which Lord Elmwood cried,

"Speak on, Sandford—what are you afraid of?"

"Of you, my lord."

He started.

Sandford went on—"I know no tie—no bond—no innocence, that is a protection when you feel resentment."

"You are right," he replied, significantly.

"Then how, my lord, can you encourage me to *speak on*, when that which I perhaps should say, might offend you to hear?"

"To what, and whither are you changing our subject?" cried Lord Elmwood. "But, sir, if you know my resentful and relentless temper, you surely know how to shun it."

"Not, and speak plainly."

"Then dissemble."

"No, I'll not do that—but I'll be silent."

"A new parade of submission. You are more tormenting to me than any one I have about me—Constantly on the verge of disobeying my orders, that you may recede, and gain my good will by your forbearance. But know, Mr. Sandford, that I will not suffer this much longer. If you choose in every conversation we have together (though the most remote from such a topic) to think of my daughter, you must either banish your thoughts,

or conceal them—nor by one sign, one item, remind me of her."

"Your daughter did you call her?—Can you call yourself her father?"

"I do sir—but I was likewise the husband of her mother. And, as that husband, I solemnly swear"—He was proceeding with violence.

"Oh! my lord," cried Sandford, interrupting him, with his hands clasped in the most fervent supplication—"Oh! do not let me draw upon her one oath more of your eternal displeasure—I'll kneel to beg that you will drop the subject."

The inclination he made with his knees bent towards the ground, stopped Lord Elmwood instantly. But though it broke in upon his words, it did not alter one angry look—his eyes darted, and his lips trembled with indignation.

Sandford, in order to appease him, bowed and offered to withdraw, hoping to be recalled. He wished in vain. Lord Elmwood's eyes followed him to the door, expressive of the joy he should receive from his absence.

CHAPTER LI.

THE companions and counsellors of Lord Margrave, who had so prudently advised gentle methods in the pursuit of his passion, while there was left any hope of their success, now convinced there was none, as strenuously recommended open violence;—and sheltered under the consideration, that their depredations were to be practised upon a defenceless woman, who had not one protector, except an old priest, the subject of their ridicule;—assured likewise from the influence of Lord Margrave's wealth, that all inferior consequences could be overcome, they saw no room for fears on any side, and what they wished to execute they with care and skill premeditated.

When their scheme was mature for performance, three of his chosen companions, and three servants, trained in all the villanous exploits of their masters, set off for the habitation of poor Matilda, and arrived there about the twilight of the evening.

Near four hours after that time (just as the family were going to bed) they came up to the doors of the house, and rapping violently, gave the alarm of fire, conjuring all the inhabitants to make their way out immediately, as they would save their lives.

The family consisted of few persons, all of whom ran instantly to the doors and opened them; on which two men rushed in, and with the plea of saving Lady Matilda from the pretended flames, caught her in their arms, and carried her off;—while all the deceived people of the house, running eagerly to save themselves, paid no regard to her; till, looking for the cause for which they had been terrified, they perceived the stratagem, and the fatal consequences.

Amidst the complaints, the sorrow, and the affliction of the people of the farm, Miss Woodley's sensations wanted a name—terror and anguish give but a faint description of what she suffered—something like the approach of death stole over her senses, and she sat like one petrified with horror. She had no doubt who was the perpetrator of this wickedness; but how was she to follow? how effect a rescue?

The circumstances of this event, as soon as the people had time to call up their recollection, were sent to a neighbouring magistrate; but little could be hoped from that. Who was to swear to the robber?—Who, undertake to find him out?—Miss Woodley thought of Rushbrook, of Sandford, of Lord Elmwood—but what could she hope from the want of power in the two former?—what from the latter, for the want of will?—Now stupefied, and now distracted, she walked about the house incessantly, begging for instructions how to act, or how to forget her misery.

A tenant of Lord Elmwood's, who occupied a little farm near to that where Lady Matilda lived, and who was well acquainted with the whole history of her and her mother's misfortunes, was returning from a neighbouring fair, just as this inhuman plan was put in execution. He heard the cries of a woman in distress, and followed the sound, till he arrived at a chaise in waiting, and saw Matilda placed in it, by the side of two men, who presented pistols to him, as he offered to approach and expostulate.

The farmer, though uncertain who this female was, yet went to the house she had been taken from (as the nearest) with the tale of what he had seen;—and there, being informed it was Lady Matilda whom he had beheld, this intelligence, joined to the powerful effect her screams had on him, made him resolve to take horse immediately, and with some friends, follow the carriage till they should trace the place to which she was conveyed.

The anxiety, the firmness discovered in determining upon this undertaking, somewhat alleviated the agony Miss Woodley endured, and she began to hope timely assistance might yet be given to her beloved charge.

The man set out, meaning at all events to attempt her release; but before he had proceeded far, the few friends that accompanied him began to reflect on the improbability of their success, against a nobleman, surrounded by servants, with other attendants likewise, and, perhaps, even countenanced by the father of the lady, whom they presumed to take from him;—or if not, while Lord Elmwood beheld the offence with indifference, that indifference gave it a sanction they might in vain oppose. These cool reflections, tending to their safety, had their weight with the companions of the farmer; they all rode back, rejoicing at their second thoughts, and left him to pursue his journey and prove his valour by himself.

CHAPTER LII.

It was not with Sandford, as it had lately been with Rushbrook under the displeasure of Lord Elmwood—to the latter he behaved, as soon as their dissension was past, as if it had never happened—but to Sandford it was otherwise—the resentment which he had repressed, at the time of the offence, lurked in his heart, and dwelt upon his mind for several days; during which, he carefully avoided exchanging a word with him, and gave other demonstrations of being still in enmity.

Sandford, though experienced in the cruelty and ingratitude of the world, yet could not without difficulty brook this severity, this contumely, from a man, for whose welfare, ever since his infancy, he had laboured; and whose happiness was more dear to him, in spite of all his faults, than that of any other person. Even Lady Matilda was not so dear to Sandford as her father—and he loved her more that she was Lord Elmwood's child than for any other cause.

Sometimes the old priest, incensed beyond bearing, was on the point of saying to his patron, "How, in my age, dare you thus treat the man whom, in his youth, you respected and revered?"

Sometimes, instead of anger, he felt the tear, he was ashamed to own, steal to his eye, and even fall down his cheek. Sometimes he left the room half determined to leave the house—but these were all half determinations; for he knew him with whom he had to deal too well, not to know that he might be provoked into yet greater anger; and that, should he once rashly quit his house, the doors, most probably, would be shut against him for ever after.

In this humiliating state (for even the domestics could not but observe their lord's displeasure) Sandford passed three days, and was beginning the fourth, when, sitting with Lord Elmwood and Rushbrook just after breakfast, a servant entered, saying, as he opened the door, to somebody who followed, "You must wait till you have my lord's permission."

This attracted their eyes to the door, and a man meanly dressed walked in, following close to the servant.

The latter turned, and seemed again to desire the person to retire, but in vain; he rushed forward regardless of his opposer, and in great agitation, said,

"My lord, if you please, I have business with you, provided you will choose to be alone."

Lord Elmwood, struck with the intruder's earnestness, bade the servant leave the room; and then said to the stranger,

"You may speak before these gentlemen."

The man instantly turned pale, and trembled—then, to prolong the time before he spoke, went to the door to see if it was shut—returned—yet still trembling, seemed unwilling to say his errand.

"What have you done," cried Lord Elmwood, "that you are in this terror? What have you done, man?"

"Nothing, my lord," replied he, "but I am afraid I am going to offend you."

"Well, no matter;" (he answered carelessly) "only go on, and let me know your business."

The man's distress increased—and he replied in a voice of grief and affright—"Your child, my lord!"

Rushbrook and Sandford started; and looking at Lord Elmwood, saw him turn white as death. In a tremulous voice he instantly cried,

"What of her?" and rose from his seat.

Encouraged by the question, and the agitation of him who asked it, the poor man gave way to his feelings, and answered with every sign of sorrow:

"I saw her, my lord, taken away by force—two ruffians seized and carried her away, while she screamed in vain to me for help, and looked like one in distraction."

"Man, what do you mean?" cried the earl.

"Lord Margrave," replied the stranger, "we have no doubt, has formed this plot—he has for some time past beset the house where she lived; and when his visits were refused, he threatened this. Besides, one of his servants attended the carriage; I saw, and knew him."

Lord Elmwood listened to the last part of this account with seeming composure—then, turning hastily to Rushbrook, he said,

"Where are my pistols, Harry?"

Sandford forgot, at this instant, all the anger that had passed between him and the earl; he rushed towards him, and grasping his hand, cried, "Will you then prove yourself a father?"

Lord Elmwood only answered, "Yes," and left the room.

Rushbrook followed, and begged with all the earnestness he felt, to be permitted to accompany his uncle.

While Sandford shook hands with the farmer a thousand times; and he, in his turn, rejoiced as if he had already seen Lady Matilda restored to liberty.

Rushbrook in vain entreated Lord Elmwood; he laid his commands upon him not to go a step from the castle; while the agitation of his own mind was too great to observe the rigour of this sentence on his nephew.

During hasty preparations for the earl's departure, Sandford received from Miss Woodley the sad intelligence of what had occurred;—but he returned an answer to recompense her for all she had suffered on the sad occasion.

Within a short hour Lord Elmwood set off, accompanied by his guide, the farmer, and other attendants furnished with every requisite to ascertain the success of their enterprise—while poor Matilda little thought of a deliverer nigh, much less that her deliverer should prove her father.

CHAPTER XLII.

LORD Margrave, black as this incident of his life must make him appear to the reader, still nursed in his conscience a reserve of specious virtue, to keep him in peace with himself. It was his design to plead, to argue, to implore, nay even to threaten, long before he put his threats in force;—and with this and the following reflection, he reconciled—as most bad men can—what he had done, not only to the laws of humanity, but to the laws of honour.

"I have stolen a woman certainly;" said he to himself, "but I will make her happier than she was in that humble state from which I have taken her. I will even," said he, "now that she is in my power, win her affections—and when, in fondness, hereafter she hangs upon me, how will she thank me for this little trial, through which I shall have conducted her to happiness!"

Thus did he hush his remorse, while he waited impatiently at home, in expectation of his prize.

Half expiring with her sufferings, of body as well as of mind, about twelve o'clock the next night after she was borne away, Matilda arrived; and felt her spirits revive by the superior sufferings that awaited her;—for her increasing terror roused her from the deathlike weakness, brought on by extreme fatigue.

Lord Margrave's house, to which he had gone previous to this occasion, was situated in the lonely part of a well known forest, not more than twenty miles distant from London:—this was an estate he rarely visited; and as he had but few servants here, it was a spot which he supposed would be less the object of suspicion in the present case than any other of his seats. To this, then, Lady Matilda was conveyed—a superb apartment allotted her—and one of his confidential females placed to attend upon her person, with all respect, and assurances of safety.

Matilda looked in this woman's face, and seeing she bore the features of her sex, while her own knowledge reached none of those worthless characters of which this creature was a specimen, she imagined that none of those could look as she did, and therefore found consolation in her seeming tenderness. She was even prevailed upon (by her promises to sit by her side and watch) to throw herself on a bed, and suffer sleep for a few minutes—for sleep to her was suffering; her fears giving birth to dreams terrifying as her waking thoughts.

More wearied than refreshed with her sleep, she rose at break of day; and refusing to admit of the change of an article in her dress, she persisted to wear the torn disordered habiliment in which she had been dragged away; nor would she taste a morsel of all the delicacies that were prepared for her.

Her attendant for some time observed the most reverential awe; but finding this humility had not

the effect of gaining compliance with her advice, she varied her manners, and began by less submissive means to attempt an influence. She said her orders were to be obedient, while she herself was obeyed—at least in circumstances so material as the lady's health, of which she had the charge as a physician, and expected equal compliance from her patient:—food and fresh apparel she prescribed as the only means to prevent death; and even threatened her invalid with something worse, a visit from Lord Margrave, if she continued obstinate.

Now loathing her for the deception she had practised, more than had she received her thus at first, Matilda hid her eyes from the sight of her; and when she was obliged to look, she shuddered.

This female at length thought it her duty to wait upon her worthy employer, and inform him the young lady in her trust would certainly die, unless there were means employed to oblige her to take some nourishment.

Lord Margrave, glad of an opportunity that might apologize for his intrusion upon Lady Matilda, went with eagerness to her apartment; and throwing himself at her feet, conjured her if she would save his life, as well as her own, to submit to be consoled.

The extreme aversion, the horror which his presence inspired, caused Matilda for a moment to forget all her want of power, her want of health, her weakness; and rising from the place where she sat, she cried, with her voice elevated,

"Leave me, my lord, or I'll die in spite of all your care; I'll instantly expire with grief, if you do not leave me."

Accustomed to the tears and reproaches of the sex—though not of those like her—he treated with indifference these menaces of anger, and seizing her hand, carried it to his lips.

Enraged, and overwhelmed with terror at the affront, she exclaimed, (forgetting every other friend she had), "Oh! my dear Miss Woodley, why are you not here to protect me?"

"Nay," returned Lord Margrave, stifling a propensity to laugh, "I should think the old priest would be as good a champion as the lady."

The remembrance of Sandford, with all his kindness, now rushed so forcibly on Matilda's mind that she shed tears, from the certainty how much he felt, and would continue to feel, for her situation. Once she thought on Rushbrook, and thought even he would be sorry for her. Of her father she did not think—she dared not—one single moment, indeed, that thought had intruded, but she hurried it away—it was too bitter.

It was now again quite night; and near to that hour when she came first to the house. Lord Margrave, though at some distance from her, remained still in her apartment, while her female companion had stolen away. His insensibility to her lamentations—the agitated looks he sometimes cast upon her—her weak and defenceless

state, all conspired to fill her mind with increasing horror.

He saw her apprehensions in her distracted face, disheveled hair, and the whole of her forlorn appearance—yet, in spite of his former resolutions, he did not resist the wish of fulfilling all her dreadful expectations.

He once again approached her, and again was going to seize her hand; when the report of a pistol, and a confused noise of persons assembling towards the door of the apartment, caused him to desist.

He started—but looked more surprised than alarmed—her alarm was augmented; for she supposed this tumult was some experiment to intimidate her into submission. She wrung her hands, and lifted up her eyes to heaven, in the last agony of despair,—when one of Lord Margrave's servants entered hastily and announced,

"Lord Elmwood!"

That moment her father entered—and with all the unrestrained fondness of a parent folded her in his arms.

Her extreme, her excess of joy on such a meeting, and from such anguish rescued, was, in part, repressed by his awful presence. The apprehensions to which she had been accustomed kept her timid and doubtful—she feared to speak, or clasp him in return for his embrace, but falling on her knees, clung round his legs, and bathed his feet with her tears.—These were the happiest moments that she had ever known—perhaps, the happiest he had ever known.

"Lord Margrave, on whom Lord Elmwood had not even cast a look, now left the room; but as he quitted it, called out,

"My Lord Elmwood, if you have any demands on me,"—

The earl interrupted him,—"*Would you make me an executioner? The law shall be your only antagonist.*"

Matilda, quite exhausted, yet upheld by the sudden transport she had felt, was led by her father out of this wretched dwelling—more despicable than the hovel of the veriest beggar.

CHAPTER LIV.

OVERCOME with the want of rest for two nights, through her distracting fears, and all those fears now hushed, Matilda, soon after she was placed in the carriage with Lord Elmwood, dropped fast asleep;—and thus, insensibly surprised, she leaned her head against her father in the sweetest slumber that imagination can conceive.

When she awoke, instead of the usual melancholy scene before her view, she beheld her father; and heard the voice of the once dreaded Lord Elmwood tenderly saying,

"We will go no farther to-night, the fatigue

is too much for her;—order beds here directly, and some proper person to sit up and attend her."

She could only turn to him with a look of love and duty; her lips could not utter a sentence.

In the morning she found her father by the side of her bed. He inquired "If she was in health sufficient to pursue her journey, or if she would remain at the inn where she was?"

"I am able to go with you," she answered instantly.

"Nay," replied he, "perhaps you ought to stay here till you are perfectly recovered!"

"I am recovered," said she, "and ready to go with you."—Fearful that he meant to separate from her, as he had ever done.

He perceived her fears, and replied, "Nay, if you stay, I shall do the same—and when I go, shall take you with me to my house."

"To Elmwood house?" she asked eagerly.

"No, to my house in town, where I intend to be all the winter, and where you shall still continue under my care."

She turned her face on the pillow to conceal tears of joy, but her sobs revealed them.

"Come," said he, "this kiss is a token you have nothing to dread. I shall send for Miss Woodley too immediately," continued he.

"Oh! I shall be overjoyed to see her, my lord—and to see Mr. Sandford—and even Mr. Rushbrook."

"Do you know him?" said Lord Elmwood.

"I have seen him two or three times."

The earl, hoping the air might be a means of re-establishing her strength and spirits, now left the room, and ordered his carriage to be prepared: while she arose, attended by one of his female servants, for whom he had sent to town, to bring such changes of apparel as were requisite.

When Matilda was ready to join her father in the next room, she felt a tremor seize her that made it almost impossible to appear before him. No other circumstance now impending to agitate her heart, she felt more forcibly her embarrassment at meeting, on terms of easy intercourse, him, of whom she had never been used to think, but with that distant reverence and fear which his severity had excited; and she knew not how she should dare to speak to, or look on him with that freedom which her affection warranted.

After many efforts to conquer these nice and refined sensations, but to no purpose, she at last went to his apartment. He was reading; but as she entered, he put out his hand and drew her to him. Her tears wholly overcame her. He could have intermingled his—but assuming a grave countenance, he entreated her to desist from exhausting her spirits; and, after a few powerful struggles, she obeyed.

Before the morning was over, she experienced the extreme joy of sitting by her father's side as they drove to town, and of receiving, during his

conversation, a thousand intimations of his love, and tokens of her lasting happiness.

It was now the middle of November; and yet, as Matilda passed along, never to her did the sun shine so bright as upon this morning—never did her imagination comprehend, that the human heart could feel happiness true and genuine as hers!

On arriving at the house, there was no abatement of her felicity:—all was respect and duty on the part of the domestics—all paternal care on the part of Lord Elmwood; and she would have been at that summit of her wishes which annihilates hope, but that the prospect of seeing Miss Woodley and Mr. Sandford still kept this passion in existence.

CHAPTER LV.

RUSHBROOK was detained at Elmwood house during all this time, more by the persuasions, nay prayers of Sandford than the commands of Lord Elmwood. He had, but for Sandford, followed his uncle, and exposed himself to his anger, sooner than have endured the most piercing inquietude, which he was doomed to suffer, till the news arrived of Lady Matilda's safety. He indeed had little else to fear from the known firm, courageous character of her father, and the expedition with which he undertook his journey; but lovers' fears are, like those of women, obstinate; and no argument could persuade either him or Miss Woodley (who had now ventured to come to Elmwood house), but that Matilda's peace of mind might be forever destroyed, before she was rescued from her danger.

The summons from Lord Elmwood for their coming to town was received by each of this party with delight; but the impatience to obey it was in Rushbrook so violent, it was painful to himself, and extremely troublesome to Sandford; who wished, from his regard to Lady Matilda, rather to delay than hurry their journey.

"You are to blame," said he to him and Miss Woodley, "to wish, by your arrival, to divide with Lord Elmwood that tender bond which ties the good who confer obligations to the object of their benevolence. At present there is no one with him to share in the care and protection of his daughter, and he is under the necessity of discharging that duty himself; this habit may become so powerful that he cannot throw it off, even if his former resolutions should urge him to it. While we remain here, therefore, Lady Matilda is safe with her father; but it would not surprise me, if on our arrival (especially if we are precipitate), he should place her again with Miss Woodley at a distance."

To this forcible conjecture they submitted for a few days, and then most gladly set out for town.

On their arrival, they were met, even at the street-door, by Lady Matilda; and with an ex-

pression of joy they did not suppose her features could have worn. She embraced Miss Woodley! hung upon Sandford!—and to Mr. Rushbrook, who from his conscious love only bowed at an humble distance, she held out her hand with every look and gesture of the tenderest esteem.

When Lord Elmwood joined them, he welcomed them all sincerely; but Sandford more than the rest, with whom he had not spoken for many days before he left the country; for his allusion to the wretched situation of his daughter—and Sandford (with his fellow travellers) now saw him treat that daughter with an easy, a natural fondness, as if she had lived with him from her infancy. He appeared, however, at times, under the apprehension, that the propensity of man to jealousy might give Rushbrook a pang at this dangerous rival in his love and fortune. For though Lord Elmwood remembered well the hazard he had once ventured to befriend Matilda, yet the present unlimited reconciliation was something so unlooked for, it might be a trial too much for his generosity. Slight as was this suspicion, it did Rushbrook injustice. He loved Lady Matilda too sincerely, he loved her father's happiness, and her mother's memory too faithfully, not to be rejoiced at all he witnessed; nor could the secret hope that whispered him, "their blessings might one day be mutual," increase the pleasure he found, in beholding Matilda happy.

Unexpected affairs, in which Lord Elmwood had been for some time engaged, had diverted his attention for a while from the marriage of his nephew; nor did he at this time find his disposition sufficiently severe to exact from the young man a compliance with his wishes, at so cruel an alternative as that of being for ever discarded. He felt his mind, by the late incident, too much softened for such harshness; he yet wished for the alliance he had proposed; for he was more consistent in his character than to suffer the tenderness his daughter's peril had awakened to derange those plans which he had long projected. Never, even now, for a moment did he indulge—for perhaps it would have been an indulgence—the design of replacing her exactly in the rights of her birth, to the disappointment of all his nephew's expectations.

Yet, milder at this crisis in his temper than he had been for years before, and knowing he could be no longer irritated upon the subject of neglect to his child, he, at length, once more resolved to trust himself in a conference with Rushbrook on the plan of his marriage; meaning at the same time to mention Matilda as an opponent from whom he had nothing to fear. But, for some time before Rushbrook was called to this private audience, he had, by his unwearied attention, endeavoured to impress upon Matilda's mind the softest sentiments in his favour. He succeeded—but not so fully as he wished. She loved him as her friend, her cousin, her foster-brother, but not as a

lover. The idea of love never once came to her thoughts; and she would sport with Rushbrook like the most harmless infant, while he, all impassioned, could with difficulty resist disclosing to her what she made him suffer.

At the meeting between him and Lord Elmwood, to which he was called for his final answer on that subject, which had once nearly proved so fatal to him; after a thousand fears, much confusion and embarrassment, he at length frankly confessed his "heart was engaged, and had been so long before his uncle offered to direct his choice."

Lord Elmwood, as he had done formerly, desired to know, "on whom he had placed his affections."

"I dare not tell you, my lord,"—returned he; "but Mr. Sandford can witness their sincerity, and how long they have been fixed."

"Fixed!" cried the earl.

"Immovably fixed, my lord; and yet the object is as unconscious of my love, to this moment, as you yourself have been; and I swear ever shall be so, without your permission."

"Name the object," said Lord Elmwood, anxiously.

"My Lord, I dare not—the last time I named her to you, you threatened to abandon me for my arrogance."

Lord Elmwood started.—"My daughter!—Would you marry her?"

"But with your approbation, my lord; and that—"

Before he could proceed a word further, his uncle left the room hastily—and left Rushbrook all terror for his approaching fate.

Lord Elmwood went immediately into the apartment where Sandford, Miss Woodley, and Matilda were sitting, and cried with an angry voice, and with his countenance disordered,

"Rushbrook has offended me beyond forgiveness. Go, Sandford, to the library where he is, and tell him this instant to quit my house, and never dare to return."

Miss Woodley lifted up her hands and sighed. Sandford rose slowly from his seat to execute the office.

While Lady Matilda, who was arranging her music books upon the instrument, stopped from her employment suddenly, and held her handkerchief to her eyes.

A general silence ensued, till Lord Elmwood, resuming his angry tone, cried, "Do you hear me, Mr. Sandford?"

Sandford now, without a word in reply, made for the door—but there Matilda impeded him, and throwing her arms about his neck, cried,

"Dear Mr. Sandford, do not."

"How!" exclaimed her father.

She saw the impending frown, and rushing towards him, took his hand fearfully, and knelt at his feet. "Mr. Rushbrook is my relation," she cried in a pathetic voice, "my companion, my

friend—before you loved me he was anxious for my happiness, and often visited me, to lament with and console me. I cannot see him turned out of your house without feeling for him what he once felt for me."

Lord Elmwood turned aside to conceal his sensations—then raising her from the floor, he said, "Do you know what he has asked of me?"

"No,"—answered she in the utmost ignorance, and with the utmost innocence painted on her face;—"but whatever it is, my lord, though you do not grant it, yet pardon him for asking."

"Perhaps you would grant him what he has requested?" said her father.

"Most willingly—was it in my gift?"

"It is," replied he. "Go to him in the library, and hear what he has to say; for on your will his fate shall depend."

Like lightning she flew out of the room; while even the grave Sandford smiled at the idea of their meeting.

Rushbrook, with his fears all verified by the manner in which his uncle had left him, sat with his head reclined against a bookcase, and every limb extended with the despair that had seized him.

Matilda nimbly opened the door and cried, "Mr. Rushbrook, I am come to comfort you."

"That you have always done," said he, rising in rapture to receive her, even in the midst of all his sadness.

"What is it you want?" said she. "What have you asked of my father that he has denied you?"

"I have asked for that," replied he, "which is dearer to me than my life."

"Be satisfied then," returned she, "for you shall have it."

"Dear Matilda! it is not in your power to bestow."

"But he has told me it *shall* be in my power; and has desired me to give or refuse it you, at my own pleasure."

"O Heavens!" cried Rushbrook in transport, "has he?"

"He has indeed—before Mr. Sandford and Miss Woodley. Now tell me what you petitioned for?"

"I asked him," cried Rushbrook, trembling, "for a wife."

Her hand, which had just then taken hold of his, in the warmth of her wish to serve him, now dropped down as with the stroke of death—her face lost its colour—and she leaned against the desk by which they were standing, without uttering a word.

"What means this change?" said he; "Do you not wish me happy?"

"Yes," she exclaimed; "Heaven is my witness,—But it gives me concern to think we must part."

"Then let us be joined," cried he, falling at her feet "till death alone can part us."

All the sensibility—the reserve—the pride, with which she was so amply possessed, returned to her that moment. She started back, and cried, "Could Lord Elmwood know for what he sent me?"

"He did," replied Rushbrook—"I boldly told him of my presumptuous love, and he has given to you alone the power over my happiness or misery. Oh! do not doom me to the latter."

Whether the heart of Matilda, such as it has been described, *could* sentence him to misery, the reader is left to surmise—and if he supposes that it could *not*, he has every reason to suppose that their wedded life, was—a life of happiness.

He has beheld the pernicious effects of an *improper education* in the destiny which attended the unthinking Miss Milner—On the opposite side, what may not be hoped from that school of prudence—though of adversity—in which Matilda was bred?

And Mr. Milner, Matilda's grandfather, had better have given his *fortune* to a distant branch of his family—as Matilda's father once meant to do—so that he had given to his daughter—A PROPER EDUCATION.

THE BEE;

A

COLLECTION OF ESSAYS

ON THE

MOST INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING SUBJECTS.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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INTRODUCTION.

THERE is not, perhaps, a more whimsically dismal figure in nature, than a man of real modesty who assumes an air of impudence; who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease, and affects good humour. In this situation, however, a periodical writer often finds himself, upon his first attempt to address the public in form. All his power of pleasing is damped by solicitude, and his cheerfulness dashed with apprehension. Impressed with the terrors of the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humour turns to pertness, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute vivacity. His first publication draws a crowd; they part dissatisfied; and the author, never more to be indulged with a favourable hearing, is left to condemn the indelicacy of his own address, on their want of discernment.

For my part, as I was never distinguished for address, and have often even blundered in making my bow, such bodings as these had like to have totally repressed my ambition. I was at a loss whether to give the public specious promises, or give none; whether to be merry or sad on this solemn occasion. If I should decline all merit, it was too probable the hasty reader might have taken me at my word. If, on the other hand, like labourers in the magazine trade, I had, with modest impudence, humbly presumed to promise an epitome of all the good things that ever were said or written, this might have disgusted those readers I most desire to please. Had I been merry, I might have been censured as *vastly low*; and had I been sorrowful, I might have been left to mourn in solitude and silence: in short, whichever way I turned, nothing presented but prospects of terror, despair, chandler's shops, and waste paper.

In the debate between fear and ambition, my publisher, happening to arrive, interrupted for a while my anxiety. Perceiving my embarrassment about making my first appearance, he instantly offered his assistance and advice. "You must know, sir," says he, "that the republic of letters is

at present divided into three classes. One writer, for instance, excels at a plan or a title-page, another works away the body of the book, and a third is a dab at an index. Thus a magazine is not the result of any single man's industry, but goes through as many hands as a new pin before it is fit for the public. I fancy, sir," continues he, "I can provide an eminent hand, and upon moderate terms, to draw up a promising plan to smooth up our readers a little, and pay them as Colonel Charteris paid his seraglio, at the rate of three halfpence in hand, and three shillings more in promises."

He was proceeding in his advice, which, however, I thought proper to decline, by assuring him, that as I intended to pursue no fixed method, so it was impossible to form any regular plan; determined never to be tedious in order to be logical, wherever pleasure presented I was resolved to follow. Like the Bee, which I had taken for the title of my paper, I would rove from flower to flower, with seeming inattention, but concealed choice, expatiate over all the beauties of the season, and make my industry my amusement.

This reply may also serve as an apology to the reader, who expects, before he sits down, a bill of his future entertainment. It would be improper to pall his curiosity by lessening his surprise, or anticipate any pleasure I am able to procure him, by saying what shall come next. Thus much, however, he may be assured of, that neither war nor scandal shall make any part of it. Homer finely imagines his deity turning away with horror from the prospect of a field of battle, and seeking tranquillity among a nation noted for peace and simplicity. Happy, could any effort of mine, but for a moment, repress that savage pleasure some men find in the daily accounts of human misery! How gladly would I lead them from scenes of blood and altercation, to prospects of innocence and ease, where every breeze breathes health, and every sound is but the echo of tranquillity!

But whatever the merit of his intentions may be, every writer is now convinced, that he must be chiefly indebted to good fortune for finding readers willing to allow him any degree of reputation. It has been remarked, that almost every character.

which has excited either attention or praise, has owed part of its success to merit, and part to a happy concurrence of circumstances in its favour. Had Cæsar or Cromwell exchanged countries, the one might have been a sergeant, and the other an exciseman. So it is with wit, which generally succeeds more from being happily addressed, than from its native poignancy. A *bon mot*, for instance, that might be relished at White's, may lose all its flavour when delivered at the Cat and Bagpipes in St. Giles's. A jest, calculated to spread at a gaming-table, may be received with a perfect neutrality of face, should it happen to drop in a mackerel-boat. We have all seen dunces triumph in such companies, when men of real humour were disregarded, by a general combination in favour of stupidity. To drive the observation as far as it will go, should the labours of a writer, who designs his performances for readers of a more refined appetite, fall into the hands of a devourer of compilations, what can he expect but contempt and confusion? If his merits are to be determined by judges, who estimate the value of a book from its bulk, or its frontispiece, every rival must acquire an easy superiority, who, with persuasive eloquence, promises four extraordinary pages of *letter-press*, or three beautiful prints, curiously coloured from nature.

But to proceed: though I cannot promise as much entertainment, or as much elegance, as others have done, yet the reader may be assured, he shall have as much of both as I can. He shall, at least, find me alive while I study his entertainment; for I solemnly assure him, I was never yet possessed of the secret at once of writing and sleeping.

During the course of this paper, therefore, all the wit and learning I have are heartily at his service; which if, after so candid a confession, he should, notwithstanding, still find intolerably dull, low, or sad stuff, this I protest is more than I know. I have a clear conscience, and am entirely out of the secret.

Yet I would not have him, upon the perusal of a single paper, pronounce me incorrigible; he may try a second, which, as there is a studied difference in subject and style, may be more suited to his taste; if this also fails, I must refer him to a third, or even to a fourth, in case of extremity. If he should still continue to be refractory, and find me dull to the last, I must inform him, with Bays in the Rehearsal, that I think him a very odd kind of a fellow, and desire no more of his acquaintance.

It is with such reflections as these I endeavour to fortify myself against the future contempt or neglect of some readers, and am prepared for their dislike by mutual recrimination. If such should impute dealing neither in battles nor scandal to me as a fault, instead of acquiescing in their censure, I must beg leave to tell them a story.

A traveller, in his way to Italy, happening to

pass at the foot of the Alps, found himself at last in a country where the inhabitants had each a large excrescence depending from the chin, like the pouch of a monkey. This deformity, as it was endemic, and the people little used to strangers, it had been the custom, time immemorial, to look upon as the greatest ornament of the human visage. Ladies grew toasts from the size of their chins; and none were regarded as pretty fellows, but such whose faces were broadest at the bottom. It was Sunday, a country church was at hand, and our traveller was willing to perform the duties of the day. Upon his first appearance at the church-door, the eyes of all were naturally fixed upon the stranger; but what was their amazement, when they found that he actually wanted that emblem of beauty, a pursed chin! This was a defect that not a single creature had sufficient gravity (though they were noted for being grave) to withstand. Stuffed bursts of laughter, winks and whispers, circulated from visage to visage, and the prismatic figure of the stranger's face was a fund of infinite gaiety; even the parson, equally remarkable for his gravity and chin, could hardly refrain joining in the good-humour. Our traveller could no longer patiently continue an object for deformity to point at. "Good folks," said he, "I perceive that I am the unfortunate cause of all this good-humour. It is true, I may have faults in abundance; but I shall never be induced to reckon my want of a swelled face among the number."*

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND WITH LIGHTNING.

Imitated from the Spanish.

LUMINE Acon dextro, capta est Leonida sinistro,
Et poterat formâ vincere uterque Deos.
Parve puer, lumen quod habes concede puellæ;
Sic tu cæcus amor, sic erit illa Venus.

REMARKS ON OUR THEATRES.

OUR Theatres are now opened, and all Grubstreet is preparing its advice to the managers. We shall undoubtedly hear learned disquisitions on the structure of one actor's legs, and another's eyebrows. We shall be told much of enunciations, tones, and attitudes; and shall have our lightest pleasure commented upon by didactic dulness. We shall, it is feared, be told, that Garrick is a fine actor; but then as a manager, so avaricious! That Palmer is a most surprising genius, and Hol-

* Dr. Goldsmith inserted this Introduction, with a few trifling alterations, in the volume of *Essays* he published in the year 1765.

land likely to do well in a particular cast of character. We shall have them giving Shuter instructions to amuse us by rule, and deploring over the ruins of desolated majesty at Covent-Garden. As I love to be advising too, for advice is easily given, and bears a show of wisdom and superiority, I must be permitted to offer a few observations upon our theatres and actors, without, on this trivial occasion, throwing my thoughts into the formality of method.

There is something in the deportment of all our players infinitely more stiff and formal than among the actors of other nations. Their action sits uneasy upon them; for, as the English use very little gesture in ordinary conversation, our English-bred actors are obliged to supply stage gestures by their imagination alone. A French comedian finds proper models of action in every company and in every coffee-house he enters. An Englishman is obliged to take his models from the stage itself; he is obliged to imitate nature from an imitation of nature. I know of no set of men more likely to be improved by travelling than those of the theatrical profession. The inhabitants of the continent are less reserved than here; they may be seen through upon a first acquaintance; such are the proper models to draw from; they are at once striking, and are found in great abundance.

Though it would be inexcusable in a comedian to add any thing of his own to the poet's dialogue, yet, as to action, he is entirely at liberty. By this he may show the fertility of his genius, the poignancy of his humour, and the exactness of his judgment: we scarcely see a coxcomb or a fool in common life, that has not some peculiar oddity in his action. These peculiarities it is not in the power of words to represent, and depend solely upon the actor. They give a relish to the humour of the poet, and make the appearance of nature more illusive. The Italians, it is true, mask some characters, and endeavour to preserve the peculiar humour by the make of the mask; but I have seen others still preserve a great fund of humour in the face without a mask; one actor, particularly, by a squint which he threw into some characters of low life, assumed a look of infinite stolidity. This, though upon reflection we might condemn, yet immediately upon representation we could not avoid being pleased with. To illustrate what I have been saying by the plays which I have of late gone to see: in the *Miser*, which was played a few nights ago at Covent-Garden, Lovegold appears through the whole in circumstances of exaggerated avarice; all the player's action, therefore, should conspire with the poet's design, and represent him as an epitome of penury. The French comedian, in this character, in the midst of one of his most violent passions, while he appears in an ungovernable rage, feels the demon of avarice still upon him, and stoops down to pick up a pin, which he quilts into the flap of his coat-pocket with great assiduity. Two candles are

lighted up for his wedding; he flies, and turns one of them into the socket: it is, however, lighted up again; he then steals to it, and privately crams it into his pocket. The Mock-Doctor was lately played at the other house. Here again the comedian had an opportunity of heightening the ridicule by action. The French player sits in a chair with a high back, and then begins to show away by talking nonsense, which he would have thought Latin by those who he knows do not understand a syllable of the matter. At last he grows enthusiastic, enjoys the admiration of the company, tosses his legs and arms about, and, in the midst of his raptures and vociferation, he and the chair fall back together. All this appears dull enough in the recital, but the gravity of Cato could not stand it in the representation. In short, there is hardly a character in comedy to which a player of any real humour might not add strokes of vivacity that could not fail of applause. But, instead of this we too often see our fine gentlemen do nothing, through a whole part, but strut and open their snuff-box; our pretty fellows sit indecently with their legs across, and our clowns pull up their breeches. These, if once, or even twice repeated, might do well enough; but to see them served up in every scene, argues the actor almost as barren as the character he would expose.

The magnificence of our theatres is far superior to any others in Europe, where plays only are acted. The great care our performers take in painting for a part, their exactness in all the minutiae of dress, and other little scenical properties, have been taken notice of by Ricoboni, a gentleman of Italy, who travelled Europe with no other design but to remark upon the stage; but there are several improprieties still continued, or lately come into fashion. As, for instance, spreading a carpet punctually at the beginning of the death scene, in order to prevent our actors from spoiling their clothes; this immediately apprises us of the tragedy to follow; for laying the cloth is not a more sure indication of dinner, than laying the carpet of bloody work at Drury-Lane. Our little pages also, with unmeaning faces, that bear up the train of a weeping princess, and our awkward lords in waiting, take off much from her distress. Mutes of every kind divide our attention, and lessen our sensibility; but here it is entirely ridiculous, as we see them seriously employed in doing nothing. If we must have dirty-shirted guards upon the theatres, they should be taught to keep their eyes fixed on the actors, and not roll them round upon the audience, as if they were ogling the boxes.

Beauty, methinks, seems a requisite qualification in an actress. This seems scrupulously observed elsewhere, and, for my part, I could wish to see it observed at home. I can never conceive a hero dying for love of a lady totally destitute of beauty. I must think the part unnatural; for I cannot bear to hear him call that face angelic, where even paint cannot hide its wrinkles. I must

condemn him of stupidity, and the person whom I can accuse for want of taste, will seldom become the object of my affections or admiration. But if this be a defect, what must be the entire perversion of scenical decorum, when, for instance, we see an actress, that might act the Wapping landlady without a bolster, pining in the character of Jane Shore, and while unwieldy with fat, endeavouring to convince the audience that she is dying with hunger!

For the future, then, I could wish that the parts of the young or beautiful were given to performers of suitable figures; for I must own, I could rather see the stage filled with agreeable objects, though they might sometimes bungle a little, than see it crowded with withered or misshapen figures, be their emphasis, as I think it is called, ever so proper. The first may have the awkward appearance of new raised troops; but in viewing the last, I cannot avoid the mortification of fancying myself placed in an hospital of invalids.

THE STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

Translated from a Byzantine Historian.

ATHENS, even long before the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. The emperors and generals, who in these periods of approaching ignorance, still felt a passion for science, from time to time added to its buildings, or increased its professorships. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, was of the number; he repaired those schools, which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized to themselves.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together. The one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot an acquaintance, and a similitude of disposition made them perfect friends. Their fortunes were nearly equal, their studies the same, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this mutual harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world, and as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. Hypatia showed no dislike to his addresses. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed, the previous ceremonies were performed, and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

An exultation in his own happiness, or his being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce his mistress to his fellow-student, which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the peace of both. Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion. He used every effort, but in vain, to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust. He retired to his apartment in inexpressible agony; and the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by this means, soon discovered the cause of their patient's disorder; and Alcander, being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at this time arrived to such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance; and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents of which he was so eminently possessed, he in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge, or prætor.

Meanwhile, Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for his having basely given her up, as was suggested, for money. Neither his innocence of the crime laid to his charge, nor his eloquence in his own defence, was able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. Unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, himself stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed in the market-place, and sold as a slave to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into the region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master; and his skill in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply a precarious existence. Condemned to hopeless servitude, every morning waked him to a renewal

of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. Nothing but death or flight was left him, and almost certain death was the consequence of his attempting to fly. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour, and travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The day of Alcander's arrival, Septimius sat in the forum administering justice; and hither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged. Here he stood the whole day among the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but so much was he altered by a long succession of hardships, that he passed entirely without notice; and in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another. Night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated and in rage as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness, and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, or despair.

In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and virtue found, on this flinty couch, more ease than down can supply to the guilty.

It was midnight when two robbers came to make this cave their retreat, but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning, and this naturally induced a further inquiry. The alarm was spread, the cave was examined, Alcander was found sleeping, and immediately apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty, and was determined to make no defence. Thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. The proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication; the judge, therefore, was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when, as if illumined by a ray from Heaven, he discovered, through all his misery, the features, though dim with sorrow, of his long-lost, loved Alcander. It is impossible to describe his joy and his pain on this strange occasion; happy in once more seeing the person he most loved on earth, distressed at find-

ing him in such circumstances. Thus agitated by contending passions, he flew from his tribunal, and falling on the neck of his dear benefactor, burst into an agony of distress. The attention of the multitude was soon, however, divided by another object. The robber who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and struck with a panic, confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted, shared the friendship and the honours of his friend Septimius, lived afterwards in happiness and ease, and left it to be engraved on his tomb, "That no circumstances are so desperate which Providence may not relieve."

A LETTER FROM A TRAVELLER.

Cracoe, August 2, 1758.

MY DEAR WILL,

You see by the date of my letter that I am arrived in Poland. When will my wanderings be at an end? When will my restless disposition give me leave to enjoy the present hour? When at Lyons, I thought all happiness lay beyond the Alps: when in Italy, I found myself still in want of something, and expected to leave solicitude behind me by going into Romelia; and now you find me turning back, still expecting ease every where but where I am. It is now seven years since I saw the face of a single creature who cared a farthing whether I was dead or alive. Secluded from all the comforts of confidence, friendship, or society, I feel the solitude of a hermit, but not his case.

The prince of *** has taken me in his train, so that I am in no danger of starving for this bout. The prince's governor is a rude ignorant pedant, and his tutor a battered rake; thus, between two such characters, you may imagine he is finely instructed. I made some attempts to display all the little knowledge I had acquired by reading or observation; but I find myself regarded as an ignorant intruder. The truth is, I shall never be able to acquire a power of expressing myself with ease in any language but my own; and, out of my own country, the highest character I can ever acquire, is that of being a philosophic vagabond.

When I consider myself in the country which was once so formidable in war, and spread terror and desolation over the whole Roman empire, I can hardly account for the present wretchedness and pusillanimity of its inhabitants: a prey to every invader; their cities plundered without an enemy; their magistrates seeking redress by complaints, and not by vigour. Every thing conspires to raise my compassion for their miseries, were not my thoughts too busily engaged by my own.

The whole kingdom is in a strange disorder : when our equipage, which consists of the prince and thirteen attendants, had arrived at some towns, there were no conveniences to be found, and we were obliged to have girls to conduct us to the next. I have seen a woman travel thus on horse-back before us for thirty miles, and think herself highly paid, and make twenty reverences, upon receiving, with ecstasy, about twopence for her trouble. In general, we were better served by the women than the men on those occasions. The men seemed directed by a low sordid interest alone : they seemed mere machines, and all their thoughts were employed in the care of their horses. If we gently desired them to make more speed, they took not the least notice ; kind language was what they had by no means been used to. It was proper to speak to them in the tones of anger, and sometimes it was even necessary to use blows, to excite them to their duty. How different these from the common people of England, whom a blow might induce to return the affront seven fold ! These poor people, however, from being brought up to vile usage, lose all the respect which they should have for themselves. They have contracted a habit of regarding constraint as the great rule of their duty. When they were treated with mildness, they no longer continued to perceive a superiority. They fancied themselves our equals, and a continuance of our humanity might probably have rendered them insolent ; but the imperious tone, menaces and blows, at once changed their sensations and their ideas ; their ears and shoulders taught their souls to shrink back into servitude, from which they had for some moments fancied themselves disengaged.

The enthusiasm of liberty an Englishman feels is never so strong, as when presented by such prospects as these. I must own, in all my indignance, it is one of my comforts (perhaps, indeed, it is my only boast,) that I am of that happy country ; though I scorn to starve there ; though I do not choose to lead a life of wretched dependence, or be an object for my former acquaintance to point at. While you enjoy all the ease and elegance of prudence and virtue, your old friend wanders over the world, without a single anchor to hold by, or a friend except you to confide in.*

Yours, etc.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LATE MR. MAUPERTUIS.

MR. MAUPERTUIS lately deceased, was the first to whom the English philosophers owed their being particularly admired by the rest of Europe.

* The sequel of this correspondence to be continued occasionally. I shall alter nothing either in the style or substance of these letters, and the reader may depend on their being genuine.

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The romantic system of Descartes was adapted to the taste of the superficial and the indolent ; the foreign universities had embraced it with ardour, and such are seldom convinced of their errors till all others give up such false opinions as untenable. The philosophy of Newton, and the metaphysics of Locke, appeared ; but, like all new truths, they were at once received with opposition and contempt. The English, it is true, studied, understood, and consequently admired them ; it was very different on the continent. Fontenelle, who seemed to preside over the republic of letters, unwilling to acknowledge that all his life had been spent in erroneous philosophy, joined in the universal disapprobation, and the English philosophers seemed entirely unknown.

Maupertuis, however, made them his study ; he thought he might oppose the physics of his country, and yet still be a good citizen ; he defended our countrymen, wrote in their favour, and at last, as he had truth on his side, carried his cause. Almost all the learning of the English, till very lately, was conveyed in the language of France. The writings of Maupertuis spread the reputation of his master, Newton, and, by a happy fortune, have united his fame with that of our human prodigy.

The first of his performances, openly, in vindication of the Newtonian system, is his treatise, entitled, *Sur la figure des Astres*, if I remember right ; a work at once expressive of a deep geometrical knowledge, and the most happy manner of delivering abstruse science with ease. This met with violent opposition from a people, though fond of novelty in every thing else, yet, however, in matters of science, attached to ancient opinions with bigotry. As the old and obstinate fell away, the youth of France embraced the new opinions, and now seem more eager to defend Newton than even his countrymen.

The oddity of character which great men are sometimes remarkable for, Maupertuis was not entirely free from. If we can believe Voltaire, he once attempted to castrate himself ; but whether this be true or no, it is certain he was extremely whimsical. Though born to a large fortune, when employed in mathematical inquiries, he disregarded his person to such a degree, and loved retirement so much, that he has been more than once put on the list of modest beggars by the curates of Paris, when he retired to some private quarter of the town, in order to enjoy his meditations without interruption. The character given of him by one of Voltaire's antagonists, if he can be depended upon, is much to his honour. " You," says this writer to Mr. Voltaire, " were entertained by the King of Prussia as a buffoon, but Maupertuis as a philosopher." It is certain, that the preference which this royal scholar gave to Maupertuis was the cause of Voltaire's disagreement with him. Voltaire could not bear to see a man whose talents he had no great opinion of preferred

before him as president of the royal academy. His *Micromégas* was designed to ridicule Maupertuis; and probably it has brought more disgrace on the author than the subject. Whatever absurdities men of letters have indulged, and how fantastical soever the modes of science have been, their anger is still more subject to ridicule.

No. H.

Saturday, October 13, 1759.

ON DRESS.

FOREIGNERS observe, that there are no ladies in the world more beautiful, or more ill-dressed, than those of England. Our countrywomen have been compared to those pictures, where the face is the work of a Raphael, but the draperies thrown out by some empty pretender, destitute of taste, and entirely unacquainted with design.

If I were a poet, I might observe, on this occasion, that so much beauty, set off with all the advantages of dress, would be too powerful an antagonist for the opposite sex, and therefore, it was wisely ordered that our ladies should want taste, lest their admirers should entirely want reason.

But to confess a truth, I do not find they have a greater aversion to fine clothes than the women of any other country whatsoever. I cannot fancy that a shop-keeper's wife in Cheapside has a greater tenderness for the fortune of her husband than a citizen's wife in Paris; or that miss in a boarding-school is more an economist in dress than mademoiselle in a nunnery.

Although Paris may be accounted the soil in which almost every fashion takes its rise, its influence is never so general as with us. They study there the happy method of uniting grace and fashion, and never excuse a woman for being awkwardly dressed, by saying her clothes are made in the mode. A French woman is a perfect architect in dress; she never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders; she never tricks out a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; or, to speak without metaphor, she conforms to general fashion only when it happens to be repugnant to private beauty.

Our ladies, on the contrary, seem to have no other standard for grace but the run of the town. If fashion gives the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, or stature, ceases. Sweeping trains, Prussian bonnets, and trollopees, as like each other as if cut from the same piece, level all to one standard. The Mall, the gardens, and the playhouses, are filled with ladies in uniform, and their whole appearance shows as little variety or taste, as if their clothes were bespoken by the colonel of a marching regiment, or fancied by the same artist who dresses the three battalions of guards.

But not only ladies of every shape and complexion, but of every age too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion of dressing in the same manner. A lady of no quality can be distinguished from a lady of some quality, only by the redness of her hands; and a woman of sixty, masked, might easily pass for her granddaughter. I remember, a few days ago, to have walked behind a damsel, tossed out in all the gaiety of fifteen; her dress was loose, unstudied, and seemed the result of conscious beauty. I called up all my poetry on this occasion, and fancied twenty Cupids prepared for execution in every folding of her white negligee. I had prepared my imagination for an angel's face; but what was my mortification to find that the imaginary goddess was no other than my cousin Hannah, four years older than myself, and I shall be sixty-two the twelfth of next November.

After the transports of our first salute were over, I could not avoid running my eye over her whole appearance. Her gown was of cambric, cut short before, in order to discover a high-heeled shoe, which was buckled almost at the toe. Her cap, if cap it might be called that cap was none, consisted of a few bits of cambric, and flowers of painted paper stuck on one side of her head. Her bosom, that had felt no hand, but the hand of time, these twenty years, rose suing, but in vain, to be pressed. I could, indeed, have wished her more than a handkerchief of Paris net to shade her beauties; for, as Tasso says of the rose bud, *Quanto si mostra men tanto è più bella*, I should think her's most pleasing when least discovered.

As my cousin had not put on all this finery for nothing, she was at that time sallying out to the Park, when I had overtaken her. Perceiving, however, that I had on my best wig, she offered, if I would 'squire her there, to send home the footman. Though I trembled for our reception in public, yet I could not with any civility refuse; so, to be as gallant as possible, I took her hand in my arm, and thus we marched on together.

When we made our entry at the Park, two antiquated figures, so polite and so tender as we seemed to be, soon attracted the eyes of the company. As we made our way among crowds who were out to show their finery as well as we, wherever we came, I perceived we brought good-humour in our train. The polite could not forbear smiling, and the vulgar burst out into a horse-laugh at our grotesque figures. Cousin Hannah, who was perfectly conscious of the rectitude of her own appearance, attributed all this mirth to the oddity of mine; while I as cordially placed the whole to her account. Thus, from being two of the best natured creatures alive, before we got half-way up the mall, we both began to grow peevish, and, like two mice on a string, endeavoured to revenge the impertinence of others upon ourselves. "I am amazed, cousin Jeffery," says miss, "that I can never get you to dress like

a Christian. I knew we should have the eyes of the Park upon us, with your great wig so frizzed, and yet so beggarly, and your monstrous muff. I hate those odious muffs." I could have patiently borne a criticism on all the rest of my equipage; but as I had always a peculiar veneration for my muff, I could not forbear being piqued a little; and, throwing my eyes with a spiteful air on her bosom, "I could heartily wish, madam," replied I, "that for your sake my muff was cut into a tippet."

As my cousin, by this time, was grown heartily ashamed of her gentleman-usher, and as I was never very fond of any kind of exhibition myself, it was mutually agreed to retire for a while to one of the seats, and from that retreat remark on others as freely as they had remarked on us.

When seated, we continued silent for some time, employed in very different speculations. I regarded the whole company, now passing in review before me, as drawn out merely for my amusement. For my entertainment the beauty had all that morning been improving her charms, the beau had put on lace, and the young doctor a big wig, merely to please me. But quite different were the sentiments of cousin Hannah; she regarded every well-dressed woman as a victorious rival, hated every face that seemed dressed in good-humour, or wore the appearance of greater happiness than her own. I perceived her uneasiness, and attempted to lessen it, by observing, that there was no company in the Park to-day. To this she readily assented, "and yet," says she, "it is full enough of scrubs of one kind or another." My smiling at this observation gave her spirits to pursue the bent of her inclination, and now she began to exhibit her skill in secret history, as she found me disposed to listen. "Observe," says she to me, "that old woman in tawdry silk, and dressed out even beyond the fashion. That is Miss Biddy Evergreen, Miss Biddy, it seems, has money, and as she conceives that money was never so scarce as it is now, she seems resolved to keep what she has to herself. She is ugly enough you see; yet I assure you she has refused several offers to my own knowledge, within this twelvemonth. Let me see, three gentlemen from Ireland, who study the law, two waiting captains, a doctor, and a Scotch preacher, who had like to have carried her off. All her time is passed between sickness and finery. Thus she spends the whole week in a close chamber, with no other company but her monkey, her apothecary, and cat; and comes dressed out to the Park every Sunday, to show her airs, to get new lovers, to catch a new cold, and to make new work for the doctor.

"There goes Mrs. Roundabout, I mean the fat lady in the lutestrating trollopee. Between you and I, she is but a cutler's wife. See how she's dressed, as fine as hands and pins can make her, while her two marriageable daughters, like bun-

ters, in stuff gowns, are now taking sixpenny-worth of tea at the White-Conduit-House. Odious puss! how she waddles along, with her train two yards behind her! She puts me in mind of my Lord Bantam's Indian sheep, which are obliged to have their monstrous tails trundled along in a go-cart. For all her airs, it goes to her husband's heart to see four yards of good lutestrating wearing against the ground, like one of his knives on a grindstone. To speak my mind, cousin Jeffery, I never liked tails; for suppose a young fellow should be rude, and the lady should offer to step back in a fright, instead of retiring, she treads upon her train, and fall fairly on her back; and then you know, cousin,—her clothes may be spoiled.

"Ah! Miss Mazzard! I knew we should not miss her in the Park; she in the monstrous Prussian bonnet. Miss, though so very fine, was bred a milliner, and might have had some custom if she had minded her business; but the girl was fond of finery, and instead of dressing her customers, laid out all her goods in adorning herself. Every new gown she put on impaired her credit: she still, however, went on improving her appearance, and lessening her little fortune, and is now, you see, become a belle and a bankrupt."

My cousin was proceeding in her remarks, which were interrupted by the approach of the very lady she had been so freely describing. Miss had perceived her at a distance, and approached to salute her. I found, by the warmth of the two ladies' protestations, that they had been long intimate esteemed friends and acquaintance. Both were so pleased at this happy encounter, that they were resolved not to part for the day. So we all crossed the Park together, and I saw them into a hackney-coach at the gate of St. James's. I could not, however, help observing, "That they are generally most ridiculous themselves, who are apt to see most ridicule in others."

SOME PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO CHARLES XII. NOT COMMONLY KNOWN.

Stockholm.

SIR,

I CANNOT resist your solicitations, though it is possible I shall be unable to satisfy your curiosity. The polite of every country seem to have but one character. A gentleman of Sweden differs but little, except in trifles, from one of another country. It is among the vulgar we are to find those distinctions which characterise a people, and from them it is that I take my picture of the Swedes.

Though the Swedes, in general, appear to languish under oppression, which often renders others wicked, or of malignant dispositions, it has not, however, the same influence upon them, as they

are faithful, civil, and incapable of atrocious crimes. Would you believe that, in Sweden, highway robberies are not so much as heard of? for my part, I have not in the whole country seen a gibbet or a gallows. They pay an infinite respect to their ecclesiastics, whom they suppose to be the privy counsellors of Providence, who, on their part, turn this credulity to their own advantage, and manage their parishioners as they please. In general, however, they seldom abuse their sovereign authority. Harkened to as oracles, regarded as the dispensers of eternal rewards and punishments, they readily influence their hearers into justice, and make them practical philosophers without the pains of study.

As to their persons, they are perfectly well made, and the men particularly have a very engaging air. The greatest part of the boys which I saw in the country had very white hair. They were as beautiful as Cupids, and there was something open and entirely happy in their little chubby faces. The girls, on the contrary, have neither such fair, nor such even complexions, and their features are much less delicate, which is a circumstance different from that of almost every other country. Besides this, it is observed, that the women are generally afflicted with the itch, for which Scania is particularly remarkable. I had an instance of this in one of the inns on the road. The hostess was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen; she had so fine a complexion, that I could not avoid admiring it. But what was my surprise, when she opened her bosom in order to suckle her child, to perceive that seat of delight all covered with this disagreeable distemper. The careless manner in which she exposed to our eyes so disgusting an object, sufficiently testifies that they regard it as no extraordinary malady, and seem to take no pains to conceal it. Such are the remarks, which probably you may think trifling enough, I have made in my journey to Stockholm, which, to take it all together, is a large, beautiful, and even a populous city.

The arsenal appears to me one of its greatest curiosities; it is a handsome, spacious building, but however, scantily supplied with the implements of war. To recompense this defect, they have almost filled it with trophies, and other marks of their former military glory. I saw there several chambers filled with Danish, Saxon, Polish, and Russian standards. There was at least enough to suffice half a dozen armies; but new standards are more easily made than new armies can be enlisted.

I saw, besides, some very rich furniture, and some of the crown jewels of great value; but what principally engaged my attention, and touched me with passing melancholy, were the bloody, yet precious spoils of the two greatest heroes the North ever produced. What I mean are the clothes in which the great Gustavus Adolphus, and the intrepid Charles XII., died, by a fate not unusual to

kings. The first, if I remember, is a sort of buff waistcoat, made antique fashion, very plain, and without the least ornaments; the second, which was even more remarkable, consisted only of a coarse blue cloth coat, a large hat of less value, a shirt of coarse linen, large boots, and buff gloves made to cover a great part of the arm. His saddle, his pistols, and his sword, have nothing in them remarkable; the meanest soldier was in this respect no way inferior to his gallant monarch. I shall use this opportunity to give you some particulars of the life of a man already so well known, which I had from persons who knew him when a child, and who now, by a fate not unusual to courtiers, spend a life of poverty and retirement, and talk over in raptures all the actions of their old victorious king, companion, and master.

Courage and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this monarch's character. In his tenderest years he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarcely seven years old, being at dinner with the queen his mother, intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal snapped too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiously, but our young hero, without offering to cry, or taking the least notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin. The queen, perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He contented himself with replying, that he thanked her, he was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and so repeated their solicitations; but all was in vain, though the poor child was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer who attended at table at last perceived it; for Charles would sooner have died than betrayed his dog, who he knew intended no injury.

At another time, when in the small-pox, and his case appeared dangerous, he grew one day very uneasy in his bed, and a gentleman who watched him, desirous of covering him up close, received from the patient a violent box on his ear. Some hours after, observing the prince more calm, he entreated to know how he had incurred his displeasure, or what he had done to have merited a blow. A blow, replied Charles, I don't remember any thing of it; I remember, indeed, that I thought myself in the battle of Arbela, fighting for Darius, where I gave Alexander a blow which brought him to the ground.

What great effects might not these two qualities of courage and constancy have produced, had they at first received a just direction. Charles, with proper instructions, thus naturally disposed, would have been the delight and the glory of his age. Happy those princes who are educated by men who are at once virtuous and wise, and have been for some time in the school of affliction; who weigh happiness against glory, and teach their royal pupils the real value of fame; who are ever

showing the superior dignity of man to that of royalty: that a peasant who does his duty is a nobler character than a king of even middling reputation. Happy, I say, were princes, could such men be found to instruct them; but those to whom such an education is generally intrusted, are men who themselves have acted in a sphere too high to know mankind. Puffed up themselves with the ideas of false grandeur, and measuring merit by adventitious circumstances of greatness, they generally communicate those fatal prejudices to their pupils, confirm their pride by adulation, or increase their ignorance by teaching them to despise that wisdom which is found among the poor.

But not to moralize when I only intend a story, what is related of the journeys of this prince is no less astonishing. He has sometimes been on horseback for four-and-twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom. At last none of his officers were found capable of following him; he thus consequently rode the greatest part of his journeys quite alone, without taking a moment's repose, and without any other subsistence but a bit of bread. In one of these rapid courses he underwent an adventure singular enough. Riding thus post one day, all alone, he had the misfortune to have his horse fall dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man, but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirds his horse, claps the whole equipment on his own back, and thus accoutred marches on to the next inn, which by good fortune was not far off. Entering the stable, he here found a horse entirely to his mind; so, without further ceremony, he clapped on his saddle and housing with great composure, and was just going to mount, when the gentleman who owned the horse was apprised of a stranger's going to steal his property out of the stable. Upon asking the king, whom he had never seen, bluntly, how he presumed to meddle with his horse, Charles coolly replied, squeezing in his lips, which was his usual custom, that he took the horse because he wanted one; for you see, continued he, if I have none, I shall be obliged to carry the saddle myself. This answer did not seem at all satisfactory to the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword. In this the king was not much behind-hand with him, and to it they were going, when the guards by this time came up, and testified that surprise which was natural to see arms in the hand of a subject against his king. Imagine whether the gentleman was less surprised than they at his unmeditated disobedience. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the king, who, taking him by the hand, assured him he was a brave fellow, and himself would take care he should be provided for. This promise was afterwards fulfilled, and I have been assured the king make him a captain.

HAPPINESS, IN A GREAT MEASURE, DEPENDENT ON CONSTITUTION.

WHEN I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure: I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth; thought cross-purposes the highest stretch of human wit, and questions and commands the most rational amusement for spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still continue! I find age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure Garrick gives can on any way compare to that I have received from a country wag, who imitated a quaker's sermon. The music of Matei is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen.

Writers of every age have endeavoured to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes a subject of entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession: some may be awkward, others ill-dressed, but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till nightfall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! a happy constitution supplied philosophy, and though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairy land around him. Every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him from his insensibility a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers might wish in vain to imitate.

They who, like him, can place themselves on that side of the world, in which every thing appears in a ridiculous or pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humour. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in short, as little

anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being a universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception; if she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress: he persuaded himself, that instead of loving the lady, he only fancied he had loved her, and so all was well again. When fortune wore her angriest look, when he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarine, and was confined a close prisoner in the castle of Vincennes, he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences of life, teased every hour by the impertinence of wretches who were employed to guard him, he still retained his good-humour, laughed at all their little spite, and carried the jest so far as to be revenged, by writing the life of his gaoler.

All that philosophy can teach, is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good-humour be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it.

Dick Wildgoose was one of the happiest silly fellows I ever knew. He was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever Dick fell into any misery, he usually called it *seeing life*. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to Dick. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered round him. "I leave my second son Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, "prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself."—"I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds."—"Ah! father," cried

Simon (in great affliction to be sure), "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" At last, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you have always been a sad dog, you'll never come to good, you'll never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling to buy a halter."—"Ah! father," cries Dick, without any emotion, may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and Dick is not only excessively good-humoured, but competently rich.

The world, in short, may cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author, who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at a general, who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar; or a lady who keeps her good-humour in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behaviour they can possibly assume. It is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it: by the first method we forget our miseries, by the last we only conceal them from others. By struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict: the only method to come off victorious, is by running away.

ON OUR THEATRES.

MADemoiselle CLARON, a celebrated actress at Paris, seems to me the most perfect female figure I have ever seen upon any stage. Not perhaps that nature has been more liberal of personal beauty to her, than some to be seen upon our theatres at home. There are actresses here who have as much of what connoisseurs call statuary grace, by which is meant elegance unconnected with motion, as she; but they all fall infinitely short of her, when the soul comes to give expression to the limbs, and animates every feature.

Her first appearance is excessively engaging; she never comes in staring round upon the company, as if she intended to count the benefits of the house, or at least to see, as well as be seen. Her eyes are always, at first, intently fixed upon the persons of the drama, and she lifts them by degrees, with enchanting diffidence, upon the spectators. Her first speech, or at least the first part of it, is delivered with scarcely any motion of the arm; her hands and her tongue never set out together; but the one prepares us for the other. She sometimes begins with a mute eloquent attitude; but never goes forward all at once with hands, eyes, head, and voice. This observation, though it may appear of no importance, should certainly be adverted to; nor do I see any one performer (Garrick only excepted) among us, that is not in this particular apt to offend. By this simple beginning, she gives herself a power of rising in the passion of the scene. As she proceeds, every ges-

ture, every look, acquires new violence, till at last transported, she fills the whole vehemence of the part, and all the idea of the poet.

Her hands are not alternately stretched out, and then drawn in again, as with the singing women at Saddler's Wells; they are employed with graceful variety, and every moment please with new and unexpected eloquence. Add to this, that their motion is generally from the shoulder; she never flourishes her hands while the upper part of her arm is motionless, nor has she the ridiculous appearance, as if her elbows were pinned to her hips.

But of all the cautions to be given to our rising actresses, I would particularly recommend it to them never to take notice of the audience, upon any occasion whatsoever; let the spectators applaud never so loudly, their praises should pass, except at the end of the epilogue, with seeming inattention. I can never pardon a lady on the stage, who, when she draws the admiration of the whole audience, turns about to make them a low courtesy for their applause. Such a figure no longer continues Belvidera, but at once drops into Mrs. Clobber. Suppose a sober tradesman, who once a year takes his shilling's-worth at Drury-Lane, in order to be delighted with the figure of a queen, the queen of Sheba, for instance, or any other queen; this honest man has no other idea of the great but from their superior pride and impertinence; suppose such a man placed among the spectators, the first figure that appears on the stage is the queen herself, courtesying and cringing to all the company; how can he fancy her the haughty favourite of King Solomon the wise, who appears actually more submissive than the wife of his bosom? We are all tradesmen of a nicer relish in this respect, and such conduct must disgust every spectator, who loves to have the illusion of nature strong upon him.

Yet, while I recommend to our actresses a skillful attention to gesture, I would not have them study it in the looking-glass. This, without some precaution, will render their action formal; by too great an intimacy with this, they become stiff and affected. People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after. I remember to have known a notable performer of the other sex, who made great use of this flattering monitor, and yet was one of the stiffest figures I ever saw. I am told his apartment was hung round with looking-glasses, that he might see his person twenty times reflected upon entering the room; and I will make bold to say, he saw twenty very ugly fellows whenever he did so.

No. III.

Saturday, October 20, 1759.

ON THE USE OF LANGUAGE.

THE manner in which most writers begin their treatises on the use of language, is generally thus:

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"Language has been granted to man, in order to discover his wants and necessities, so as to have them relieved by society. Whatever we desire, whatever we wish, it is but to clothe those desires or wishes in words, in order to fruition; the principal use of language, therefore," say they, "is to express our wants, so as to receive a speedy redress."

Such an account as this may serve to satisfy grammarians and rhetoricians well enough, but men who know the world maintain very contrary maxims; they hold, and I think with some show of reason, that he who best knows how to conceal his necessity and desires, is the most likely person to find redress; and that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants, as to conceal them.

When we reflect on the manner in which mankind generally confer their favours, we shall find, that they who seem to want them least, are the very persons who most liberally share them. There is something so attractive in riches, that the large heap generally collects from the smaller; and the poor find as much pleasure in increasing the enormous mass, as the miser, who owns it, sees happiness in its increase. Nor is there any thing in this repugnant to the laws of true morality. Seneca himself allows, that in conferring benefits, the present should always be suited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus the rich receive large presents, and are thanked for accepting them. Men of middling stations are obliged to be content with presents something less; while the beggar, who may be truly said to want indeed, is well paid if a farthing rewards his warmest solicitations.

Every man who has seen the world, and has had his *ups and downs* in life, as the expression is, must have frequently experienced the truth of this doctrine, and must know, that to have much, or to seem to have it, is the only way to have more. Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him. Should he ask his friend to lend him a hundred pounds, it is possible, from the largeness of his demand, he may find credit for twenty; but should he humbly only sue for a trifle, it is two to one whether he might be trusted for twopence. A certain young fellow at George's, whenever he had occasion to ask his friend for a guinea, used to prelude his request as if he wanted two hundred, and talked so familiarly of large sums, that none could ever think he wanted a small one. The same gentleman, whenever he wanted credit for a new suit from his tailor, always made a proposal in laced clothes; for he found by experience, that if he appeared shabby on these occasions, Mr. Lynch had taken an oath against trusting; or, what was every bit as bad, his foreman was out of the way, and would not be at home these two days.

There can be no inducement to reveal our wants, except to find pity, and by this means relief; but before a poor man opens his mind in such circum-

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stances, he should first consider whether he is contented to lose the esteem of the person he solicits, and whether he is willing to give up friendship only to excite compassion. Pity and friendship are passions incompatible with each other, and it is impossible that both can reside in any breast for the smallest space, without impairing each other. Friendship is made up of esteem and pleasure; pity is composed of sorrow and contempt; the mind may for some time fluctuate between them, but it never can entertain both together.

Yet, let it not be thought that I would exclude pity from the human mind. There are scarcely any who are not, in some degree, possessed of this pleasing softness; but it is at best but a short-lived passion, and seldom affords distress more than transitory assistance: with some it scarcely lasts from the first impulse till the hand can be put into the pocket; with others it may continue for twice that space, and on some extraordinary sensibility I have seen it operate for half an hour. But, however, last as it will, it generally produces but beggerly effects: and where, from this motive, we give a halfpenny, from others we give always pounds. In great distress, we sometimes, it is true, feel the influence of tenderness strongly; when the same distress solicits a second time, we then feel with diminished sensibility, but, like the repetition of an echo, every new impulse becomes weaker, till at last our sensations lose every mixture of sorrow, and degenerate into downright contempt.

Jack Spindle and I were old acquaintance; but he's gone. Jack was bred in a counting-house, and his father dying just as he was out of his time, left him a handsome fortune, and many friends to advise with. The restraint in which he had been brought up had thrown a gloom upon his temper, which some regarded as a habitual prudence, and from such considerations, he had every day repeated offers of friendship. Those who had money were ready to offer him their assistance that way; and they who had daughters, frequently in the warmth of affection advised him to marry. Jack, however, was in good circumstances; he wanted neither money, friends, nor a wife, and therefore modestly declined their proposals.

Some errors in the management of his affairs, and several losses in trade, soon brought Jack to a different way of thinking; and he at last thought it his best way to let his friends know, that their offers were at length acceptable. His first address was, therefore, to a scrivener, who had formerly made him frequent offers of money and friendship, at a time when, perhaps, he knew those offers would have been refused.

Jack, therefore, thought he might use his old friend without any ceremony; and, as a man confident of not being refused, requested the use of a hundred guineas for a few days, as he just then had an occasion for money. "And pray, Mr. Spindle," replied the scrivener, "do you want all this money?"—"Want it, sir," says the other, "if

I did not want it, I should not have asked it."—"I am sorry for that," says the friend; "for those who want money when they come to borrow, will want money when they should come to pay. To say the truth, Mr. Spindle, money is money now-a-days. I believe it is all sunk in the bottom of the sea, for my part; and he that has got a little, is a fool if he does not keep what he has got."

Not quite disconcerted by this refusal, our adventurer was resolved to apply to another, whom he knew to be the very best friend he had in the world. The gentleman whom he now addressed, received his proposal with all the affability that could be expected from generous friendship.—"Let me see, you want a hundred guineas; and pray, dear Jack, would not fifty answer?"—"If you have but fifty to spare, sir, I must be contented." "Fifty to spare! I do not say that, for I believe I have but twenty about me." "Then I must borrow the other thirty from some other friend." "And pray," replied the friend, "would it not be the best way to borrow the whole money from that other friend, and then one note will serve for all, you know? Lord, Mr. Spindle, make no ceremony with me at any time; you know I'm your friend, when you choose a bit of dinner or so. You, Tom, see the gentleman down. You won't forget to dine with us now and then? Your very humble servant."

Distressed, but not discouraged at this treatment, he was at last resolved to find that assistance from love, which he could not have from friendship. Miss Jenny Dismal had a fortune in her own hands, and she had already made all the advances that her sex's modesty would permit. He made his proposal, therefore, with confidence, but soon perceived, "No bankrupt ever found the fair one kind." Miss Jenny and Master Billy Galloon were lately fallen deeply in love with each other, and the whole neighbourhood thought it would soon be a match.

Every day now began to strip Jack of his former finery; his clothes flew piece by piece to the pawnbrokers; and he seemed at length equipped in the genuine mourning of antiquity. But still he thought himself secure from starving; the numberless invitations he had received to dine, even after his losses, were yet unanswered; he was, therefore, now resolved to accept of a dinner because he wanted one; and in this manner he actually lived among his friends a whole week without being openly affronted. The last place I saw poor Jack was at the Rev. Dr. Gosling's. He had, as he fancied, just nicked the time, for he came in as the cloth was laying. He took a chair without being desired, and talked for some time without being attended to. He assured the company, that nothing procured so good an appetite as a walk to White-Conduit-House, where he had been that morning. He looked at the table-cloth, and praised the figure of the damask, talked of a feast where he had been the day before, but that

the vension was overdone. All this, however, procured the poor creature no invitation, and he was not yet sufficiently hardened to stay without being asked; wherefore, finding the gentleman of the house insensible to all his fetches, he thought proper, at last, to retire, and mend his appetite by a walk in the Park.

You then, O ye beggars of my acquaintance, whether in rags or lace; whether in Kent-street or the Mall; whether at Smyrna or St. Giles's; might I advise you as a friend, never seem in want of the favour which you solicit. Apply to every passion but pity for redress. You may find relief from vanity, from self-interest, or from avarice, but seldom from compassion. The very eloquence of a poor man is disgusting; and that mouth which is opened even for flattery, is seldom expected to close without a petition.

If then you would ward off the gripe of poverty, pretend to be a stranger to her, and she will at least use you with ceremony. Hear not my advice, but that of Offellus. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porringer of peas soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast. You may observe, that Dr. Cheyne has prescribed peas broth for the gravel; hint that you are not one of those who are always making a god of your belly. If you are obliged to wear a flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark that stuffs are very much worn at Paris. If there be found some irreparable defects in any part of your equipage, which cannot be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross-legged, coaxing, or darning, say, that neither you nor Sampson Gideon were ever very fond of dress. Or if you be a philosopher, hint that Plato and Seneca are the tailors you choose to employ; assure the company, that men ought to be content with a bare covering, since what is now so much the pride of some, was formerly our shame. Horace will give you a Latin sentence fit for the occasion,

*Toga defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa, queat.*

In short, however caught, do not give up, but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition, what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances, and appear rather to be a miser than a beggar. To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise. Pride in the great is hateful, in the wise it is ridiculous; *beggarly pride* is the only sort of vanity I can excuse.

THE HISTORY OF HYPASIA.

MAN, when secluded from society, is not a more solitary being than the woman who leaves the duties of her own sex to invade the privileges of ours.

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She seems, in such circumstances, like one in bashment; she appears like a neutral being between the sexes; and, though she may have the admiration of both, she finds true happiness from neither.

Of all the ladies of antiquity I have read of, none was ever more justly celebrated than the beautiful Hypasia, the daughter of Leon, the philosopher. This most accomplished of women was born at Alexandria, in the reign of Theodosius the younger. Nature was never more lavish of its gifts than it had been to her, endued as she was with the most exalted understanding, and the happiest turn to science. Education completed what nature had begun, and made her the prodigy not only of her age, but the glory of her sex.

From her father she learned geometry and astronomy; she collected from the conversation and schools of the other philosophers, for which Alexandria was at that time famous, the principles of the rest of the sciences.

What can not be conquered by natural penetration, and a passion for study? The boundless knowledge which, at that period of time, was required to form the character of a philosopher, no was discouraged her; she delivered herself up to the study of Aristotle and Plato, and soon not one in all Alexandria understood so perfectly as she all the difficulties of those two philosophers.

But not their systems alone, but those of every other sect were quite familiar to her; and to this knowledge she added that of polite learning, and the art of oratory. All the learning which it was possible for the human mind to contain, being joined to a most enchanting eloquence, rendered this lady the wonder not only of the populace, who easily admire, but of philosophers themselves, who are seldom fond of admiration.

The city of Alexandria was every day crowded with strangers, who came from all parts of Greece and Asia to see and hear her. As for the charms of her person, they might not probably have been mentioned, did she not join to a beauty the most striking, a virtue that might repress the most assuming; and though in the whole capital, famed for charms, there was not one who could equal her in beauty; though in a city, the resort of all the learning then existing in the world, there was not one who could equal her in knowledge; yet, with such accomplishments, Hypasia was the most modest of her sex. Her reputation for virtue was not less than her virtues; and though in a city divided between two factions, though visited by the wits and the philosophers of the age, calumny never dared to suspect her morals, or attempt her character. Both the Christians and the Heathens who have transmitted her history and her misfortunes, have but one voice, when they speak of her beauty, her knowledge, and her virtue. Nay, so much harmony reigns in their accounts of this prodigy of perfection, that, in spite of the opposition of their faith, we should never

have been able to judge of what religion was Hypasia, were we not informed, from other circumstances, that she was a heathen. Providence had taken so much pains in forming her, that we are almost induced to complain of its not having endeavoured to make her a Christian; but from this complaint we are deterred by a thousand contrary observations, which lead us to reverence its inscrutable mysteries.

This great reputation of which she so justly was possessed, was at last, however, the occasion of her ruin.

The person who then possessed the patriarchate of Alexandria, was equally remarkable for his violence, cruelty, and pride. Conducted by an ill-grounded zeal for the Christian religion, or, perhaps, desirous of augmenting his authority in the city, he had long meditated the banishment of the Jews. A difference arising between them and the Christians with respect to some public games, seemed to him a proper juncture for putting his ambitious designs into execution. He found no difficulty in exciting the people, naturally disposed to revolt. The prefect, who at that time commanded the city, interposed on this occasion, and thought it just to put one of the chief creatures of the patriarch to the torture, in order to discover the first promoter of the conspiracy. The patriarch, enraged at the injustice he thought offered to his character and dignity, and piqued at the protection which was offered to the Jews, sent for the chiefs of the synagogue, and enjoined them to renounce their designs, upon pain of incurring his highest displeasure.

The Jews, far from fearing his menaces, excited new tumults, in which several citizens had the misfortune to fall. The patriarch could no longer contain: at the head of a numerous body of Christians, he flew to the synagogues, which he demolished, and drove the Jews from a city, of which they had been possessed since the times of Alexander the Great. It may be easily imagined, that the prefect could not behold, without pain, his jurisdiction thus insulted, and the city deprived of a number of its most industrious inhabitants.

The affair was therefore brought before the emperor. The patriarch complained of the excesses of the Jews, and the prefect of the outrages of the patriarch. At this very juncture, five hundred monks of mount Nitria, imagining the life of their chief to be in danger, and that their religion was threatened in his fall, flew into the city with ungovernable rage, attacked the prefect in the streets, and, not content with loading him with reproaches, wounded him in several places.

The citizens had, by this time, notice of the fury of the monks; they, therefore, assembled in a body, put the monks to flight, seized on him who had been found throwing a stone, and delivered him to the prefect, who caused him to be put to death without further delay.

The patriarch immediately ordered the dead body, which had been exposed to view, to be taken down, procured for it all the pomp and rites of burial, and went even so far as himself to pronounce the funeral oration, in which he classed a seditious monk among the martyrs. This conduct was by no means generally approved of; the most moderate even among the Christians perceived and blamed his indiscretion; but he was now too far advanced to retire. He had made several overtures towards a reconciliation with the prefect, which not succeeding, he bore all those an implacable hatred whom he imagined to have any hand in traversing his designs; but Hypasia was particularly destined to ruin. She could not find pardon, as she was known to have a most refined friendship for the prefect; wherefore the populace were incited against her. Peter, a reader of the principal church, one of those vile slaves by which men in power are too frequently attended, wretches ever ready to commit any crime which they hope may render them agreeable to their employer; this fellow, I say, attended by a crowd of villains, waited for Hypasia, as she was returning from a visit, at her own door, seized her as she was going in, and dragged her to one of the churches called Cesarea, where, stripping her in a most inhuman manner, they exercised the most inhuman cruelties upon her, cut her into pieces, and burnt her remains to ashes. Such was the end of Hypasia, the glory of her own sex, and the astonishment of ours.

ON JUSTICE AND GENEROSITY.

LYSIPPUS is a man whose greatness of soul the whole world admires. His generosity is such, that it prevents a demand, and saved the receiver the trouble and the confusion of a request. His liberality also does not oblige more by its greatness than by his inimitable grace in giving. Sometimes he even distributes his bounties to strangers, and has been known to do good offices to those who professed themselves his enemies. All the world are unanimous in the praise of his generosity: there is only one sort of people who complain of his conduct—Lysippus does not pay his debts.

It is no difficult matter to account for a conduct so seemingly incompatible with itself. There is greatness in being generous, and there is only simple justice in satisfying his creditors. Generosity is the part of a soul raised above the vulgar. There is in it something of what we admire in heroes, and praise with a degree of rapture. Justice, on the contrary, is a mere mechanic virtue, fit only for tradesmen, and what is practised by every broker in Change Alley.

In paying his debts, a man barely does his duty, and it is an action attended with no sort of

glory. Should Lysippus satisfy his creditors, who would be at the pains of telling it to the world? Generosity is a virtue of a very different complexion. It is raised above duty, and from its elevation attracts the attention, and the praises, of us little mortals below.

In this manner do men generally reason upon justice and generosity. The first is despised, though a virtue essential to the good of society; and the other attracts out esteem, which too frequently proceeds from an impetuosity of temper, rather directed by vanity than reason. Lysippus is told that his banker asks a debt of forty pounds, and that a distressed acquaintance petitions for the same sum. He gives it without hesitating to the latter; for he demands as a favour what the former requires as a debt.

Mankind in general are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word *justice*: it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This I allow is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shown to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined to be that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not, in their own nature, virtues; and if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is at best indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expenses of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Misers are generally characterized as men without honour or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as madmen, who, in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make from imaginary wants real necessities. But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated picture; and, perhaps, there is not one in whom all these circumstances are found united. Instead of this, we find the sober and the industrious branded by the vain and the idle with this odious appellation; men who, by frugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock.

Whatever the vain or the ignorant may say, well were it for society had we more of this character among us. In general, these close men are found at last the true benefactors of society. With an avaricious man we seldom lose in our dealings; but too frequently in our commerce with prodigality.

A French priest, whose name was Godinot, went for a long time by the name of the Griper. He refused to relieve the most apparent wretchedness, and, by a skilful management of his vineyard, had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow-citizens, detested him, and the populace, who seldom love a miser, wherever he went, received him with contempt. He still, however, continued his former simplicity of life, his amazing and unremitted frugality. This good man had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore, that whole fortune which he had been amassing, he laid out in an aqueduct, by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

Among men long conversant with books, we too frequently find those misplaced virtues of which I have been now complaining. We find the studious animated with a strong passion for the great virtues, as they are mistakenly called, and utterly forgetful of the ordinary ones. The declamations of philosophy are generally rather exhausted on these supererogatory duties, than on such as are indispensably necessary. A man, therefore, who has taken his ideas of mankind from study alone, generally comes into the world with a heart melting at every fictitious distress. Thus he is induced, by misplaced liberality, to put himself into the indigent circumstances of the persons he relieves.

I shall conclude this paper with the advice of one of the ancients, to a young man whom he saw giving away all his substance to pretended distress. "It is possible that the person you relieve may be an honest man; and I know that you who relieve him are such. You see, then, by your generosity, you only rob a man who is certainly deserving, to bestow it on one who may possibly be a rogue:

and while you are unjust in rewarding uncertain merit, you are doubly guilty by stripping yourself."

SOME PARTICULARS RELATING TO FATHER FREIJO.

Primus mortales tollere contra
Est oculus ausus, primusque assurgere contra.
Imcr.

THE Spanish nation has, for many centuries past, been remarkable for the grossest ignorance in polite literature, especially in point of natural philosophy; a science so useful to mankind, that her neighbours have ever esteemed it a matter of the greatest importance to endeavour, by repeated experiments, to strike a light out of the chaos in which truth seemed to be confounded. Their curiosity in this respect was so indifferent, that though they had discovered new worlds, they were at a loss to explain the phenomena of their own, and their pride so unaccountable, that they disdained to borrow from others that instruction which their natural indolence permitted them not to acquire.

It gives me, however, a secret satisfaction to behold an extraordinary genius, now existing in that nation, whose studious endeavours seem calculated to undeceive the superstitious, and instruct the ignorant; I mean the celebrated Padre Freijo. In unravelling the mysteries of nature and explaining physical experiments, he takes an opportunity of displaying the concurrence of second causes in those very wonders, which the vulgar ascribe to supernatural influence.

An example of this kind happened a few years ago in a small town of the kingdom of Valencia. Passing through at the hour of mass, he alighted from his mule, and proceeded to the parish church, which he found extremely crowded, and there appeared on the faces of the faithful a more than usual alacrity. The sun, it seems, which had been for some minutes under a cloud, had begun to shine on a large crucifix, that stood in the middle of the altar, studded with several precious stones. The reflection from these, and from the diamond eyes of some silver saints, so dazzled the multitude, that they unanimously cried out, A miracle! a miracle! whilst the priest at the altar, with seeming consternation, continued his heavenly conversation. Padre Freijo soon dissipated the charm, by tying his handkerchief round the head of one of the statues, for which he was arraigned by the inquisition; whose flames, however, he has had the good fortune hitherto to escape.

No. IV.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

WERE I to measure the merit of my present undertaking by its success, or the rapidity of its

sale, I might be led to form conclusions by no means favourable to the pride of an author. Should I estimate my fame by its extent, every newspaper and magazine would leave me far behind. Their fame is diffused in a very wide circle, that of some as far as Islington, and some yet farther still; while mine, I sincerely believe, has hardly travelled beyond the sound of Bow-bell: and while the works of others fly like unopinioned swans, I find my own move as heavily as a new plucked goose.

Still, however, I have as much pride as they who have ten times as many readers. It is impossible to repeat all the agreeable delusions in which a disappointed author is apt to find comfort. I conclude, that what my reputation wants in extent, is made up by its solidity. *Minus jurat Gloria lata quam magna.* I have great satisfaction in considering the delicacy and discernment of those readers I have, and in ascribing my want of popularity to the ignorance or inattention of those I have not. All the world may forsake an author, but vanity will never forsake him.

Yet, notwithstanding so sincere a confession, I was once induced to show my indignation against the public, by discontinuing my endeavours to please; and was bravely resolved, like Raleigh, to vex them by burning my manuscript in a passion. Upon recollection, however, I considered what set or body of people would be displeased at my rashness. The sun, after so sad an accident, might shine next morning as bright as usual; men might laugh and sing the next day, and transact business as before, and not a single creature feel any regret but myself.

I reflected upon the story of a minister, who, in the reign of Charles II., upon a certain occasion, resigned all his posts, and retired into the country in a fit of resentment. But as he had not given the world entirely up with his ambition, he sent a messenger to town, to see how the courtiers would bear his resignation. Upon the messenger's return he was asked, whether there appeared any commotion at court? To which he replied, There were very great ones. "Ay," says the minister, "I knew my friends would make a bustle; all petitioning the king for my restoration, I presume." "No, sir," replied the messenger, "they are only petitioning his majesty to be put in your place." In the same manner, should I retire in indignation, instead of having Apollo in mourning, or the Muses in a fit of the spleen; instead of having the learned world apostrophizing at my untimely decease, perhaps all Grubstreet might laugh at my fall, and self-approving dignity might never be able to shield me from ridicule. In short, I am resolved to write on, if it were only to spite them. If the present generation will not hear my voice, hearken, O posterity, to you I call, and from you I expect redress! What rapture will it not give to have the Scaligers, Da-ciers, and Warburtons of future times comment-

ing with admiration upon every line I now write, working away those ignorant creatures who offer to arraign my merit, with all the virulence of learned reproach. Ay, my friends, let them feel it: call names, never spare them; they deserve it all, and ten times more. I have been told of a critic, who was crucified at the command of another to the reputation of Homer. That, no doubt, was more than poetical justice, and I shall be perfectly content if those who criticise me are only clapped in the pillory, kept fifteen days upon bread and water and obliged to run the gantlet through Paternoster-row. The truth is, I can expect happiness from posterity either way. If I write ill, happy in being forgotten; if well, happy in being remembered with respect.

Yet, considering things in a prudential light, perhaps I was mistaken in designing my paper as an agreeable relaxation to the studious, or a help to conversation among the gay; instead of addressing it to such, I should have written down to the taste and apprehension of the many, and sought for reputation on the broad road. Literary fame, I now find, like religious, generally begins among the vulgar. As for the polite, they are so very polite as never to applaud upon any account. One of these, with a face screwed up into affection, tells you, that fools may *admire*, but men of sense only *approve*. Thus, lest he should rise in rapture at any thing new, he keeps down every passion but pride and self-importance; approves with phlegm; and the poor author is damned in the taking a pinch of snuff. Another has written a book himself, and being condemned for a dunce, he turns a sort of king's evidence in criticism, and now becomes the terror of every offender. A third, possessed of full grown reputation, shades off every beam of favour from those who endeavour to grow beneath him, and keeps down that merit, which, but for his influence, might rise into equal eminence: while others, still worse, peruse old books for their amusement, and new books only to condemn; so that the public seem heartily sick of all but the business of the day, and read every thing now with as little attention as they examine the faces of the passing crowd.

From these considerations, I was once determined to throw off all connexions with taste, and fairly address my countrymen in the same engaging style and manner with other periodical pamphlets, much more in vogue than probably mine shall ever be. To effect this, I had thoughts of changing the title into that of the *ROYAL BEE*, the *ANTI-CALLICAN BEE*, or the *BEE'S MAGAZINE*. I had laid in a proper stock of popular topics, such as encomiums on the King of Prussia, invectives against the queen of Hungary and the French, the necessity of a militia, our undoubted sovereignty of the seas, reflections upon the present state of affairs, a dissertation upon liberty, some seasonable thoughts upon the intended bridge of

Blackfriars, and an address to Britons; the history of an old woman, whose teeth grew three inches long, an ode upon our victories, a rebus, an acrostic upon Miss Peggy P., and a journal of the weather. All this, together with four extraordinary pages of *letter-press*, a beautiful map of England, and two prints curiously coloured from nature, I fancied might touch their very souls. I was actually beginning an address to the people, when my pride at last overcame my prudence, and determined me to endeavour to please by the goodness of my entertainment, rather than by the magnificence of my sign.

The Spectator, and many succeeding essayists, frequently inform us of the numerous compliments paid them in the course of their lucubrations; of the frequent encouragements they met to inspire them with ardour, and increase their eagerness to please. I have received my *letters* as well as they; but alas! not congratulatory ones; not assuring me of success and favour; but pregnant with bodings that might shake even fortitude itself.

One gentleman assures me, he intends to throw away no more threepences in purchasing the *BEE*; and, what is still more dismal, he will not recommend me as a poor author wanting encouragement to his neighbourhood, which, it seems, is very numerous. Were my soul set upon threepences, what anxiety might not such a denunciation produce! But such does not happen to be the present motive of publication; I write partly to show my good-nature, and partly to show my vanity; nor will I lay down the pen till I am satisfied one way or another.

Others have disliked the title and the motto of my paper; point out a mistake in the one, and assure me the other has been consigned to dulness by anticipation. All this may be true; but *what is that to me?* Titles and mottos to books are like escutcheons and dignities in the hands of a king. The wise sometimes condescend to *accept* of them; but none but a fool will imagine them of any real importance. We ought to depend upon intrinsic merit, and not the slender helps of title. *Nam quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco.*

For my part, I am ever ready to mistrust a promising title, and have, at some expensæ, been instructed not to hearken to the voice of an advertisement, let it plead never so loudly, or never so long. A countryman coming one day to Smithfield, in order to take a slice of Bartholomew-fair, found a perfect show before every booth. The drummer, the fire-eater, the wire-walker, and the salt-box, were all employed to invite him in. "Just a-going; the court of the king of Prussia in all his glory; pray, gentlemen, walk in and see." From people who generously gave so much away, the clown expected a monstrous bargain for his money when he got in. He steps up, pays his sixpence, the curtain is drawn; when, too late, he finds that he had the best part of the show for nothing at the door.

A FLEMISH TRADITION.

EVERY country has its traditions, which, either too minute, or not sufficiently authentic to receive historical sanction, are handed down among the vulgar, and serve at once to instruct and amuse them. Of this number, the adventures of Robin Hood, the hunting of Chevy-Chase, and the bravery of Johnny Armstrong, among the English; of Kaul Dereg among the Irish; and Crichton among the Scots, are instances. Of all the traditions, however, I remember to have heard, I do not recollect any more remarkable than one still current in Flanders; a story generally the first the peasants tell their children, when they bid them behave like Bidderman the wise. It is by no means, however, a model to be set before a polite people for imitation; since if, on the one hand, we perceive in it the steady influence of patriotism, we on the other find as strong a desire of revenge. But, to wave introduction, let us to the story.

When the Saracens overran Europe with their armies, and penetrated as far even as Antwerp, Bidderman was lord of a city which time has since swept into destruction. As the inhabitants of this country were divided under separate leaders, the Saracens found an easy conquest, and the city of Bidderman, among the rest, became a prey to the victors.

Thus dispossessed of his paternal city, our unfortunate governor was obliged to seek refuge from the neighbouring princes, who were as yet unsubdued, and he for some time lived in a state of wretched dependence among them.

Soon, however, his love to his native country brought him back to his own city, resolved to rescue it from the enemy, or fall in the attempt: thus, in disguise, he went among the inhabitants, and endeavoured, but in vain, to excite them to revolt. Former misfortunes lay so heavily on their minds, that they rather chose to suffer the most cruel bondage than attempt to vindicate their former freedom.

As he was thus one day employed, whether by information or from suspicion is not known, he was apprehended by a Saracen soldier as a spy, and brought before the very tribunal at which he once presided. The account he gave of himself was by no means satisfactory. He could produce no friends to vindicate his character, wherefore, as the Saracens knew not their prisoner, and as they had no direct proofs against him, they were content with condemning him to be publicly whipped as a vagabond.

The execution of this sentence was accordingly performed with the utmost rigour. Bidderman was bound to the post, the executioner seeming disposed to add to the cruelty of the sentence, as he received no bribe for lenity. Whenever Bidderman groaned under the scourge, the other, redoubling his blows, cried out, "Does the villain murmur?" If Bidderman entreated but a moment's respite from

torture, the other only repeated his former exclamation, "Does the villain murmur?"

From this period, revenge as well as patriotism took entire possession of his soul. His fury stooped so low as to follow the executioner with unremitting resentment. But conceiving that the best method to attain these ends was to acquire some eminence in the city, he laid himself out to oblige its new masters, studied every art, and practised every meanness, that serve to promote the needy, or render the poor pleasing; and by these means, in a few years, he came to be of some note in the city, which justly belonged entirely to him.

The executioner was therefore the first object of his resentment, and he even practised the lowest fraud to gratify the revenge he owed him. A piece of plate, which Bidderman had previously stolen from the Saracen governor, he privately conveyed into the executioner's house, and then gave information of the theft. They who are any way acquainted with the rigour of the Arabian laws, know that theft is punished with immediate death. The proof was direct in this case; the executioner had nothing to offer in his own defence, and he was therefore condemned to be beheaded upon a scaffold in the public market-place. As there was no executioner in the city but the very man who was now to suffer, Bidderman himself undertook this, to him a most agreeable office. The criminal was conducted from the judgment-seat, bound with cords: the scaffold was erected, and he placed in such a manner as he might lie most convenient for the blow.

But his death alone was not sufficient to satisfy the resentment of this extraordinary man, unless it was aggravated with every circumstance of cruelty. Wherefore, coming up the scaffold, and disposing every thing in readiness for the intended blow, with the sword in his hand he approached the criminal, and whispering in a low voice, assured him that he himself was the person that had once been used with so much cruelty; that to his knowledge he died very innocently, for the plate had been stolen by himself, and privately conveyed into the house of the other.

"O, my countrymen," cried the criminal, "do you hear what this man says?"—"Does the villain murmur?" replied Bidderman, and immediately at one blow severed his head from his body.

Still, however, he was not content till he had ample vengeance of the governors of the city, who condemned him. To effect this, he hired a small house adjoining to the town-wall, under which he every day dug, and carried out the earth in a basket. In this unremitting labour he continued several years, every day digging a little, and carrying the earth unsuspected away. By this means he at last made a secret communication from the country into the city, and only wanted the appearance of an enemy in order to betray it. This opportunity at length offered; the French army came down into the neighbourhood, but had no thoughts of sitting

down before a town which they considered as impregnable. Bidderman, however, soon altered their resolutions, and, upon communicating his plan to the general, he embraced it with ardour. Through the private passage above mentioned, he introduced a large body of the most resolute soldiers, who soon opened the gates for the rest, and the whole army rushing in, put every Saracen that was found to the sword.

THE SAGACITY OF SOME INSECTS.

To the author of the Bee.

SIR,

ANIMALS in general are sagacious in proportion as they cultivate society. The elephant and the beaver show the greatest signs of this when united; but when man intrudes into their communities, they lose all their spirit of industry, and testify but a very small share of that sagacity for which, when in a social state, they are so remarkable.

Among insects, the labours of the bee and the ant have employed the attention and admiration of the naturalist; but their whole sagacity is lost upon separation, and a single bee or ant seems destitute of every degree of industry, is the most stupid insect imaginable, languishes for a time in solitude, and soon dies.

Of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most sagacious; and its actions, to me who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon each other. For this state nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect, and its belly is enveloped in a soft pliant skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster; and their vast length, like spears, serve to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for an attack or a defence, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with a horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished, but its net to entangle the enemy seems what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which, proceeding from the anus, it spins into thread, coarser or finer, as it chooses to contract or dilate its sphincter. In order to fix its thread when it be-

gins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then receding from its first point, as it recedes the thread lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with his claws the thread which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly, and fixed in the same manner to the wall as before.

In this manner it spins and fixes several threads parallel to each other, which, so to speak, serves as a warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, transversely fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads being newly spun, are glutinous and therefore stick to each other wherever they happen to touch; and in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them, by doubling the threads sometimes six-fold.

Thus far naturalists have gone in the description of this animal; what follows is the result of my own observation upon that species of the insect called a *house-spider*. I perceived about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web; and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction; and I may say, it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking, that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his strong hold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned; and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now, then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I

must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped; and, when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized, and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state; and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life, for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the net; but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net, but those it seems were irreparable: wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time: when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize it prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose: the manner then is to wait patiently, till by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then he becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand; and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

To complete this description, it may be observed, that the male spiders are much less than the female,

and that the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole. If disturbed in their holes, they never attempt to escape without carrying this young brood in their forceps, away with them, and thus frequently are sacrificed to their paternal affection.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering, they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly, they fall too with good appetites: but they live sometimes three or four days without any sort of sustenance, and yet still continue to grow larger, so as every day to double their former size. As they grow old, however, they do not still continue to increase, but their legs only continue to grow longer; and when a spider becomes entirely stiff with age and unable to seize its prey, it dies at length of hunger.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF GREATNESS.

In every duty, in every science in which we would wish to arrive at perfection, we should propose for the object of our pursuit some certain station even beyond our abilities; some imaginary excellence, which may amuse and serve to animate our inquiry. In deviating from others, in following an unbeaten road, though we perhaps may never arrive at the wished-for object, yet it is possible we may meet several discoveries by the way; and the certainty of small advantages, even while we travel with security, is not so amusing as the hopes of great rewards, which inspire the adventurer. *Evenit nonnunquam, says Quintilian, ut aliquid grande inveniat qui semper querit quod nimium est.*

This enterprising spirit is, however, by no means the character of the present age: every person who should now leave received opinion, who should attempt to be more than a commentator upon philosophy, or an imitator in polite learning, might be regarded as a chimerical projector. Hundreds would be ready not only to point out his errors, but to load him with reproach. Our probable opinions are now regarded as certainties; the difficulties hitherto undiscovered as utterly inscrutable; and the last age inimitable, and therefore the properest models of imitation.

One might be almost induced to deplore the philosophic spirit of the age, which, in proportion as it enlightens the mind, increases its timidity, and represses the vigour of every undertaking. Men are now content with being prudently in the right; which, though not the way to make new acquisitions, it must be owned, is the best method of securing what we have. Yet this is

certain, that the writer who never deviates, who never hazards a new thought, or a new expression, though his friends may compliment him upon his sagacity, though criticism lifts her feeble voice in his praise, will seldom arrive at any degree of perfection. The way to acquire lasting esteem, is not by the fewness of a writer's faults, but the greatness of his beauties; and our noblest works are generally most replete with both.

An author who would be sublime, often runs his thought into burlesque; yet I can readily pardon his mistaking ten times for once succeeding. True genius walks along a line; and perhaps our greatest pleasure is in seeing it so often near falling, without being ever actually down.

Every science has its hitherto undiscovered mysteries, after which men should travel discouraged by the failure of former adventurers. Every new attempt serves perhaps to facilitate its future invention. We may not find the philosopher's stone, but we shall probably hit upon new inventions in pursuing it. We shall perhaps never be able to discover the longitude, yet perhaps we may arrive at new truths in the investigation.

Were any of those sagacious minds among us (and surely no nation, or no person, could ever compare with us in this particular); were any of those minds, I say, who now sit down contented with exploring the intricacies of another's system, bravely to shake off admiration, and, undazzled with the splendour of another's reputation, to chalk out a path to fame for themselves, and boldly cultivate untried experiment, what might not be the result of their inquiries, should the same study that has made them wise make them enterprising also? What could not such qualities united produce? But such is not the character of the English: while our neighbours of the continent launch out into the ocean of science, without proper store for the voyage, we fear shipwreck in every breeze, and consume in port those powers which might probably have weathered every storm.

Projectors in a state are generally rewarded above their deserts; projectors in the republic of letters, never. If wrong, every inferior dunce thinks himself entitled to laugh at their disappointment; if right, men of superior talents think their honour engaged to oppose, since every new discovery is a tacit diminution of their own pre-eminence.

To aim at excellence, our reputation, our friends, and our all must be ventured; by aiming only at mediocrity, we run no risk, and we do little service. Prudence and greatness are ever persuading us to contrary pursuits. The one instructs us to be content with our station, and to find happiness in bounding every wish: the other impels us to superiority, and calls nothing happiness but rapture. The one directs to follow mankind, and to act and think with the rest of the world: the other drives us from the crowd, and exposes us as a mark to all the shafts of envy or ignorance.

Nec minus periculum ex magna fama quam ex mala.
Tacit.

The rewards of mediocrity are immediately paid, those attending excellence generally paid in reversion. In a word, the little mind who loves itself, will write and think with the vulgar, but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road, from universal benevolence.

* * In this place our author introduces a paper, entitled a City Night Piece, with the following motto from Martial.

Ille dolet vere, qui sine teste dolet.

This beautiful Essay forms the 117th letter in the Citizen of the World; but Dr. Goldsmith has there omitted the concluding paragraph, which, on account of its singular merit, we shall here preserve.

But let me turn from a scene of such distress to the sanctified hypocrite, *who has been talking of virtue till the time of bed*, and now steals out to give a loose to his vices under the protection of midnight: vices more atrocious because he attempts to conceal them. See how he pants down the dark alley; and, with hastening steps, fears an acquaintance in every face. He has passed the whole day in company he hates, and now goes to prolong the night among company that as heartily hate him. May his vices be detected! may the morning rise upon his shame! Yet I wish to no purpose; villainy, when detected, never gives up, but boldly adds impudence to imposture.

NO. V.

Saturday, November 3, 1759.

UPON POLITICAL FRUGALITY.

FRUGALITY has ever been esteemed a virtue as well among Pagans as Christians: there have been even heroes who have practised it. However, we must acknowledge, that it is too modest a virtue, or, if you will, too obscure a one, to be essential to heroism; few heroes have been able to attain to such a height. Frugality agrees much better with politics; it seems to be the base, the support, and, in a word, seems to be the inseparable companion of a just administration.

However this be, there is not perhaps in the world a people less fond of this virtue than the English; and of consequence, there is not a nation more restless, more exposed to the uneasiness of life, or less capable of providing for particular happiness. We are taught to despise this virtue from our childhood, our education is improperly

directed, and a man who has gone through the polite institutions, is generally the person who is least acquainted with the wholesome precepts of frugality. We every day hear the elegance of taste, the magnificence of some, and the generosity of others, made the subject of our admiration and applause. All this we see represented, not as the end and recompense of labour and desert, but as the actual result of genius, as the mark of a noble and exalted mind.

In the midst of these praises bestowed on luxury, for which elegance and taste are but another name, perhaps it may be thought improper to plead the cause of frugality. It may be thought low, or vainly declamatory, to exhort our youth from the follies of dress, and of every other superfluity; to accustom themselves, even with mechanic meanness, to the simple necessities of life. Such sort of instructions may appear antiquated; yet, however, they seem the foundations of all our virtues, and the most efficacious method of making mankind useful members of society. Unhappily, however, such discourses are not fashionable among us, and the fashion seems every day growing still more obsolete, since the press, and every other method of exhortation, seems disposed to talk of the luxuries of life as harmless enjoyments. I remember, when a boy, to have remarked, that those who in school wore the finest clothes, were pointed at as being conceited and proud. At present, our little masters are taught to consider dress betimes, and they are regarded, even at school, with contempt, who do not appear as genteel as the rest. Education should teach us to become useful, sober, disinterested, and laborious members of society; but does it not at present point out a different path? It teaches us to multiply our wants, by which means we become more eager to possess, in order to dissipate, a greater charge to ourselves, and more useless or obnoxious to society.

If a youth happens to be possessed of more genius than fortune, he is early informed, that he ought to think of his advancement in the world; that he should labour to make himself pleasing to his superiors; that he should shun low company (by which is meant the company of his equals); that he should rather live a little above than below his fortune; that he should think of becoming great: but he finds none to admonish him to become frugal, to persevere in one single design, to avoid every pleasure and all flattery which, however seeming to conciliate the favour of his superiors, never conciliate their esteem. There are none to teach him, that the best way of becoming happy in himself, and useful to others, is to continue in the state in which fortune at first placed him, without making too hasty strides to advancement; that greatness may be attained, but should not be expected; and that they who most impatiently expect advancement, are seldom possessed of their wishes. He has few, I say, to teach him this lesson, or to moderate his youthful passions;

yet this experience may say, that a young man, who, but for six years of the early part of his life, could seem divested of all his passions, would certainly make, or considerably increase his fortune, and might indulge several of his favourite inclinations in manhood with the utmost security.

The efficaciousness of these means is sufficiently known and acknowledged; but as we are apt to connect a low idea with all our notions of frugality, the person who would persuade us to it might be accused of preaching up avarice.

Of all vices, however, against which morality dissuades, there is not one more undetermined than this of avarice. Misers are described by some, as men divested of honour, sentiment, or humanity; but this is only an ideal picture, or the resemblance at least is found but in a few. In truth, they who are generally called misers, are some of the very best members of society. The sober, the laborious, the attentive, the frugal, are thus styled by the gay, giddy, thoughtless, and extravagant. The first set of men do society all the good, and the latter all the evil that is felt. Even the excesses of the first no way injure the commonwealth, those of the latter are the most injurious that can be conceived.

The ancient Romans, more rational than we in this particular, were very far from thus misplacing their admiration and praise; instead of regarding the practice of parsimony as low or vicious, they made it synonymous even with probity. They esteemed those virtues so inseparable, that the known expression of *Vir Frugi* signified, at one and the same time, a sober and managing man, an honest man, and a man of substance.

The Scriptures, in a thousand places, praise economy; and it is every where distinguished from avarice. But in spite of all its sacred dictates, a taste for vain pleasures and foolish expense is the ruling passion of the present times. Passion, did I call it? rather the madness which at once possesses the great and the little, the rich and the poor: even some are so intent upon acquiring the superfluities of life that they sacrifice its necessities in this foolish pursuit.

To attempt the entire abolition of luxury, as it would be impossible, so it is not my intent. The generality of mankind are too weak, too much slaves to custom and opinion, to resist the torrent of bad example. But if it be impossible to convert the multitude, those who have received more extended education, who are enlightened and judicious, may find some hints on this subject useful. They may see some abuses, the suppression of which would by no means endanger public liberty; they may be directed to the abolition of some unnecessary expenses, which have no tendency to promote happiness or virtue, and which might be directed to better purposes. Our fire-works, our public feasts and entertainments, our entries of ambassadors, etc.; what mummeries all this! what childish pageants! what millions are sacrificed in

paying tribute to custom! what an unnecessary charge at times when we are pressed with real want, which cannot be satisfied without burdening the poor!

Were such suppressed entirely, not a single creature in the state would have the least cause to mourn their suppression, and many might be eased of a load they now feel lying heavily upon them. If this were put in practice, it would agree with the advice of a sensible writer of Sweden, who, in the *Gazette de France*, 1753, thus expressed himself on that subject. "It were sincerely to be wished," says he, "that the custom were established amongst us, that in all events which cause a public joy, we made our exultations conspicuous only by acts useful to society. We should then quickly see many useful monuments of our reason, which would much better perpetuate the memory of things worthy of being transmitted to posterity, and would be much more glorious to humanity, than all those tumultuous preparations of feasts, entertainments, and other rejoicings used upon such occasions."

The same proposal was long before confirmed by a Chinese emperor, who lived in the last century, who, upon an occasion of extraordinary joy, forbade his subjects to make the usual illuminations, either with a design of sparing their substance, or of turning them to some more durable indications of joy, more glorious for him, and more advantageous to his people.

After such instances of political frugality, can we then continue to blame the Dutch ambassador at a certain court, who, receiving at his departure the portrait of the king, enriched with diamonds, asked what this fine thing might be worth? Being told that it might amount to about two thousand pounds, "And why," cries he, "cannot his majesty keep the picture and give the money?" The simplicity may be ridiculed at first; but when we come to examine it more closely, men of sense will at once confess that he had reason in what he said, and that a purse of two thousand guineas is much more serviceable than a picture.

Should we follow the same method of state frugality in other respects, what numberless savings might not be the result! How many possibilities of saving in the administration of justice, which now burdens the subject, and enriches some members of society, who are useful only from its corruption!

It were to be wished, that they who govern kingdoms would imitate artizans. When at London a new stuff has been invented, it is immediately counterfeited in France. How happy were it for society, if a first minister would be equally solicitous to transplant the useful laws of other countries into his own. We are arrived at a perfect imitation of porcelain; let us endeavour to imitate the good to society that our neighbours are found to practise, and let our neighbours also imitate those parts of duty in which we excel.

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There are some men, who in their garden attempt to raise those fruits which nature has adapted only to the sultry climates beneath the line. We have at our very doors a thousand laws and customs infinitely useful: these are the fruits we should endeavour to transplant; these the exotics that would speedily become naturalized to the soil. They might grow in every climate, and benefit every possessor.

The best and the most useful laws I have ever seen, are generally practised in Holland. When two men are determined to go to law with each other, they are first obliged to go before the reconciling judges, called the *peace-makers*. If the parties come attended with an advocate, or a solicitor, they are obliged to retire, as we take fuel from the fire we are desirous of extinguishing.

The peace-makers then begin advising the parties, by assuring them, that it is the height of folly to waste their substance, and make themselves mutually miserable, by having recourse to the tribunals of justice; follow but our direction, and we will accommodate matters without any expense to either. If the rage of debate is too strong upon either party, they are remitted back for another day, in order that time may soften their tempers, and produce a reconciliation. They are thus sent for twice or thrice: if their folly happens to be incurable, they are permitted to go to law, and as we give up to amputation such members as cannot be cured by art, justice is permitted to take its course.

It is necessary to make here long declamations, or calculate what society would save, were this law adopted. I am sensible, that the man who advises any reformation, only serves to make himself ridiculous. What! mankind will be apt to say, adopt the customs of countries that have not so much real liberty as our own! our present customs, what are they to any man? we are very happy under them: this must be a very pleasant fellow, who attempts to make us happier than we already are! Does he not know that abuses are the patrimony of a great part of the nation? Why deprive us of a malady by which such numbers find their account? This, I must own, is an argument to which I have nothing to reply.

What numberless savings might there not be made in both arts and commerce, particularly in the liberty of exercising trade, without the necessary prerequisites of freedom! Such useless obstructions have crept into every state, from a spirit of monopoly, a narrow selfish spirit of gain, without the least attention to general society. Such a clog upon industry frequently drives the poor from labour, and reduces them by degrees to a state of hopeless indigence. We have already a more than sufficient repugnance to labour; we should by no means increase the obstacles, or make excuses in a state for idleness. Such faults have ever crept into a state, under wrong or needy administrations.

Exclusive of the masters, there are numberless faulty expenses among the workmen; clubs, garnishes, freedoms, and such like impositions, which are not too minute even for law to take notice of, and which should be abolished without mercy, since they are ever the inlets to excess and idleness, and are the parent of all those outrages which naturally fall upon the more useful part of society. In the towns and countries I have seen, I never saw a city or village yet, whose miseries were not in proportion to the number of its public-houses. In Rotterdam, you may go through eight or ten streets without finding a public-house. In Antwerp, almost every second house seems an ale-house. In the one city, all wears the appearance of happiness and warm affluence; in the other, the young fellows walk about the streets in shabby finery, their fathers sit at the door darning or knitting stockings, while their ports are filled with dunghills.

Alehouses are ever an occasion of debauchery and excess, and, either in a religious or political light, it would be our highest interest to have the greatest part of them suppressed. They should be put under laws of not continuing open beyond a certain hour, and harbouring only proper persons. These rules, it may be said, will diminish the necessary taxes; but this is false reasoning, since what was consumed in debauchery abroad, would, if such a regulation took place, be more justly, and perhaps more equitably for the workman's family, spent at home; and this cheaper to them, and without loss of time. On the other hand, our alehouses being ever open, interrupt business; the workman is never certain who frequents them, nor can the master be sure of having what was begun, finished at the convenient time.

A habit of frugality among the lower orders of mankind, is much more beneficial to society than the unreflecting might imagine. The pawnbroker, the attorney, and other pests of society, might, by proper management, be turned into serviceable members; and, were their trades abolished, it is possible the same avarice that conducts the one, or the same chicanery that characterizes the other, might, by proper regulations, be converted into frugality and commendable prudence.

But some, who have made the eulogium of luxury, have represented it as the natural consequence of every country that is become rich. Did we not employ our extraordinary wealth in superfluities, say they, what other means would there be to employ it in? To which it may be answered, if frugality were established in the state, if our expenses were laid out rather in the necessities than the superfluities of life, there might be fewer wants, and even fewer pleasures, but infinitely more happiness. The rich and the great would be better able to satisfy their creditors; they would be better able to marry their children, and, instead of one marriage at present, there might be two, if such regulations took place.

The imaginary calls of vanity, which in reality contribute nothing to our real felicity, would not then be attended to, while the real calls of nature might be always and universally supplied. The difference of employment in the subject is what, in reality, produces the good of society. If the subject be engaged in providing only the luxuries, the necessities must be deficient in proportion. If, neglecting the produce of our own country, our minds are set upon the productions of another, we increase our wants, but not our means; and every new imported delicacy for our tables, or ornament in our equipage, is a tax upon the poor.

The true interest of every government is to cultivate the necessities, by which is always meant every happiness our own country can produce; and suppress all the luxuries, by which is meant, on the other hand, every happiness imported from abroad. Commerce has therefore its bounds; and every new import, instead of receiving encouragement, should be first examined whether it be conducive to the interest of society.

Among the many publications with which the press is every day burdened, I have often wondered why we never had, as in other countries, an *Economical Journal*, which might at once direct to all the useful discoveries in other countries, and spread those of our own. As other journals serve to amuse the learned, or, what is more often the case, to make them quarrel, while they only serve to give us the history of the mischievous world, for so I call our warriors; or the idle world, for so may the learned be called; they never trouble their heads about the most useful part of mankind, our peasants and our artisans;—were such a work carried into execution, with proper management, and just direction, it might serve as a repository for every useful improvement, and increase that knowledge which learning often serves to confound.

Sweden seems the only country where the science of economy seems to have fixed its empire. In other countries, it is cultivated only by a few admirers, or by societies which have not received sufficient sanction to become completely useful; but here there is founded a royal academy destined to this purpose only, composed of the most learned and powerful members of the state; an academy which declines every thing which only terminates in amusement, erudition, or curiosity; and admits only of observations tending to illustrate husbandry, agriculture, and every real physical improvement. In this country nothing is left to private rapacity; but every improvement is immediately diffused, and its inventor immediately recompensed by the state. Happy were it so in other countries; by this means, every impostor would be prevented from ruining or deceiving the public with pretended discoveries or nostrums, and every real inventor would not, by this means, suffer the inconveniences of suspicion.

In short, the economy equally unknown to the

prodigal and avaricious, seems to be a just mean between both extremes; and to a transgression of this at present deemed virtue it is that we are to attribute a great part of the evils which infest society. A taste for superfluity, amusement, and pleasure, brings, effeminacy, idleness, and expense in their train. But a thirst of riches is always proportioned to our debauchery, and the greatest prodigal is too frequently found to be the greatest miser; so that the vices which seem the most opposite, are frequently found to produce each other; and to avoid both, it is only necessary to be frugal.

Virtus est medium vitiorum et utrinque reductum—
Hor.

A REVERIE.

SCARCELY a day passes in which we do not hear compliments paid to Dryden, Pope, and other writers of the last age, while not a mouth comes forward that is not loaded with invectives against the writers of this. Strange, that our cities should be fond of giving their favours to those who are insensible of the obligation, and their dislike to those, who, of all mankind, are most apt to retaliate the injury.

Even though our present writers had not equal merit with their predecessors, it would be politic to use them with ceremony. Every compliment paid them would be more agreeable, in proportion as they least deserved it. Tell a lady with a handsome face that she is pretty, she only thinks it her due; it is what she has heard a thousand times before from others, and disregards the compliment: but assure a lady, the cut of whose visage is something more plain, that she looks killing to-day, she instantly bristles up, and feels the force of the well-timed flattery the whole day after. Compliments which we think are deserved, we accept only as debts, with indifference; but those which conscience informs us we do not merit, we receive with the same gratitude that we do favours given away.

Our gentlemen, however, who preside at the distribution of literary fame, seem resolved to part with praise neither from motives of justice nor generosity: one would think, when they take pen in hand, that it was only to blot reputations, and to put their seals to the packet which consigns every new-born effort to oblivion.

Yet, notwithstanding the republic of letters hangs at present so feebly together; though those friendships which once promoted literary fame seem now to be discontinued; though every writer who now draws the quill seems to aim at profit, as well as applause; many among them are probably laying in stores for immortality, and are provided with a sufficient stock of reputation to last the whole journey.

As I was indulging these reflections, in order to eke out the present page, I could not avoid pursuing the metaphor of going a journey in my imagination, and formed the following Reverie, too wild for allegory and too regular for a dream.

I fancied myself placed in the yard of a large inn, in which there were an infinite number of wagons and stage-coaches, attended by fellows who either invited the company to take their places, or were busied in packing their baggage. Each vehicle had its inscription, showing the place of its destination. On one I could read, *The pleasure stage-coach*; on another, *The wagon of industry*; on a third, *The vanity whim*; and on a fourth, *The landau of riches*. I had some inclination to step into each of these, one after another; but I know not by what means, I passed them by, and at last fixed my eye upon a small carriage, Berlin fashion, which seemed the most convenient vehicle at a distance in the world; and upon my nearer approach found it to be *The fame machine*.

I instantly made up to the coachman, whom I found to be an affable and seemingly good-natured fellow. He informed me, that he had but a few days ago returned from the Temple of Fame, to which he had been carrying Addison, Swift, Pope, Steele, Congreve, and Colley Cibber. That they made but indifferent company by the way, that he once or twice was going to empty his berlin of the whole cargo: however, says he, I got them all safe home, with no other damage than a black eye, which Colley gave Mr. Pope, and am now returned for another coachful. "If that be all, friend," said I, "and if you are in want of company, I'll make one with all my heart. Open the door; I hope the machine rides easy." "Oh, for that, sir, extremely easy." But still keeping the door shut, and measuring me with his eye, "Pray, sir, have you no luggage? You seem to be a good-natured sort of a gentleman; but I don't find you have got any luggage, and I never permit any to travel with me but such as have something valuable to pay for coach-hire." Examining my pockets, I own I was not a little disconcerted at this unexpected rebuff; but considering that I carried a number of the BEE under my arm, I was resolved to open it in his eyes, and dazzle him with the splendour of the page. He read the title and contents, however, without any emotion, and assured me he had never heard of it before. "In short, friend," said he, now losing all his former respect, "you must not come in: I expect better passengers; but as you seem a harmless creature, perhaps, if there be room left, I may let you ride a while for charity."

I now took my stand by the coachman at the door; and since I could not command a seat, was resolved to be as useful as possible, and earn by my assiduity what I could not by my merit.

The next that presented for a place was a most whimsical figure indeed. He was hung round with papers of his own composing, not unlike

those who sing ballads in the streets, and came dancing up to the door with all the confidence of instant admittance. The volubility of his motion and address prevented my being able to read more of his cargo than the word *Inspector*, which was written in great letters at the top of some of the papers. He opened the coach-door himself without any ceremony, and was just slipping in, when the coachman, with as little ceremony, pulled him back. Our figure seemed perfectly angry at this repulse, and demanded gentleman's satisfaction, "Lord, sir!" replied the coachman, "instead of proper luggage, by your bulk you seem loaded for a West India voyage. You are big enough with all your papers to crack twenty stage-coaches—Excuse me, indeed, sir, for you must not enter." Our figure now began to expostulate: he assured the coachman, that though his baggage seemed so bulky, it was perfectly light, and that he would be contented with the smallest corner of room. But Jehu was inflexible, and the carrier of the *Inspectors* was sent to dance back again with all his papers fluttering in the wind. We expected to have no more trouble from this quarter, when in a few minutes the same figure changed his appearance, like harlequin upon the stage, and with the same confidence again made his approaches, dressed in lace, and carrying nothing but a nosegay. Upon coming nearer, he thrust the nosegay to the coachman's nose, grasped the brass, and seemed now resolved to enter by violence. I found the struggle soon begin to grow hot, and the coachman, who was a little old, unable to continue the contest; so, in order to ingratiate myself, I stepped in to his assistance, and our united efforts sent our literary Proteus, though worsted, unconquered still, clear off, dancing a rigadon, and smelling to his own nosegay.

The person who after him appeared as candidate for a place in the stage, came up with an air not quite so confident, but somewhat however theatrical; and, instead of entering, made the coachman a very low bow, which the other returned and desired to see his baggage; upon which he instantly produced some farces, a tragedy, and other miscellany productions. The coachman, casting his eye upon the cargo, assured him at present he could not possibly have a place, but hoped in time he might aspire to one, as he seemed to have read in the book of nature, without a careful perusal of which, none ever found entrance at the Temple of Fame. "What!" replied the disappointed poet, "shall my tragedy, in which I have vindicated the cause of liberty and virtue—" "Follow nature," returned the other, "and never expect to find lasting fame by topics which only please from their popularity. Had you been first in the cause of freedom or praised in virtue more than an empty name, it is possible you might have gained admittance; but at present I beg, sir, you will stand aside for another gentleman whom I see approaching."

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This was a very grave personage, whom at some distance I took for one of the most reserved, and even disagreeable figures I had seen; but as he approached, his appearance improved, and when I could distinguish him thoroughly, I perceived that, in spite of the severity of his brow, he had one of the most good-natured countenances that could be imagined. Upon coming to open the stage door he lifted a parcel of folios into the seat before him, but our inquisitorial coachman at once shoved them out again. "What! not take in my Dictionary?" exclaimed the other in a rage. "But patient, sir," replied the coachman, "I have drove a coach, man and boy, these two thousand years; but I do not remember to have carried above one dictionary during the whole time. That little book which I perceive peeping from one of your pockets, may I presume to ask what it contains?" "A mere trifle," replied the author; "it is called *The Rambler*." "The Rambler!" says the coachman, "I beg, sir, you will take your place; I have heard our ladies in the court of Apollo frequently mention it with rapture: and Clio, who happens to be a little grave, has been heard to prefer it to the *Spectator*; though others have observed, that the reflections, by being refined, sometimes become minute."

This grave gentleman was scarcely seated, when another, whose appearance was something more modern, seemed willing to enter, yet afraid to ask. He carried in his hand a bundle of essays, of which the coachman was curious enough to inquire the contents. "These," replied the gentleman, "are rhapsodies against the religion of my country." And how can you expect to come into my coach, after thus choosing the wrong side of the question?" "Ay, but I am right," replied the other; "and if you give me leave I shall in a few minutes state the argument." "Right or wrong," said the coachman, "he who disturbs religion is a blockhead, and he shall never travel in a coach of mine." "If, then," said the gentleman, mustering up all his courage, "if I am not to have admittance as an essayist, I hope I shall not be repulsed as an historian; the last volume of my history met with applause." "Yes," replied the coachman, "but I have heard only the first approved at the Temple of Fame; and as I see you have it about you, enter without further ceremony." My attention was now diverted to a crowd who were pushing forward a person that seemed more inclined to the *stage-coach of riches*; but by their means he was driven forward to the same machine, which he, however, seemed heartily to despise. Impelled, however, by their solicitations, he steps up, flourishing a voluminous history, and demanding admittance. "Sir, I have formerly heard your name mentioned," says the coachman, "but never as an historian. Is there no other work upon which you may claim a place?" "None," replied the other, "except a romance; but this is a work of too trifling a nature to claim

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future attention. "You mistake," says the inquisitor, "a well-written romance is no such easy task as is generally imagined. I remember formerly to have carried Cervantes and Segrais; and, if you think fit, you may enter."

Upon our three literary travellers coming into the same coach, I listened attentively to hear what might be the conversation that passed upon this extraordinary occasion; when instead of agreeable or entertaining dialogue, I found them grumbling at each other, and each seemed discontented with his companions. Strange! thought I to myself, that they who are thus born to enlighten the world, should still preserve the narrow prejudices of childhood, and, by disagreeing, make even the highest merit ridiculous. Were the learned and the wise to unite against the dunces of society, instead of sometimes siding into opposite parties with them, they might throw a lustre upon each other's reputation, and teach every rank of subordination merit, if not to admire, at least not to avow dislike.

In the midst of these reflections, I perceived the coachman, unmindful of me, had now mounted the box. Several were approaching to be taken in, whose pretensions, I was sensible, were very just; I therefore desired him to stop, and take in more passengers; but he replied, as he had now mounted the box, it would be improper to come down; but that he should take them all, one after the other, when he should return. So he drove away, and for myself, as I could not get in, I mounted behind, in order to hear the conversation on the way.

(To be continued.)

A WORD OR TWO ON THE LATE FARCE, CALLED "HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS."

JUST as I had expected, before I saw this farce, I found it formed on too narrow a plan to afford a pleasing variety. The sameness of the humour in every scene could not but at last fail of being disagreeable. The poor, affecting the manners of the rich, might be carried on through one character, or two at the most, with great propriety: but to have almost every personage on the scene almost of the same character, and reflecting the follies of each other, was unartful in the poet to the last degree.

The scene was almost a continuation of the same absurdity, and my Lord Duke and Sir Harry (two footmen who assume these characters) have nothing else to do but to talk like their masters, and are only introduced to speak, and to show themselves. Thus, as there is a sameness of character, there is a barrenness of incident, which, by a very small share of address, the poet might have easily avoided.

From a conformity to critic rules, which perhaps

on the whole have done more harm than good, our author has sacrificed all the vivacity of the dialogue to nature; and though he makes his characters talk like servants, they are seldom absurd enough, or lively enough to make us merry. Though he is always natural, he happens seldom to be humorous.

The satire was well intended, if we regard it as being masters ourselves; but probably a philosopher would rejoice in that liberty which Englishmen give their domestics; and, for my own part, I cannot avoid being pleased at the happiness of those poor creatures, who in some measure contribute to mine. The Athenians, the politest and best-natured people upon earth, were the kindest to their slaves; and if a person may judge, who has seen the world, our English servants are the best treated, because the generality of our English gentlemen are the politest under the sun.

But not to lift my feeble voice among the pack of critics, who probably have no other occupation but that of cutting up every thing new, I must own, there are one or two scenes that are fine satire, and sufficiently humorous; particularly the first interview between the two footmen, which at once ridicules the manners of the great, and the absurdity of their imitators.

Whatever defects there might be in the composition, there were none in the action: in this the performers showed more humour than I had fancied them capable of. Mr. Palmer and Mr. King were entirely what they desired to represent; and Mrs. Clive (but what need I talk of her, since, without the least exaggeration, she has more true humour than any actor or actress upon the English or any other stage I have seen)—she, I say, did the part all the justice it was capable of: and, upon the whole, a farce, which has only this to recommend it, that the author took his plan from the volume of nature, by the sprightly manner in which it was performed, was for one night a tolerable entertainment. This much may be said in its vindication, that people of fashion seemed more pleased in the representation than the subordinate ranks of people.

UPON UNFORTUNATE MERIT.

EVERY age seems to have its favourite pursuits, which serve to amuse the idle, and to relieve the attention of the industrious. Happy the man who is born excellent in the pursuit in vogue, and whose genius seems adapted to the times in which he lives. How many do we see, who might have excelled in arts or sciences, and who seem furnished with talents equal to the greatest discoveries, had the road not been already beaten by their predecessors, and nothing left for them except trifles to discover, while others of very moderate

abilities become famous, because happening to be first in the reigning pursuit.

Thus, at the renewal of letters in Europe, the taste was not to compose new books, but to comment on the old ones. It was not to be expected that new books should be written, when there were so many of the ancients either not known or not understood. It was not reasonable to attempt new conquests, while they had such an extensive region lying waste for want of cultivation. At that period, criticism and erudition were the reigning studies of the times; and he who had only an inventive genius, might have languished in hopeless obscurity. When the writers of antiquity were sufficiently explained and known, the learned set about imitating them: hence proceeded the number of Latin orators, poets, and historians, in the reigns of Clement the Seventh and Alexander the Sixth. This passion for antiquity lasted for many years, to the utter exclusion of every other pursuit, till some began to find, that those works which were imitated from nature, were more like the writings of antiquity, than even those written in express imitation. It was then modern language began to be cultivated with assiduity, and our poets and orators poured forth their wonders upon the world.

As writers become more numerous, it is natural for readers to become more indolent; whence must necessarily arise a desire of attaining knowledge with the greatest possible ease. No science or art offers its instruction and amusement in so obvious a manner as statuary and painting. Hence we see, that a desire of cultivating those arts generally attends the decline of science. Thus the finest statues and the most beautiful paintings of antiquity, preceded but a little the absolute decay of every other science. The statues of Antoninus, Commodus, and their contemporaries, are the finest productions of the chisel, and appeared but just before learning was destroyed by comment, criticism, and barbarous invasions.

What happened in Rome may probably be the case with us at home. Our nobility are now more solicitous in patronizing painters and sculptors than those of any other polite profession; and from the lord, who has his gallery, down to the 'prentice, who has his twopenny copper-plate, all are admirers of this art. The great, by their carresses, seem insensible to all other merit but that of the pencil; and the vulgar buy every book rather from the excellence of the sculptor than the writer.

How happy were it now, if men of real excellence in that profession were to arise! Were the painters of Italy now to appear, who once wandered like beggars from one city to another, and produce their almost breathing figures, what rewards might they not expect! But many of them lived without rewards, and therefore rewards alone will never produce their equals. We have often found the great exert themselves not only without pro-

motion, but in spite of opposition. We have often found them flourishing, like medicinal plants, in a region of savageness and barbarity, their excellence unknown, and their virtues unheeded.

They who have seen the paintings of Caravaggio are sensible of the surprising impression they make; bold, swelling, terrible to the last degree; all seems animated, and speaks him among the foremost of his profession; yet this man's fortune and his fame seemed ever in opposition to each other.

Unknown how to flatter the great, he was driven from city to city in the utmost indigence, and might truly be said to paint for his bread.

Having one day insulted a person of distinction, who refused to pay him all the respect which he thought his due, he was obliged to leave Rome, and travel on foot, his usual method of going his journeys down into the country, without either money or friends to subsist him.

After he had travelled in this manner as long as his strength would permit, faint with famine and fatigue, he at last called at an obscure inn by the way-side. The host knew, by the appearance of his guest, his indifferent circumstances, and refused to furnish him a dinner without previous payment.

As Caravaggio was entirely destitute of money, he took down the innkeeper's sign, and painted it anew for his dinner.

Thus refreshed, he proceeded on his journey, and left the innkeeper not quite satisfied with this method of payment. Some company of distinction, however, coming soon after, and struck with the beauty of the new sign, bought it at an advanced price, and astonished the innkeeper with their generosity: he was resolved, therefore, to get as many signs as possible drawn by the same artist, as he found he could sell them to good advantage; and accordingly set out after Caravaggio, in order to bring him back. It was nightfall before he came up to the place where the unfortunate Caravaggio lay dead by the roadside, overcome by fatigue, resentment, and despair.

No. VI.

Saturday, November 10, 1759.

ON EDUCATION.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BEE.

SIR,

As few subjects are more interesting to society, so few have been more frequently written upon than the education of youth. Yet is it not a little surprising, that it should have been treated almost

by all in a declamatory manner? They have insisted largely on the advantages that result from it, both to the individual and to society, and have expatiated in the praise of what none have ever been so hardy as to call in question.

Instead of giving us fine but empty harangues upon this subject, instead of indulging each his particular and whimsical system, it had been much better if the writers on this subject had treated it in a more scientific manner, repressed all the sallies of imagination, and given us the result of their observations with didactic simplicity. Upon this subject the smallest errors are of the most dangerous consequence; and the author should venture the imputation of stupidity upon a topic, where his slightest deviations may tend to injure the rising generation.

I shall therefore throw out a few thoughts upon this subject, which have not been attended to by others, and shall dismiss all attempts to please, while I study only instruction.

The manner in which our youth of London are at present educated is, some in free-schools in the city, but the far greater number in boarding-schools about town. The parent justly consults the health of his child, and finds an education in the country tends to promote this much more than a continuance in the town. Thus far they are right: if there were a possibility of having even our free-schools kept a little out of town, it would certainly conduce to the health and vigour of perhaps the mind, as well as of the body. It may be thought whimsical, but it is truth; I have found by experience, that they who have spent all their lives in cities, contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but even of thinking.

But when I have said, that the boarding-schools are preferable to free-schools, as being in the country, this is certainly the only advantage I can allow them, otherwise it is impossible to conceive the ignorance of those who take upon them the important trust of education. Is any man unfit for any of the professions? he finds his last resource in setting up school. Do any become bankrupts in trade? they still set up a boarding-school, and drive a trade this way, when all others fail: nay, I have been told of butchers and barbers, who have turned schoolmasters; and, more surprising still, made fortunes in their new profession.

Could we think ourselves in a country of civilized people; could it be conceived that we have any regard for posterity, when such are permitted to take the charge of the morals, genius, and health of those dear little pledges, who may one day be the guardians of the liberties of Europe, and who may serve as the honour and bulwark of their aged parents? The care of our children, is it below the state? is it fit to indulge the caprice of the ignorant with the disposal of their children in this particular? For the state to take the charge of all its children, as in Persia and Sparta, might at present be inconvenient; but surely with great ease it

might cast an eye to their instructors. Of all members of society, I do not know a more useful, or a more honourable one, than a schoolmaster; at the same time that I do not see any more generally despised, or whose talents are so ill rewarded.

Were the salaries of schoolmasters to be augmented from a diminution of useless sinecures, how might it turn to the advantage of this people; a people whom, without flattery, I may in other respects term the wisest and greatest upon earth! But while I would reward the deserving, I would dismiss those utterly unqualified for their employment: in short, I would make the business of a schoolmaster every way more respectable, by increasing their salaries, and admitting only men of proper abilities.

There are already schoolmasters appointed, and they have some small salaries; but where at present there is but one schoolmaster appointed, there should at least be two; and wherever the salary is at present twenty pounds, it should be a hundred. Do we give immoderate benefices to those who instruct ourselves, and shall we deny even subsistence to those who instruct our children? Every member of society should be paid in proportion as he is necessary: and I will be bold enough to say, that schoolmasters in a state are more necessary than clergymen, as children stand in more need of instruction than their parents.

But instead of this, as I have already observed, we send them to board in the country to the most ignorant set of men that can be imagined. But lest the ignorance of the master be not sufficient, the child is generally consigned to the usher. This is generally some poor needy animal, little superior to a footman either in learning or spirit, invited to his place by an advertisement, and kept there merely from his being of a complying disposition, and making the children fond of him. "You give your child to be educated to a slave," says a philosopher to a rich man; "instead of one slave, you will then have two."

It were well, however, if parents, upon fixing their children in one of these houses, would examine the abilities of the usher as well as of the master: for, whatever they are told to the contrary, the usher is generally the person most employed in their education. If, then, a gentleman, upon putting out his son to one of these houses, sees the usher disregarded by the master, he may depend upon it, that he is equally disregarded by the boys; the truth is, in spite of all their endeavours to please, they are generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon the usher; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, is a fund of eternal ridicule; the master himself now and then cannot avoid joining in the laugh, and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill-usagé, seems to live in a state of war with all the family. This is a very proper person, is it not, to give children a relish for learn-

ing? They must esteem learning very much, when they see its professors used with such ceremony! If the usher be despised, the father may be assured his child will never be properly instructed.

But let me suppose, that there are some schools without these inconveniences; where the master and ushers are men of learning, reputation, and assiduity. If there are to be found such, they cannot be prized in a state sufficiently. A boy will learn more true wisdom in a public school in a year, than by a private education in five. It is not from masters, but from their equals, youth learn a knowledge of the world; the little tricks they play each other, the punishment that frequently attends the commission, is a just picture of the great world, and all the ways of men are practised in a public school in miniature. It is true, a child is early made acquainted with some vices in a school, but it is better to know these when a boy, than be first taught them when a man, for their novelty then may have irresistible charms.

In a public education boys early learn temperance; and if the parents and friends would give them less money upon their usual visits, it would be much to their advantage, since it may justly be said, that a great part of their disorders arise from surfeit, *plus occidit gula quam gladius*. And now I am come to the article of health, it may not be amiss to observe, that Mr. Locke and some others have advised, that children should be inured to cold, to fatigue, and hardship, from their youth; but Mr. Locke was but an indifferent physician. Habit, I grant, has great influence over our constitutions, but we have not precise ideas upon this subject.

We know that among savages, and even among our peasants, there are found children born with such constitutions, that they cross rivers by swimming, endure cold, thirst, hunger, and want of sleep, to a surprising degree; that when they happen to fall sick, they are cured without the help of medicine, by nature alone. Such examples are adduced to persuade us to imitate their manner of education, and accustom ourselves betimes to support the same fatigues. But had these gentlemen considered first, that those savages and peasants are generally not so long-lived as they who have led a more indolent life; secondly, that the more laborious the life is, the less populous is the country: had they considered, that what physicians call the *stamina vite*, by fatigue and labour become rigid, and thus anticipate old age: that the number who survive those rude trials, bear no proportion to those who die in the experiment: had these things been properly considered, they would not have thus extolled an education begun in fatigue and hardships. Peter the Great, willing to inure the children of his seamen to a life of hardship, ordered that they should drink only seawater, but they unfortunately all died under the experiment.

But while I would exclude all unnecessary labour, yet still I would recommend temperance in the highest degree. No luxurious dishes with high seasoning, nothing given children to force an appetite, as little sugared or salted provisions as possible, though never so pleasing; but milk, morning and night, should be their constant food. This diet would make them more healthy than any of those slops that are usually cooked by the mistress of a boarding-school; besides, it corrects any consumptive habits, not unfrequently found amongst the children of city parents.

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the first greatest lesson that should be taught them is, to admire frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue alone, they can ever expect to be useful members of society. It is true, lectures continually repeated upon this subject may make some boys, when they grow up, run into an extreme, and become misers; but it were well, had we more misers than we have among us. I know few characters more useful in society; for a man's having a larger or smaller share of money lying useless by him no way injures the commonwealth; since, should every miser now exhaust his stores, this might make gold more plenty, but it would not increase the commodities or pleasures of life; they would still remain as they are at present: it matters not, therefore, whether men are misers or not, if they be only frugal, laborious, and fill the station they have chosen. If they deny themselves the necessities of life, society is no way injured by their folly.

Instead, therefore, of romances, which praise young men of spirit, who go through a variety of adventures, and at last conclude a life of dissipation, folly, and extravagance, in riches and matrimony, there should be some men of wit employed to compose books that might equally interest the passions of our youth; where such a one might be praised for having resisted allurements when young, and how he at last became lord mayor; how he was married to a lady of great sense, fortune, and beauty: to be as explicit as possible, the old story of Whittington, were his cat left out, might be more serviceable to the tender mind, than either Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, or a hundred others, where frugality is the only good quality the hero is not possessed of. Were our schoolmasters, if any of them had sense enough to draw up such a work, thus employed, it would be much more serviceable to their pupils than all the grammars and dictionaries they may publish these ten years.

Children should early be instructed in the arts, from which they would afterwards draw the greatest advantages. When the wonders of nature are never exposed to our view, we have no great desire to become acquainted with those parts of learning which pretend to account for the phenomena. One of the ancients complains, that as soon as young men have left school, and are oblig-

ed to converse in the world, they fancy themselves transported into a new region. *Ut cum in forum venerint existiment se in aliam terrarum orbem delatos.* We should early therefore instruct them in the experiments, if I may so express it, of knowledge, and leave to maturer age the accounting for the causes. But, instead of that, when boys begin natural philosophy in colleges, they have not the least curiosity for those parts of the science which are proposed for their instruction; they have never before seen the phenomena, and consequently have no curiosity to learn the reasons. Might natural philosophy therefore be made their pastime in school, by this means it would in college become their amusement.

In several of the machines now in use, there would be ample field both for instruction and amusement: the different sorts of the phosphorus, the artificial pyrites, magnetism, electricity, the experiments upon the rarefaction and weight of the air, and those upon elastic bodies, might employ their idle hours, and none should be called from play to see such experiments but such as thought proper. At first then it would be sufficient if the instruments, and the effects of their combination, were only shown; the causes should be deferred to a maturer age, or to those times when natural curiosity prompts us to discover the wonders of nature. Man is placed in this world as a spectator; when he is tired with wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then, does he desire to be made acquainted with the causes that create those wonders.

What I have observed with regard to natural philosophy, I would extend to every other science whatsoever. We should teach them as many of the facts as were possible, and defer the causes until they seemed of themselves desirous of knowing them. A mind thus leaving school stored with all the simple experiences of science, would be the fittest in the world for the college course; and though such a youth might not appear so bright, or so talkative, as those who had learned the real principles and causes of some of the sciences, yet he would make a wiser man, and would retain a more lasting passion for letters, than he who was early burdened with the disagreeable institution of effect and cause.

In history, such stories alone should be laid before them as might catch the imagination: instead of this, they are too frequently obliged to toil through the four empires, as they are called, where their memories are burdened by a number of disgusting names, that destroy all their future relish for our best historians, who may be termed the truest teachers of wisdom.

Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided; a boy, who happens to say a sprightly thing, is generally applauded so much, that he happens to continue a coxcomb sometimes all his life after. He is reputed a wit at fourteen, and becomes a blockhead at twenty. Nurses, footmen,

and such, should therefore be driven away as much as possible. I was even going to add, that the mother herself should stifle her pleasure, or her vanity, when little master happens to say a good or smart thing. Those modest lubberly boys who seem to want spirit, generally go through their business with more ease to themselves, and more satisfaction to their instructors.

There has of late a gentleman appeared, who thinks the study of rhetoric essential to a perfect education. That bold male eloquence, which often without pleasing convinces, is generally destroyed by such institutions. Convincing eloquence, however, is infinitely more serviceable to its possessor than the most florid harangue or the most pathetic tones that can be imagined; and the man who is thoroughly convinced himself, who understands his subject, and the language he speaks in, will be more apt to silence opposition, than he who studies the force of his periods, and fills our ears with sounds, while our minds are destitute of conviction.

It was reckoned the fault of the orators at the decline of the Roman empire, when they had been long instructed by rhetoricians, that their periods were so harmonious, as that they could be sung as well as spoken. What a ridiculous figure must one of these gentlemen cut, thus measuring syllables, and weighing words, when he should plead the cause of his client! Two architects were once candidates for the building a certain temple at Athens; the first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built; the other, who got up to speak after him, only observed, that what his brother had spoken he could do; and thus he at once gained his cause.

To teach men to be orators, is little less than to teach men to be poets; and, for my part, I should have too great a regard for my child, to wish him a manor only in a bookseller's shop.

Another passion which the present age is apt to run into, is to make children learn all things; the languages, the sciences, music, the exercises, and painting. Thus the child soon becomes a *talker* in all, but a *master* in none. He thus acquires a superficial fondness for every thing, and only shows his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his skill.

As I deliver my thoughts without method or connexion, so the reader must not be surprised to find me once more addressing schoolmasters on the present method of teaching the learned languages, which is commonly by literal translations. I would ask such, if they were to travel a journey, whether those parts of the road in which they found the greatest difficulties would not be most strongly remembered? Boys who, if I may continue the allusion, gallop through one of the ancients with the assistance of a translation, can have but a very slight acquaintance either with the author

or his language. It is by the exercise of the mind alone that a language is learned; but a literal translation on the opposite page leaves no exercise for the memory at all. The boy will not be at the fatigue of remembering, when his doubts are at once satisfied by a glance of the eye; whereas, were every word to be sought from a dictionary, the learner would attempt to remember, in order to save him the trouble of looking out for it for the future.

To continue in the same pedantic strain, though no schoolmaster, of all the various grammars now taught in the schools about town, I would recommend only the old common one; I have forgot whether Lily's, or an emendation of him. The others may be improvements; but such improvements seem to me only mere grammatical niceties, no way influencing the learner, but perhaps loading him with trifling subtleties, which at a proper age he must be at some pains to forget.

Whatever pains a master may take to make the learning of the languages agreeable to his pupil, he may depend upon it, it will be at first extremely unpleasant. The rudiments of every language, therefore, must be given as a task, not as an amusement. Attempting to deceive children into instruction of this kind, is only deceiving ourselves; and I know no passion capable of conquering a child's natural laziness but fear. Solomon has said it before me; nor is there any more certain, though perhaps more disagreeable truth, than the proverb in verse, too well known to repeat on the present occasion. It is very probable that parents are told of some masters who never use the rod, and consequently are thought the properest instructors for their children; but though tenderness is a requisite quality in an instructor, yet there is too often the truest tenderness in well-timed correction.

Some have justly observed, that all passion should be banished on this terrible occasion; but, I know not how, there is a frailty attending human nature, that few masters are able to keep their temper whilst they correct. I knew a good-natured man, who was sensible of his own weakness in this respect, and consequently had recourse to the following expedient to prevent his passions from being engaged, yet at the same time administer justice with impartiality. Whenever any of his pupils committed a fault, he summoned a jury of his peers, I mean of the boys of his own or the next classes to him; his accusers stood forth; he had a liberty of pleading in his own defence, and one or two more had a liberty of pleading against him; when found guilty by the panel, he was consigned to the footman who attended in the house, who had previous orders to punish, but with lenity. By this means the master took off the odium of punishment from himself; and the footman, between whom and the boys there could not be even the slightest intima-

cy, was placed in such a light as to be shunned by every boy in the school.*

And now I have gone thus far, perhaps you will think me some pedagogue, willing, by a well-timed puff, to increase the reputation of his own school; but such is not the case. The regard I have for society, for those tender minds who are the objects of the present essay, is the only motive I have for offering those thoughts, calculated not to surprise by their novelty, or the elegance of composition, but merely to remedy some defects which have crept into the present system of school education. If this letter should be inserted, perhaps I may trouble you in my next with some thoughts upon a university education, but not with an intent to exhaust the subject, but to amend some few abuses. I am, etc.

ON THE INSTABILITY OF WORLDLY GRANDEUR.

AN alehouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war with France pulled down his old sign, and put up the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed in turn for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

Our publican in this imitates the great exactly, who deal out their figures one after the other to the gaping crowd beneath them. When we have sufficiently wondered at one, that is taken in, and another exhibited in its room, which seldom holds its station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good, men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure, which had been designed to represent himself. There were also some

* This dissertation was thus far introduced into the volume of Essays, afterwards published by Dr. Goldsmith, with the following observation:

"This treatise was published before Rousseau's *Emilius*: if there be a similitude in any one instance, it is hoped the author of the present essay will not be termed a plagiarist."

knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy, when taken down, in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and turning to Borgia his son, said with a smile, *Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen patibulum inter et statuum.* "You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands, which is built upon popular applause, for as such praise what seems like merit, they as quickly condemn what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquette; her lovers must toil, feel every iniquitude, indulge every caprice, and perhaps at last be jilted into the bargain. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety; for they are sure in the end of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train. "Pox take these fools," he would say, "how much joy might all this bawling give my Lord Mayor!"

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late Duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues is far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of common-place, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than my judgment, and instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people whom he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen, in the arts of refining upon every pleasure. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Ilixfou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "What! have you never heard of that immortal poet?" returned the other, much surprised; that light of the eyes, that

favourite of kings, that rose of perfection! I suppose you know nothing of the immortal Fipsihihi, second cousin to the moon?"—"Nothing at all, indeed, sir," returned the other. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has one of these fasted to death, and the other offered himself up as sacrifice to the Tartarean enemy, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China!"

There is scarcely a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sundays; the puny pedant who finds one undiscovered property in the polype, describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymist who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. Where was there ever so much merit seen? no times so important as our own! ages yet unborn shall gaze with wonder and applause! To such music the important pygmy moves forward, busting and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals, who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by newspapers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarcely even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago, the herring fishery employed all Grubstreet; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings as was expected. *Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations a herring fishery.*

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ACADEMIES OF ITALY.

THERE is not, perhaps, a country in Europe, in which learning is so fast upon the decline as in Italy; yet not one in which there are such a number of academies instituted for its support. There is scarcely a considerable town in the whole country, which has not one or two institutions of this nature, where the learned, as they are pleased to call themselves, meet to harangue, to compliment

each other, and praise the utility of their institution.

Jarchius has taken the trouble to give us a list of those clubs or academies, which amount to five hundred and fifty, each distinguished by somewhat whimsical in the name. The academies of Bologna, for instance, are divided into the *Abbandonati*, the *Ausiosi*, *Ociosio*, *Arcadi*, *Confusi*, *Dubbi-osi*, etc. There are few of these who have not published their transactions, and scarcely a member who is not looked upon as the most famous man in the world, at home.

Of all those societies, I know of none whose works are worth being known out of the precincts of the city in which they were written, except the *Cicalata Academia* (or, as we might express it, the *Tickling Society*) of Florence. I have just now before me a manuscript oration, spoken by the late Tomaso Crudeli at that society, which will at once serve to give a better picture of the manner in which men of wit amuse themselves in that country, than any thing I could say upon the occasion. The oration is this:

"The younger the nymph, my dear companions, the more happy the lover. From fourteen to seventeen, you are sure of finding love for love; from seventeen to twenty-one, there is always a mixture of interest and affection. But when that period is past, no longer expect to receive, but to buy: no longer expect a nymph who gives, but who sells her favour. At this age, every glance is taught its duty; not a look, not a sigh without design; the lady, like a skilful warrior, aims at the heart of another, while she shields her own from danger.

"On the contrary, at fifteen you may expect nothing but simplicity, innocence, and nature. The passions are then sincere; the soul seems seated in the lips; the dear object feels present happiness, without being anxious for the future; her eyes brighten if her lover approaches; her smiles are borrowed from the Graces, and her very mistakes seem to complete her desires.

"*Lucretia* was just sixteen. The rose and lily took possession of her face, and her bosom, by its hue and its coldness, seemed covered with snow. So much beauty and so much virtue seldom want admirers. *Orlandino*, a youth of sense and merit, was among the number. He had long languished for an opportunity of declaring his passion, when Cupid, as if willing to indulge his happiness, brought the charming young couple by mere accident to an arbour, where every prying eye but love was absent. *Orlandino* talked of the sincerity of his passion, and mixed flattery with his addresses; but it was all in vain. The nymph was pre-engaged, and had long devoted to Heaven those charms for which he sued. "*My dear Orlandino*," said she, "you know I have long been dedicated to St. Catharine, and to her belongs all that lies below my girdle; all that is above, you may freely possess, but farther I cannot, must

not comply. The vow is passed: I wish it were undone, but now it is impossible." You may conceive, my companions, the embarrassment our young lovers felt upon this occasion. They knelt to St. Catharine, and though both despaired, both implored her assistance. Their tutelary saint was entreated to show some expedient, by which both might continue to love, and yet both be happy. Their petition was sincere. St. Catharine was touched with compassion; for lo, a miracle! *Lucretia's* girdle unloosed, as if without hands; and though before bound round her middle, fell spontaneously down to her feet, and gave *Orlandino* the possession of all those beauties which lay above it."

No. VII.

Saturday, November 17, 1759.

OF ELOQUENCE.

Of all kinds of success, that of an orator is the most pleasing. Upon other occasions, the applause we deserve is conferred in our absence, and we are insensible of the pleasure we have given; but in eloquence, the victory and the triumph are inseparable. We read our own glory in the face of every spectator; the audience is moved; the antagonist is defeated; and the whole circle bursts into unsolicited applause.

The rewards which attend excellence in this way are so pleasing, that numbers have written professed treatises to teach us the art; schools have been established with no other intent; rhetoric has taken place among the institutions, and pedants have ranged under proper heads, and distinguished with long learned names, some of the strokes of nature, or of passion, which orators have used. I say only some; for a folio volume could not contain all the figures which have been used by the truly eloquent; and scarcely a good speaker or writer, but makes use of some that are peculiar or new.

Eloquence has preceded the rules of rhetoric, as languages have been formed before grammar. Nature renders men eloquent in great interests, or great passions. He that is sensibly touched, sees things with a very different eye from the rest of mankind. All nature to him becomes an object of comparison and metaphor, without attending to it; he throws life into all, and inspires his audience with a part of his own enthusiasm.

It has been remarked, that the lower parts of mankind generally express themselves most figuratively, and that tropes are found in the most ordinary forms of conversation. Thus, in every language, the heart burns; the courage is roused;

the eyes sparkle ; the spirits are cast down ; passion inflames ; pride swells, and pity sinks the soul. Nature every where speaks in those strong images, which, from the frequency, pass unnoticed.

Nature it is which inspires those rapturous enthusiasms, those irresistible turns ; a strong passion, a pressing danger, calls up all the imagination, and gives the orator irresistible force. Thus a captain of the first caliphs, seeing his soldiers fly, cried out, " Whither do you run ? the enemy are not there ! You have been told that the caliph is dead ; but God is still living. He regards the brave, and will reward the courageous. Advance ! "

A man, therefore, may be called eloquent, who transfers the passion or sentiment with which he is moved himself into the breast of another ; and this definition appears the more just, as it comprehends the graces of silence and of action. An intimate persuasion of the truth to be proved, is the sentiment and passion to be transferred ; and who effects this, is truly possessed of the talent of eloquence.

I have called eloquence a talent, and not an art, as so many rhetoricians have done, as art is acquired by exercise and study, and eloquence is the gift of nature. Rules will never make either a work or a discourse eloquent ; they only serve to prevent faults, but not to introduce beauties ; to prevent those passages which are truly eloquent and dictated by nature, from being blended with others which might disgust, or at least abate our passion.

What we clearly conceive, says Boileau, we can clearly express. I may add, that what is felt with emotion is expressed also with the same movements ; the words arise as readily to paint our emotions, as to express our thoughts with perspicuity. The cool care an orator takes to express passions which he does not feel, only prevents his rising into that passion he would seem to feel. In a word, to feel your subject thoroughly, and to speak without fear, are the only rules of eloquence, properly so called, which I can offer. Examine a writer of genius on the most beautiful parts of his work, and he will always assure you, that such passages are generally those which have given him the least trouble, for they came as if by inspiration. To pretend that cold and didactic precepts will make a man eloquent, is only to prove that he is incapable of eloquence.

But, as in being perspicuous it is necessary to have a full idea of the subject, so in being eloquent it is not sufficient, if I may so express it, to feel by halves. The orator should be strongly impressed, which is generally the effect of a fine and exquisite sensibility, and not that transient and superficial emotion which he excites in the greatest part of his audience. It is even impossible to affect the hearers in any great degree without being affected ourselves. In vain it will be objected, that many writers have had the heart to inspire their readers

with a passion for virtue, without being virtuous themselves ; since it may be answered, that sentiments of virtue filled their minds at the time they were writing. They felt the inspiration strongly, while they praised justice, generosity, or good-nature ; but, unhappily for them, these passions might have been discontinued, when they laid down the pen. In vain will it be objected again, that we can move without being moved, as we can convince without being convinced. It is much easier to deceive our reason than ourselves ; a trifling defect in reasoning may be overseen, and lead a man astray, for it requires reason and time to detect the falsehood ; but our passions are not easily imposed upon, our eyes, our ears, and every sense, are watchful to detect the imposture.

No discourse can be eloquent that does not elevate the mind. Pathetic eloquence, it is true, has for its only object to affect ; but I appeal to men of sensibility, whether their pathetic feelings are not accompanied with some degree of elevation. We may then call eloquence and sublimity the same thing, since it is impossible to possess one without feeling the other. Hence it follows, that we may be eloquent in any language, since no language refuses to paint those sentiments with which we are thoroughly impressed. What is usually called sublimity of style, seems to be only an error. Eloquence is not in the words but in the subject ; and in great concerns, the more simply any thing is expressed, it is generally the more sublime. True eloquence does not consist, as the rhetoricians assure us, in saying great things in a sublime style, but in a simple style ; for there is, properly speaking, no such thing as a sublime style, the sublimity lies only in the things ; and when they are not so, the language may be turgid, affected, metaphorical, but not affecting.

What can be more simply expressed than the following extract from a celebrated preacher, and yet what was ever more sublime ? Speaking of the small number of the elect, he breaks out thus among his audience : " Let me suppose that this was the last hour of us all ; that the heavens were opening over our heads ; that time was passed, and eternity begun ; that Jesus Christ in all his glory, that man of sorrows in all his glory, appeared on the tribunal, and that we were assembled here to receive our final decree of life or death eternal ! Let me ask, impressed with terror like you, and not separating my lot from yours, but putting myself in the same situation in which we must all one day appear before God, our judge ; let me ask, if Jesus Christ should now appear to make the terrible separation of the just from the unjust, do you think the greatest number would be saved ? Do you think the number of the elect would even be equal to that of the sinners ? Do you think, if all our works were examined with justice, would we find ten just persons in this great assembly ? Monsters of ingratitude ! would he find one ? " Such passages as these are sublime

in every language. The expression may be less speaking, or more indistinct, but the greatness of the idea still remains. In a word, we may be eloquent in every language and in every style, since elocution is only an assistant, but not a constituent of eloquence.

Of what use then, will it be said, are all the precepts given us upon this head both by the ancients and moderns? I answer, that they cannot make us eloquent, but they will certainly prevent us from becoming ridiculous. They can seldom procure a single beauty, but they may banish a thousand faults. The true method of an orator is not to attempt always to move, always to affect, to be continually sublime, but at proper intervals to give rest both to his own and the passions of his audience. In these periods of relaxation, or of preparation rather, rules may teach him to avoid any thing low, trivial, or disgusting. Thus criticism, properly speaking, is intended not to assist those parts which are sublime, but those which are naturally mean and humble, which are composed with coolness and caution, and where the orator rather endeavours not to offend, than attempts to please.

I have hitherto insisted more strenuously on that eloquence which speaks to the passions, as it is a species of oratory almost unknown in England. At the bar it is quite discontinued, and I think with justice. In the senate it is used but sparingly, as the orator speaks to enlightened judges. But in the pulpit, in which the orator should chiefly address the vulgar, it seems strange that it should be entirely laid aside.

The vulgar of England are, without exception, the most barbarous and the most unknowing of any in Europe. A great part of their ignorance may be chiefly ascribed to their teachers, who, with the most pretty gentleman-like serenity, deliver their cool discourses, and address the reason of men who have never reasoned in all their lives. They are told of cause and effect, of beings self-existent, and the universal scale of beings. They are informed of the excellence of the Bangorian controversy, and the absurdity of an intermediate state. The spruce preacher reads his lucubration without lifting his nose from the text, and never ventures to earn the shame of an enthusiast.

By this means, though his audience feel not one word of all he says, he earns, however, among his acquaintance, the character of a man of sense; among his acquaintance only did I say? nay, even with his bishop.

The polite of every country have several motives to induce them to a rectitude of action; the love of virtue for its own sake, the shame of offending, and the desire of pleasing. The vulgar have but one, the enforcements of religion; and yet those who should push this motive home to their hearts, are basely found to desert their post. They speak to the squire, the philosopher, and the pedant;

but the poor, those who really want instruction, are left uninstructed.

I have attended most of our pulpit orators, who, it must be owned, write extremely well upon the text they assume. To give them their due also, they read their sermons with elegance and propriety; but this goes but a very short way in true eloquence. The speaker must be moved. In this, in this alone, our English divines are deficient. Were they to speak to a few calm dispassionate hearers, they certainly use the properest methods of address; but their audience is chiefly composed of the poor, who must be influenced by motives of reward and punishment, and whose only virtues lie in self-interest, or fear.

How then are such to be addressed? not by studied periods or cold disquisitions; not by the labours of the head, but the honest spontaneous dictates of the heart. Neither writing a sermon with regular periods and all the harmony of elegant expression; neither reading it with emphasis, propriety, and deliberation; neither pleasing with metaphor, simile, or rhetorical fustian; neither arguing coolly, and untying consequences united in *a priori*, nor bundling up inductions a *posteriori*; neither pedantic jargon, nor academical trifling, can persuade the poor: writing a discourse coolly in the closet, then getting it by memory, and delivering it on Sundays, even that will not do. What then is to be done? I know of no expedient to speak, to speak at once intelligibly, and feelingly except to understand the language. To be convinced of the truth of the object, to be perfectly acquainted with the subject in view, to prepossess yourself with a low opinion of your audience, and to do the rest extempore: by this means strong expressions, new thoughts, rising passions, and the true declamatory style, will naturally ensue.

Fine declamation does not consist in flowery periods, delicate allusions, or musical cadences; but in a plain, open, loose style, where the periods are long and obvious; where the same thought is often exhibited in several points of view; all this strong sense, a good memory, and a small share of experience, will furnish to every orator; and without these a clergyman may be called a fine preacher, a judicious preacher, and a man of good sense; he may make his hearers admire his understanding—but will seldom enlighten theirs.

When I think of the Methodist preachers among us, how seldom they are endowed with common sense, and yet how often and how justly they affect their hearers, I cannot avoid saying within myself, had these been bred gentlemen, and been endowed with even the meanest share of understanding, what might they not effect! Did our bishops, who can add dignity to their expostulations, testify the same fervour, and *entreat* their hearers, as well as *argue*, what might not be the consequence! The vulgar, by which I mean the bulk of mankind, would then have a double motive to love religion,

first from seeing its professors honoured here, and next from the consequences hereafter. At present the enthusiasms of the poor are opposed to law; did law conspire with their enthusiasms, we should not only be the happiest nation upon earth, but the wisest also.

Enthusiasm in religion, which prevails only among the vulgar, should be the chief object of politics. A society of enthusiasts, governed by reason among the great, is the most indissoluble, the most virtuous, and the most efficient of its own decrees that can be imagined. Every country, possessed of any degree of strength, have had their enthusiasms, which ever serve as laws among the people. The Greeks had their *Katakathia*, the Romans their *Amor Patriæ*, and we the truer and firmer bond of the Protestant Religion. The principle is the same in all; how much then is it the duty of those whom the law has appointed teachers of this religion, to enforce its obligations, and to raise those enthusiasms among people, by which alone political society can subsist.

From eloquence, therefore, the morals of our people are to expect emendation; but how little can they be improved by men, who get into the pulpit rather to show their parts than convince us of the truth of what they deliver; who are painfully correct in their style, musical in their tones; where every sentiment, every expression seems the result of meditation and deep study?

Tillotson has been commended as the model of pulpit eloquence; thus far he should be imitated, where he generally strives to convince rather than to please; but to adopt his long, dry, and sometimes tedious discussions, which serve to amuse only divines, and are utterly neglected by the generality of mankind; to praise the intricacy of his periods, which are too long to be spoken; to continue his cool phlegmatic manner of enforcing every truth is certainly erroneous. As I said before, the good preacher should adopt no model, write no sermons, study no periods; let him but understand his subject, the language he speaks, and be convinced of the truth he delivers. It is amazing to what heights eloquence of this kind may reach! This is that eloquence the ancients represented as lightning, bearing down every opposer; this the power which has turned whole assemblies into astonishment, admiration, and awe; that is described by the torrent, the flame, and every other instance of irresistible impetuosity.

But to attempt such noble heights belongs only to the truly great, or the truly good. To discard the lazy manner of reading sermons, or speaking sermons by rote; to set up singly against the opposition of men who are attached to their own errors, and to endeavour to be great, instead of being prudent, are qualities we seldom see united. A minister of the Church of England, who may be possessed of good sense, and some hopes of preferment, will seldom give up such substantial

advantages for the empty pleasure of improving society. By his present method, he is liked by his friends, admired by his dependants, not displeasing to his bishop; he lives as well, eats and sleeps as well, as if a real orator, and an eager assertor of his mission: he will hardly, therefore, venture all this to be called perhaps an enthusiast; nor will he depart from customs established by the brotherhood, when, by such a conduct, he only singles himself out for their contempt.

CUSTOM AND LAWS COMPARED.

WHAT, say some, can give us a more contemptible idea of a large state than to find it mostly governed by custom; to have few written laws, and no boundaries to mark the jurisdiction between the senate and the people? Among the number who speak in this manner is the great Montesquieu, who asserts that every nation is free in proportion to the number of its written laws, and seems to hint at a despotic and arbitrary conduct in the present king of Prussia, who has abridged the laws of his country into a very short compass.

As Tacitus and Montesquieu happen to differ in sentiment upon a subject of so much importance (for the Roman expressly asserts that the state is generally vicious in proportion to the number of its laws,) it will not be amiss to examine it a little more minutely, and see whether a state which, like England, is burdened with a multiplicity of written laws; or which, like Switzerland, Geneva, and some other republics, is governed by custom and the determination of the judge, is best.

And to prove the superiority of custom to written law, we shall at least find history conspiring. Custom, or the traditional observance of the practice of their forefathers, was what directed the Romans as well in their public as private determinations. Custom was appealed to in pronouncing sentence against a criminal, where part of the formulæ was *more majorum*. So Sallust, speaking of the expulsion of Tarquin, says, *multo more*, and not *lege mutato*; and Virgil, *paisique imponere morem*. So that, in those times of the empire in which the people retained their liberty, they were governed by custom; when they sunk into oppression and tyranny, they were restrained by new laws, and the laws of tradition abolished.

As getting the ancients on our side is half a victory, it will not be amiss to fortify the argument with an observation of Chrysostom's; "That the enlaved are the fittest to be governed by laws, and free men by custom." Custom partakes of the nature of parental injunction; it is kept by the people themselves, and observed with a willing obedience. The observance of it must therefore be a mark of freedom; and, coming origin-

ally to a state from the revered founders of its liberty, will be an encouragement and assistance to it in the defence of that blessing: but a conquered people, a nation of slaves, must pretend to none of this freedom, or these happy distinctions; having by degeneracy lost all right to their brave forefathers' free institutions, their masters will in a policy take the forfeiture; and the fixing a conquest must be done by giving laws, which may every moment serve to remind the people enslaved of their conquerors; nothing being more dangerous than to trust a late subdued people with old customs, that presently upbraid their degeneracy, and provoke them to revolt.

The wisdom of the Roman republic in their veneration for custom, and backwardness to introduce a new law, was perhaps the cause of their long continuance, and of the virtues of which they have set the world so many examples. But to show in what that wisdom consists, it may be proper to observe, that the benefit of new written laws is mere confined to the consequences of their observance; but customary laws, keeping up a veneration for the founders, engage men in the imitation of their virtues as well as policy. To this may be ascribed the religious regard the Romans paid to their forefathers' memory, and their adhering for so many ages to the practice of the same virtues, which nothing contributed more to efface than the introduction of a voluminous body of new laws over the neck of venerable custom.

The simplicity, conciseness, and antiquity of custom, give an air of majesty and immutability that inspires awe and veneration; but new laws are too apt to be voluminous, perplexed, and indeterminate, whence must necessarily arise neglect, contempt, and ignorance.

As every human institution is subject to gross imperfections, so laws must necessarily be liable to the same inconveniences, and their defects soon discovered. Thus, through the weakness of one part, all the rest are liable to be brought into contempt. But such weaknesses in a custom, for very obvious reasons, evade an examination; besides, a friendly prejudice always stands up in their favour.

But let us suppose a new law to be perfectly equitable and necessary; yet if the procurers of it have betrayed a conduct that confesses by-ends and private motives, the disgust to the circumstances disposes us, unreasonably indeed, to an irreverence of the law itself; but we are indulgently blind to the most visible imperfections of an old custom. Though we perceive the defects ourselves, yet we remain persuaded, that our wise forefathers had good reason for what they did; and though such motives no longer continue, the benefit will still go along with the observance, though we do not know how. It is thus the Roman lawyers speak: *Non omnium, que a majoribus constituta sunt, ratio reddi potest, et ideo rationes eorum que constituentur inquiri non oportet,*

alioquin multa ex his que certa sunt subvertuntur.

Those laws which preserve to themselves the greatest love and observance, must needs be best; but custom, as it executes itself, must be necessarily superior to written laws in this respect, which are to be executed by another. Thus, nothing can be more certain, than that numerous written laws are a sign of a degenerate community, and are frequently not the consequences of vicious morals in a state, but the causes.

Hence we see how much greater benefit it would be to the state, rather to abridge than increase its laws. We every day find them increasing acts and reports, which may be termed the acts of judges, are every day becoming more voluminous, and loading the subject with new penalties.

Laws ever increase in number and severity, until they at length are strained so tight as to break themselves. Such was the case of the latter empire, whose laws were at length become so strict, that the barbarous invaders did not bring servitude but liberty.

OF THE PRIDE AND LUXURY OF THE MIDDLING CLASS OF PEOPLE.

Of all the follies and absurdities under which this great metropolis labours, there is not one, I believe, that at present appears in a more glaring and ridiculous light, than the pride and luxury of the middling class of people. Their eager desire of being seen in a sphere far above their capacities and circumstances, is daily, nay hourly instanced, by the prodigious numbers of mechanics who flock to the races, gaming-tables, brothels, and all public diversions this fashionable town affords.

You shall see a grocer, or a tallow-chandler, sneak from behind the counter, clap on a laced coat and a bag, fly to the E O table, throw away fifty pieces with some sharpening man of quality; while his industrious wife is selling a pennyworth of sugar, or a pound of candles, to support her fashionable spouse in his extravagances.

I was led into this reflection by an odd adventure which happened to me the other day at Epson races, whither I went, not through any desire, I do assure you, of laying bets or winning thousands, but at the earnest request of a friend, who had long indulged the curiosity of seeing the sport, very natural for an Englishman. When we had arrived at the course, and had taken several turns to observe the different objects that made up this whimsical group, a figure suddenly darted by us, mounted and dressed in all the elegance of those polite gentry who come to show you they have a little money, and, rather than pay their just debts at home, generously come abroad to bestow it on gamblers and pickpockets. As I had not an

opportunity of viewing his face till his return, I gently walked after him, and met him as he came back, when, to my no small surprise, I beheld in this gay Narcissus the visage of Jack Varnish, a humble vender of prints. Disgusted at the sight, I pulled my friend by the sleeve, pressed him to return home, telling him all the way, that I was so enraged at the fellow's impudence that I was resolved never to lay out another penny with him.

And now, pray sir, let me beg of you to give this a place in your paper, that Mr. Varnish may understand he mistakes the thing quite, if he imagines horse-racing recommendable in a tradesman; and that he who is revelling every night in the arms of a common strumpet (though blessed with an indulgent wife), when he ought to be minding his business, will never thrive in this world. He will find himself soon mistaken, his finances decrease, his friends shun him, customers fall off, and himself thrown into a gaol. I would earnestly recommend this adage to every mechanic in London, "Keep you shop, and your shop will keep you." A strict observance of these words will, I am sure, in time gain them estates. Industry is the road to wealth, and honesty to happiness; and he who strenuously endeavours to pursue them both, may never fear the critic's lash, or the sharp cries of penury and want.

SABINUS AND OLINDA.

In a fair, rich, and flourishing country, whose cliffs are washed by the German Ocean, lived Sabinus, a youth formed by nature to make a conquest wherever he thought proper; but the constancy of his disposition fixed him only with Olinda. He was indeed superior to her in fortune, but that defect on her side was so amply supplied by her merit, that none was thought more worthy of his regards than she. He loved her, he was beloved by her; and in a short time, by joining hands publicly, they avowed the union of their hearts. But, alas! none, however fortunate, however happy, are exempt from the shafts of envy, and the malignant effects of ungoverned appetite. How unsafe, how detestable are they who have this fury for their guide! How certainly will it lead them from themselves, and plunge them in errors they would have shuddered at, even in apprehension! Ariana, a lady of many amiable qualities, very nearly allied to Sabinus, and highly esteemed by him, imagined herself slighted, and injuriously treated, since his marriage with Olinda. By incautiously suffering this jealousy to corrode in her breast, she began to give a loose to passion; she forgot those many virtues for which she had been so long and so justly applauded. Causeless suspicion and mistaken resentment betrayed her into all the gloom of discontent; she sighed without ceasing; the happiness of others gave her in-

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tolerable pain; she thought of nothing but revenge. How unlike what she was, the cheerful, the prudent, the compassionate Ariana!

She continually laboured to disturb a union so firmly, so affectionately founded, and planned every scheme which she thought most likely to disturb it.

Fortune seemed willing to promote her unjust intentions; the circumstances of Sabinus had been long embarrassed by a tedious lawsuit, and the court determining the cause unexpectedly in favour of his opponent, it sunk his fortune to the lowest pitch of penury from the highest affluence. From the nearness of relationship, Sabinus expected from Ariana those assistances his present situation required; but she was insensible to all his entreaties and the justice of every remonstrance, unless he first separated from Olinda, whom she regarded with detestation. Upon a compliance with her desire in this respect, she promised that her fortune, her interest, and her all, should be at his command. Sabinus was shocked at the proposal; he loved his wife with inexpressible tenderness, and refused those offers with indignation which were to be purchased at so high a price, Ariana was no less displeased to find her offers rejected, and gave a loose to all that warmth which she had long endeavoured to suppress. Reproach generally produces recrimination; the quarrel rose to such a height, that Sabinus was marked for destruction, and the very next day, upon the strength of an old family debt, he was sent to gaol, with none but Olinda to comfort him in his miseries. In this mansion of distress they lived together with resignation, and even with comfort. She provided the frugal meal, and he read to her while employed in the little offices of domestic concern. Their fellow-prisoner admired their contentment, and whenever they had a desire of relaxing into mirth, and enjoying those little comforts that a prison affords, Sabinus and Olinda were sure to be of the party. Instead of reproaching each other for their mutual wretchedness, they both lightened it, by bearing each a share of the load imposed by Providence. Whenever Sabinus showed the least concern on his dear partner's account, she conjured him, by the love he bore her, by those tender ties which now united them for ever, not to discompose himself; that so long as his affection lasted, she defied all the ills of fortune and every loss of fame or friendship; that nothing could make her miserable but his seeming to want happiness; nothing please but his sympathizing with her pleasure. A continuance in prison soon robbed them of the little they had left, and famine began to make its horrid appearance; yet still was neither found to murmur: they both looked upon their little boy, who, insensible of their or his own distress, was playing about the room, with inexpressible yet silent anguish, when a messenger came to inform them that Ariana was dead, and that her will in favour

of a very distant relation, who was now in another country, might easily be procured and burnt ; in which case all her large fortune would revert to him, as being the next heir at law.

A proposal of so base a nature filled our unhappy couple with horror ; they ordered the messenger immediately out of the room, and falling upon each other's neck, indulged an agony of sorrow, for now even all hopes of relief were banished. The messenger who made the proposal, however, was only a spy sent by Ariana to sound the dispositions of a man she at once loved and persecuted. This lady, though warped by wrong passions, was naturally kind, judicious, and friendly. She found that all her attempts to shake the constancy or the integrity of Sabinus were ineffectual ; she had therefore begun to reflect, and to wonder how she could so long and so unprovokedly injure such uncommon fortitude and affection.

She had from the next room herself heard the reception given to the messenger, and could not avoid feeling all the force of superior virtue ; she therefore reassumed her former goodness of heart ; she came into the room with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged the severity of her former treatment. She bestowed her first care in providing them all the necessary supplies, and acknowledged them as the most deserving heirs of her fortune. From this moment Sabinus enjoyed an uninterrupted happiness with Olinda, and both were happy in the friendship and assistance of Ariana, who, dying soon after, left them in possession of a large estate, and in her last moments confessed, that virtue was the only path to true glory ; and that however innocence may for a time be depressed, a steady perseverance will in time lead it to a certain victory.

THE SENTIMENTS OF A FRENCHMAN ON THE TEMPER OF THE ENGLISH.

Nothing is so uncommon among the English as that easy affability, that instant method of acquaintance, or that cheerfulness of disposition, which make in France the charm of every society. Yet in this gloomy reserve they seem to pride themselves, and think themselves less happy if obliged to be more social. One may assert, without wronging them, that they do not study the method of going through life with pleasure and tranquillity like the French. Might not this be a proof that they are not so much philosophers as they imagine ? Philosophy is no more than the art of making ourselves happy : that is in seeking pleasure in regularity, and reconciling what we owe to society with what is due to ourselves.

This cheerfulness, which is the characteristic of our nation, in the eye of an Englishman passes almost for folly. But is their gloominess a greater

mark of their wisdom ? and, folly against folly, is not the most cheerful sort the best ? If our gaiety makes them sad, they ought not to find it strange if their seriousness makes us laugh.

As this disposition to levity is not familiar to them, and as they look on every thing as a fault which they do not find at home, the English who live among us are hurt by it. Several of their authors reproach us with it as a vice, or at least as a ridicule.

Mr. Addison styles us a comic nation. In my opinion, it is not acting the philosopher on this point, to regard as a fault that quality which contributes most to the pleasure of society and happiness of life. Plato, convinced that whatever makes men happier makes them better, advises to neglect nothing that may excite and convert to an early habit this sense of joy in children. Seneca places it in the first rank of good things. Certain it is, at least, that gaiety may be a concomitant of all sorts of virtue, but that there are some vices with which it is incompatible.

As to him who laughs at every thing, and him who laughs at nothing, neither has sound judgment. All the difference I find between them is, that the last is constantly the most unhappy. Those who speak against cheerfulness, prove nothing else but that they were born melancholic, and that in their hearts they rather envy than condemn that levity they affect to despise.

The Spectator, whose constant object was the good of mankind in general, and of his own nation in particular, should, according to his own principles, place cheerfulness among the most desirable qualities ; and probably, whenever he contradicts himself in this particular, it is only to conform to the tempers of the people whom he addresses. He asserts, that gaiety is one great obstacle to the prudent conduct of women. But are those of a melancholic temper, as the English women generally are, less subject to the foibles of love ? I am acquainted with some doctors in this science, to whose judgment I would more willingly refer than to his. And perhaps, in reality, persons naturally of a gay temper are too easily taken off by different objects, to give themselves up to all the excesses of this passion.

Mr. Hobbes, a celebrated philosopher of his nation, maintains that laughing proceeds from our pride alone. This is only a paradox if asserted of laughing in general, and only argues that misanthropical disposition for which he was remarkable.

To bring the causes he assigns for laughing under suspicion, it is sufficient to remark, that proud people are commonly those who laugh least. Gravity is the inseparable companion of pride. To say that a man is vain, because the humour of a writer, or the buffoneries of a harlequin, excite his laughter, would be advancing a great absurdity. We should distinguish between laughter inspired by joy, and that which arises from mock-

ery. The malicious sneer is improperly called laughter. It must be owned, that pride is the parent of such laughter as this : but this is in itself vicious ; whereas the other sort has nothing in its principles or effects that deserves condemnation. We find this amiable in others, and is it unhappiness to feel a disposition towards it in ourselves ?

When I see an Englishman laugh, I fancy I rather see him hunting after joy than having caught it : and this is more particularly remarkable in their women, whose tempers are inclined to melancholy. A laugh leaves no more traces on their countenance than a flash of lightning on the face of the heavens. The most laughing air is instantly succeeded by the most gloomy. One would be apt to think that their souls open with difficulty to joy, or at least that joy is not pleased with its habitation there.

In regard to fine railery, it must be allowed that it is not natural to the English, and therefore those who endeavour at it make but an ill figure. Some of their authors have candidly confessed, that pleasantry is quite foreign to their character ; but according to the reason they give, they lose nothing by this confession. Bishop Sprat gives the following one : "The English," says he, "have too much bravery to be derided, and too much virtue and honour to mock others."

No. VIII.

Saturday, November 24, 1759.

ON DECEIT AND FALSEHOOD.

THE following account is so judiciously conceived that I am convinced the reader will be more pleased with it than with any thing of mine, so I shall make no apology for this new publication.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BEE.

SIR,

DECEIT and falsehood have ever been an overmatch for truth, and followed and admired by the majority of mankind. If we inquire after the reason of this, we shall find it in our own imaginations, which are amused and entertained with the perpetual novelty and variety that fiction affords, but find no manner of delight in the uniform simplicity of homely truth, which still sues them under the same appearance.

He, therefore, that would gain our hearts, must make his court to our fancy, which, being sovereign comptroller of the passions, lets them loose, and inflames them more or less, in proportion to the force and efficacy of the first cause, which is ever the more powerful the more new it is. Thus in

mathematical demonstrations themselves, though they seem to aim at pure truth and instruction, and to be addressed to our reason alone, yet I think it is pretty plain, that our understanding is only made a drudge to gratify our invention and curiosity, and we are pleased, not so much because our discoveries are certain, as because they are new.

I do not deny but the world is still pleased with things that pleased it many years ago, but it should at the same time be considered, that man is naturally so much of a logician, as to distinguish between matters that are plain and easy, and others that are hard and inconceivable. What we understand, we overlook and despise, and what we know nothing of, we hug and delight in. Thus there are such things as perpetual novelties ; for we are pleased no longer than we are amazed, and nothing so much contents us as that which confounds us.

This weakness in human nature gave occasion to a party of men to make such gainful markets as they have done of our credulity. All objects and facts whatever now ceased to be what they had been for ever before, and received what make and meaning it was found convenient to put upon them : what people ate, and drank, and saw, was not what they ate, and drank, and saw, but something further, which they were fond of because they were ignorant of it. In short, nothing was itself, but something beyond itself ; and by these artifices and amusements the heads of the world were so turned and intoxicated, that at last there was scarcely a sound set of brains left in it.

In this state of giddiness and infatuation it was no very hard task to persuade the already deluded, that there was an actual society and communion between human creatures and spiritual demons. And when they had thus put people into the power and clutches of the devil, none but they alone could have either skill or strength to bring the prisoners back again.

But so far did they carry this dreadful drollery, and so fond were they of it, that to maintain it and themselves in profitable repute, they literally sacrificed for it, and made impious victims of numberless old women and other miserable persons, who either, through ignorance, could not say what they were bid to say, or, through madness, said what they should not have said. Fear and stupidity made them incapable of defending themselves, and frenzy and infatuation made them confess *guilty impossibilities*, which produced cruel sentences, and then inhuman executions.

Some of these wretched mortals, finding themselves either hateful or terrible to all, and befriended by none, and perhaps wanting the common necessities of life, came at last to abhor themselves as much as they were abhorred by others, and grew willing to be burnt or hanged out of a world which was no other to them than a scene of persecution and anguish.

Others of strong imaginations and little understandings were, by positive and repeated charges against them, of committing mischievous and supernatural facts and villainies, deluded to judge of themselves by the judgment of their enemies, whose weakness or malice prompted them to be accusers. And many have been condemned as witches and dealers with the devil, for no other reason but their knowing more than those who accused, tried, and passed sentence upon them.

In these cases, credulity is a much greater error than infidelity, and it is safer to believe nothing than too much. A man that believes little or nothing of witchcraft will destroy nobody for being under the imputation of it; and so far he certainly acts with humanity to others, and safety to himself: but he that credits all, or too much, upon that article, is obliged, if he acts consistently with his persuasion, to kill all those whom he takes to be the killers of mankind; and such are witches. It would be a jest and a contradiction to say, that he is for sparing them who are harmless of that tribe, since the received notion of their supposed contract with the devil implies that they are engaged, by covenant and inclination, to do all the mischief they possibly can.

I have heard many stories of witches, and read many accusations against them; but I do not remember any that would have induced me to have consigned over to the halter or the flame any of those deplorable wretches, who, as they share our likeness and nature, ought to share our compassion, as persons cruelly accused of impossibilities.

But we love to delude ourselves, and often fancy or forge an effect, and then set ourselves as gravely as ridiculously to find out the cause. Thus, for example, when a dream or the hyp has given us false terrors, or imaginary pains, we immediately conclude that the infernal tyrant owes us a spite, and inflicts his wrath and stripes upon us by the hands of some of his sworn servants among us. For this end an old woman is promoted to a seat in Satan's privy-council, and appointed his executioner-in-chief within her district. So ready and civil are we to allow the devil the dominion over us, and even to provide him with butchers and hangmen of our own make and nature.

I have often wondered why we did not, in choosing our proper officers for Beelzebub, lay the lot rather upon men than women, the former being more bold and robust, and more equal to that bloody service; but upon inquiry, I find it has been so ordered for two reasons: first, the men having the whole direction of this affair, are wise enough to slip their own necks out of the collar; and secondly, an old woman is grown by custom the most avoided and most unpitied creature under the sun, the very name carrying contempt and satire in it. And so far indeed we pay but an uncourtly sort of respect to Satan, in sacrificing to him nothing but dry sticks of human nature.

We have a *wondering quality* within us, which

finds huge gratification when we see strange feats done, and cannot at the same time see the doer or the cause. Such actions are sure to be attributed to some witch or demon; for if we come to find they are alily performed by artists of our own species, and by causes purely natural, our delight dies with our amazement.

It is, therefore, one of the most unthankful offices in the world, to go about to expose the mistaken notions of witchcraft and spirits; it is robbing mankind of a valuable imagination, and of the privilege of being deceived. Those who at any time undertook the task, have always met with rough treatment and ill language for their pains, and seldom escaped the imputation of atheism, because they would not allow the devil to be too powerful for the Almighty. For my part, I am so much a heretic as to believe, that God Almighty, and not the devil, governs the world.

If we inquire what are the common marks and symptoms by which witches are discovered to be such, we shall see how reasonably and mercifully those poor creatures were burnt and hanged who unhappily fell under that name.

In the first place, the old woman must be prodigiously ugly; her eyes hollow and red, her face shriveled; she goes double, and her voice trembles. It frequently happens, that this rueful figure frightens a child into the palpitation of the heart: home he runs, and tells his mamma, that Goody Such-a-one looked at him, and he is very ill. The good woman cries out, her dear baby is bewitched, and sends for the parson and the constable.

It is moreover necessary that she be very poor. It is true, her master Satan has mines and hidden treasures in his gift; but no matter, she is for all that very poor, and lives on alms. She goes to *Sisly* the cook-maid for a dish of broth, or the heel of a loaf, and *Sisly* denies them to her. The old woman goes away muttering, and perhaps in less than a month's time, *Sisly* hears the voice of a cat, and strains her ancles, which are certain signs that she is bewitched.

A farmer sees his cattle die of the murrain, and his sheep of the rot, and poor Goody is forced to be the cause of their death, because she was seen talking to herself the evening before such an ewe departed, and had been gathering sticks at the side of the wood where such a cow run mad.

The old woman has always for her companion an old gray cat, which is a disguised devil too, and confederate with Goody in works of darkness. They frequently go journeys into Egypt upon a broom-staff in half an hour's time, and now and then Goody and her cat change shapes. The neighbours often overhear them in deep and solemn discourse together, plotting some dreadful mischief you may be sure.

There is a famous way of trying witches, recommended by King James I. The old woman is tied hand and foot, and thrown into the river, and if she swims she is guilty, and taken out and

burnt ; but if she is innocent, she sinks, and is only drowned.

The witches are said to meet their master frequently in churches and church-yards. I wonder at the boldness of Satan and his congregation, in revelling and playing mountebank farces on consecrated ground ; and I have so often wondered at the oversight and ill policy of some people in allowing it possible.

It would have been both dangerous and impious to have treated this subject at one certain time in this ludicrous man. It used to be managed with all possible gravity, and even terror : and indeed it was made a tragedy in all its parts, and thousands were sacrificed, or rather murdered, by such evidence and colours, as, God be thanked ! we are this day ashamed of. An old woman may be *miserable now*, and not be *hanged* for it.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUGUSTAN AGE OF ENGLAND.

THE history of the rise of language and learning is calculated to gratify curiosity rather than to satisfy the understanding. An account of that period only when language and learning arrived at its highest perfection, is the most conducive to real improvement, since it at once raises emulation and directs to the proper objects. The age of Leo X. in Italy is confessed to be the Augustan age with them. The French writers seem agreed to give the same appellation to that of Louis XIV. ; but the English are yet undetermined with respect to themselves.

Some have looked upon the writers in the times of Queen Elizabeth as the true standard for future imitation ; others have descended to the reign of James I. and others still lower, to that of Charles II. Were I to be permitted to offer an opinion upon this subject, I should readily give my vote for the reign of Queen Anne, or some years before that period. It was then that taste was united to genius ; and as before our writers charmed with their strength of thinking, so then they pleased with strength and grace united. In that period of British glory, though no writer attracts our attention singly, yet, like stars lost in each other's brightness, they have cast such a lustre upon the age in which they lived, that their minutest transactions will be attended to by posterity with a greater eagerness than the most important occurrences of even empires which have been transacted in greater obscurity.

At that period there seemed to be a just balance between patronage and the press. Before it, men were little esteemed whose only merit was genius ; and since, men who can prudently be content to catch the public, are certain of living without dependence. But the writers of the period of which I am speaking were sufficiently esteemed by the

great, and not rewarded enough by booksellers to set them above independence. Fame, consequently, then was the truest road to happiness ; a sedulous attention to the mechanical business of the day makes the present never-failing resource.

The age of Charles II., which our countrymen term the age of wit and immorality, produced some writers that at once served to improve our language and corrupt our hearts. The king himself had a large share of knowledge, and some wit ; and his courtiers were generally men who had been brought up in the school of affliction and experience. For this reason, when the sunshine of their fortune returned, they gave too great a loose to pleasure, and language was by them cultivated only as a mode of elegance. Hence it became more enervated, and was dashed with quaintnesses, which gave the public writings of those times a very illiberal air.

L'Estrange, who was by no means so bad a writer as some have represented him, was sunk in party faction ; and having generally the worst side of the argument, often had recourse to scolding, pertness, and consequently a vulgarity that discovers itself even in his more liberal compositions. He was the first writer who regularly enlisted himself under the banners of a party for pay, and fought for it through right and wrong for upwards of forty literary campaigns. This intrepidity gained him the esteem of Cromwell himself, and the papers he wrote even just before the revolution, almost with the rope about his neck, have his usual characters of impudence and perseverance. That he was a standard writer cannot be disowned, because a great many very eminent authors formed their style by his. But his standard was far from being a just one ; though, when party considerations are set aside, he certainly was possessed of elegance, ease, and perspicuity.

Dryden, though a great and undisputed genius, had the same cast as L'Estrange. Even his plays discover him to be a party man, and the same principle infects his style in subjects of the lightest nature ; but the English tongue, as it stands at present, is greatly his debtor. He first gave it regular harmony, and discovered its latent powers. It was his pen that formed the Congreves, the Priors, and the Addison's, who succeeded him ; and had it not been for Dryden, we never should have known a Pope, at least in the meridian lustre he now displays. But Dryden's excellences as a writer were not confined to poetry alone. There is, in his prose writings, an ease and elegance that have never yet been so well united in works of taste or criticism.

The English language owes very little to Otway, though, next to Shakspeare, the greatest genius England ever produced in tragedy. His excellences lay in painting directly from nature, in catching every emotion just as it rises from the soul, and in all the powers of the moving and pathetic. He appears to have had no learning, no critical know-

ledge, and to have lived in great distress. When he died (which he did in an obscure house near the Minorities), he had about him the copy of a tragedy, which, it seems, he had sold for a trifle to Bentley the bookseller. I have seen an advertisement at the end of one of D'Estrange's political papers, offering a reward to any one who should bring it to his shop. What an invaluable treasure was there irretrievably lost, by the ignorance and neglect of the age he lived in!

Lee had a great command of language, and vast force of expression, both which the best of our succeeding dramatic poets thought proper to take for their models. Rowe, in particular, seems to have caught that manner, though in all other respects inferior. The other poets of that reign contributed but little towards improving the English tongue, and it is not certain whether they did not injure rather than improve it. Immorality has its cant as well as party, and many shocking expressions now crept into the language, and became the transient fashion of the day. The upper galleries, by the prevalence of party-spirit, were courted with great assiduity, and a horse-laugh following ribaldry was the highest instance of applause, the chastity as well as energy of diction being overlooked or neglected.

Virtuous sentiment was recovered, but energy of style never was. This, though disregarded in plays and party writings, still prevailed amongst men of character and business. The dispatches of Sir Richard Fanshawe, Sir William Godolphin, Lord Arlington, and many other ministers of state, are all of them, with respect to diction, manly, bold, and nervous. Sir William Temple, though a man of no learning, had great knowledge and experience. He wrote always like a man of sense and a gentleman; and his style is the model by which the best prose writers in the reign of Queen Anne formed theirs. The beauties of Mr. Locke's style, though not so much celebrated, are as striking as that of his understanding. He never says more nor less than he ought, and never makes use of a word that he could have changed for a better. The same observation holds good of Dr. Samuel Clarke.

Mr. Locke was a philosopher; his antagonist, Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester, was a man of learning; and therefore the contest between them was unequal. The clearness of Mr. Locke's head renders his language perspicuous, the learning of Stillingfleet's clouds his. This is an instance of the superiority of good sense over learning towards the improvement of every language.

There is nothing peculiar to the language of Archbishop Tillotson, but his manner of writing is inimitable; for one who reads him, wonders why he himself did not think and speak in that very manner. The turn of his periods is agreeable, though artless, and every thing he says seems to flow spontaneously from inward conviction. Barrow, though greatly his superior in learning, falls short of him in other respects.

The time seems to be at hand when justice will be done to Mr. Cowley's prose, as well as poetical writings; and though his friend Dr. Sprat, bishop of Rochester, in his diction falls far short of the abilities for which he has been celebrated, yet there is sometimes a happy flow in his periods, something that looks like eloquence. The style of his successor, Atterbury, has been much commended by his friends, which always happens when a man distinguishes himself in party; but there is in it nothing extraordinary. Even the speech which he made for himself at the bar of the House of Lords, before he was sent into exile, is void of eloquence, though it has been cried up by his friends to such a degree that his enemies have suffered it to pass uncensured.

The philosophical manner of Lord Shaftesbury's writing is nearer to that of Cicero than any English author has yet arrived at; but perhaps had Cicero written in English, his composition would have greatly exceeded that of our countryman. The diction of the latter is beautiful, but such beauty as, upon nearer inspection, carries with it evident symptoms of affectation. This has been attended with very disagreeable consequences. Nothing is so easy to copy as affectation, and his lordship's rank and fame have procured him more imitators in Britain than any other writer I know; all faithfully preserving his blemishes, but unhappily not one of his beauties.

Mr. Trenchard and Mr. Davenant were political writers of great abilities in diction, and their pamphlets are now standards in that way of writing. They were followed by Dean Swift, who, though in other respects far their superior, never could rise to that manliness and clearness of diction in political writing for which they were so justly famous.

They were all of them exceeded by the late Lord Bolingbroke, whose strength lay in that province; for as a philosopher and a critic he was ill qualified, being destitute of virtue for the one, and of learning for the other. His writings against Sir Robert Walpole are incomparably the best part of his works. The personal and perpetual antipathy he had for that family, to whose places he thought his own abilities had a right, gave a glow to his style, and an edge to his manner, that never yet have been equalled in political writing. His misfortunes and disappointments gave his mind a turn which his friends mistook for philosophy, and at one time of his life he had the art to impose the same belief upon some of his enemies. His idea of a Patriot King, which I reckon (as indeed it was) amongst his writings against Sir Robert Walpole, is a masterpiece of diction. Even in his other works his style is excellent; but where a man either does not, or will not understand the subject he writes on, there must always be a deficiency. In politics he was generally master of what he undertook, in morals never.

Mr. Addison, for a happy and natural style,

will be always an honour to British literature. His diction indeed wants strength, but it is equal to all the subjects he undertakes to handle, as he never (at least in his finished works) attempts any thing either in the argumentative or demonstrative way.

Though Sir Richard Steele's reputation as a public writer was owing to his connexions with Mr. Addison, yet after their intimacy was formed, Steele sunk in his merit as an author. This was not owing so much to the evident superiority on the part of Addison, as to the unnatural efforts which Steele made to equal or eclipse him. This emulation destroyed that genuine flow of diction which is discoverable in all his former compositions.

Whilst their writings engaged attention and the favour of the public, reiterated but unsuccessful endeavours were made towards forming a grammar of the English language. The authors to those efforts went upon wrong principles. Instead of endeavouring to retrench the absurdities of our language, and bringing it to a certain criterion, their grammars were no other than a collection of rules attempting to naturalize those absurdities, and bring them under a regular system.

Somewhat effectual, however, might have been done towards fixing the standard of the English language, had it not been for the spirit of party. For both whigs and tories being ambitious to stand at the head of so great a design, the Queen's death happened before any plan of an academy could be resolved on.

Meanwhile the necessity of such an institution became every day more apparent. The periodical and political writers, who then swarmed, adopted the very worst manner of L'Estrange, till not only all decency, but all propriety of language, was lost in the nation. Leslie, a pert writer, with some wit and learning, insulted the government every week with the grossest abuse. His style and manner, both of which were illiberal, were imitated by Ridpath, De Foe, Dunton, and others of the opposite party, and Toland pleaded the cause of atheism and immorality in much the same strain; his subject seemed to debase his diction, and he ever failed most in one when he grew most licentious in the other.

Towards the end of Queen Anne's reign, some of the greatest men in England devoted their time to party, and then a much better manner obtained in political writing. Mr. Walpole, Mr. Addison, Mr. Mainwaring, Mr. Steele, and many members of both houses of parliament, drew their pens for the whigs; but they seem to have been over-matched, though not in argument yet in writing, by Bolingbroke, Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, and the other friends of the opposite party. They who oppose a ministry have always a better field for ridicule and reproof than they who defend it.

Since that period, our writers have either been

encouraged above their merits or below them. Some who were possessed of the meanest abilities acquired the highest preferences, while others who seemed born to reflect a lustre upon the age, perished by want and neglect. More, Savage, and Amherst, were possessed of great abilities, yet they were suffered to feel all the miseries that usually attend the ingenious and the imprudent, that attend men of strong passions, and no phlegmatic reserve in their command.

At present, were a man to attempt to improve his fortune, or increase his friendship, by poetry, he would soon feel the anxiety of disappointment. The press lies open, and is a benefactor to every sort of literature but that alone.

I am at a loss whether to ascribe this falling off of the public to a vicious taste in the poet, or in them. Perhaps both are to be reprehended. The poet, either drily didactic, give us rules which might appear abstruse even in a system of ethics, or triflingly volatile, writes upon the most unworthy subjects; content, if he can give music instead of sense; content, if he can paint to the imagination without any desires or endeavours to affect: the public, therefore, with justice, discard such empty sound, which has nothing but a jingle, or, what is worse, the unmusical flow of blank verse to recommend it. The late method, also, into which our newspapers have fallen, of giving an epitome of every new publication, must greatly damp the writer's genius. He finds himself, in this case, at the mercy of men who have neither abilities nor learning to distinguish his merit. He finds his own composition mixed with the sordid trash of every daily scribbler. There is a sufficient specimen given of his work to abate curiosity, and yet so mutilated as to render him contemptible. His first, and perhaps his second work, by these means sink, among the crudities of the age, into oblivion. Fame he finds begins to turn her back: he therefore flies to profit which invites him, and he enrols himself in the lists of dulness and of avarice for life.

Yet there are still among us men of the greatest abilities, and who in some parts of learning have surpassed their predecessors: justice and friendship might here impel me to speak of names which will shine out to all posterity, but prudence restrains me from what I should otherwise eagerly embrace. Envy might arise against every honoured name I should mention, since scarcely one of them has not those who are his enemies, or those who despise him, etc.

OF THE OPERA IN ENGLAND.

THE rise and fall of our amusements pretty much resemble that of empire. They this day flourish without any visible cause for such vigour; the next, they decay without any reason that can

be assigned for their downfall. Some years ago the Italian opera was the only fashionable amusement among our nobility. The managers of the play-houses dreaded it as a mortal enemy, and our very poets listed themselves in the opposition : at present the house seems deserted, the castrati sing to empty benches, even Prince Vologese himself, a youth of great expectations, sings himself out of breath, and rattles his chain to no purpose.

To say the truth, the opera as it is conducted among us, is but a very humdrum amusement : in other countries, the decorations are entirely magnificent, the singers all excellent, and the burlettas or interludes quite entertaining ; the best poets compose the words, and the best masters the music, but with us it is otherwise ; the decorations are but trifling and cheap ; the singers, Matsi only excepted, but indifferent. Instead of interlude, we have those sorts of skipping dances, which are calculated for the galleries of the theatre. Every performer sings his favourite song, and the music is only a medley of old Italian airs, or some meagre modern *Capriccio*.

When such is the case, it is not much to be wondered if the opera is pretty much neglected ; the lower orders of people have neither taste nor fortune to relish such an entertainment ; they would find more satisfaction in the *Roast Beef of Old England* than in the finest closes of a eunuch ; they sleep amidst all the agony of recitative ; on the other hand, people of fortune or taste can hardly be pleased, where there is a visible poverty in the decorations, and an entire want of taste in the composition.

Would it not surprise one, that when *Metastasio* is so well known in England, and so universally admired, the manager or the composer should have recourse to any other operas than those written by him ? I might venture to say, that *written by Metastasio*, put up in the bills of the day, would alone be sufficient to fill a house, since thus the admirers of sense as well as sound might find entertainment.

The performers also should be entreated to sing only their parts without clapping in any of their own favourite airs. I must own, that such songs are generally to me the most disagreeable in the world. Every singer generally chooses a favourite air, not from the excellency of the music, but from difficulty ; such songs are generally chosen as surprise rather than please, where the performer may show his compass, his breath, and his volubility.

Hence proceed those unnatural startings, those unmusical closings, and shakes lengthened out to a painful continuance ; such indeed may show a voice, but it must give a truly delicate ear the ut-

most uneasiness. Such tricks are not music ; neither Corelli nor Pergolesi ever permitted them, and they even begin to be discontinued in Italy, where they first had their rise.

And now I am upon the subject : our composers also should affect greater simplicity ; let their bass cliff have all the variety they can give it ; let the body of the music (if I may so express it) be as various as they please ; but let them avoid ornamenting a barren ground-work ; let them not attempt by flourishing to cheat us of solid harmony.

The works of Mr. Rameau are never heard without a surprising effect. I can attribute it only to the simplicity he every where observes, inasmuch that some of his finest harmonies are only octave and unison. This simple manner has greater powers than is generally imagined ; and were not such a demonstration misplaced, I think, from the principles of music it might be proved to be most agreeable.

But to leave general reflection. With the present set of performers, the operas, if the conductor thinks proper, may be carried on with some success, since they have all some merit, if not as actors at least as singers. Signora Matei is at once both a perfect actress and a very fine singer. She is possessed of a fine sensibility in her manner, and seldom indulges those extravagant and unmusical flights of voice complained of before. Cornacini, on the other hand, is a very indifferent actor, has a most unmeaning face, seems not to feel his part, is infected with a passion of showing his compass ; but to recompense all these defects, his voice is melodious, he has vast compass and great volubility, his swell and shake are perfectly fine, unless that he continues the latter too long. In short, whatever the defects of his action may be, they are amply recompensed by his excellency as a singer ; nor can I avoid fancying that he might make a much greater figure in an oratorio than upon the stage.

However, upon the whole, I know not whether ever operas can be kept up in England ; they seem to be entirely exotic, and require the nicest management and care. Instead of this, the care of them is assigned to men unacquainted with the genius and disposition of the people they would amuse, and whose only motives are immediate gain. Whether a discontinuance of such entertainments would be more to the loss or advantage of the nation, I will not take upon me to determine, since it is as much our interest to induce foreigners of taste among us on the one hand, as it is to discourage those trifling members of society who generally compose the operatical *dramatis personæ* on the other.